













THE  
**EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,**  
 AND  
*London Review.*  
 Containing the  
 (Literature, HISTORY, Politics,  
 Arts, Manners & Amusements of the Age.)  
 Simul et facunda et idonea dicere vitæ

BY THE  
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TO HIS

Royal Highness

G E O R G E

Prince of Wales

1868

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE

IS

Most humbly inscribed







T H E  
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,  
A N D  
L O N D O N R E V I E W,  
F O R J A N U A R Y, 1792.

ANECDOTES of his ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE PRINCE of WALES.

**T**HE history of a prince, who has hardly made his appearance on the busy theatre of life, must be short. To examine with the rigid precision of biography, the various amusements in which his Royal Highness may have indulged himself, or may now spend his hours of recreation, would be at once idle and impertinent. There is a generous warmth in the bosom of youth, which it would be vain in prudence to censure, though it may strive to restrain. Passion is the companion of virtue—it is that which gives it its lustre and its merits; and without which it would degenerate into cold and worthless insipidity. In all the conduct of his Royal Highness, there is an amiable and mild tenor, which flows from the natural benignity of his heart. His manners are gentle; and, in the youthful pursuits which those of his own age view with sympathetic approbation, and even the old observe with out blame, he has held and merited the honourable distinction of a gentleman, independent of the splendor and brilliancy which he derives from rank. But his time has been chiefly spent in the closet; and we are happy to have it in our power to say with truth, that he has not mis-spent his time. His classical knowledge is remarkable, and he acquired the several languages, modern and ancient, with uncommon facility. It is said of his Majesty, that he recites a speech, or delivers an oration, with more true modulation and elegance, than any man in his dominions.

EUROP. MAG.

His speeches from the throne, to the two houses of parliament, have been always considered as specimens of beautiful elocution, and the best of our orators have admired, without being able to rival, their sovereign. This has been more remarked and praised, because in common conversation, the King speaks with a rapidity, which makes him often, if not unintelligible, at least obscure. The Prince of Wales has the same merit in his deliberate articulation, without having the fault of a hasty utterance. He is said to read Virgil and Horace with uncommon beauty; and that his grace and elegance, in the most difficult passages of declamation, are peculiarly fine.

The circumstances which attended the change that took place some years ago, in the department of the Prince's household, have never been explained. We believe we are correct in the following facts:—the Earl of Holderness was a nobleman of real dignity of deportment, and for some time he observed, with pain, that a secret influence prevailed, which he considered as dangerous because dark, and certainly injurious to him as invested with the authority of governor. Certain books, it seems, had been recommended to the perusal of his Royal Highness, of which the Earl complained, as they inculcated principles unfit for the mind of a British Prince. From what quarter they came, it is not fit for us to inquire.—But the Earl, feeling the diminution of his interest, requested

quested leave to resign:—the application was complied with, and the new arrangement took place. Dr. Markham was advanced to the see of York, as a recompense for his faithful services; and Leonard Smelt, Esq. the sub-governor, who at a late meeting in Yorkshire made so whimsical a panegyric on his Majesty, retired with a pension. In the new arrangements which took place, a curious circumstance occurred, that serves to shew with what little care it was made. Lord Bruce was appointed the governor, though not very distinguished for erudition. He was a very good scholar for a nobleman, but not qualified to superintend the education of a pupil so skilled in the classics and so eager for improvement as the Prince of Wales. In a literary conversation between the governor and the Prince, some days after this new appointment, the student found occasion to correct the master. His Lordship's deficiency in Greek was demonstrated by the

Prince, and it became a subject of merriment in the palace and fashionable circles, that the pupil had puzzled the governor. His Lordship only remained in the place about a month, and, in order to soften the disgrace of being turned out, he was created Earl of Aylesbury. The Duke of Montagu was then raised to the distinction, and the department was filled in a manner truly worthy of his Royal Highness and of the British court, by being ornamented with the shining talents of a Hurd.

In the beginning of the last year, his establishment was formed—it was slender and has not been extended. As he cannot take his seat in the house of peers until he arrives at the age of 21, we suppose that his establishment will not be enlarged till that period. We are happy to conclude this short account of his Royal Highness, with saying, that he has, since the establishment of his household, shewn the best disposition to patronize the arts.

#### FOR THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The revival of the controversy concerning Rowley's poems having again excited the attention of the public, great inquiry has been made after every circumstance which relates to the extraordinary young man, who is generally supposed to be the author of them. The following curious and hitherto-unpublished letter, from the honourable Mr. Walpole, which affords much information on this disputed subject, we are happy to lay before our readers, who may rely on the authenticity of it.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Walpole to Mr. W. B.—.

I Am far from determined to publish any thing about Chatterton. It would almost look like making myself a party. I do not love controversy. If I print, my reason would be, that both in the account of the poems, and in Mr. Warburton's last volume, my name has been brought in with so little circumspection and accuracy, that it looks as if my rejection of Chatterton had driven him to despair; whereas I was the first person on whom he essayed his art and ambition, instead of being the last. I never saw him; there was an interval of near two years between his application to me and his dismiser; nor had he quitted his master, nor was necessitous, or otherwise poor than attorneys' clerks are, nor had he come to London, nor launched into dissipation, when his correspondence with me stopped.

As faithfully as I can recollect the circumstances, without dates, and without searching for what few memorandums I preserved relative to him, I will recapitulate his history with me.

Rathoe, my bookseller, brought me a packet left with him. It contained an

ode, or little poem of two or three stanzas in alternate rhyme, on the death of Richard the first, and I was told, in very few lines, that it had been found at Bristol with many other old poems; and that the possessor could furnish me with accounts of a series of great painters that had flourished at Bristol.

Here I must pause, to mention my own reflections. At first, I concluded that somebody, having met with my anecdotes of painting, had a mind to laugh at me, I thought not very ingeniously, as I was not likely to swallow a succession of great painters at Bristol. The ode, or sonnet, as I think it was called, was too pretty to be part of the plan; and, as is easy with all other supposed poems of Rowley, it was not difficult to make it very modern by changing the old words for new; though yet more difficult than with most of them—you see I tell you fairly the case. I then imagined, and do still, that the success of Ossian's poems had suggested the idea. Whether the transmitter hinted, or I supposed from the subject, that the discovered treasure was of the age of Richard the first, I cannot

cannot take upon me to assert; yet that impression was so strong on my mind, that two years after, when Dr. Goldsmith told me they were then allotted to the age of Henry the 4th or 5th, I said, with surprise, "they have shifted the date extremely." This is no evidence, but there is one line in the printed poems of Rowley, that makes me more firmly believe that the age of Richard the first was the æra\* fixed upon by Chatterton for his forgeries; for that line says,

Now is Cœur de Lion gone—

or some such words, for I quote by memory, not having the book at hand. It is very improbable that Rowley, writing in the reign of Henry VI. or Edward IV. as is now pretended, or in that of Henry IV. as was assigned by the credulous, before they had digested their system, should incidentally, in a poem on another subject, say, now is Richard dead. I am persuaded that Chatterton himself, before he had dived into Canning's history, had fixed on a much earlier period for the age of his forgeries. Now I return to my narrative.

I wrote, according to the inclosed direction, for farther particulars. Chatterton, in answer, informed me that he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was clerk or apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste and turn for more elegant studies; and hinted a wish, that I would assist him with my interest in emerging out of so dull a profession, by procuring him some place, in which he could pursue his natural bent. He affirmed that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered in his native city, and were in the hands of a person, who had lent

him those he had transmitted to me; for he now sent me others, amongst which was an absolute modern pastoral in dialogue, thinly sprinkled with old words. Pray observe, Sir, that he affirmed having received the poems from another person; whereas it is ascertained that the gentleman of Bristol, who possesses the fund of Rowley's poems, received them from Chatterton.

I wrote to a relation of mine at Bath, to inquire into the situation and character of Chatterton according to his own account of himself; nothing was returned about his character, but his own story was verified.

In the mean time I communicated the poems to Mr. Gray and Mr. Macon, who at once pronounced them forgeries, and declared there was no symptoms in them of their being the productions of near so distant an age; the language and metres being totally unlike any thing ancient; for though I no doubt, to them, ascribed them to the time of Richard I. Mr. Gray nor Mr. Macon saw any thing in the poems that was not more recent than even the reign of Henry VIII. and here let me remark how incredible it is that Rowley, a monk of a mere commercial town, which was all Bristol then was, should have purified the language, and introduced a diversified more classic than was known to that polished courtly poet, Lord Surrey; and thus in the barbarous turbulent times of Henry VI. and that the whole nation should have relapsed into the same barbarism of style and versification, till Lord Surrey, I might almost say, till Waller, arose. I leave to better scholars and better antiquaries, to settle how Rowley became so

\* It is very remarkable that William of Wyke, an edition of whose work was printed last winter, and who was a native of Bristol, and often mentions Charnage, takes not the smallest notice of Rowley, though so bright an ornament of his native city, were the poems attributed to him genuine. Gower and Lidgate flourished at the same time, and were well known—yet how barbarous, how inferior their compositions, how dissimilar their language, to the works of Rowley! Is it credible that he should not have been heard of, when very in different poets were famous? The indelicate Bale, who lived two hundred years nearer to the age of Rowley than we do, and who dug a thousand bad authors out of obscurity, never lighted upon so much as his name. The manner of the revival of Rowley was as suspicious as possible, and not only rests upon the faith of a youth convicted of many similar forgeries, but was rendered more incredible by the dark conduct of the discoverer. Had a youth, enamoured of poetry, found a large quantity of old poems, what would he have done? Produced them cautiously, and one by one, studied them and copied their style, and exhibited sometimes a genuine and sometimes a fictitious piece, he blazed the discovery abroad, and called all very lovers of poetry and antiquity to participation of the treasure. The characters of imposture are in every part of the story, and were it true, it would still remain one of those improbable wonders, which we have no reason for believing.

Rowley is made to call it a city, which it was not till afterwards.

well versed in the Greek tragedians. He was as well acquainted with Butler, or Butler with him; for, a chaplain of the late Bishop of Exeter has found in Rowley a line of Hudibras\*.

Well, Sir, being satisfied with my intelligence about Chatterton, I wrote him a letter with as much kindness and tenderness, as if I had been his guardian; for, though I had no doubt of his impositions, such a spirit of poetry breathed in his coinage as interested me for him; nor was it a grave crime in a young bard to have forged false notes of hand that were to pass current only in the parish of Parnassus, I undeceived him about my being a person of any interest, and urged to him, that, in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to a profession, he ought to labour in it, that in her old age he might absolve his filial debt; and I told him, that, when he should have made a fortune, he might unbend himself with studies consonant to his inclinations. I told him also, that I had communicated his transcripts to much better judges, and that they were by no means satisfied with the authenticity of his supposed manuscripts. I mentioned their reasons, particularly that there were no such metres known in the age of Richard I. and that might be a reason with Chatterton himself to shift the æra of his productions.

He wrote me rather a peevish answer, said he could not contest with a person of my learning, (a compliment, by no means due to me, and which I certainly had not assumed, having mentioned my having consulted abler judges,) maintained the genuineness of the poems, and demanded to have them returned, as they were the property of another gentleman. Remember this.

When I received this letter, I was going to Paris in a day or two, and either forgot his request of the poems, or perhaps, not having time to have them copied, deferred complying till my return, which was to be in six weeks. I protest, I do not remember which was the case; and yet, though in a cause of so little importance, I will not utter a syllable of which I am not positively certain; nor

will charge my memory with a title beyond what it retains.

Soon after my return from France, I received another letter from Chatterton, the style of which was singularly impertinent. He demanded his poems roughly, and added, that I should not have dared to use him so ill, if he had not acquainted me with the narrowness of his circumstances.

My heart did not accuse me of insolence to him. I wrote an answer, expostulating with him on his injustice, and renewing good advice; but, upon second thoughts, reflecting that so wrong-headed a young man, of whom I knew nothing, and whom I had never seen, might be absurd enough to print my letter, I flung it into the fire; and wrapping up both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of either, for which I am now sorry, I returned all to him, and thought no more of him or them till about a year and a half after, when, dining at the Royal Academy, Dr. Goldsmith drew the attention of the company with an account of a marvellous treasure of ancient poems lately discovered at Bristol, and expressed enthusiastic belief in them, for which he was laughed at by Dr. Johnson, who was present. I soon found this was the *trouvaille* of my friend Chatterton; and I told Dr. Goldsmith, that this novelty was known to me; who might, if I had pleaded, have had the honour of ushering the great discovery to the learned world. You may imagine, Sir, we did not at all agree in the measure of our faith; but though his credulity diverted me, my mirth was soon dashed; for, on asking about Chatterton, he told me he had been in London, and had destroyed himself. I heartily wished then, that I had been the dupe of all the poor young man had written to me; for who would not have his understanding imposed on to save a fellow-being from the utmost wretchedness, despair, and suicide!—and a poor young man not eighteen, and of such miraculous talents!—For, dear Sir, if I wanted credulity on one hand, it is ample on the other. Yet heap all the improbabilities you please on the head of Chatterton, the

\* The line here alluded to is probably the following:

"A man as cause upponn a piece maye looke,

"And shake hys hedde to styrre his rede aboute."

1<sup>st</sup> 72. Mr. Myrrhies edition,

"For, having three times shooke his head

"To stir his wit up, thus he said."

Hudibras, p. 2. c. 3. l. 795.

impossibility on Rowley's side will remain. An amazing genius for poetry, which one of them possessed, might flash out in the darkest age; but could Rowley anticipate the phraseology of the eighteenth century? His poetic fire might burst through the obstacles of the times; like Homer or other original bards, he might have formed a poetical style; but would it have been precisely that of an age subsequent to him by some hundred years? Nobody can admire the poetry of the poems in question more than I do; but, except being better than most modern verses, in what do they differ in the construction? The words are old, the construction evidently of yesterday; and by substituting modern words, aye, single words to the old, or to those invented by Chatterton, in what do they differ? Try that method with any composition, even in prose, of the reign of Henry VI. and see if the consequence will be the same; but I am getting into the controversy, instead of concluding my narrative, which indeed is ended.

You seem to think Chatterton might have assistance, I do not know but he might; but one of the wonderful parts of his prodigious story is, that he had formed disciples, yes, at eighteen. Some of his youthful companions have continued to walk in his paths, and have produced Saxon and other poems of antique cast, but not with the poetic spirit of their master; nor can it be discovered, that Chatterton received instruction or aid from any man of learning or abilities. Dr. Percy and Mr. Loft have collected every thing relating to him that can be traced, and all tends to concentrate the forgery of Rowley's poems in his single person. They have numerous pieces of Chatterton's writing in various ways; nay, so versatile, so extensive, so commanding, was his genius, that he forged architecture and heraldry, that is, could invent both in art and in folly.—In short, I do not believe that there ever existed so masterly a genius, except that of Pīalmanazar, who, before twenty-two, could create a language, that all the learned of Europe, though they suspected, could not detect.

Thus, Sir, with the most scrupulous veracity, I have told you my share in that unhappy young man's story. With more pains I could add a few dates, but the substance would be identically the same.

Rowley would be a prophet, a fortune-teller, if the poems were his; yet, in any other light, he would not be so extraordinary a phenomenon as Chatterton; whom, though he was a bad man, as is said, I lament not having seen. He might at that time have been less corrupted, and my poor patronage might have saved him from the abyss into which he plunged;—but, alas! how could I surmise, that the well-being and existence of a human creature depended upon my swallowing a legend, and from an unknown person? Thank God! So far from having any thing to charge myself with on Chatterton's account, it is very hypothetical to suppose that I could have stood between him and ruin. It is one of those possible events, which we should be miserable indeed if imputable to a conscience that had not the smallest light to direct it! If I went to Bengal, I might perhaps intercept, and save the life of some poor Indian devoted by the fury of a British nabob; but amiable as such quixotism would be, we are not to sacrifice every duty to the possibility of realizing one conscientious vision. I believe I have tired you; I am sure I have wearied my own hand, which has written all these pages without pausing; but, when any thing takes possession of my mind, I forget my gouty fingers and my age, or perhaps betray the latter by my garrulity; however, it will save me more trouble—I shall certainly never write a word more about Chatterton. You are my confessor; I have unburthened my soul to you, and I trust you will not join me a public penance.

Your's most sincerely,  
Strawberry-hill, HOR. WALPOLE.  
May 23, 1778.

P. S. I recollect another passage that I must add. A gentleman of rank, being struck with the beauty of the poems, and believing their antique originality, purchased a copy of them, and shewed it to me. I expressed my doubts; now then, said the person, I will convince you; here is a painter's bill that you cannot question. What think you now? This I replied, I do believe genuine; and I will tell you why—and, taking down the first volume of my anecdotes of painting, I shewed him the identic bill printed some years before. This, said I, I know is antient: Verue transcribed it twenty years ago from some old parchments

in

\* That amongst these old parchments there might be some old poetry is very possible. All I contend for is, that most of what Chatterton produced for Rowley was fictitious,

in the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe, at Bristol.—That was the origin of Chatterton's list of great painters, and probably of his other inventions. Can it be supposed that Vertue should have seen that old bill, and with his inquisitive and diligent turn, especially about painters, not have inquired whether there was nothing more? Vertue was even a versifier, as I have many proofs in his manuscripts, and searched much after Chaucer and Lidgate, of whom he engraved portraits—yet all Rowley's remains, it seems, were reserved for Chatterton, who, it cannot be denied, did

forge poetry and prose for others; and who, as indubitably was born a great poet—yet not a line of tolerable poetry in Rowley's hand can be produced. Did Chatterton destroy the originals to authenticate their existence? He certainly wrote his forgeries on the backs of old parchments, and there is both internal and external evidence against the antiquity of the poetry—but I will not take part in that dispute. Error, like the sea, is always gaining as much territory in one place as it loses in another, and it is to little purpose to make it changed possession.

## THE HISTORY OF KITTY WELLS.

### A TRUE STORY.

**K**ITTY WELLS was the daughter of an honest pair, who lived in a low station in the village of Eltham, in Kent, about eight miles from London. Soon after her birth, her mother was engaged as housekeeper in a gentleman's family in Yorkshire, to which she removed, leaving her young daughter to the care of her father, who remained in their native place. The father, like most others of the same rank in life, thought nothing of his daughter's education: he provided for her the same decent maintenance that he had for himself, and by his daily labour, made them both comfortable at least, if not luxurious. About two years after the establishment of her mother in this northern family, she sent for her young daughter, then about six years of age. She was sent down to her in the waggon, and the mother received her into her bosom

with all the transports of unbounded affection. The two old people had been very happy when together, and they were not miserable when they parted. The husband said that his wife had strange merriments now and then, which he did not know how to describe; but which very nearly approached, in his opinion, to insanity. She also had her story, and said he was a dull, morose, plodding man, with only the vulgar qualities of honesty and industry to recommend him. In short, he was a simple, plain, labourer—and she did inherit a family obliquity—a whirligig in the brain, as Mr. Charles Turner calls it, which hurried her occasionally into whimsical excesses. When they parted, therefore, there were no violent convulsions of grief; and, during their absence, they seldom or ever corresponded: they were very well satisfied if

tious, especially *all* the pieces in modern metres, *all* that have nothing of antiquity but the simple words, as *Ælla*, the Battle of Hasting, the death of Sir Charles Baldwin, &c. Chatterton was too great a poet for the age he copied; his soaring genius bestowed more elegance and harmony in Rowley than comported with the 17th century. Rowley must either have polished the language so as to have made it adopted, or he would not have been understood. The idiom lent to him would have been more unintelligible to his contemporaries, than the old words, sprinkled on the poems ascribed to him, are to the present generation. Neither can any man of sense believe, that a master-genius can write with amazing abilities in an age however barbarous, and yet never be heard of till some hundred of years after his death. The more a man soars above his contemporaries, the more he strikes, especially in a rude age. The more an age is polished, the more are men on a par, and the more difficult it is for genius to penetrate. The next are nearer to the first, than in those early ages, when authors are rare. Rivals depreciate the former and their partizans contest the merit of their competitors. Homer, on one hand, Shakspeare and Milton, on the other, confirm this hypothesis. The Grecian's glory has rolled down to us with unabated lustre; he did not lie unknown for centuries. Shakspeare was during his life obscured by the mock pretensions of Ben Jonson; and Milton's *Prædilectus* was sold for fifteen pounds.

they

they heard once or twice in a year that they were both alive and well; and he was quite happy when his old wife sent him up by the waggon a piece of hung-beef or a tongue, to relish his beer, and proved that she had not forgot him.

The good woman's distemper was very much fed by what is called the fun and the humbug of the large family in which she lived. There is a spirit of wanton wickedness alive and active in the breasts of a certain description of people which urges them to mischiefs of humour, as they are called, but which are really productive of severe calamities. The lazy domestics of large families are more than others tainted with this vice—Pampered and dissipated, acquainted with all the follies of the times, by the luxury of a winter residence in town, they play a thousand antic tricks for the sake of jollity, as they practise a thousand debaucheries for the sake of enjoyment. If there is any antient domestic, whose fidelity hath given him a sort of inheritance in the household, with all the simple honesty of a countryman, who never emigrated a dozen miles from the cottage in which he was born, he is sure of being made the butt for the ridicule of the trim footman and the pert chambermaid—an old maid is chased from every corner to which she retreats, and is fould to take refuge, at last, either in the out-houses among brutes, more human than these from which she has retired, or to some unfortunate sister, driven, like herself, from the abodes of men. A gentleman, by which appellation every one is called who has not had the good fortune, like themselves, to sit in the one shilling gallery, and assist, by roaring and bellowing at the damnation of a new play—a gentleman is condemned to suffer all that empty pride and little cunning can inflict. In short, the manners of a great man's hall are tainted with follies more disgusting even than those of his drawing-room—in the one, my lord and my lady, and my lord and my lady's friends, are politely complaisant, and cheat one another of their money, or whisper one another out of their reputation, with the most courteous and civil behaviour that can be imagined. In the other, there is a constant series of ill-natured offices, by which they vex, torment, scratch, and pelt, one another, with the best dispositions in the world, rather with dispositions towards one another neither good or bad.

In such a family it was that the mother resided as housekeeper.

By slow degrees, they discovered that her mind was disordered with an irregular and unfortunate addition to gentility—she was constantly fancying herself the descendant of some great family—her mind was so superior to her station—her views were so high—and her propensities so different from the vulgar. This was but an odd right on which to found her claim to gentility. But how many people are seen pretending to birth and rank with no better pretensions? How many miserable beings do we see rejecting every kindly offer that is made to assist them, because they are, or fancy themselves to be, too much of gentlemen for the drudgery of business?—and, for the honour of their families, they will rather starve as gentlemen, than submit to live, as citizens, on the comforts of their industry. The maiden-name of Kitty Wells's mother was Howe; the family, in which she resided, lived in the neighbourhood of Castle Howard, the beautiful seat of the young Earl of Carlisle. One of the lowest of the servants, to whom Mrs. Wells would never condescend to speak, "Because it would arrogate from the indignation of her rank," to hold aversion with such infernal filices," had a good deal of archness in his mind; and, being instigated by the haughty deportment of the housekeeper as well as by his natural love of humbug, he came home one evening from a route, given by the butler of Castle Howard, with a most important face. He looked with all the gravity of a man who labours under the pressure of a weighty secret—his natural levity was gone—he was silent and circumspect, and ever as Mrs. Wells passed him with her uplifted crest, he would lay his hand upon his breast, and make her a low bow, without daring to lift his eyes from the ground. The servants stared—the housekeeper was gratified—and, in the course of half an hour, whisked into the hall six or seven times, to receive the reverence of Robin—upon all which occasions he started from his seat and repeated his bow. It was in vain for the servants to inquire the cause of this extraordinary conduct—he preserved his gravity, his silence, and his secret. The morning came, and Robin was still as troubled in his mind and as submissive to Mrs. Wells. After carrying on this gloomy farce for some days, and winding up to the utmost pitch the curiosity of the whole family, he suffered himself to be prevailed on by one of the dairy-maids, a talkative girl, with



with whom he had an intrigue, to declare the whole of the mystery. After extorting from her a solemn promise of secrecy, which he very well knew she would without solemnity break, he told her a wonderful story of an apparition that had appeared to him on the night of the robbery. "In coming," says he, from the castle, down the long avenue, which is shaded with elms, I was not altogether at my ease; for, you know, there was always a story that a ghost has been seen wandering about the walls of the castle—it was twelve o'clock, and the night was dimly dark; there was not a single star in all the Heaven, and there was no moon. I whistled to keep myself from thinking—but it would not do—my hair somehow was unsettled—it felt as if it were bristling on my head—and I was constantly turning my eyes, by compulsion, from one side to another, attracted by the supposition of a glaring head—or of a bloody hand. Just as I came to the pigeon-house, and was in all this confusion, I heard a flutter of something behind me—I started—stood still—shook—and stared—but saw nothing. Well, I collected myself as well as I could—believed it was only a pigeon—and I crept away from the place—I had not gone a hundred yards, and just as I had made up my mind to believe that it was a pigeon—I was stopped of a sudden by some invisible power. It came over me all at once, just like the night-mare; but somehow I was not so terrified as before—or rather I was petrified, and was not able to feel at all." "Robin," said a voice, that came from I know not what—"Lord have mercy upon me!" said I. "Robin, don't be afraid," said the voice. "O Father, which art in Heaven!" said I—"Don't be afraid, Robin," it repeated—"I am only a ghost, and I have wandered up and down this avenue, and round the castle for this hundred years and more—I am the ghost of Charles Howard—the unhappy Charles Howard, who was said to have died an infant; but, who was really exposed and saved by accident—I was carried to Manchester—and brought up, by the name of Howe, to the mean employment of a weaver, although I was the son of Castle Howard—and Mrs. Wells, Robin, your housekeeper, is my grand-daughter—oh that the grand-daughter of Castle Howard should be reduced to the station of a menial servant—and that too under the very walls of her own seat! go, therefore, Robin, and contrive to make her leave a place where

she cannot continue without degrading her ancestors—Robin, I shall never be happy till my grand-child leaves this spot. If she must be a servant, let it not be upon my own haunts, for I dare not leave them." This was the secret with which Robin was so full—he told it with great art, for he had an archness, accompanied with an easy cunning address, which he had acquired by living with a young barrister of the Middle Temple. Just as he had imagined, the story was told, improved, heightened, and inflated, to a pitch of terrific wonder in less than four hours. The same night, at an hour the most favourable to superstition and credulity, the story was communicated to the person whom it was intended to delude—where the heart was predisposed to favour the deception, the conquest was very easy—poor Mrs. Wells, who was but too fanciful before, became, in a great degree, frantic with the tale—she slept none that night—in the morning she fought for Robin—there was a formal ceremony in this interview—they were locked up in her room—and he told her the story twenty times over, with the same inflexible muscles, and without altering a syllable of the ghost's narrative. During all this time, the other servants were watching at the door, listening, and anxious to catch a glimpse of the scene transacting within. Mrs. Wells was so infatuated with the story, that in half an hour she came out perfectly ridiculous—dressed out—and bedizened with a profusion of tawdry ornaments, in which the yellow was paramount, because the yellow was the livery of Howard. The servants now perceived the humbug—Robin was extolled—caressed—and, for mere joy, the butler opened the belt bin in the cellar, and treated the whole family with bumpers, to the health of Robin, and "his new-created lady Mary Howard"—nay, in the openness of his heart, he treated his master at dinner with a bottle of that wine which he had reserved for his own drinking. They entered into a conspiracy to further the plot—and Robin was sent over to engage the servants of the castle in the scheme. Alas! there was no need for so much preparation—the poor woman's own temper fought more than half the battle. She determined that very night, to have an interview with her great ancestor—to make V mind easy—and also to gratify her with a sight or a conversation—or, haps, she said, "who knows (and she enraptured with the thought) but

gentleman ghostlike may have familiar secrets to disclose, or may tell me where familiar treasures lies burroughed." In order to prepare herself in a becoming manner for the honourable and affecting scene, she dressed herself all in white, and slipped out, unperceived, between eleven and twelve o'clock, making the best of her way to the dreary avenue described by Robin — she sauntered up and down this place without any palpitations, but making many pious orisons to the manes of her wandering forefather. — Robin had spent the evening with loud rerriment at the castle — his invention had been wonderfully praised — and, after laughing and drinking, and contriving many stratagems for the furtherance of their plot, he heard the old clock strike the midnight hour. Robin set off in high glee — but, as he approached the dark avenue, Robin could not help thinking of what he had done. There is a feeling in the mind, which, in a dark and solitary scene, cannot brook the sporting with serious things :

"At night an atheist half believes a God."

As truly and emphatically might it be said, that the stout man, who is so ingenious as to contrive stories of apparitions when sitting in a large company round the fire-side, feels a little compunction, as well as palpitation, when he comes to reflect, in the glooms of solitude, on the sportability of his imagination; at least it happened so with Robin. He began to think there was insolence in his conduct — what had he to do with the mysteries of the grave? Heaven would not suffer the secrets of its prison-house to be profaned: these were his thoughts as he approached the pigeon-house. Mrs. Welk, saw him, and fancying it was her

grand-father, she knelt down to sanctify herself with a pious ejaculation — Robin came up, and saw — oh dreadful! — saw the white figure kneeling just before him — with its hands raised up and folded. It was too much, in such a moment, for human strength to bear — he trembled — his blood froze in his veins — he stood at last like a statue, motionless and glaring. The fanciful lady Mary looked at him with perfect composure — the composure that is natural to the frenzy with which she was afflicted; she discovered him, and, rising, exclaimed, "Robin," Robin started — "Lord have mercy upon me!" says Robin — "Robin (says she) don't be afraid!" "Our father which art in Heaven," said he. — "Don't be afraid, Robin," said she. — Robin took to his heels and never looked behind him — she followed him as fast as she could — he got into the outer house where he lay with another of the servants; and she slipped in by the garden-gate, which she had left open for the purpose. Robin's case was pitiable. He was in a cold sweat — he awakened his bed-fellow, and told him his story — his bed-fellow laughed at him — cursed him for wakening him out of a sound sleep — asked him what other humbug he had in view — told him he was a good actor, and turned upon his back, bidding him go and catch young birds with chaff. Robin lay all night sweating and trembling — without rest, and with a troubled conscience — in the morning he was ill — all the rest of the family were like his bed-fellow — they ridiculed him for his attempting to impose upon them — and his story and distress were disregarded. He fell ill, and was confined to his bed in a high fever.

(To be continued.)

The M A N of the T O W N.

No. I.

*Laugh where we must, be candid where we can.*

POPE.

I Am a young fellow possessed of a very warm attachment to pleasure, and, being at once the master of my actions and my time, I pursue it with an eagerness which only passion can inspire and fashion justify. I am now in my three-and-twentieth year, with a fortune of a thousand pounds annually arising from an hereditary estate. It has descended from father to son in a clear succession for three ages, being all which time the squires have

never suffered any abatement of this income by extravagant mortgages, nor have the tenants upon the estate been tormented with inconvenient advances in their rent. I came into life with this family principle, and am determined neither to damage my fortune nor to rack my tenants. I know this is an unfashionable principle; but, so much I owe to the memory of my ancestors, I consider it as a family custom, kept up for the preservation

tion of the name, and the benefit of the neighbourhood; and I hope my gay companions will excuse my being obsolete in this respect, when I assure them, that it is the only unfashionable part of my character. In every thing else I am ready to embark with them. I am as indifferent to all that relates to the political state of my country as any one of my right honourable acquaintance, who were born to be the counsellors of their sovereign, can possibly be. I hunt for pleasure wherever it is to be found; and, having studied the elegance of familiarity, I have acquired a most happy address in pushing my way into the various circles and parties of this great town. As soon as I returned from the continent I purchased, with a few of the superfluous hundreds which I found in the hands of my banker when I came of age, a renter's ticket in each of the three winter theatres, by which I have the entré to these places of gay resort without expence, and receive 5 per cent. for my money. I have a suite of chambers in Lincoln's Inn, by which I have all the advantages of a whole house without the inconvenience of many servants. When I have company, I am supplied with a dinner or a supper from a neighbouring tavern, which they serve up with all the decencies of the most regular board; and, as I have my own man to wait upon me, I have at once the splendor and the enjoyment of a plentiful table, without the trouble of superintending its decorums, and without incurring the expence of housekeeping. I have a couple of good nags, and, as my estate is in Hartfordshire, I am enabled to divide my time between this town and country with per-

fect ease and accommodation. Thus I have arranged my plan of life; and, by this means, I make my ten hundred pounds command all the elegant pleasures of the present day. I sing a good song; am pretty fortunate at a repartee; I can join with any of the common instruments in a friendly concert, or take a hand in any fashionable game at cards; I am very fond of dancing, and having written a number of little things, which from time to time have slipped into notice, my company is coveted, and I enjoy a scale of acquaintance which, like the gamut of music, extends from the lowest to the highest note in society. I abhor the idea of curtailing the felicities of life, they are not all centred in the mansions of quality: I descend in search of them; and, in the low and obscure alleys of this metropolis, I frequently meet with pleasure, rioting in the mirth of a holiday, and flushing with all the luxuriance of lusty appetite, rendered more extatic by being less familiar than in higher scenes. I run constantly on the wing, and, like the birds of passage, I change my flight from the east to the west, or from the north to the south, as pleasure, which is my climate, invites me. — I detest the distinctions of party. As I am no politician I have no anxiety about the state. I converse with the heads of the opposition without entering into their views, and with ministers without asking for a place. As I am determined not to abridge my fortune by extravagance, I will not increase it by sycophancy. I have resolved to be, and in the future numbers of this paper I trust it will appear that I am, 'The Man of the Town, but not "The Man of the World."

## The T R I U M P H of B E A U T Y.

*Omnia vincit amor, & nos celamus amori.*

A Passion for solitude and rural pleasure induced me to pass the finest months of autumn in the most delightful and romantic part of Tuscany. In one of my excursions I was bewildered in an adjacent forest; in vain I endeavoured to find the path that would conduct me to the villa of my friend. In this situation night came suddenly on, and created those alarms which result from being exposed to the dangers of some savage prowler. Chance conducted me through an avenue, at the end of which I found a large extensive plain, covered with yews, beech,

and venerable oaks. On an eminence was seen the ruins of an uninhabited castle, where a majestic linden reared its towering branches over the mouldering battlements. An ancient chapel, which had as yet escaped the ravages of time, the clattering of a neighbouring mill, the hollow rumbling of the winds, and the melancholy murmurings of a water-fall, spread around this lonely scene a gloomy horror. I heard the piercing accents of a human voice; I hastened to spot whence it came, and there beheld the mourning complainer, clothed in black, prostrate

the ground, his hands lifted up to heaven, his hair dishevelled, and a countenance expressing all the bitterness of woe.

I approached him with respect, and inquired my way to Prato; he made me no reply, preserving the same posture and attitude: I repeated the question again and again with some importunity; at last he turned towards me, and, with a deep sepulchral tone of voice, articulated,

"The days are for you — the nights for me — cease to disturb my meditations."

Terror and dismay seized my soul: astonished at my timidity, I in vain attempted to resume my presence of mind — I thought I saw this being of darkness increasing in bulk and hideousness — frightful spectres seemed to surround me — the air darkened in an instant — a panic caught my senses — and a cold deadly sweat bedewed every limb. I fled the spot with the swiftest precipitancy, till I found myself at the brink of a precipice, which seemed to terminate in the regions of departed spirits: I paused; and looking which way to pursue my flight, a spire appeared before me, and, at my nearer approach, I saw the glimmerings of some scattered cottages. My fears were instantly dissipated, nor could I refrain smiling at my cowardice; nevertheless, what I had seen and heard impressed on my mind a sensation of the blackest melancholy.

I repaired to the *parsonage-house*, where I minutely related what had passed. The simple old gentleman assured me I had seen the ghost who had for some time haunted that part of the forest; that he had frightened many of his prisoners; adding a long string of idle stories, which bespeak this ecclesiastic the son of superstition and ignorance. I partook of his hospitality, and retired to rest as soon as possible. No sooner was I alone than my heated imagination called up a chaos of shocking ideas. "Strange! (said I,) that a rational or irrational being could shun the light and the society of his fellow-creatures! — Perhaps he is some unfortunate lover, who has lost the object of his tenderneis, and comes to weep and deplore his fate at her grave — Perhaps, an unhappy wretch, whose remorse for some abominable crime devotes his nights to expiation and penitence — Perhaps Heaven has permitted him to fall in my way, to awake a sense of past follies, and call me back to the paths of virtue."

An irresistible curiosity prompted me to turn to the very scene I had quitted in haste: ashamed of my pusillanimity, I resolved to brave every dan-

ger: and, in this determination, I, the following evening, quitted my reverend host, bending my steps towards the spot, which was now disarmed of all its terrors. I calmly contemplated the object when I found him in the same posture of sorrow and humility. The rays of light, emitted by the moon and stars, gave me an opportunity of watching all his actions.

Already the night was far advanced, yet determined not to quit my position till the denouement of this strange adventure. Some hours after, he arose from his kneeling, bathed the ground with his tears and kisses, and retreated through a kind of labyrinth, but with so slow and solemn a step as enabled me to follow at a proper distance. He soon descended into the bottom of a valley; at the end of it projected a little eminence covered with box and creeping ivies, and at the foot of which he instantly disappeared; I hastened my cautious steps, but could not discover the least trace of habitation. I still persevered in my search, and at last I found an aperture in the rock, into which I entered, but with much difficulty; and, as I advanced in this subterraneous passage, it became more and more spacious.

Is it possible, exclaimed I, that this can be the retreat of any human being? Is it even probable that a man voluntarily conceals himself in the very bowels of the earth? No, certainly no. In fact, I knew not what to think, and I began to lose that presence of mind necessary on such-like situation. — I thought of returning back — I feared I had gone too far, and rashly exposed my life to some beast of prey retreated hither. The reiterated noises heard at some distance, which appeared to be coming nearer and nearer, were dreadfully alarming. My courage, however, did not totally forsake me; I advanced till a piece of rock opposed my passage. On farther examination I found it suspended by a kind of equilibrium; for, it easily gave way, and, with its fall, the cavern resounded with a tremendous noise.

A sudden light, joined to a frightful spectacle, now opened to my view, and exhibited on every side an image of religious horror. Here this ghastly inhabitant was extended upon a large stone, hewn out in the form of a coffin, and absorbed in so profound a reverie, that even the clamour I had occasioned did not excite the least emotion. I drew nearer to this unhappy mortal with a kind of dread, mixed with a feeling of the tenderest compassion; and, on closer inspection, I saw the strongest impressions of despair and grief

grief had furrowed his livid cheeks, which wore every mark of an extreme wretchedness; nevertheless there still remained some faint traces of youth and comeliness. His eyelids half open—his looks fixed and haggard—one hand extended towards heaven, the other impressed on his heart, which throbbed with all the pangs of a perturbed imagination. Around him hung, on scrolls rudely sculptured and in large characters, the most striking sentences from the sacred volumes.

As the assassin in his sleep pursues the bloody phantom of him whom he has murdered, starting from his bed awakes, so, in like manner, this living corpse was roused from his reverie, exclaiming,

Wretched body! when wilt thou return to dust? O death, where is thy sting? Q grave, where is thy victory? His frame trembled with the excruciating torments of his mind, while the big starting tears, or rather drops of blood, rolled down his pallid cheeks—the picture was too distressing to behold in silence—I ran to console his miseries. “Pardon, oh pardon, the powerful interest you have inspired; I have been witness to your sufferings; I have sympathized in your agonies; deign therefore to tell me what terrible calamity has made you so singularly wretched?”

Surprise and astonishment were seen in every feature of his face. “What destiny, exclaimed he, what destiny is more rigorous! I have fled the society of men, you have discovered a retreat, that I would have concealed from all human nature. What new enemy of my fatal existence has conducted you to this lonely and deserted cell?”

“No enemy, but the suggestions of a compassionate tender heart. It was I who addressed you the other evening; it was I whose voice knew not how to respect your solitude. Your words struck me to the soul; they incited an unconquerable propensity to learn your fate; to offer you my friendship, and give you every possible consolation.”

“Consolation can never enter the seclusion I inhabit; it is sacred to groans, sighs, and fruitless lamentations—I have consecrated it to penitence and tears.”

“But remember that the Deity condemns a penitence too austere, and rejects the vows which have for their object the destruction of our being.”

“A life contrary to what I now experience, would be an offence towards heaven and human nature; yet I welcome the voice which invites affliction to lift up

her languishing head. But my fate is fixed and my resolution cannot be shaken: nevertheless, I will unfold the shocking tale, provided you will swear religiously to keep it as a profound secret, as also the place of my retirement: that you spare me all manner of superfluous advice, and that you leave this cavern never to enter it again.”

My eagerness to hear the history of so extraordinary a character induced me to comply with his injunctions. He then gave me the following narrative.

“My family is so well known and respected, that, from motives of tenderness, their names will not be mentioned: suffice it to say, that in my twentieth year I united to the externals of person and address, a heart insensible to every liberal pursuit. In this early period of my existence I was a consummate master in every species of intrigue and seduction. I made a brilliant figure at the gaming-table, while my atheistical notions and profligacy gave me such an éclat, that I became the envy of one sex and the admiration of the other. The amiable foibles of youth I coloured with so delicate and high a varnish, accompanied with an ingenious raillery and good humour, that I gave the TON to those circles which were then frequented for high breeding and conviviality: and in mixed companies I cautiously veiled these shining talents under the mask of a most respectful politeness, and a studied air of candour, modesty, and diffidence. My knowledge of the world was already such, that I had no difficulty in discovering the leading features of those I addressed, and discriminated the language of prudery, coquetry, cunning, assumed gravity, and the pretty prattlers of sentiment and virtue.

“In this career of dissipation, vice, and crime, I intended passing a few months in the country, with some choice spirits of similar dispositions. In our route we passed near the celebrated abbey of B\*\*\*, which furnished us with a number of jocular conceits, and common-place observations, on the immense folly of those young women who had buried their persons and attractions in that lonesome and dreary prison.

“What treasures of love (exclaimed one) are here concealed from the world! What new scenes of delight could the lover here realize! What rapid conquests to be made! How easy the road to their feelings! could but one obtain admittance. Here, my friend, (addressing himself to me,) here is a process worthy the most renowned knight; I wonder indeed thou hast not added this to the list of thy  
 scenes

bonnes fortunes. Thy person and figure are propitious for the glorious enterprise — thy face is perfectly feminine, adorned with the loves and the graces — in a woman's dress, thy admission is indubitably certain : one of us will present thee in quality of a boarder or novice : this is the very quintessence of gallantry. Novelty, my boy, will create new transports — the sighs of penitence will soon be changed for those of love — every heart will fly to thee alone — thou wilt be a complete sultan in the midst of a royal seraglio. Be cautious, however, for, thou canst not throw thy handkerchief to all ; but a knight of thy rank and importance knows how to triumph over every obstacle. Add this to thy heroic achievements, and thou mayest defy the malice of thy competitors.

" I would, indeed, have braved every danger, rather than not attempt this novel feat of gallantry. I was too jealous of preserving my acquired superiority over the

companions of my pleasures ; I was even vexed not to have been the first to suggest such a measure. I instantly adopted it, least some other tear this additional laurel from my brow.

" We returned to town to procure the necessary appendages for a young lady of my assumed consequence : I bound my friends to secrecy, while I remained an inhabitant of the convent. I was delighted with the frolic ; and no sooner metamorphosed into petticoats, than a carriage brought me to the abbey. Here they introduced me as a dove destined to the altar, and whose fervour and disposition earnestly solicited to imitate the pious examples of that holy order. The lady abbess received me as wearing the looks and robe of innocence : and I performed this wicked part with such inimitable naïveté as even staggered my conductors.

(To be continued.)

#### M A R I A. A CHARACTER.

**T**HE more you see her, the more lovely she appears : her form is elegant, her manner easy and graceful. Maria has a fine complexion, a bewitching and expressive countenance, a beautiful hand and arm, with the prettiest little foot in the world. She is singular in her style of dress ; and her fine taste displays her lovely person to the greatest advantage. When you are in her presence, your eyes and affections are so delighted that they cannot be called off to any other object. Maria has fine natural talents, and she is too sensible of their intrinsic value to neglect their culture : her diffidence, however, often carries her into a seeming affectation of denying what she really possesses : to which I may add, that she enjoys an uncommon evenness of temper and affability, while her good sense and discernment display, upon every occa-

sion, her esteem and deference for those who have education and known merit ; with a marked contempt for fools, fribbles, the vicious, and the illiterate. In a word, her heart is equally excellent with her understanding, and had she been more perfect, she would have been less agreeable, less attentive, and less charming. To crown all, Maria loves and is tenderly beloved. Their passion is not like the dawn of a fair summer's day, nor the hasty snatch of a transient joy : no, their mutual affections inspire a world of permanent pleasures, resulting from an exquisite sensibility, the rapturous disclosures of their hearts, the ingenuous confessions and reciprocal transports which eternally ravish the soul in a succession of new, lasting, and elegant, delights.

Y.

**A Description of the Ball at St. James's, on Friday, the 18th of January, the Day appointed to be observed as the Anniversary of the Queen's Birth-day ; with an Account of the Dresses, Equipages, and Etiquettes, of the Court on that Occasion.**

(Illustrated with an elegant Quarto engraving.)

**T**HE drawing-room and the ball at St. James's, on her Majesty's birth-day, were exceeding brilliant, but not so numerously attended as was expected. As it is a point of etiquette that the ladies and gentlemen, who mean to attend the

court on a birth-day, should be presented to their Majesties at a previous levee, a day was settled in the week for that purpose, and several foreigners of distinction, beside young persons of fashion of both sexes, were presented to their Majesties.

The

The King was present at the drawing-room, most splendidly dressed, as he constantly is on the Queen's birth-day, while her Majesty was elegantly plain, without her jewels. The Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cumberland, were present in the drawing-room. The Princess was dressed with splendid neatness—the natural elegance of her person was ornamented by that gentle affability which so eminently distinguishes her royal mother. Lady Aylesford made her bridal appearance in white and poudie ground satin, with an elegant gold stripe and spot. Lady Salisbury in a carmelite and white-clouded satin, superbly trimmed with gold fringe, tassels, and crape. Lady Charlotte Talbot, her sister, a *boue de Paris*, with a white satin spot, trimmed like the above, and universally admired. Lady Augusta Campbell, a white satin and *boue de Paris* spot, with gold-and-white trimmings, foil, &c. Lady Archer, white and lilach satin, beautifully trimmed. Miss Hotham, pink satin, trimmed with silver. Lady Charlotte Dundas, white flowered satin, with crape, gold tassels, and fringe; the whole trimmed with great taste and fancy. Lady Clafges, in a light shot pink figured satin, with crape and flowers. Lady North, in a white-and-gold barley-corn satin, with a gold stripe en traversée. Miss North, celestial blue satin, elegantly trimmed: her sister in a white flowered satin, trimmed with colours. Lady Hartford, *boue de Paris*, and gold-spotted satin, with a white stripe across. Lady D. Thompson, white tissue and gold trimming. Lady Finch, *les yeux de l'Empereur*, elegantly trimmed. Lady Say and Sele, white satin and flowers. Lady Amherst, *les yeux de l'Empereur*, white petticoat, with gold wreaths and leaves. Miss Edwards, gold striped and figured tissue. Lady Bulkley, Lady Craven, Miss Finch, and Mrs. Sawbridge, in celestial blues, differently ornamented with gold trimmings, foils, crape, &c. Lady Stormont, petticoat, white satin, embroidered in groupes and festoons of flowers; the train a puce colour, embroidered with a running of convolvulus. Miss Waller, in a pink satin, with a white satin petticoat ornamented with a crape *fouffée* gauze waves of pink satin edged with fine fur, and decorated with wreaths of roses. — The following ladies were likewise present, but not particularly dressed: viz. Ladies Beauchamp, Glandore, Harcourt, Rodney; Duchesses of Argyle and Chandos; Mrs. Hampden, Mrs. Herbert, Mrs.

Thornhill, Mrs. Gambier, Miss Stevenson, Miss Aguilar, &c. &c. &c.

The Ladies of the Bedchamber in general were dressed in gold and silver silks. The maids of honour had previously concerted a plan of economy, and therefore all appeared in plain or figured satins, moderately trimmed. Neither of the Duchesses of Devonshire, Rutland, Hamilton, Bolton, Manchester, nor any of the Percy's, Ancafter, or Ellex, families honoured the Drawing-room with their presence. The lovely Keppels were likewise absentees on this occasion.

The following were among the noblemen, &c. who attended: Dukes of Northumberland, Queensbury, Argyle, Grafton, Dorset; Marquis of Graham; Earls of Mansfield, Sandwich, Percy, Hartford, Aylesbury, Talbot, Poulett, Ashburnham, Fauconberg, Macclesfield, Westmoreland, Glandore, Salisbury, Harcourt; Lords North, Rivers, Digby, Wallingham, Beauchamp, Amherst, Mountbatten, Hinchinbroke, Gage, &c.

Hon. Colonel North, Mr. Hampden, Major St. Leger, Hon. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Penton, Mr. B. Gascoyne, jun. Mr. Rawlinson, Mr. Greville, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Beckford, Mr. Ravencroft, Mr. Pardoe, Mr. Price Campbell, &c.

The general run of dress among the gentlemen was dark velvets, with fur linings.

The dresses of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Dorset, and the Marquis of Graham, were entitled Gala suits, on account of their being embroidered upon all the seams. The Prince's was the colour called the Dauphin's blush, embroidered with pearl, foil-stones, &c. The Duke of Dorset's was a *gris de Darcie*, similarly embroidered. The Marquis of Graham's, a carmelite coloured velvet, superbly decorated with stones, clusters, &c. and supposed to be the most elegant suit in the room. The Duke of Dorset's, confessedly the inferior, was of foreign, the other two of British, manufacture.

Lady Craven's chair was magnificent, being red Morocco, with very rich silver ornaments. Among the gentlemen, Major St. Leger certainly took the lead in true taste and elegance. His carriage, servants, and horses, were all as a young man of fashion's should be. Mr. Beckford had a very magnificent *vis-à-vis*, with servants and horses very superbly caparisoned. There were also several other new carriages, exceedingly rich and fanciful, which testified the rapid progress that we have

made, within these few years, in the structure of this elegant machine.

His Majesty, having been extremely indisposed on Thursday, was twice let blood on that day; and on the Friday he was seized with a bleeding at the nose in the Drawing-room, which obliged him to retire very soon after three o'clock, before half the customary ceremony of the day was gone through. His Majesty continued so much indisposed, that he did not appear in the Ball-room in the evening, but the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Duke of Cumberland, were present.

The Ball-room was crowded by nine o'clock at night; soon after which her Majesty, the Princess Royal, and their attendants, entered. The plate annexed shews the disposition of the room, and the arrangement of the company. The room being exceedingly small, the space allotted for dancing is uncommonly narrow. The ladies who mean to dance minuets, and who have previously sent for dancing-tickets to the Lord Chamberlain, who is the master of the ceremonies, are seated on the first benches on the right hand, and left of their Majesties, who sit on two chairs placed, without any elevation or ornament, at the end of the room next to the entrance. The plate shews the disposition, and the vacant chair designed for his Majesty. The other company range themselves, according to their rank, in the benches behind the ladies who are to dance. On her Majesty's entrance, the music played God save the King, and she went round the circle, conversing for a few minutes with the ladies. She then took her seat, and the ball was opened by the Prince of Wales, who danced the first minuet with the Princess Royal, as shewn in the engraving. It is the etiquette, that the persons of the highest rank shall dance first; and the whole of the minuets and country-dances are regulated by this rule. It therefore sometimes happens, as in the present instance, that a brother and sister are partners in the dance.

The Lord Chamberlain has the order of the couples marked on a paper, which he holds in his hand, and the ladies and gentlemen, having each a numbered ticket, they stand out to dance the minuet in succession, without being called, and without the gentleman stopping to hand the lady, with whom he is to dance, to the floor. As soon as they stand up, the gentleman hands his sword to the Lord Chamberlain during the minuet. On the end of the room, it is

the etiquette of St. James's to perform the foxtrot in the minuet but twice. At the Castle of Dublin, and also at Versailles, where the rooms are more capacious, the step is done three times. As soon as the minuet is concluded, the lady pays her respects to her Majesties, and retires to her seat. The gentleman remains in the floor, and dances a second minuet with another lady. When the minuets are concluded, they stand up, according to their rank, but not more than ten or twelve couples, and the country-dancing begins. After three or four dances, all by the same set, their Majesties retire, and soon after the ball breaks up. Their Majesties retire in the middle of a dance, without ceremony, and no notice is taken nor pause made by the dancers. On the last occasion, her Majesty and the Princess Royal retired about eleven o'clock, and the dancing continued till past twelve.

The Princess Royal, in going down the first country-dance, had the fringe of her petticoat, by some means, entangled with her buckle, which occasioned the dance to stop for some little time. On recovering from this accident, she appeared rather embarrassed, and if any thing could possibly add to her native beauty, it was that involuntary blush, which this circumstance called forth.

This gave rise to the following piece of ingenious levity :

" 'Twas at the Birth-night ball, sir,  
God bless our gracious Queen,  
Where people great and small, sir,  
Are on a footing seen :  
As down the dance,  
With heels from France,  
A Royal Couple flew,  
Though well she tripp'd,  
The lady slipp'd,  
And off she cast her shoe.  
Doodle, doodle, doo,  
The P——s lost her shoe ;  
Her Highness hopp'd,  
The fiddlers stopp'd,  
Not knowing what to do.

Amaz'd at such a pause, sir,  
The dancers to a man,  
Eager to hear the cause, sir,  
Around the Princess ran ;  
Lord Hartford too,  
Like light'ning flew,  
And tho' unus'd to truckle,  
Laid down his wand,  
And lent a hand,  
Her royal shoe to buckle.  
Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.



The vestal maids of honour,  
 Attentive to their duty,  
 All crowded close upon her,  
 The Prince survey'd their beauty,  
 Admir'd their zeal,  
 For a partner's heel,  
 But told them he conceiv'd,  
 Though some false steps  
 Made demi-reps,  
 "This soon might be retriev'd.  
 Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

The Princess's soon was shod, fir,  
 And soon the dance went on,  
 'Tis said some guardian god, fir,  
 Came down to get it done;  
 Perhaps 'tis true,  
 Old ENGLAND too  
 Might dance from night to noon,  
 If slips of State,  
 Amongst the great,  
 Were mended half as soon.

Doodle, doodle, doo,  
 Egad 'tis very true,  
 Or late or soon  
 They're out of tune,  
 And know not what to do."

The following was 'the order of the country-dance :

Prince of Wales	-	Princess's Royal
Duke of Cumberland	-	Lady A. Campbell
Duke of Dorset	-	Lady Salisbury
Lord Rochford	-	Lady Stormont
Lord Graham	-	Lady Frances Finch
Mr. Greville	-	Lady Aylesford
Mr. North	-	Miss Broderick
Col. St. Leger	-	Miss North
Mr. Beckford	-	Miss North 2d
Mr. Wett	-	Lady C. Talbot
Mr. Lumley	-	Miss Woodly

#### HISTORY of the STROLLERS. A NEW CLUB.

THE Spectator, in his elegant essays, described a number of clubs that he found collected on the great theatre of the world, but which had no peculiar existence and constitution in any one quarter of it. A man, unblest with the genius of an Addison, may, however, by industrious observation, find, in this overgrown metropolis, assemblages as whimsical and humorous as any of those of that above celebrated writer has supposed. We mean, from this inexhaustible fund of mirth and character, to select whatever may be valuable; and we trust, that an account of one or other of the curious clubs, in the cities of London and Westminster, will be found one of the rich productive sources of entertainment provided for the readers of the European Magazine.

That, which we have selected for the present month, is one of the latest institutions with which we are acquainted, and one of the most joyous. At the beginning of the present winter, it had its origin in the accidental meeting of some of the performers at the two theatres. It was proposed, that they should dine together once a week, and that the chairman for the day should give them the dinner at any tavern, within a few minutes walk of the theatres, which he should please. The pleasure of the meetings advancing with the number of the members of which it was composed, they formed themselves into a society, and called themselves "The Strollers" — as applicable at once to their

profession, and to their custom of strolling from house to house to dinner. A set of regulations were made for their government, all of which were calculated to provoke and increase the festivity of this meeting, and to make the club permanent by its order and system.

Among other rules, it was established that none but persons, who were or had been strollers, should be admitted members: this being found necessary on account of the introduction of several gentlemen who were not of that character. Certain toasts of order were appointed and a form prescribed for the initiation of future members. Among other rules, contrived and established for the mirth of the company, there was one which certainly affords them considerable entertainment though, perhaps, it may not be esteemed sufficiently polished for the sentimental circles of the present day. This is the play of conundrums. In a company of men, whose lives are spent in the study of whatever is gay, droll, or whimsical, this is a happy method of striking out most humorous allusions and laughable analogies. This club is now risen to be one of the most respectable in London. They have dramatic poets, musical composers and, certainly, the best singers in Britain so that they write, set, and perform, their own songs, catches, and glees, and they are all written in the character of the club. Some of them are admirable pieces of wit, poetry, and music; and we trust, that,

our next, we shall be able to lay before our readers one or two of their select pieces in this way. A plan is formed for the conduct and operations of the club during passion-week, when there is no plays at the houses. They mean to stroll within the distance of ten miles round London, and they have formed the plan of a dramatic entertainment, which we think cannot fail of producing much delight. In this jaunt, they mean to come as close to the true undisguised character of the stroller as possible. They are to walk on foot; to have their baggage carried in a cart; but none of them to have more baggage than can be contained in the foot of an old thread stocking. They have limited the number of the club, and every new admitted member is bound to pronounce one initiation-speech. Several comic and facetious harangues have been made in consequence of this injunction; and we think, that one of the best of them was the following parody on the speech of Othello. It must be remarked, that it is

necessary for the new member to prove his qualification; that is, to prove that he has been a stroller.

Most potent, gay, fire-reverend, seigniors,  
My very noble and approv'd good fellows;  
That I have been a vagrant, strolling, player,  
It is most true; true, I have been a mummer;  
The very head and front of my profession  
Hath this extent, no more. Loud am I in  
speech,

And little bless'd with the smooth phrase of  
For, since these arms of mine had seven year's  
pith,

Till now some nine months wasted, they have  
Their dearest action in the rasked barn;

And little of th' theatre can I speak  
More than pertains to claps, and groans, and  
hisses:

And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself: yet, by your gracious  
patience,

I will a round, unvarnish'd, tale deliver  
Of my whole course of life, what corks, what  
brick-dust,

What poverty, and what mighty shifts,  
(For such calamities I've met withal,)  
Rank me with your honours.

#### A DESCRIPTION of the HOLOPHUSICON, or, SIR ASHTON LEVER'S MUSEUM.

OF all the spectacles contained in this opulent and extensive city, there is not one more worthy the attention of a curious and intelligent person than the Holophusicon. It is, as the name implies, a display of nature, and a very superb and diversified one. Nothing farther, it is presumed, will be expected here, but a collective account of the place, and the effect it produces on those who visit it from motives of general and not particular curiosity. The subjects are so numerous and diffusive, that volumes of natural history might be written, and the lives of many persons, with the most comprehensive and laborious faculties employed, in a minute and individual description.

The Museum is deposited in Leicester-House, Leicester-Square. This house, though the property of the Leicester family, has often been, at different periods, the residence of some part of the Royal Family. George the Second, when Prince of Wales, lived there; and there his present Majesty did his first acts of royalty. The rooms are larger and, by situation and communication, are as well adapted for the purposes of a Museum as it is probable any building could be found to be, which has not been intentionally erected

for such an exhibition. They form one connected range. Those in the front are seen quite through, the door having been removed, and arches turned. Nothing can have a finer effect than the richness of this view at first entrance. The length of the prospect, the variety of the objects, and the beauty of the colours, give sensations of surprize and delight, that must be felt before they can be conceived. The descriptions of the enchanted palaces of the Genii, the Fairies, and the other fabulous beings of the eastern romance, though they amaze for a moment, have a sameness and an improbability that very soon dissipate. But here all is magnificence and reality. The wandering eye looks round with astonishment, and, though almost willing to doubt, is obliged to believe.

There are sixteen apartments in which this collection is deposited, beside the staircase, and the out-house where the elephant and zebra stand. Twelve of these are above and four below. Each contains a variety of subjects, but is distinguished by some appellation, expressive either of the general use it is applied to, or of some particularly striking object. The usual mode of viewing them is as follows:

## (ABOVE.)

- 1 Staircase.
- 2 Native Fossil Room.
- 3 Extraneous ditto.
- 4 Shell Room.
- 5 Argus Pheasant Room.
- 6 Insect or Hippopotamus Room.
- 7 Antique Room.
- 8 Bustard Room.
- 9 Peacock Pheasant Room.
- 10 Reptile Room.
- 11 Fishing Coral Room.
- 12 Monkey Room.
- 13 Ostrich Room.

## (BELOW.)

- 14 Wardrobe Room.
- 15 Otaheite Room.
- 16 Club Room.
- 17 Sandwich Islands Room.

The following is a very cursory and general account of each of these, a particular one perhaps will never be given.

1. Around the Staircase are dispersed various weapons of war, of different nations, chiefly Eastern and European, skins of serpents, horns, bones, teeth, and heads of animals, sharks jaws, an elephant's tusk, weight one hundred and thirteen pounds, manati, crocodile, and sea-lions, &c. &c. Among these are the following curious articles:

The fossil head and horns of an animal, said to be a species of the elk or moose deer, that is now extinct, dug from the bogs of Ireland, where they are very common. The weight and size of these, but more particularly of some others that have been found, is so prodigious, that, considering the form of the animal that was to carry them, his height must have been excessive. Not less, as Pennant allows, if we judge by analogy, than 12 feet.

The head and tusks of a Norwal whale, from Greenland. It is now supposed by naturalists, that it was the head of this animal, which is usually found with only one tusk, and which is very long and spiral, that has given birth to the fabulous unicorn, or that has at least occasioned many modern writers to credit the ancient fables concerning that animal. The head, here spoken of, has both the tusks in great preservation, and is the only one known at present in any cabinet or museum.

The manati, a large docile, amphibious animal, that inhabits the rivers of Africa and South America. The following remarkable tale of one of this species is taken from the last edition of Pennant's history of quadrupeds. "I shall conclude

this account with the following extraordinary history of a tame manati, preserved by a certain Prince of Hispaniola, at the time of the arrival of the Spaniards, in a lake adjoining to his residence. It was, on account of the gentleness of its nature, called, in the language of the country, MATUM. It would appear as soon as it was called by any of its familiars; for, it hated the Spaniards on account of an injury it had received from one of those adventurers. The fable of Arion was here realized. It would offer itself to the Indian favourites, and carry over ten at a time, singing and playing on its back. It was particularly enamoured of one youth, which reminds me of the classical parallel in the Dolphin of Hippo, so beautifully related by the younger Pliny. The fates of the two animals were very different; Matum escaped to his native waters, by means of a violent flood; the Hipponenian fish fell a sacrifice to the poverty of the retired colonists." This story was originally extracted from Peter Martyr's decades of the Indies.

The curious workmanship of the swords, shields, &c. dispersed around, fill the mind with ideas of the great ingenuity and industry of man.

2. The first room you enter is the native fossil room, consisting of fossils below and birds above, all in glass cases, as are almost all the subjects of every class, and in every room, which must have been a very heavy article of expence to the proprietor. The fossils are spars, ores, stones, pebbles, chrysolite, mundic, &c. in most of which England abounds, and which occasions the learned foreigners who visit our museums to behold them with rapture and astonishment.

As this room is the beginning of the birds, which are dispersed through almost every room above stairs, it is necessary here to observe, that they are so numerous, are in such fine preservation, and by their infinitely variegated and beautiful plumage, produce such a charming effect, that nothing but actual inspection can give any adequate idea of the pleasure and surprize the mind receives at the view. The occasional mention of a few, as we proceed, must not therefore make the reader suppose, that these are the only ones worthy notice. The observer hardly knows where to rest, or which to select. The exact number is not known; but it is supposed there are five thousand birds, from all countries, and above sixteen hundred different species.

Among many others, there are in this room the rhinoceros bird, so called from

the large and hornified configuration of its beak, and pied pea-hen, which, at eleven years old, put forth the plumage of a cock.

3. The next is the extraneous Fossil Room, containing, as the former, birds and extraneous fossils. Among the birds are the African flamingo, humming-bird, king bird of paradise, pelican, &c. &c. &c. The pelican is a water-fowl, preys on fish, and is remarkable for a bag or bladder under his throat, in which, after driving the small fry in shoals before it into some hole convenient for seizing them, it deposits a number of them, which it devours at leisure, or carries to its young, which it feeds by bending its neck, pressing the bag against its breast, and forcing the fish out. This gave rise to the ancient fable of the pelican's picking its breast, and feeding its young with its own entrails.

The extraneous fossils are said to be one of the first collections in the world, and consist of woods, plants, bones, bivalve shells, horns, entrochi, echini in chalk and flint, belemnites, pediculi, teeth and palates of fish, nautili, &c. &c. &c. all which are none of them mineral productions, but, by some great revolution in the system of the earth, have been buried in it, and lain there for ages.

4. The Shell Room contains birds, and a most beautiful collection and arrangement of cowries, sea eggs, clamps, mussels, limpets, cockles, harps, mussels, spikes, mitres, snails, spirals, shippers, olives, liveries, figs, turnips, barnacles, suns, conchs, tuns, trumpets, helmets, and numerous other shells. Likewise, the bird of paradise, silver pheasant from China, cormorant, &c. &c. &c. and a brood of partridges, consisting of the cock, the hen, seventeen chicken, and two eggs, in the utmost perfection of preservation.

5. The Argus Pheasant Room contains birds, beasts, and several cases of Italian, German, and Bristol, marble, granite, &c. and some beautifully manufactured fluors of Derbyshire.

Among numerous other birds, are the peacock, pea-hen, Jamaica flamingo, vulture from Gibraltar, large cockatoo, non-descript hawk, swan, male and female, eagle, white pea-fowl, Guinea fowl, demoiselle of Numidia, zebra bird, curassow, &c. &c. &c. with a bird newly inserted, called the argus pheasant, from Pekin in China, very remarkable for the beauty of its plumage, and the elegance and majesty of its form.

The beasts consist of---the large Greenland bear, royal tiger, leopard, Persian cat, Persian lynx, Mexican hog, beaver,

otter, badger, martin, fulimart, opossum, &c. &c. &c. and the Ichneumon, a species of weasel, formerly worshipped by the Egyptians, on account of its use and friendly disposition to man. It is the mortal enemy of that most fatal of serpents, the Naja, which it attacks without dread, and, should it receive a wound in the combat, is said to retire instantly to eat a certain herb, which is an antidote to poison; after which it returns to the attack, and seldom fails of victory. Rumphius observes with what skill it seizes a serpent by the throat, so as to avoid receiving any injury, and Lucan beautifully describes the address of this animal, in conquering the Egyptian asp, thus translated by Rowe.

" Thus oft th'ichneumon, on the banks of Nile,

Invades the deadly aspid by a wile;  
While artfully his slender tail is play'd,  
The serpent darts upon the dancing shade;  
Then, turning on the foe with swift surprise,  
Full on the throat the nimble seizer flies.  
The gasping snake expires beneath the wound,  
His gushing jaws with poisonous floods  
And shed the fruitless mischief on the ground.

This animal is domesticated both in India and Egypt, it becomes very tame, and is more useful than a cat in destroying rats and mice; it likewise digs the eggs of crocodiles from the sands and destroys them. Vide Pennant's History of Quadrupedes?

The four rooms described above are in front, and, though not more curious than the succeeding, have the finest effect on the eye.

6. You then turn on the right, and enter the Insect or Hippopotamus Room, where you find---a young hippopotamus, and a young African rhinoceros, two animals remarkable, when full grown, for bulk and strength as well as form; old Hector from the Tower, shamoise, a kind of goat, from the hide of which is made shamoise, or shammy, leather---Armadillo, flying squirrel from the East-Indies, porcupine, tailless maucau, petril-nosed bat, the great ant-eater from South America, an animal almost as large as, and something like, the brown bear, that lives entirely on ants, which it catches by the assistance of a sharp oblong nose, and an exceedingly long glutinous tongue. The specimen here preserved is very valuable, on account of its size, and scarcity; with many others.

The insect glass contains some beautiful cases of butterflies, moths, scorpions, beetles, grasshoppers, tarantula, spiders, locusts, &c. &c.

7. In the Antique Room are various specimens of Roman, Persian, German, Old English, &c. antiques in iron, brass, and pottery; together with a bofs buffalo, an Angora goat, and a few other beasts; and a remarkably fine Roman font, or basin, of earthen ware, on which is painted a representation of a sea engagement, and various emblematical figures consonant to the subject.

8. The Bustard Room is distinguishable for a large cock bustard from Norfolk, that weighed twenty-nine pounds. The throat of the bustard contains a kind of bag, (here extracted and preserved,) which naturalists do not seem to have determined the use of, though the bird is a native. There is also the penguin, from Falkland's island, which resembles a fish almost as much as a bird, the velvet-shouldered peacocks from Japan, American man of war birds, cuthew bird, crown bird from Africa, golden bird of paradise, yellow and scarlet breasted touchan from South America, spoon-bill, various eagles, falcons, hawks, owls, &c. &c. &c.

9. The Peacock Pheasant Room is a continuation of birds, and contains the peacock pheasant from China, a bird of beautiful plumage; the cassowary from Java, remarkable for being large and ugly, with excessively strong legs and feet, wings short, quills of the porcupine kind, and feathers that look like the hair of bears. Likewise, the albatross, from the Cape of Good Hope, conspicuous too for its size, which, when it spreads its wings, must look prodigious, they being thirteen feet from tip to tip. And the crowned African crane, the cyrus crane, from Bengal, the golden pheasant, the ring pheasant, and the mandarine duck, all from China, and all remarkable for beauty of shape and plumage, the American scarlet curlew, the golden eagle, eagle owl, great crowned Indian pigeon, &c. &c. &c.

10. The Reptile Room contains, among many other fine specimens, the rattle snake, polypus, bull-frog, torpeds, canelion, guana, lizards, serpents, snakes, &c. &c. &c.

11. In the Fish and Coral Room are the wolf fish, frog-fish, monk-fish, needle-fish, porcupine fish, toad-fish, file and variegated file-fish, saw-fish, dolphin, electrical eel, spider-crab, grampus, scarlet gurnard, temora, &c. &c. &c. with great variety of corals.

12. The Monkey Room is filled with a fine collection of the various species of that animal, among which are a young male and female orang-outang, conspicuous for their disgusting and distorted resemblance

to the human form; the large African baboon, the long armed monkey, the dog-faced monkey, the silky or lion monkey, from Brasil, &c. &c. &c.

13. The subjects in the Ostrich Room are miscellaneous. They consist of musical instruments, tobacco-pipes, &c. from China and the East-Indies; specimens of shells, woods, and birds eggs; manuscripts written by persons born without hands or feet; the male and female ostrich egg and young; some few cases of birds; and the paintings of a most remarkable horse, with a manuscript account of him, extracted from a book written by George Simon Winter, and printed at Nuremberg, 1687, of which the following is a transcript.

"This horse was a fine snow-white stallion, out of the stud of the old Count of Oldenburg. The count gave him to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. He was kept in the stables of the landgrave twenty years, where he died. He was a horse of a fine form and movement, his mane was in several parts three, four, and four and a half, ells long, but the hair of his tail was seven, eight, and even nine, ells long. (An ell is near two English feet.) I have several such hairs now in my possession, which, by the order of the upper master of the horse, were brought me by the groom, George Benden, who had for a long time the care of this horse. The above-mentioned upper master of the horse, when he was a page at court, often rode him in the riding-school, as he told me himself. The mane and tail were kept very clean in the stable, and enclosed in a leathern bag, and he was thus brought into the riding school. But, when the landgrave rode him, the mane and tail were in a red velvet bag; but, if the bags were not used, then the servant carried the mane in his hand, and two other servants supported the tail."

The ostrich in this room stands near seven feet high, and when alive could have extended himself to almost nine. There is a pair of humming birds put in the same case, by way of contrast, the one being the least, and the other the biggest of birds.

14. From hence the spectators return and descend into the Rooms below, the first of which is the wardrobe, where are deposited dresses of various nations, mens and womens; ladies shoes from China, slippers, Persian, Turkish, &c. &c. and Oliver Cromwell's armour and part of his dress, which denote him to have been both a very large and strong man.

15. The next is the Ostrich Room, where are numerous dresses, ornaments,

idols, domestic utensils, &c. of the people in the newly-discovered islands, which, to an active imagination, convey a forcible idea of them and their manners.

16. In the Club Room are the warlike weapons of the several savage nations of America. The clubs are many of them curiously carved, and some require prodigious strength to be able to wield with agility.

17. The Sandwich Islands Room is a continuation of the subjects in the Otahite Room, being full of curious Indian dresses, idols, ornaments, bows, &c. &c. &c. which express very strongly the character of the people.

Besides these, there are in an out-house, a full grown elephant and the zebra, which, when alive, belonged to her Majesty.

Those who have seen the Holophsicon, must have very dull faculties indeed, who do not retain a lively impression of the pleasure they received. The endless variety displayed in the beautiful plumage of the birds, and the sparkling colours reflected from the shells, spars, ores, &c. &c. their several properties, manners, and dispositions; the ferocious state of animals terrible to man, but here deprived of the power of harm, and submitted to the eager inspection of curiosity; the malevolent aspect of the reptile race, that makes the beholder, on seeing himself surrounded by them, happy to recollect they are dead; these all conspire to impress the mind with a conviction of the reality of things,

which he had till then almost held visionary. They fill him with a majestic awe for the power of bones and claws, and a still greater reverence for his own wit, that has taught him to subdue them. He looks at lions, leopards, bears, tigers, and that most enormous of all reptiles, the crocodile; and meditates on the horrid depredations committed by them and their ancestors. As he proceeds, the objects before him make his active fancy travel from pole to pole through torrid and through frigid zones. He beholds the manners of men in the forms of their habits; he sees the Indian rejoiced at, and dancing to, the monotonous sound of his tom tom; he sighs to recollect the prevalent power of fear and superstition over the human mind, when he views the rude deformity of an idol carved with a flint, by a hand incapable of imitating the outline of nature, and that works only that it may worship. In short, he looks at the vast volumes of actual information, that every where surround him, and is indeterminate where to begin, or on which to fix his attention most. Such at least were the sensations experienced by the writer of the present account, and such he thought it his duty to convey, as far as his plan and abilities permit, to his readers. A duty which gratitude owes to the public-spirited proprietor, who has thus given his countrymen an opportunity of surveying the works of nature, and contemplating the various beings that inhabit the earth.

TO the EDITORS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, &c.

Gentlemen,

In looking over a Manuscript Copy of Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle of England, written as I suppose about the beginning of the fifteenth Century, I found the following romantic Account how Britain first came to be inhabited. As no notice is taken of it in the Edition of that Chronicle, published by T. Hearne, nor do I recollect to have seen it in print, I thought it might be agreeable to some of your Readers, and for that purpose transcribed it.

S. A.

IN the yer firo the begynnynge off the world, m m m. ix C. lxxxx, ther was yn the noble land of Greece, a worthy kyng, & a mighty, or a man of grete renounne, that was callyd Dioclycan; that thurgh ys noble chyvalrye that conqueryd all the landis aboute ym, so that almoste all the kyngs of that partye off the world to ym were obediente. Hyt befelle so, that this Dioclycan sponfid a gentilwoman, a damfelle, wundir fear that was ys Civys daughter, callyd Labana. And he gate on her xxxij doughtirs, whereof the eldeste a callyd Albyne. And the damfells

fair, that ytt was wundir to wete where for this Dioclycan thoughte to marye oll ys doughtirs, or he deid, and commandid by ys letters, that all the kyngs that held of ym, & othir noble & worthy men schuld com at a sertayn day, as yn ys letters was conteynyd to ys riall feste, at wiche day they coin, & broughte with thaym amyrralls, prynces, dukys, and noble men of chyvalrye, and the feste was roially holden. And so ytt befelle, that Dioclycan thoughte to marye ys doughtirs among all thes that were at that solemnyte, and so ytt was ordeynyed & don, that Albyne the eldest doughtir, and all hur sustirs wer worthily married

married unto xxxiii kyngs and lordis of grete wurshippe. And when that solemnyte was don, every king & lord, with ys wiffe, went yn to ys own cuntre; and aftureward ytt befelle so, that this Albyne was becom so stout & so sterne, that sche told litille prys by her lord, and of ym had skorn & dispite, and wold nat to ym obeye, butt have her own will yn all wyse; & all hir othir sustirs bare thaym so evyle agayn thaire husbonds, that ytt was wunder to wete for so much of thaym, thoughte that their husbonds were nat com of so hey blod as thair fadir was. But thair husbonds wold have chastysyd thaym with ffair langage & behestis, also yettis, & blamyd thaym in fair maner with all love and frendshippe, that they schuld amended thair evyle condicions; but all availlyd naughte, for they wer much wars when they sawe that yt wold natt be amended; the kyng that had weded Albyne, wrote the condicions of his wiffe, and send thaym to Dioclicyan her fadir. And when all the othir kyngs and lordys herd this, the send lettirs also of the wikked condicions of his wiffe's, to her fadir Dioclicyan yn like manner. When Dioclicyan herde so many complaints of ys doughtirs, he was sore aschaimyed, and with thaym wundis wrote, and thoughte nyghte & day how he might amend the wikked condicions of ys doughters, & send his letters to thair husbonds, that thair schulde com to ym, & bryng their wiffes with thaym, at a certayn day, ffor he wold chastise them yef he myghte, so thay com all at the day assignid to thair fadir Dioclicyan, & the third day after he sent for ys doughtirs yn to ys chamber, & their spake unto thaim of thair wikked & cruelle condicions, and dispitously thaim reprovyd, and said, yef wold not be chastise, they schuld les ys love for evyrmore. When the ladies herde this, they wer abasschide & sore aschamyde, and said they wold make all amendis. And so thi depertide from thair fadir's chambur. Then dame Albyne led all her sustirs ynto here chambur, and voidid all that were ther yn, save only her sustirs; and then said Albyne yn this wise, my fair sustirs, full well we knowe that the kyng our fadir us hath thus reprovyd, schamyd, & dispisid, for to make us obediente to our husbonds. But certan schall y never whiles that y lyve, sette that y am off a more hyghe kyngs blode than myn husbond ys, and when sche had so y said; all hir sustirs said the same, and then said Albyne to hem, full well, y wete ffair sustirs, that our husbonds have complaynyd to our fadir upon us wherefore he hath us thus soule reprovyd & dispisid, & therefore sus-

tirs, my counseleys, that this nyghte whan our husbonds ben all a bedd, that we arth an asfette sle thaim every thone, and than may we leve yn pes, & better we may do this thyng under our fadir's power, than ellis were; and a non, all the ladies consented ther to: when nyghte was come, the lordis & ladies went to their bedds, and a non, as thair husbonds wer en slepe, thei kutte thare throtes, and so thei slewe thaim all. Whan Dioclicyan herde of this, he be come wond sorry & wrothe agains ys doughtirs, and a none wold have brent hem all. But the barons & lordis of the land counsel'd ym, nat for to do so to ys own doughtirs, butt only voide thaym out of the lands for evermore, and never to com a gen; and a none thair fadir putte thayme into a schippe, without any sterfman, and vetaile for a certayn time. And so thay sailyd forthe in the see, and betoke all thair frendis to be Appolyne, that was thair god. And so long they sailyd yn the see, that after many stormes & tempestys, they at the laste were dryvynne & landid upon an isle that was all willdirnes. And when they wer com to that land, dame Albyne, the eldeste sustir wente ffirste out of the schippe, and com to the land, and than sche saide to her sustirs, for as much, saide sche, as y am eldeste of yow all, and ffirste touchid the ground, I wull, that this land be called Albion, after myn own name. And all her sustirs graunted ther-to. Than wente they all out off the schippe, & com to the land, and wente up & doune, a found aether man, woman, nor child, butt wilde bestis of divers kyndys, & whan thair vetaile was wastide & spendide, thei etyn fruts and erbs after the sasons of the yere, and so they lyvyd as they beste myghte. Afterward they tokyn wild bestis, & etyn the flesche off thaym, and becom wunder fatte & lusty, & desirid manys fleschly company more than any other thyng. When the Devyle that ys redy to oll evyle, he took a body off the airs, & liking naturs of men, and com ynto the land of Albion, & lay by thes women, & they conceyved, and afterwarde broughte forthe grete & orrible geauntis whereoff on was callid Gogmagogge, and anothir Lung-herygon, & so they wer namyd by divers nanys. And in this manir thei com forth, & were borne orrible geauntis yn Albion. And thei dwellid yn cavis & in hillys, and occupiede the land at their wille, unto the time that Brute com and landide at Totnes yn the isle of Albion, in the yer before the nattivite of Criste, m. c. xxxvi. and than this Brute conquerede & destroyed thes geauntis, every thon, and called this lande Bretayn.



THE HIVE, A COLLECTION of SCRAPS.

Exercet sub sole labor—  
—et in medium quæsitâ reponit. VIAG.

IT has been the convenient custom of periodical publications to set up a letter-box for the reception of circulating essays, and for the accommodation of modest correspondents. It is a wise and advantageous practice, and we have adopted it. The above letter-box is established for the collection of literary sweets; and we recommend, to all the friends of science and of letters, to observe our device to practise the industry of the bee, in collecting from every flower its fine essence, and, after their ingenious sublimation, to bear it with cheerfulness to the European hive. A Lion's Mouth has been in general the emblem upon these occasions, from the Guardian down to the General Advertiser. But roaring lions, if they had even been less hackneyed, are not suited to our purpose. There is nothing ferocious in our plan. The lion of the Guardian roared out, from the Bedford Coffee-house, against the ladies of Great Britain. The lions, established in St. Mark's Place in Venice, extend their voracious jaws "to receive anonymous letters, informations of treasonable practices, and accusations of magistrates." The description of the "ingenious Dr. Moor has turned us from the lions of Venice with horror. We will establish no place, where innocence might be exposed to the attacks of hidden malice. The lion of the General Advertiser pours out political declamations against the ministry. We, too, shall have our politics—but our politics shall be moderate. We shall examine the regulations of office with candour—approve with pleasure—or condemn with gentleness—scrapers are not less forcible for being

conveyed in terms of civility. There is only one lion, of which we read, that comes within our scheme—it is that lion of which it was said, "Out of the eater came forth meat; out of the strong came forth sweetness." We have adopted, therefore, the chief part of this precedent—we have taken the bees; and a little reflection will recommend them as the most applicable symbols of such a work. The bee has its sweetness, and the bee has its sting. It travels abroad—searches into all the productions of nature—distills from each its peculiar honey—and treasures it with fidelity in the common stock. "At festæ multa referunt se nocte minores,  
"Crura thymo plene, pascunter et arbusta passim,  
"Et glaucas salices, casiamque, crocumque rubentem  
"Et pinguem tiliam, et ferrugineos hyacin-  
Thus does the hive become a granary of various sweets combined and blended—and thus, we trust, shall our hive become an analecticon of wit, pleasantry, science and literature.

Be it known, therefore, to all the learned, unlearned, grave, and laughing, world, by these presents, that hives are established at the following places, for the uses and purposes above and hereafter-mentioned—That is to say, at the shop of Mr. John Fjelding, bookseller, No. 23, Pater-noster-row; at the shop of Mr. John Debreit, bookseller, opposite Burlington-house, Piccadilly; Mr. Sewell, No. 32, Cornhill; Mr. Bowen, bookseller, New Bond-street; and at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row.

And it is hereby provided and declared, that this hive is to be, in future, the repository



voir into which all the flowing wit of Europe is to run. It is to be the pound for the reception of stray jokes—the asylum for foundling poetry—the hospital for orphan fugitives—the alms-house for exposed essays, and the prison for vagrant and for stolen humour. As a specimen to what the hive will become, we throw together a few loose scraps, which, since our proposals were published, have been handed to the places stated in our advertisements.

## B O N M O T.

**T**HE celebrated Michael Angelo, having received some insult from one of the Cardinals of Rome, in revenge painted a most striking likeness of his enemy, and placed him among the damned suffering the torments of hell. The satire had its effect. It was the topic of general admiration and merriment;—the cardinal, stung with the bitterness of the caricature, complained to his holiness. Pope Leo X. was too much the lover and patron of the fine arts to gratify the cardinal's desire—and he therefore told him, that he had it not in his power to punish the offender. "If, said he, the insult had been laid in heaven, on the earth, or even in purgatory—I could, perhaps, have redressed you; for, I have some thing to say in all those places, but I have no interest in hell."

## B O N M O T.

**S**OON after the appearance of Mr. Garrick at the Theatre of Drury-Lane, when he, by his astonishing powers, brought all the world to that Theatre, and Mr. Rich was playing his pantomimes at Covent Garden to empty benches:—the two gentlemen, Mr. Garrick and Mr. Rich, met one morning at the Bedford—they fell into conversation, and Mr. Garrick asked the Covent Garden manager how much his house would hold when crowded with company. "Why, master," replies Mr. Rich, in as elegant a compliment as ever was given, "Why, master, I cannot tell, but if you will come and play Richard for one night, I shall be able to give you an account."

## F A B • L E,

Applicable to the present Situation of Great Britain and her Colonies.

**A** Naged, way-worn, camel, being repugnantly hurried along a dirty break-neck road, tethered as she was to a silly-foal of her own, the dam could not

help piteously exclaiming, "O daughter, without affection! how canst thou drag me on at this furious rate? The filly replied, "O mother, without discernment! dost thou not see that my bridle is in the hands of another?"

## ANECDOTE OF LITERATURE.

**D**R. Johnson is said to be at last prevailed upon to turn his thoughts on the biography of Spencer. Such biography of Samuel Johnson's, who but must wish to extend to "the Crack of Doom,"—that he might live for ever, if it were only to write the lives of others!

The friends of Dr. Johnson also encourage a hope, that the author of *Rasselas* will, ere long, produce a continuation.

Nicolaides the Greek, and Mr. Paradise the Grecian, are still occupied in their work upon Plato.

Dr. Burney is gone into the press with the second volume of his history; but he will not come out of it till a third volume shall be completed.

## B O N M O T.

**W**HEN Lord Howe commanded on the American station, it was a regulation in the fleet, for the marine officers to keep watch with the lieutenants of the navy. His lordship once remarking at his table, that purfers, surgeons, and even chaplains, might occasionally be employed on that duty, a son of the church, who was present, opposed the doctrine—"What!" cries his lordship "cannot ye watch as well as pray!"

## E P I G R A M

From the French.

**J**OHN and his wife were once a happy pair,  
And mutual fondness was their only care;  
But bliss, however strong, is apt to break;  
The wife was teasing, and the man grew weak;  
They both fell ill, but different their disease,  
She sigh'd for action, and he wanted ease;  
Their grievous state they mutually deplore,  
John did too much, and Janet wanted more;  
He pin'd and faded—she grew also pale;  
At last the doctor came, and heard their tale.  
"Janet, your languish tells for what you grieve,  
[lieve:  
"And John's the balm to comfort and re-  
"But, John, you must not, if you love you life,  
[wife.—  
"For one night more embrace your lust  
"What shall we do?" says John, with wist-  
ful eye:  
"Do as you like," says she, "for I'll ne-  
LONDON

T H E  
L O N D O N R E V I E W,  
A N D  
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L.

*Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.*

**I**N this department of our work we stand peculiarly in need of indulgence. It is a task of more difficulty than has hitherto been imposed on Reviewers, as we have undertaken to accompany our observations on every new book with anecdotes of the author. To do this gracefully, to be free in our strictures without sourness, to commend with justice or disapprove with temper, to be liberal without credulity, to enter into the disquisitions of party without the rage of partizans, and to examine the productions of contemporary authors without the bitterness of envy, will be demanded at our hands. If we fail in these points, we may be read, but we must be censured. If we could find consolation in the applause of the rancorous, for the contempt of the liberal, we might perhaps be seduced to follow the path which some of our predecessors have beaten; and study only to indulge the baser passions of the human heart. There are men who being soothed by calumny become its patrons; but, as we can only cordially enjoy the approbation of the good and virtuous, we will not stoop to flatter nor to defame. In the history of every man's life there are domestic circumstances which his biographer cannot expose without rudeness or cruelty. There are peculiarities or foibles in his

character, with which, when their influence does not extend beyond his private circle, the public have nothing to do. Why should we presume to establish a dark and arbitrary inquisition, to outrage the feelings, and to tear the hearts of men? We have all our failings, and our secrets; ready, we trust, are all to submit to any benefit from private admonition, though we may not be disposed to incur public reproach. Whatever may tend in the circumstances of the author's life to the illustration of his book, and whatever may be necessary to the improvement of letters, to the advancement of science, or to the benefit of society, we shall carefully collect and record; but sensible as we are that we shall stand in need of indulgence ourselves, we will study, in the discharge of our duty, to preserve that direct and fair course which Reviewers ought always to pursue, to examine the works of authors with care, but not to use the coloured microscope for the discovery of faults, so trifling and minute as to be invisible to the impartial eye of liberal judgement. While we act with the honest freedom and the uninfluenced sincerity of public critics, we will never forget the decency nor the politeness which is due from us as gentlemen.

*Naval Architecture; or the Rudiments and Rules of Ship-building, exemplified in a Series of Draughts and Plans, with Observations, tending to the farther Improvement of that important Art. Dedicated, by Permission, to his Majesty, by Marmaduke Stalkart.*

**T**HE importance of the art of ship-building, to an empire which has been raised to its rank and dignity by naval efforts, needs not be described. The encouragement which has therefore been

given by the state, to all who have turned their thoughts to this subject, hath been the means of advancing, with uncommon rapidity, this essential art. But there are difficulties attend the prosecution, which

are not felt in other branches of science, or, if felt, are not so material. The author says, with truth, "That, in the theory of the art, there are no fixed and positive principles established by demonstration and confirmed by use. There is hardly a rule sanctified by common consent, but the artist is left to the exercise of his own opinion; and this generally becomes so rooted by habit as to resist innovation however specious. Undoubtedly, there is great reason for caution on the one hand, as there is for enterprise on the other. We ought to be as anxious to preserve the merits that are determined as to overcome the acknowledged insufficiencies."

The danger, attending the incautious adoption of speculative inventions, hath made the practical artist averse from all new theories; and it is a curious fact, that we have, as a nation, resisted even the testimony of experience, and have observed the superior fabric of our enemies' ships without taking advantage of the improvements which they have made. The *Artois*, now under the command of Captain Macbride, unites properties which we have never thought proper to assemble in one body. She has the strength of the lowest two-decker, connected with the velocity and the convenience of the frigate. She carries her guns upon one deck, and has all the advantages without the weakness of that class of ships. This remark we make as one instance in support of our author's opinion. He says that the plan, which is preceptorily observed in our dock-yards, is, of late, too much confined to give room for improvement, and that by this attachment to old methods they resist innovation, even when its utility has been demonstrated by experiment. The practice of which he complains is the disposition of the midship-bend, in the centre of the ship, and the adhering still to the use of hollow water-lines. He expatiates on the disadvantages of these two customs, and strongly recommends an alteration. He wishes to place the midship-bend\* considerably more forward than the centre of the ship, and to use fair instead of hollow water-lines. He says, that "The union of those two principles in the construction of a body seems to promise the connection of swiftness and capacity. By a philosophical discussion it might be maintained that this disposition

of the midship-bend is clearly pointed by nature in the formation of animals destined to move in the element of water. It is not a novel observation that the form of a fish is the best calculated for velocity, but though the observation has been made, the example remains yet to be followed. We seem to require something more than the evidence of nature to overcome the errors of prejudice."

We freely own that so far as the observations of mere theorists can go, the alteration proposed seems to be founded in probability. If the broadest part of the vessel approaches near the head, it seems reasonable to believe that the ship will meet with less resistance in the water, as the fluid will sooner pass the greatest breadth, and thereby have the freer passage to the rudder. Besides, when we consider that the pressure of the water on the sides of the ship about the midship-bend must be in proportion to the length and weight of the vessel, we are called on by reasoning to conclude, that the effect of that pressure will be enlarged, and that it must increase her velocity. But the opinions of naval men are superior to the abstract reasonings of philosophy in this case; and both in this alteration and in that of the water-lines he is supported by the greatest authorities in the service.

Benjamin Thompson, Esq. F. R. S. some time ago proposed to build a frigate on the principles inculcated in this work, and also to arm her in a new way. On account of the agreement between their plans, Mr. Thompson gave the author leave to introduce his draught into his collection, and to make use of the certificates with which he had been favoured. This coincidence of sentiment, between men of opposite pursuits, warmly recommends the plan, since it shews it to be equally promising in theory and practice. Mr. Thompson was lately Under Secretary of State for the American department. He is by birth an American, and has distinguished himself for his mechanical genius. He has made considerable improvements in the construction of guns and other implements of war. He lately went to America with a strange appointment to the rank of Colonel, and to command a new regiment of horse.

Mr. Stalkart, in this treatise, has given a regular course of instruction for the laying down of every timber in the vessel, and

\* The Midship bend is the broadest frame in the Ship, and is, in the technical phrase, called *Deadfast*.

for applying this plan to every class of ships: He begins with the long-boat, thence he proceeds to the yacht, the sloop, the 44-gun ship, and the 74-gun ship. He introduces the cutter as being the most proper to explain a proposed method of drawing similar bodies: and the work concludes with the draught of Mr. Thompson's frigate. Through the whole series he gives plain instructions to the student, and leads him on regularly from the drawing-room to the mould-loft, and thence to the slip. We think it a most useful and advantageous treatise: Nothing of the sort has been published since the book of Mr. Mungo Murray, and he, it is well known, was a mere draftsman, without the benefit of practical knowledge. Besides, it is many years since he wrote, and almost all his rules are now forgotten, since the practice of whole-moulding fell into disuse.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Stalkart began at an early age to receive the rudiments of his education in the art of ship-building in his Majesty's

royal dock-yard of Deptford, and he displayed great ingenuity in his various suggestions for facilitating, by easier and less expensive methods, the labour of the mould-loft. He saw the inconveniences of the established plan of building, and turned his thoughts to the discovery and adaptation of new ideas. He has spent the best years of his life in experiments, and this work is the product of his labour. He is now the superintendent of one of the principal yards on the Thames, where he has extensive opportunities of pursuing his improvements, and of trying the benefit and effect of each new invention. We see that the work is dedicated by permission to His Majesty. From this circumstance we are inclined to suppose that his plans have met the sense and approbation of the department which may make his labours useful to the state. We sincerely wish that it may be so, and that the genius and industry of so valuable a mechanic may not be transferred to the service of a foreign power, which unfortunately, for this country, has been of late, in other instances, but too frequent.

*Collectanea Curiosa, or Miscellaneous Tracts relating to the History and Antiquities of England and Ireland, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and a variety of other subjects. Chiefly collected, and now first published, from the Manuscripts of Archbishop Sancroft, given to the Bodleian Library by the late Bishop Tanner, 2 vol. 8vo. 12 s. Fletcher.*

HAVING frequently heard of the valuable collection of manuscripts given by Bishop Tanner to the University of Oxford, we have long flattered ourselves with hopes, that they would be accurately examined and judiciously selected for the information of the public. Collections of this kind are singularly useful to the Historian and Biographer; and, under the direction of a person possessed of judgement, information, and integrity, would be always deemed valuable accessions to the stock of literature. Upon a careful perusal of the present work, we are sorry to observe, that the editor of it, Mr. John Gutch, seems totally deficient in the proper qualities for the undertaking. He is neither sufficiently acquainted with former collections of the like kind, to avoid choosing what has been already published; nor can we compliment him either for his care or accuracy in the present work now before us. A judicious collector ought to have informed himself, whether what he was about to publish had ever appeared before, that he

might avoid loading our libraries with a stale repetition of well-known facts and uninteresting circumstances. About one half of these volumes might very well have been spared, being either hackneyed in other collections, or too trifling and unimportant to deserve preservation. We cannot therefore but repeat our concern, that Bishop Tanner's papers did not fall into better hands.

In the first volume, No. 8, a letter from Queen Anne has been already published by Sir David Dalrymple; No. 11, in Lord Somers's Tracts, and in a separate pamphlet; No. 22, in Sir Henry Wotton's Remains; and many letters and memorandums concerning the trial of the seven Bishops in Clarendon's State Papers, and in other works. In the second volume, besides an equal number of repetitions of prices concerning the Bishops and the Revolution, No. 12 has been republished by Hearne; and the long and uninteresting detail of King Charles's marches, being No. 13, has been three times already before the public.

public, first, as a separate pamphlet, secondly, in a folio volume, by the author Sir Edward Walker, and, lastly, in Lord Somers's Tracts. No. 14 has not the merit of novelty, and several other pieces are similar to us, and, were it worth the trouble, might be shewn to be already in print.

We do not deny that some valuable pieces are here preserved, and very extraordinary it would appear, if a few could not be pointed out. The memoir, by Judge Blackstone, relating to the Lyttelton Roll, reflects disgrace on the Antiquarian Society for suppressing it. It does honour to its excellent author, and deserves to be read by every admirer of the learned writer. In p. 347 is a letter to Mrs. West, on the education of her son, which is no otherwise curious, than on account of the person to whom it relates. This information, however, the editor has totally withheld. We shall therefore observe, that the gentleman, whose welfare the letter-writer is here so solicitous about, was the celebrated friend of Mr. Gray, who very soon after retired from the Temple, in despair of ever succeeding as a lawyer. (See Gray's works, quarto edition,

p. 97.) We see no reason for concealing the name of Mrs. West's correspondent, though the editor has not thought proper to gratify us in this particular.

As a specimen of the accuracy of this performance, we refer to p. 11, vol. 1, where we are told, "that if a RIBAND had stricken a knight, &c." It is no more than what candour would dictate, to suppose this an error of the press, and yet we do not find it enumerated in the errata. It may therefore be proper to notice, that the word, marked in capitals, should be RIBAUD, an explanation of which may be seen in the learned Mr. Kelham's translation of Briton.

As there are many valuable papers yet remaining unpublished in Oxford, which the numerous list of subscribers to the present work may occasion being printed, we recommend to the present or any future editor, when occasion shall arise, to call in the assistance of the learned in this branch of literature, that the defects of the collection, now under consideration, may be avoided, and the shelves of our libraries not a second time incumbered with scraps of antiquity, which afford neither information or amusement.

*An Essay on Defensive War, and a constitutional Militia; with an Account of Queen Elizabeth's Arrangements for resisting the projected Invasion in the year 1588, taken from authentic Records in the British Museum, and other Collections, by an Officer, 8vo. 3s. Evans.*

**T**HIS is a desultory, incoherent, but an animated and curious work. Though we think his plan of defence impracticable in the present state of society, as most of those ~~the~~ which have been offered to the public since the late riots\*, he throws out many ingenious and important hints, which government would do well to consider with attention. The measures taken by the great Queen Elizabeth, for the defence of the kingdom when threatened by the Spaniards, are matters of curiosity, if not of use; and the hints, given to the friends of a constitutional militia, are pertinent and important.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

The book is said to be written by Capt. Dorset, an officer in the Sussex militia, and author of the Philosophic Venus. This gentleman was put into the army early in life; but either his fortune, his interest, or inclination, not serving him in that line, and yet retaining a military turn, he entered into the Sussex militia, to be under the command, and near the person, of his friend and patron, the Duke of Richmond. He is a married man; of gay but decent manners; much esteemed by his acquaintance; ardent in his friendships; but too fiery in his political temper.

\* The best of these seems to be a pamphlet published by Kearsley just after the riots; entitled a Plan of Association on Constitutional Principles, and since ascribed to the Persian Jones. But it is only a sketch, and the author should have filled it up.

*Condolence: An Elegiac Epistle from Lieutenant General Burgoyne, captured at Saratoga, O.S. 17, 1777, to Lieutenant General Earl Cornwallis, captured at York Town, O.S. 17, 1781. 4to. 1s. 6d. Evans.*

THIS is written by Capt. Dorset, the gentleman of whom we have just given an account. It has excellencies and faults, similar to those hinted at in our remarks on his prose publication. There is one circumstance very remarkable in his panegyric on Washington, that he never once hints at the competition between him and General Lee, with whom the author was much acquainted while in England.

We would advise him in the next edi-

tion to correct the following shocking example of the art of sinking in poetry.

#### SPEAKING OF WASHINGTON.

Humane, beneficent, and just,  
Long may't thou guard thy sacred trust,  
To rear an infant state;  
Lov'd by the good, the wise, the brave,  
May't thou be shun'd by every knave,  
And much abus'd by Bate.

*The Death-Song of Ragnar Lodbroch, or Logbrok, King of Denmark: Translated from the Latin, of Olaus Wormius, by Hugh Downman, M. D. 1s. Fielding.*

THIS singular composition is mentioned with high approbation by almost all our poetic antiquaries, and is here translated, with the utmost fidelity, by Dr. Downman. He has taken a liberty with the coarse epithet, by which Lodbroch was distinguished, which shews his judgement; though he may be indebted to the translators of the scriptures for the example. If the original had been literally rendered, it would have been Lodbroch's hair-breech; probably on account of the hairiness of his limbs. Dr. Downman has rendered it hair-feet, as the translators of the scriptures always refers us to the hair of the feet, whenever they have occasion to mention what grows on the lower parts of the body.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. Downman is the son of a gentleman of good fortune in the neighbourhood of Exeter. He was brought up at the public school in that city, and took his degrees (if we mistake not) at Balliol College, at Oxford. He was designed for the church; took orders to perform the duties of a clergyman for a few years in his father's neighbourhood. But a disorder, which has since proved to be a liver complaint, rendering any exertions of his voice painful and dangerous to him, he went to Edinburgh, and took his degrees in physic.

An early attachment to a very amiable and accomplished young lady, which did not meet the entire approbation of his family, though she was very nearly related to Lord Courtney, and had a genteel fortune, fixed the first essays of his muse on

love. The poems to Thespia, published at the end of the Land of the Muses, are the genuine effusions of a poetic fancy, and of a heart fraught with those sincere and ardent passions which have since marked his life.

While he was in Scotland, or soon after his return, he published the Land of the Muses, in imitation of Spencer. Hardly any thing so poetical has appeared in the last century; but the public relying chiefly on the account of Reviewers, the poem was left to make its way, by the influence of taste and judgement in those who perused it. His reputation increased rapidly, and several editions of it have been sold.

On this work, his reputation as a poet principally rests, and it is a misfortune it should be in a language not commonly intelligible.

It is probable, that his attention was turned to the stage very early in life, as it is said, several of his pieces have been offered for representation. The publication of Lucius Junius Brutus was certainly meant as a reproach to his judgement of the managers. For, a very few alterations, suggested by a person acquainted with the theatre, would have rendered it a most excellent tragedy.

It is rumoured, that some disappointment in dramatic designs induced him to engage in the translation of Voltaire; but whether the Doctor's health will enable him to proceed in his undertaking is at present very doubtful.

The friends of genius and merit must lament, that his life has been a constant series of sufferings, and that there are not often any great hopes of his ever enjoying a tolerable state of health.

*Selected Odes of Pindar and Horace translated; and other original Poems: Together with Notes critical, historical, and explanatory, by the Reverend William Tasker, A. B. 3 vol. 8vo. 11. 1s. Doddsley.*

MR. Tasker, some time since, issued proposals for translating those odes of Pindar, which had been left by Mr. West and others. The undertaking was Herculean; and Mr. Tasker had not set down and counted his cost. This we presume is the reason, that he has made up the first volume, by inserting pieces, which had appeared and had been sold in another form. But attention to points of difficulty has not been usual with poets; and Mr. Tasker is really a poet.

The translations from Pindar have great merit, all circumstances considered. Pindar's beauties are on a scale of freedom and extravagance unknown to any other author; and he has been considered by puny versifiers, as comets are by the vulgar. Pindar's Greek is also his own; and he must be studied as the Bible is usually to learn Hebrew. Mr. West had selected the easiest and most regular of his odes, and none but a Quixotic genius, like that of Mr. Tasker, would have undertaken to translate those that remained, having no dependence but that of a subscription.

The original odes are rendered with great fidelity and exactness; and, through the whole, Mr. Tasker respects his author more than himself. For, his English suffers, sometimes unnecessarily, by his reverence for a Greek epithet or expletive.

We think the public indebted to Mr. Tasker for the attempt, and wish he may be encouraged to accomplish it.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Tasker is the son of a clergyman in the western extremity of Devonshire.

He was educated at a grammar school in one of the neighbouring towns, and finished his studies at Oxford. His father thought he had provided for his family, by leaving his son in possession of the advowson of a living of three or four hundred a year, subject to the payment of a small fortune to his sister, and to the maintenance of his mother on the spot.

But poets have always had the faculty of involving themselves. On the marriage of his sister to an attorney (whom he calls in his preface, to the volume of Translations, his unlettered brother-in-law) the fortune was not produced, and a law-suit commenced, which has harassed and impoverished our author extremely.

However, these distresses, it seems, first turned Mr. Tasker's thoughts to poetry. His ode to the Warlike Genius of Great Britain was written under the patronage of those general guardians of genius, the sheriffs officers for the county of Middlesex; and it was corrected and polished under the eye of Mr. Thomas, the marshal of the King's Bench. The ode has great merit, so has that to Speculation and most of his other pieces. They are evidently written for patrons, and properly seasoned with flattery.

What success they have had, we are not informed; but to judge by his appearance, which is truly poetical, no great things have been remitted for the songs of the bard.

His time is divided between his living, Bath, and London. He seems to be near forty years of age; of a strong and hale appearance; but lame of one leg. He wears the dress of a clergyman, but is seldom engaged in clerical duties.

*Fashionable Follies, a Novel; containing the History of a Parisian Family; in two volumes. Doddsley.*

A SET of detached adventures rather than a regular progressive story.—The characters are mere sketches, touched with the hasty pencil of a master, and grouped seemingly without design or subject. It is not easy to say, whether this evident slightness is the effect of study or of accident. It may have relation to the whole plan, which is formed on the basis of fashion, and it may be fashionable to act, in the most important situations, with indifference and frivolity. We can only

consider it as a collection of 301 fashionable follies, but we must deny its pretensions to the merit of a regular story.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

This novel is ascribed to T. Vaughan, Esq. a gentleman who has distinguished himself more by his love and patronage of letters than by any previous attempts of his own. We know not, to a certainty, that this work is given to him with justice;

and we are therefore withheld from giving a particular account of his life. His partiality for theatrical amusements, and his warm solicitude for the success and happiness of those who made the stage the object of their pursuit, condemned him to the toil, and often to the hardship, of many applications for the exertion of his influence. When patronage becomes extensive, it must frequently be unsuccessful, and disappoint-

ment will be apt to forget what is due to the inclination, when they find that the power is wanting. Such instances have occurred to Mr. T. Vaughan in the course of his many endeavours, but his philanthropy has withstood both the shocks of ingratitude and the shafts of ridicule.—It is said, but we know not with what truth, that this gentleman stood as the original for the portrait of Dangle in the Critic.

*Almada Hill, an Epistle from Lisbon, by William Julius Mickle, 4to. Bew. 2s. 6d.*

POETICAL ideas are so naturally inspired by an extensive prospect from a hill, that we may rather be surprised at the fewness, than at the number, of poems which are founded on the plan of contemplating from a mountain its adjacent landscapes. Nature and History both offer their aid to the poet's fancy; but, if the laws of this species of poetry are to be drawn from the productions of the greatest merit, the author is confined to such descriptions as are presented, and to such historical or philosophical reflections as are raised by the objects around him. The Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham has been justly admired by the critics for this propriety; and Almada Hill has a just claim to this merit of keeping, as the painters would call it, though it is thrown into the style of an epistle, which we believe is both a novelty and an improvement in this species of poetical composition. We may venture at least to assert, that, in the instance before us, the epistolary style has given both an animation and propriety to many of the reflections and descriptions in Almada Hill, which could not have been attained by soliloquy.

Our author thus prefaces his poem:

"In the twelfth century, Lisbon, and great part of Portugal and Spain, were in possession of the Moors. Alphonso, the first King of Portugal, having gained several victories over that people, was laying siege to Lisbon, where Robert, Duke of Gloucester, on his way to the Holy Land, appeared upon the coast of that kingdom. As the cause was the same, Robert was easily persuaded to make his first crusade in Portugal. He demanded that the storming of the castle of Lisbon, situated on a considerable hill, and whose ruins shew it to have been of great strength, should be allotted to him, while Alphonso was to tail the walls and the city. Both leaders were successful; and Alphonso, among

the rewards which he bestowed upon the English, granted to those who were wounded or unable to proceed to Palestine, the castle of Almada, and the adjoining lands.

"The river Tagus below and opposite to Lisbon is edged by steep grotesque rocks, particularly on the south side.—Those on the south are generally higher, and much more magnificent and picturesque, than the Cliffs of Dover. Upon one of the highest of these, and directly opposite to Lisbon, remains the stately ruins of the Castle of Almada.

"In December, 1779, as the author was wandering among these ruins, he was struck with the idea, and formed the plan of the following poem; an idea which, it may be allowed, was natural to the translator of the Luciad, and the plan may, in some degree, be called a supplement to that work.

"The following poem, except the corrections and a few lines, was written in Portugal. The descriptive parts are strictly local. The finest prospect of Lisbon and the Tagus (which is there about four miles broad) is from Almada, which also commands the adjacent country, from the Rock of Cintra to the Castle and City of Palmera, an extent of above fifty miles. This magnificent view is completed by the extensive opening at the mouth of the Tagus, about ten miles below, which discovers the Atlantic Ocean."

This argument promises a good deal under the management of true poetical talents; nor will the reader's idea of Mr. Mickle's powers of description and versification, displayed in his former works, be disappointed in the perusal of the present. It is addressed to a friend at Oxford, and opens with the following comparative view of the winter of England and Portugal.

"While you, my friend, from lowering  
wintery plains, [drizzling rains,  
Now pale with snows, now black with  
From



From leafless woodlands and dishonour'd  
bowers,

Mantled by gloomy mists, or lash'd by showers  
Of hollow moan, while not a struggling beam  
Steals from the sun to play on Isis' stream;  
While from these scenes by England's winter  
spread

Swift to the cheerful hearth your steps are led,  
Pleas'd from the threatening tempest to retire  
Ar'd join the circle round the social fire;  
In other clime through sun-bask'd scenes I  
stray,

As the fair landscape leads my thoughtful  
[way,  
As upland path, oft winding, bids me rove  
Where orange bowers invite, or olive grove,  
No fallen phantoms bloodied o'er my breast,  
The genial influence of the clime I taste;  
Yet still regardful of my native shore,  
In every scene, my roaming eyes explore,  
Whate'er its aspect, still, by memory brought,  
My fading country rushes on my thought."

In this exordium is announced, that in contemplating the fallen state of Portugal, the reader will be sometimes led to views of the present critical and alarming state of Great Britain. And indeed the prospect of the river Tagus and the port of Lisbon, naturally suggest the remembrance of those days, when the Portuguese were the first maritime nation in Europe, when they discovered the East Indies, and continued for near a century the unrivalled masters of the commerce of the eastern world. "In every scene," says our author, "my fading country rushes on my thought"—yet, though on those occasions he is sometimes led towards the verge of politics, he enters into no party. He ascribes our present alarming condition to its true and original cause, to the general profligacy and degeneracy of our national character, and not to the superior talents or power of our numerous enemies. The following lines will speak for themselves.

"Not from the hands that wield Iberia's  
[spear,  
Not from the hands that Gaul's proud thun-  
[ders bear,  
Nor those that turn on Albion's breast the  
sword,  
Beat down of late by Albion when it gored  
Their own, who iniquitous doom their pa-  
rent's fall  
[Gaul;  
Beneath the world's great foe, th' insidious  
Yes, not from these th' immeasurable wound  
Of Albion—Other is the bane profound  
Destined alone to touch her mortal part;  
Herself is sick and poisoned at the heart."

Our author, after this exordium, proceeds to the description of Lisbon and the adjacent country, which he assures, in the preface, is strictly local. Whether to describe the face of a country from fancy

or from nature requires most poetical abilities, we will not determine. But a selection of those parts from nature, which makes the finest landscape in verse, certainly requires the greater degree of taste and judgement. And those readers who have seen Edinburgh, and remember our author's November-prospect of that city, in his elegy on Mary, Queen of Scots, will expect a striking picture of Lisbon, and we believe they will not be disappointed. After this description, our author considering Portugal as a part of ancient Spain, recommends travelling in that country, as preferable for the British youth, to travelling in Italy:

"Nor you, my friend, admiring Rome,  
disdain

Th' Iberian fields and Lusitanian Spain.  
While Italy, obscured in tawdry blaze,  
A motley, modern character displays,  
And languid trims her long-exhausted store;  
Iberia's fields with rich and genuine ore  
Of ancient manners woo the traveller's eye;  
And scenes untrac'd in every landscape lie  
Here every various dale with lessons fraught."

He then alludes, in the following poetical lines, to the fabulous ages of Iberia, and in the most probable manner accounts for these fictions:

"From the evening main  
Her mountain tops the Tyrian pilots saw  
In lightnings wrapt, and thrill'd with sacred  
awe  
[spread,  
Thro' Greece the tales of Gorgons, Hydras,  
And Geryon dreadful with the triple head;  
The stream of Lethe, and the dead abodes  
Of forms gigantic, and infernal gods.  
But soon, by fierce lust of gold impell'd,  
They min'd the mountain, and explor'd the  
field;  
[strove,  
Till Rome and Carthage, fierce for empire  
As for their prey two famish'd birds of Jove."

Among the historical allusions of our author, that of Sertorius, whose chief residence was at Evora, in Portugal, is particularly striking. After mentioning the greatness of that General's military honours, he adds:

"But let the British wanderer thro' the dales  
Of Ev'ra stray, while midnight tempest wails:  
There, as the hoary villagers relate,  
Sertorius, Sylla, Marius, weep their fate,  
Their spectres gliding on the lightning blue,  
Oft doom'd their ancient stations to renew;  
Sertorius bleeding on Perpenna's knife,  
And Marius sinking in ambition's strife;  
As forest boars entangled in a chain,  
Dragg'd on, as stings each Leader's rage or  
pain;  
And each the furious leader in his turn,  
Till low they lie, a ghastly wreck forlorn."

And say, ye trampers on your country's  
mounds,  
Say who shall fix the swelling torrent's  
bounds?

Or who shall sail the pilot of the flood?  
Alas, full of some worthless trunk of wood  
Is whirl'd into the port, blind fortune's boast,  
While noblest vessels, foundered, strew the  
coast!"

The application of these concluding re-  
flections needs not to be pointed out.  
Knight-errantry and the crusades next pre-  
sent themselves, and are most poetically  
treated. The discoveries of the Portu-  
guese and their eastern empire are next  
considered:

"And here, my friend, how many a tro-  
phy woos

The Briton's earnest eye and British muse!  
Here bids the youthful traveller's care forego  
The arts of elegance and polish'd shew;  
Bids other arts his nobler thoughts engage,  
And wake to highest aim his patriot rage!"

But while the muse is contemplating  
the former glory of the Portuguese naval  
empire, a transition most classically poeti-  
cal is introduced:

"—— Kindling o'er the view the muse  
The naval pride of those bright days reviews;  
Sees Gama's sails, that first to India bore,  
In awful hope vanish from the shore;  
Sees from the silken regions of the morn  
What fleets of gay triumphant vanes return!  
What heroes, plum'd with conquest, proudly  
bring

The eastern sceptres to the Lusian king!  
When sudden, rising on the evening gale,  
Methinks I hear the Ocean's murmurs wail,  
And every breeze repeat the woeful tale,  
How bow'd, how fell, proud Lisboa's naval  
throne — [rush on!]

Ah heaven! how cold the boding thoughts  
Methinks I hear the shades, that hover round,  
Of English heroes heave the sigh profound,  
Prophetic of the kindred fate that lowers  
O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudest  
towers."

The Portuguese Indian empire is then  
described, under the metaphor of a noble  
building, first founded on justice and be-  
nevolence, by Vasco de Gama, the discov-  
erer of the eastern world, and completed  
by some of the viceroys, whose names are  
honoured in history:

"The injured native sought its friendly  
shade,

And India's princes blest its powerful aid;  
Till from corrupted passion's basest hour  
Rosa the dread demon of tyrannic power."

The oppression and degeneracy of the  
Portuguese are represented as followed  
by misery and ruin:

"Nor less on Tago's than on India's coast  
Was ancient Lusian virtue stain'd and lost;  
On Tago's banks, heroic ardours foam,  
A soft, luxurious, tinsel'd, race arose;  
Of lofty boastful look and pompous shew,  
Triumphant tyrants o'er the weak and low;  
Yet wildly starting from the gaming-board  
At every distant brandish of the sword;  
Already conquer'd by uncertain dread,  
Implo'ring peace with feeble hands outspread.  
Such peace as trembling suppliants still ob-  
tain, [Spain;  
Such peace they found beneath the yoke of  
And the wide empires of the East no more  
Poured their redundant horns on Lisboa's  
shore.

Alas, my friend, how vain the fairest boast  
Of human pride! how soon is Empire lost!  
The pile by ages rear'd to awe the world,  
By one degenerate race to ruin hurl'd!  
And shall the Briton view that downward  
race

With eye unmov'd, and no sad likeness trace!  
Ah, heaven! in every scene, by memory  
brought,

My fading country rushes on my thought."

The application of the above to the pre-  
sent state of our public character is but  
too well founded. And surely nothing  
can be more contemptible than the feeble  
exertions, ill-concerted plans, and mean  
despair, of a people, possessed of the im-  
mense opulence which is displayed in Lon-  
don, where an uninformed stranger could  
not believe that it was the capital of an  
empire engaged in a most critical war with  
almost the whole world.

Our author now returns to the view of  
Lisbon, and gives the following beautiful  
description of the natural advantages of  
that celebrated port:

"Forgive, fair Thames, the song of truth  
that pays

To Tago's emprefs-stream superior praise;  
O'er every vauntful river be it thine  
To boast the guardian shield of laws divine;  
But yield to Tagus all the sovereign state  
By nature's gift bestow'd and partial fate,  
The sea-like port and central sway to pour  
Her fleets, by happiest course, on every shore.

When from the sleep of ages dark and dead,  
Thy genious, Commerce, rear'd her infant  
head,

Her cradle bland on Tago's lap she chose,  
And soon to wandering childhood sprightly  
rose;

And when to green and youthful vigour  
grown

On Tago's breast she fixt her central throne;  
Far from the hurricane's resistless sweep  
That tears, with thundering rage, the Caribb  
deep;

Far from the foul-wing'd winter that deforms  
And rolls the northern main with storms on  
storms ;

Beneath fulubrious skies, to summer gales  
She gives the ventrous and returning sails :  
The smiling isles, named Fortunate of old,  
First on her Ocean's bosom fair unfold :  
Thy world, Columbus, spreads, its various  
breast,

Proud to be first by Lisbea's waves caress'd ;  
And Afric wooses and leads her easy way  
To the fair regions of the rising day.  
If Turkey's drugs invite or silken pride,  
Thy straits, Alcides, give the ready tide ;  
And turn the prow, and soon each shore expands  
From Gallia's coast to Europe's northern  
lands."

Portugal is next described, as rising again in the commercial world, which is truth ; but the following melancholy prospect of the state of our own country, though it leaves the reader with no very pleasing ideas, points out that manly manner of thinking, which can alone save us, which alike execrates the authors of our distresses, whether in or out of place :

" The view how grateful to the liberal  
mind,  
Whose glow of heart embraces human kind,  
To see a nation rise ! But ah, my friend,  
How dire the pang to mark our own descend !  
With ample powers from ruin still to save,  
Yet as a vessel on the furious wave,  
Through sunken rocks and ravenous whirlpools  
lost,  
Each power to save in counter-action lost,

Where, while combining storms the decks  
o'erwhelm,

Timidly slow falters at the helm ;  
The crew, in mutiny, from every mast  
Tearing its strength, and yielding to the blast ;  
By faction's frown and gloomy lust of change,  
And selfish rage inspired and dark revenge —  
Nor ween, my friend, that favouring fate fore-  
bodes

That Albion's state, the toil of demi-gods,  
From antient manners pure, through ages  
long,

And from unnumber'd friendly aspects sprung ;  
When poison'd at the heart its soul expires,  
Shall e'er again resume its generous fires :  
No future day may such fair frame restore :  
When Albion falls, she falls to rise no more."

Our author, in his preface, observes, that " every one can understand and relish a work merely fictitious, descriptive, or sentimental ; but a previous acquaintance, and even intimacy, with the history and characters upon which a poem like *Almra-da-Hill* is founded, is absolutely necessary to do justice to its author." This criticism, we presume, is more specious than just. Such descriptions as our author has given must please the judicious few ; but we think we could produce another reason, which will probably militate against this truly classical poem : It requires too much thinking to enter into its spirit : It is too manly for the frivolous readers who compose the great many of this frivolous and dissipated age.

*Observations upon the Poems of Thomas Rowley, in which the authenticity of those Poems is ascertained, by Jacob Bryant, Esq. Payne. 8vo. 8s.*

**I**N the course of our observations on the literary world, we have noticed that more pains have been taken by writers to get rid of a reputation than acquire one.

The author of the book, now under consideration, is a substantiated proof of this truth. His Treatises on Mythology had placed him high in rank among his contemporaries ; and, though they could not be considered to have much solidity, they put forth a shining outside appearance, which impressed people with a favourable idea of his genius and talents. The subjects were such as admitted conjecture, and it must be confessed that he spread his thin gold with great dexterity and address. His controversy with Dr. Priestley and his Defence of Josephus have opened the eyes of the public ; and now, no longer awed by a great name, we contemplate,

without prepossession, both the strength and the weakness of his arguments, and decide without partiality or prejudice.

The controversy again set on-foot by the present performance, having, in our opinion, been fully settled by Mr. Tyrwhit, Mr. Warton, Mr. Walpole, and others, we cannot but acknowledge that our patience has been wearied without receiving any conviction from the bulky production of Mr. Bryant. He has, with some art and address, sunk the powerful and cogent reasons of his antagonists, and contented himself with replying to circumstances which do not seem material to the cause he espouses. The pilferings from modern writers in Rowley's poems he has entirely omitted to notice, though a stronger argument against their antiquity cannot be produced. With great ability

reality he has traduced the fame of the unfortunate young man, who, after all the exertions against his reputation, will be acknowledged the undoubted author of the poems in question; and has shewn so indifferent a taste and want of acquaintance with English poetry, as to convince every person, to whom the subject is familiar, that, if the credit of these excellent compositions are to be wrested from Chatterton, it must be by stronger efforts than are to be found in Mr. Bryant's work.

# ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Bryant was bred at Eton school, and afterwards went to King's College, Cambridge, where he became a fellow. He had the good fortune to be noticed by the Marlborough family, and patronized by the heads of it. He travelled with the present Duke, and was rewarded with a place in the ordinance, which he now enjoys.

*Poems supposed to have been written at Bristol in the fifteenth Century, by Thomas Rowley, Priest, with a Commentary, in which the Antiquity of them is considered and defended by Jeremiah Milles, D. D. Dean of Exeter. Payne. 4to. 1l. 1s.*

**W**HEN Lewis Theobald, the editor of Shakspeare, produced a play, called the Double Falshood, as a performance of our inimitable bard, it was thought a sufficient detection of the fraud to prove the accenting of one word in it to be different from what it was in the reign of King James the First.\* The criticism was undoubtedly well-founded, and was allowed to be satisfactory by every person conversant with the writers of that period.

Dr. Milles has taken the same side as Mr. Bryant; and, if we cannot commend his judgement, we must acknowledge his candour. He has concealed no argument against himself, but, on the contrary, has furnished sufficient for a complete refutation of his system. This conduct en-

titles him, at least, to be treated with kindness, though it has not produced that effect. The illiberality of the attacks on him in the newspapers are difficult to be accounted for, especially when we reflect on the civility which his coadjutor has met with, whose behaviour in this controversy we deem highly unsatisfactory and censurable.

We should think ourselves bound to enter into this dispute, which at least may be considered as a curious one, more at large, had we not heard that several answers to Mr. Bryant and Dr. Milles are preparing for the press by Mr. Tyrwhit and other gentlemen; we shall, therefore, reserve our farther sentiments on this subject until the appearance of the whole strength of each party.

*Cui Bono? Or, an Enquiry what Benefit can arise either to the English or to the Americans, the French, Spaniards, or Dutch, from the greatest Victories or Successes in the present War. Being a Series of Letters addressed to M. Neckar, late Comptroller-general of the Finances in France, by Josiah Tucker, D. D. Cadell. 8vo. 8s.*

**D**R. Tucker, if he had cultivated a taste for the belles letters, and studied the art of elegant writing, would have been a most diverting and entertaining author. For he conceives the most extravagant projects, and gives them considerable probability. The present work is as whimsical as any of the reveries of Don Quixote. It is designed, like all other of his late pieces, to prove that America is of no service to us; for he expostulates with Mr. Neckar on the folly of hostilities between Great Britain and France, and recommends an alliance between the two nations, on the

principles of an advantageous commerce. The objects of all nations are monopolies, not a free and equal trade; and they may as effectually be exhorted to relinquish all thoughts of monopoly, as the dean, who has no family, might be exhorted to share his income equally with his several curates, who are men full as worthy and ingenious, and have their houses full of children. Blended with these extravagances, which, if ever brought to the notice of Mr. Neckar, must make him smile, there are many commercial hints and facts which are deserving of notice.

\* See Farmer on Shakspeare.

## ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. Tucker has been so ready to thrust his hand into all public transactions, and has been often so severely handled on that account, that every thing relating to him is well known. Nothing in his birth, education, and settlement in life, has occurred to distinguish him from common clergymen. Only that he soon discovered a stronger propensity to trade, than to the studies more immediately suited to his profession. Indeed, his obtaining a small preferment at Bristol, and his long residence there, may have had an effect on this bias. His commercial transactions shew a considerable extent of reading, and are not wanting in paradoxes. Almost all public events bring him forth. Even a bald and tedious account of some proceedings on a dissenting bill, by Dr. Kippis, drew three or four letters from the dean, in which the reader will sometimes be perplexed to determine, whether he be, on the whole, a friend or enemy to real liberty.

But in a publication, just before the American war, he was peculiarly unfortunate. For, in order to blast the character of Dr. Franklin, (which the dean seems always to have sickened at,) he roundly asserted, that he had applied to government for a place. The lie direct was publicly and repeatedly given him; and he was called upon to produce his authority; and the dean pocketed the affront.

This incaution in regard to facts respecting men of importance has been of great injury to the dean; and the want of dexterity in defending himself on this head may perhaps be the reason that all his efforts, in favour of the present administration, have not crowned him with the mitre. He seems to think himself doomed to abide by the deanry of Gloucester, for he has lately turned his thoughts to general principles, and published a huge book to confute, demolish, and annihilate, as he proposes, the political system.

He is a man considerably advanced in years, of a fallow, scorbutic, complexion, and careless, if not slovenly, in his dress. He has never been married, and his manners want the softness and politeness which arise from the society of women. He divides his time between Bristol and Gloucester: is very active in the discharge of his public duties, and particularly fond of preaching on public occasions, when some party or denomination of people are sure to be the objects of his invective.

He is petulant in his temper, and unbecomingly in his disputes; impatient of op-

position, and harsh in his apprehensions. No man can object to his theories without being his enemy, and no man can be his enemy without being the enemy of truth, reason, and liberty. A thousand instances might be enumerated in the course of his long and busy life in proof of this assertion; but a late anecdote, as it is but little known, will serve as an example for the whole.

Dr. Dunbar, that true friend of the rights and liberties of the human race, when he came up to London to publish his ingenious essays on the History of Mankind, in rude and cultivated ages, accidentally saw a copy of the dean's curious work, which he entitled, the True Basis of Civil Government, in opposition to the system of Mr. Locke and his followers; and observing, among other of the wild and whimsical doctrines, an assertion, that the savages of America were a blood-thirsty unfeeling race, destitute of every human virtue; but that, by the happy influence of the missionaries of Paraguay, they were to be transformed to the most benevolent race under heaven. The doctor, with honest indignation, and feeling for the dignity of his species, added a note to his essays, on the rank of nations; in which he condemned this doctrine, as brought to support a new theory of government, which was founded on the total debasement of human nature, and was opposed to a theory that asserts its honours, and derives from a happier origin the image of a free people. To this the doctor added the following rebuke. "When," says he, "the benevolence of this writer is exalted into charity, when the spirit of his religion corrects the rancour of his philosophy, he will learn a little more reverence for the system to which he belongs, and acknowledge, in the most untutored tribes, some glimmerings of humanity, and some decisive indications of a moral nature." This coming to the sight of the dean, he burst into a torrent of rage, and, in the treatise above-mentioned, loudly charged the doctor with having betrayed the confidence of a friend, since, though the book was printed and communicated to the author's acquaintance, it was not published at the time. It was in vain that Doctor Dunbar proved, that he found the work on a bookseller's counter, exposed along with others for sale; and that there was no notice whatever given to him of its being only handed about in private circles. The dean resisted every testimony, and the doctor, with becoming spirit, left him to enjoy the rancour of his incredulity.

Before the separation of America was in contemplation, the dean wrote warmly for extending the power of Great Britain over the colonies, and with as much earnestness as the most furious disciple of Mr. Grenville, — a pamphlet, ascribed to him

on very good authority, entitled, a Letter from a Merchant in London to his Nephew in North America, — spoke greatly in support of the stamp-act, but he now professes a very different opinion.

*An Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems ascribed to Ossian. By W. Sharpe, A.M. F.S.A. Murray. 1s. 6d.*

**H**AD not this pamphlet lately occasioned much alteration in the newspapers, we should have rested satisfied with what had been said by the other reviewers. But seeing the old and indeed exhausted dispute between Dr. Johnson and Mr. M'Pherson, or, in other words, between the English and Scotch literati, concerning the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, revived, we shall, with due deference to the public, offer a few thoughts on a point, so keenly argued by the contending parties: and, as we do not pretend to understand the Gaelic tongue, these shall be as guarded as possible.

The Highlanders, like all other nations, among whom civilization had made but small progress, and where arts and science, with their foster-parent, liberty, have simply dawned, pique themselves on their descent from those, who have been famous in war, or revered in times of peace. The bards were the first historians; and the transmission of their song soon became the foundation of genealogical pride. The chieftain, who could trace, or was supposed capable of tracing, his pedigree from a hero, whose martial deeds were renowned, would naturally, in those ruder periods, lord it over those who had no such claims. Whatever circumstances of novelty, or of the marvellous, which the bards added, would multiply as they descended to later times. It is true many of these appendages might be lost; but then others would be invented, whereby the tale itself might be rendered, perhaps, more valuable. There is not even now a laird in the Highlands, of any note, whose piper cannot play tunes, and whose tenants cannot sing songs, in praise of his progenitors. We are told the Gaelic tongue is peculiarly copious; and that its single terms often stand for complicated ideas; many of which, if we may judge from the translation, are truly beautiful. A man of genius and fancy, conversant with that language, on hearing songs, partly fraught with these turgid expressions, might easily spin out something like historical narrative, and devise

pretty episodes, or detached poems. Mr. M'Pherson might have foundation for his work, but, we believe, it did not go farther than the above.

So much for the controversy in general: now as to the pamphlet before us.

If credit is to be allowed the writer, the sentiments of Dr. Johnson receive some confirmation. That the credit of the author, however, if any, is but small, will appear in the sequel. The acrimony wherewith the pamphlet is written, and the spirit prevailing the whole, are totally beneath a gentleman, especially of one who takes the character of an Enquirer. Instead of the becoming modesty of a critic, there is the arrogance of an impostor; in the room of acknowledgements, there is the grossest petulance; where to have owned inferiority would have reflected honour on himself, his claims of superiority have lorded him with merited contempt. Instead of asking, he challenged, he demanded: these are his own words, as may be seen in the pamphlet. It appears that, he set out on his tour to Scotland with a double view, viz. of writing either for or against; just as interest might preponderate on one side or the other: and in proportion as this unmanly motive was detected, he pursued his enquiry with disingenuity, and told it with spleen. This servile panegyrist of Dr. Johnson has nothing of his prototype but the sourness.

Many ignorant authors adorn their idle page with the names of the venerable dead, whose characters, nevertheless, are not hurt by such usage; but our author fills his with those of respectable living characters, many of whom, we are persuaded, he knows only by name, since some of them, by letters in the public papers of this kingdom, besides disavowing his acquaintance, have charged him with direct falsehoods.

In the pamphlet before us, he tells us how much money he offered Professor Macleod, of the university of Glasgow, for every word, in as many lines above six, as the Professor could produce or re-

peat of the original Ossian Poems. In contradiction to which, the learned Professor, by a letter, printed in the Public Advertiser, for January, 1782, thus writes to his friend, who had solicited an answer.

" Sir,

" In answer to your enquiry, respecting the use made of my name, in the pamphlet against Mr. McPherson, I beg leave to assure you, that the Pamphleteer has taken these liberties with my name, most improperly, without my knowledge, and without a due regard to truth. In particular I declare, that Mr. William Shaw never did challenge me to produce any number of lines of the original of Ossian's poems, offering to pay me half-a-crown per word, for all that I should produce; and that no such challenge was given, nor offers made, nor any thing to the said purpose said, by any person, at any time, either to me, or to any other in my hearing."

Heavens! Mr. Shaw, what were your feelings on reading this! Did not you wish yourself under the hill of Cromla? buried amidst the reeds of the lake of Lego? or rather again immersed, in your original obscurity, among the caves of the island of Arran?

Many, who never were the votaries of truth, have taken extraordinary pains to assume her mask. Only few, possessing the courage of Mr. Shaw, have published untruths, annexing the very names which would detect them. And he must excuse our suspecting that this is not the only one he has committed. He will suffer us to hint at another; with our reasons for thinking so. Page 36, he tells us, in a parenthesis, " for I have had access to know and understand the language as well as any man living, having bestowed more labour and expence upon it than all that went before me." Here we are really at a loss to say, whether our astonishment at his consummate vanity, or our doubts of the truth of his very modest assertion, be the greatest. For, pure Gaelic is not spoken in the island where he was born, and where he received the first parts of his education. His winters were afterwards spent at the college of Glasgow, where, if we are not misinformed by his contemporaries, he neither gave signs of genius nor application; at any rate he could not study Gaelic there. Where then were his so-much-boasted opportunities? Unfortunately for Mr. Shaw we are acquainted with his life, and, according to his own account, the

Highlanders have a deal of bigotry, joined to the highest notions of national honour; and are exceedingly proud of their language. Hence we infer his presumption, who, being a young man, dares assert that he understands the Gaelic as well as the veterans, many of whom, in easy circumstances, have devoted their lives to the study of it. He farther says, that he has bestowed more expence upon it than all that went before him. This, to us, whether true or not, is at least a conceited and illiberal declaration.

Left this should not satisfy us about his abilities and industry, he again affirms, page 49, in another parenthesis, " for nobody could be more diligent and inquisitive than I have been." Nay more, our author, perfectly to confound the obstinacy of either Englishman or Scotchman, who should be hardy enough to doubt of his learning, modestly avers, upon his own ipse dixit, (for though we examined his pamphlet with as much accuracy as he searched the highlands of Scotland, we could find no other authority,) page 43, " I understand the Gaelic as well as any man living," attend to the proof, " for I wrote a grammar and a dictionary of it." Logically reasoned, Mr. Shaw! We grant him that the authors of good grammars and dictionaries have obtained deserved praise.

But what kind of grammar and dictionary were those which he wrote? Did the judicious and learned in that language esteem them? Or rather, were they not sorry that he had exposed his ignorance and pride in the feeble attempt? If the latter be fact, then the argument drawn from his writings, to establish our opinion of his undertaking, falls to the ground.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Shaw is about 30 years of age; he spent some years, fine nomine, at the college of Glasgow, entered his name among the students of divinity there, but never was regular in his attendance. His first jaunt to Ireland was in the capacity of tutor to a gentleman's children, he remained there but a very short time, he came to London, and was licentiate preach among the Scots dissenting men. In the pulpit he never pleased, less shone. His manners are smooth, his behaviour inelegant, his conversation without a single charm; and his forwardness painful to those around him. Yet this man boasts of Dr. Johnson, as his friend. Sure there can be no similarity

in their manners; we know there is none in their judgements. The contempt, with which he is treated in Scotland, has roused his Highland blood against his countrymen. Not finding promotion to his wishes in that church, he wisely turns his attention to the church of England; forgetting that, without eminent talents, such changes frequently terminate in accumu-

lated disgrace. He boasts that he can shew Dr. Johnson, in his own case, that there is one Scotchman who loves truth better than his country.—We wish that he would examine his heart before he boasts of its purity, and see that he does not love his own interest better than either truth or country,

*An Answer to Mr. Shaw's Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems ascribed to Ossian,  
By John Clark.*

MR. Clark, in this answer, examines the arguments of Mr. Shaw, with more temper indeed than Mr. Shaw, but he is also tinctured with the violence of dispute, and seems much more anxious to destroy the credit of his antagonist than to invalidate his proofs. If, however, we were to estimate the evidence of both parties in this discussion, we must give the dictum in favour of Mr. Clark, at least so far as testimonies are concerned. He is a man of acknowledged understanding in the Gaelic tongue, and has certainly made more industrious researches after Highland poetry than the self-sufficient Mr. Shaw. He is the translator of the Caledonian Bards, a man respected in his country, and lately admitted a member of that institution, which the Scots nation owe to the ingenious and public-spirited Earl of Buchan, the Society of Scots Antiquaries. Mr. Clark asserts a superiority over Mr. Shaw, not in words but by comparison; and in ingenious extracts, he brings Mr. Shaw the author of the Analysis, against Mr. Shaw the author of the Enquiry, and shews such violent and palpable contradictions as it will be difficult for that gentleman to reconcile. In this pamphlet are introduced a letter from Mr. Clark to Mr. Shaw, and one from Mr. McNicoll to the author, both which we insert for the benefit of our readers, and also that of professor Ferguson, by which they will be in possession of this dispute.

To the Rev. Mr. WILLIAM SHAW.

Sir,  
CONSIDERING our former intimacy, you will, no doubt, be surprised to receive a letter from me which has under the formality of a squeeze in the press. That surprise, however, can hardly equal mine on reading your late publication, entitled, "An Enquiry into the

Authenticity of the Poems ascribed to Ossian."

Astonishing as it must appear to the Highlanders, the existence of their poetry is not a new subject of controversy among strangers. That littleness of soul, which gives birth to national prejudice, has thrown its illiberal veil over the accustomed penetration and equity of our friends in the South. The intimacy of the Highlanders with these poems placed the subject in so clear and self-evident a point of view, that it required a more eminent degree of coolness, than that which marks their national character, to argue with temper upon it.

The days of miracles are with the years that are past. The knowledge of languages is not to be acquired instantaneously. The Highlanders found, however, that nothing less would convince their neighbours of the existence of their poetry. They were therefore under the necessity of sitting down contented with one substantial consolation, that they knew themselves entitled to an honour which strangers could not believe due to them.

Had matters continued in this situation, neither the public nor you would have been troubled with any remarks of mine on the subject, as it requires a degree of ability, of which I am not possessed, to convince prejudiced minds of the existence of any thing which they confess they cannot perceive. Suppose a blind man, through some whim or prejudice, should take it into his head that no such colour as red existed, and that the British troops were all clothed in black; whoever would attempt to convince him of his mistake, would certainly be at a loss for arguments. If forty thousand witnesses were produced to authenticate the fact, the blind man would answer, that all the seeing part of mankind had entered into a combination to impose on him, and that he was determined not to believe one of them.

The



The subject now, however, Sir, wears a different aspect. You have for some years made repeated attempts to pass for a man of Celtic literature. Your supposed acquaintance with the subject has therefore provoked a reply, which has been withheld from those, who in other respects must be considered as your superiors.

A native of the Highlands is the only person who could force me to enter the rugged paths of controversy on this subject. I therefore little expected that so ungracious a task should ever have fallen to my share; but you have dragged me into a contest, the issue of which you will probably have little reason to boast of. I enter upon it, however, without feeling any emotions of that diffidence and timidity, which I have experienced in every other literary essay. Brilliancy of talents and extensive penetration are not necessary for the present undertaking. The cause of truth is simple and uniform. Before impartial judges it can be sufficiently supported by a feeble advocate; and readers of different description I neither mean to address nor regard.

When I hear a person, who is unacquainted with the language, manners, and genius, of the Highlanders, call in question the existence of their poetry, I can listen without being astonished, and endeavour to point out the error without being agitated: but when you, Sir, a native of the isle Arran, a gentleman of some literary knowledge, the inventor of a Gaelic grammar, the compiler of a Gaelic dictionary, a clergyman of the established churches both of Scotland and England, sign your name to a publication, boldly asserting, that poems, which I have so often heard you rehearse and admire, never had existence; my faculties of reasoning are bewildered in confusion, and I cannot distinguish whether my astonishment or indignation predominates.

I shall admit for once, as true, what I know to be false, that your last publication is supported by truth; and yet draw conclusions, the equity of which your warmest friends will not venture to deny.

After having repeatedly, in your two first publications, enlarged on the beauty, strength, and energy, of the Gaelic language, and the compositions which it contains, you have issued a third, to inform mankind that you have been imposing on them all this time; to assure them that none of these pretended beauties ever existed; and that you had prostituted your literary honour and reputation to procure

a little money. How the lovers of truth in both nations, will view you after such a transaction, I shall not pretend to determine; but I humbly apprehend it will be with a very different sensation from that of envy.

Since, by granting you the question your own way, you would still remain in a situation very mortifying to an honest mind; I shall therefore do you all the justice in my power, by stating your actions in their true colour, and try how much that will mend the matter. In relating what has passed between us on this subject, I shall pay more regard to the simplicity of facts than to the flowers of rhetoric.

When you began your perambulation through the Highlands in search of compositions to furnish materials for a Gaelic dictionary, your literary friends in Edinburgh were very solicitous for your success, and had no doubt but you would have met with several pieces of which we had not formerly been possessed; as we knew, by experience, what a fertile soil you had to work upon, had you been industrious. We had soon, however, the mortification to learn from some of our correspondents in the Highlands, that subscriptions, and not antient poetry, were the object of your attention. When you were within a small distance of Mr. McNicol's, a gentleman told you that his knowledge in that language was extensive, his collection valuable, and his eagerness to promote every work, tending to illustrate the antiquity of his native country, warm and spirited; and recommended strongly to you to call upon him, and offered himself to accompany you to his friend's house. These apparently inviting circumstances, however, could not prevail on you to see Mr. McNicol. Time has now fully explained the cause: Mr. McNicol was the literary opponent of Dr. Johnson; you had then formed a scheme of attacking the doctor on his weak side, by strengthening his prejudices against Scotland, in the hope of obtaining promotion in England through his interest.

When you returned to Edinburgh, I enquired with great eagerness what success you had had in collecting Gaelic poetry? you answered, not near so much as you had expected. I expressed some surprise, and, having learned your mode of travelling, highly disapproved of it; as, had not penetrated into the interior parts of the country, but paraded before a few want along the post-roads. I remarked that you ought to have preferred the stage of the bard, to the palace of the court.

for a time; and asked what you were to say to the Celtic literati of London? You answered, sarcastically, that you would tell them that Mr. Macpherson had carried all the poetry out of the country. I replied, that, when you thought proper to make such a declaration publicly, I would be ready to prove the contrary; and, that you might have no reason of pleading ignorance, I then offered to produce you natives of the Highlands residing in Edinburgh, who would rehearse Gaelic poetry for a twelve-month from memory, who were so totally illiterate, that they did not know the use of an alphabet in any language. You agreed to see some of them; I sent for Alexander Cameron, tailor, a native of Lochaber, whose mind may justly be termed a library of Celtic poetry. You stopped your intended journey to London for some weeks; during which time this man attended you at your lodgings, rehearsing, whilst you wrote, such of the poems of Ossian as had not formerly come into your hands, for which you paid him one shilling per day. Now, Sir, you may look at your own subscription to a publication, boldly asserting that no such poems ever existed; and pass what compliments you think proper on yourself, as an honest man, and a preacher of the Gospel of Truth.\*

Before your return to London, you discovered strong marks of being much chagrined and disappointed at the smallness of your list of subscribers to the Gaelic dictionary. That it was not equal to your expectation, or a proper reward for a perambulation of three thousand miles, as you assert in the preface, I shall not pre-

tend to deny; but you ought to have remembered, that a disappointed author is not a very strange phenomenon in these days.

Irritated by disappointment, and not meeting with that encouragement to which you thought your merit entitled, you scrupled not openly to assert, That, since the Highlanders would not encourage your performance, you knew well what would sell. That you were determined to write, and did not choose to exhibit where there were no spectators: That any impression of a publication denying the authenticity of Ossian's poems, and abusing the Scots, would sell in London. I desired you to reflect what an appearance you would make when your publication was proved to have truth for its opponent. You replied, that the English would never believe any such thing; and, as for the Scots, they were poor, and you did not care a farthing for them. But as this was said, as I imagined, with a view only to hum the good people of England, by proposing to gratify their prejudice against the Scots at the expence of their own pockets, I considered them only as words of course; indeed it was not to be imagined that I could think you serious, after the repeated encomiums which I have heard you pronounce on Gaelic poetry.

In this state of mind, however, you set off for London, with an avowed intention of publishing falsehoods and imposing on the English, in the hope of acquiring some interest there; being sensible you were universally hated and despised in this country.

Compelled to leave the church of Scot-

\* I have heard an anecdote of Mr. Shaw, during his late peregrination through the Highlands, which is probably better authenticated than the facts with which he has decorated his pamphlet. Having undertaken to preach to a congregation in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, the subject of his discourse was the uncertainty of human life. At the height of a paroxysm of rhetoric, having used the following words, or words to the same effect, "And even I, who now preach to you, may be instantly called hence;" down he dropt in the pulpit! The whole congregation was surprised, alarmed, and affected, till it was, upon examination, found, that the whole was mere action in our inquirer. When he arrived at Gambletown, in Argyleshire, he attempted the same trick upon the congregation there; but, unfortunately, the fame of the former imposture had out-run the impostor himself: he was, therefore, permitted to recover at leisure of his fit; which he soon did, and, resuming his discourse, created emotions in his hearers very different from the seriousness of his subject. But, though this juggling trick was only looked upon with contempt and laughter among the more enlightened part of his countrymen in the South, it was considered in a very serious view in the North; which, together with Shaw's awkward, impudent, and foolish demeanour in other respects, occasioned that cold reception which is so much the object of his resentment. All these things considered, it was no wonder that the Highlanders should depart, in regard to him, from their characteristic hospitality; and that, to use his own words, he "wandered from island to island, wet, fatigued, and uncomfortable." But they, perhaps, thought, that a man who had such a ready knack at dying, was indifferent to living.

land, it was not to be imagined that a man of your character would find any scruples of conscience in joining the next community in which you could get money. But the venerable clergy of England have no very great reason to boast of such a convert.

I must here pay a compliment to your ingenuity at the expence of your integrity, by acknowledging that you have adopted the most prudent plan possible for a man in your situation. You were intimately acquainted with Dr. Johnson; you knew his prejudices against Scotland, and the keen animosity which subsists between him and Mr. Macpherson; you attacked the doctor on his weak side, and obtained a complete victory over him.

I would not be ready to suspect that the author of the Rambler could support a falsehood, knowing it to be such. But the sturdiest moralist is seldom possessed of fortitude totally to reject what he earnestly wishes to be true. Had your averments in this pamphlet really been supported by truth, the doctor would have had great merit in protecting one whose love of truth had gained a victory over the amor patriæ. He, however, perhaps thought them so; the integrity of his intentions in that case was equally laudable. The doctor's great learning and genius are sufficient to cover a multitude of little foibles: I cannot therefore help expressing my astonishment at your insolence, in making him the butt of your buffoonery; and imposing on him under the mask of friendship, on purpose to induce him to provide for you. Such being avowedly your intentions, I hope to acquire some merit with the doctor for opening his eyes to the imposture. If he will attend to the authorities which I shall produce, I have no doubt of convincing him that you have followed the constant practice of every cringing sycophant, by whispering into your patron's ear, not what you knew to be true, but what you imagined would please him.

Such, to my certain knowledge, are the motives which induced you to undertake your late publication. As I am fully convinced every page is written in direct opposition to the firm established conviction of your own mind, the recollection of our former intimacy was too feeble to oppose the duty which I owe to truth, my native country, and my own moral character, by allowing such falsehoods to pass undetected.

I am, Sir,

Your former correspondent,

JOHN CLARK.

Edinburgh, Oct. 18, 1781.

TO MR. JOHN CLARK, BISHOP-STREET,  
Edinburgh.

Sir,

THE pleasure of your very agreeable favour of the 27th ult. I received in course. I have seen Mr. Shaw's late publication. His arguments are so far from being formidable, that I read them with cool unconcern. They are evidently the fumes of a brain overheated with arrogance, and rendered highly rancorous with spleen and disappointment. The performance is a mock on all sincerity; and the author has so far overacted his part as to invalidate the very side of the question he meant to support, by a rhapsody of the grossest impositions, and most impudent falsehoods unsupported by the smallest shadow of evidence: I should reckon it, therefore, the highest disgrace to any cause, to depend upon the testimony of such an advocate. If his other assertions, as I have great reason to believe is the case, be founded on no better proof than what he has forgotten with regard to me, there is not a single truth contained in his whole composition. I consider what he has said of my Remarks as the highest panegyric, when he insinuates that they were made up by Mr. Macpherson. The meaning of this seems clearly to be, that none, except the chief person concerned in the contest, was capable of such a performance. Such a flattering insinuation, had it come from a person of any dignity, could not fail to rouse the vanity of an author upon his first appearance; so that I think I might be worse employed than in sending him a letter of thanks some of these days. It may not, perhaps, be improper to lay before the public a few solid facts concerning this man of night, this impudent retailer of falsehoods. But I imagine it might make him consider himself of some consequence were he to be taken any farther notice of.

Mr. Shaw talks, with his usual confidence, of my ignorance in Celtic characters, &c. &c. and, after giving a pompous detail, as if from personal knowledge, of the progress of my MS. before it was published, he then strongly insinuates that I am only the ostensible author, as he fastidiously terms it, and ascribes the book to Mr. Macpherson. Would not any person naturally infer, from this, that Mr. Shaw must have known me? But, however surprising it may appear, I can assure the public in the most solemn manner, and so far as they are safe to trust to the word of a Scots clergyman, that he is

entire a stranger to my abilities as to my person. He never saw me, nor corresponded with me. Though I would trust little to any declaration of his, I dare appeal to his own testimony, however fallacious in most respects, for the truth of this fact. Let the world judge then, how this friend to truth had access to know any thing concerning my knowledge, except from vague, unsupported assertions; his usual mode of reasoning. I dare say it must surprise the public, when I declare I am in the same situation with regard to Mr. Macpherson. I never had the honour of seeing him; I never corresponded with him upon any subject; nor has he ever seen my MS. so far as I know. Let the public judge from this, if Mr. Shaw's pretended facts be altogether such stubborn things as he arrogantly boasts!—*Latet anguis in herba*.—Let the world beware of the consummate effrontery of this fluctuating partisan!

When Mr. Shaw called upon Mr. Seton of Apin, who lives within two hours journey of me, under pretence of inquiring after Gaelic antiquities, &c. he was directed to come here. But this explorer of retired corners, this friend to truth, this indefatigable inquirer after Ossian's originals, this man of state, who degenerated so far from his pristine eminence and high breeding as to be frequently obliged to creep into many an humble cottage on all fours; this distinguished personage, I say, who pretends to have left nothing undone, that might be done, for supporting the expiring dignity of poor Scotland, and the honour of the cause he was engaged in, would not deign to visit my obscure residence, where, for any thing he knew, he might venture to enter even in an erect posture. This he prudently evited, for fear of finding something that might tend to defeat the schemes he had concerted. When Mr. Seton informed him he might probably get some satisfaction from me as to the objects he pretended to have in view, Mr. Shaw asked "if I was not the person who was said to be writing against Dr. Johnson?" Yes, replied Mr. Seton; and, as you seem to know so much about him, you ought certainly to see him, unless you mean to travel like the Doctor, and studiously avoid such places as are pointed out to you for intelligence. What can the world expect from the confident assertions, or pretended intelligence, of a person so wavering in his disposition? He

changed sides once already; he changed even his creed in matters of still higher moment.\* What security can the public have then that he has yet fixed his station, or come to his final resolution? When we are assured that this is the case, and that this shuttlecock is confined to one party, then will be the time to settle all disputes with him. And yet, though he is in the above awkward attitude, such is the effrontery of the man, that he will not be put to the expence of a conscious blush; but imagines, forsooth, he must be thought of consequence, and claim the attention of the public because he is noisy and insolent.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Shaw's character commenced so early as his coming to teach a grammar-school in Glenurchy. From whence he thought prudent to decamp after a few weeks residence; But I leave Mr. Shaw himself to explain the cause of this sudden elopement.

The next specimen I had of him was in a letter from my esteemed friend Mr. McIntyre of Glenoe, informing me, that he was so inconsiderate, before he knew Mr. Shaw's character, as to give him, for a few days, till he could return from Mull, the perusal of a collection of vocabularies which he compiled for an intended Gaelic dictionary, and which Mr. Shaw was bound in honour to return on his coming back from Mull; but that he sent only such as he had time to copy off. The rest he has not yet thought proper to restore, for which Glenoe now threatens to prosecute him. This shameful and glaring breach of confidence was instantly made public over the whole neighbourhood. And, as the complaint came from a person of Glenoe's known modesty and integrity, Mr. Shaw's character was immediately blasted, and marked with the proper stigma. At that very time it was thought prudent, as a caveat to the community, to send a note relative to the abovementioned fraud to the publishers of the Weekly Magazine. But they did not think proper to interfere with private characters.

My next acquaintance with him was his Gaelic grammar and dictionary; performances of as despicable a nature as ever disgraced the press in this or any other age, and such as are absolutely below censure. Notwithstanding my avowed, I had almost said, enthusiastic, fondness for almost all performances of this sort that have the smallest spark of merit, I, with all such as

\* *Mar 'bha gille moirre ann Bram  
Bhuidh e thall 'bhuidh e bhois.*

know any thing of the subject they contain, frequently lamented over them with real contempt and pity, considering them as downright insults to the public, and mere catchpennies. His dictionary in particular is a mock upon common sense, and an insult upon the public: because, in place of an Albion-Gaelic dictionary, which he had promised, and was impatiently looked for, he put off his subscribers with a pitiful, unmeaning, rap of an Irish vocabulary, favouring rankly of the Arran dialect deeply hibernized. Were it necessary, I could easily procure numbers of the most respectable characters in the Highlands, and all of them deeply versed in the Gaelic language, to confirm the above assertion. Mr. Shaw scorns to advise; he imperiously commands, the public to pay no regard to the declaration of any Scotsman, or indeed to the whole community of Scotsmen, should they unite as one man to contradict his single testimony, as to any fact whatever. This is a new mode of argumentation, by which all disputes will be easily settled in his favour. And it is highly necessary for him to take shelter under this fallacious mask.

When Mr. Shaw's treatment of Glenoe was once made public, there was an end to his procuring any more intelligence in this part of the world, had he seriously meant it; because different gentlemen instantly wrote one another an account of his character, so as to guard against his designs. And yet he would persuade us, that the late Mr. Neill M'Leod, with some others, were desirous of procuring intelligence for him. Does he really imagine, though mankind bore so long with his insolence, that they are become altogether such gulls as to give credit to so unlikely a tale? We may be sure few would entrust him with MSS. after his intention was so publicly known. For, if he saw any thing that reflected the smallest honour upon the country, they were confident he would destroy them. And I would recommend to Mr. Mackenzie to be cautious in laying any MSS. before him for the future. Let him beware of Glenoe's fate!

In the preface to his dictionary, Mr. Shaw has the assurance to amuse the public with imaginary aid he got from Mr. Archibald M'Arthur, minister in Mull; with a view, no doubt, to persuade the world that he was indebted, in this pitiful cheat, to persons well acquainted with the Gaelic language. This story stands as follows: Mr. M'Arthur informed me, that the one day laid before Mr. Shaw some

vocables he had collected for an intended Gaelic dictionary; but that he no sooner observed him beginning to mark down a few words than he immediately gathered his papers, and locked them by, as he knew Mr. Shaw's design; so that he told me he was confident he did not copy off a dozen of words. Mr. Shaw, we see, can be sometimes thankful for small favours, though he gave Glenoe no credit for the vocables got from him.

Were I in your place, I would not honour him with any answer as to the main question:—it will be sufficient to shew the public that his performance is one continued train of falsehoods, and reserve your serious answers on that subject for an opponent more worthy of them.

I am, Sir, your, &c.

DONALD M'NICOLL.

Lismore, Oct. 5, 1781.

To Mr. JOHN CLARK, Bristol-Street, Edinburgh.

Sir,

IN answer to your inquiry respecting the use made of my name in the pamphlet against Mr. Macpherson, I beg leave to assure you, that the pamphleteer has taken those liberties with my name, most improperly, without my knowledge, and without a due regard to truth. In particular, I declare that Mr. William Shaw never did challenge me to produce any number of lines of the original of Ossian's poems, offering to pay me half a crown per word for all that I should produce; and that no such challenge was given, nor offers made, nor any thing to the same purpose said, by any person, at any time, either to me, or to any other in my hearing. I have only to add, that if any such offer should hereafter be made, by any man possessed of half crowns, I shall not hesitate to accept the conditions; assured as I am, that I shall find no difficulty in procuring any number of lines of the original poems. Mr. Macpherson, with whom I had the happiness of commencing a very early acquaintance at college, read a considerable part of these poems to me in the original Gaelic, before the publication of his version; and it was owing to my own engagements at the time, and not to any backwardness on his part, that I had not the pleasure of hearing him read the whole. He lately indulged me with the original of several passages of both the poems of Fingal and Temora, to gratify a third gentleman, who wished to have those passages in Gaelic: and I have

not the least doubt of his disposition to oblige me, or any man who applies to him like a gentleman, in the same way again, or by giving any other satisfaction, on the subject, that can be reasonably desired.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

H. MACLEOD.

London, January 8, 1782.

In an advertisement, dated Carlisle, 10th November, and signed Thomas Percy, the attention of the public is recalled, among other particulars, to a declaration signed by me on the 21st of July last. My sense of how little consequence the subject is to the public would hinder my intruding myself again in this manner; and my very great respect for the station in which Dr. Percy is placed would incline me to be silent where I have the misfortune to differ from him on a matter of fact, if I did not apprehend that silence in this case might be interpreted against me.

At the date of my former declaration I had found myself charged, in a Pamphlet on the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, as accessory to a cheat, which was put upon Dr. Percy, in a recital of some pretended specimens of that poetry by a young student from the Highlands. Whoever may have been the author of this charge, I thought and think myself entitled to say it is false.

I had many reasons likewise to deny my having ever been present at the recital of verses to Dr. Percy by a young student from the Highlands; and it caused me much surprise to find, in a correspondence on this subject which took place between Dr. Percy and Dr. Blair, that Dr. Percy had conceived of me as having not only been present at the recital of verses by a student, but as sending for a student into his company, who in a deliberate manner passed upon him what he afterwards believed to be an imposition.

Dr. Percy may not have been aware of the part which he assigned to me in this imposition, as it depended upon an inference to be drawn from my knowledge of the Earle Language; nor was it credible that he meant to apply it to a person for whom he still professed some esteem. But, whatever may have been his idea, I flattered myself, that upon recollection he would think it more probable that he himself had committed some mistake in the fact than that I should have concurred in such a cheat. In this persuasion I wrote to Dr. Blair the following letter, to be transmitted to him; and am now very

sorry to publish this or any thing else on a controversy, in which neither the attack nor the defence can do credit to any person whatever.

Copy of Mr. Ferguson's Letter to Dr. Blair.

Edinburgh, Aug. 18, 1781.

Dear Sir,

"I have just seen, in the hands of Dr. Black, the letter which you have received from Dr. Percy, and am exceedingly vexed to have a difference on a matter of fact with a person whose character I so much respect. I did not imagine that Dr. Percy, any more than you, could have been affected by my late declaration, relating to a passage in a pamphlet on the authenticity of Ossian's Poems, farther than by the repetition of your names, which were already made free with. If I had thought Dr. Percy any way committed, I should certainly have troubled him with a copy of my declaration, and waited his commands before it was published: but it did not occur to me, that he, any more than you, could be cited in support of an allegation which it concerned me to deny.

"The most respectful thing I can now do to Dr. Percy, is to remind him, as far as my memory serves me, of the fact in the only conversation which I had the honour to have with him. Among other subjects, that of Earle Poetry was mentioned, and I remember to have shewn him, in my own hand-writing, some scraps which I had received from Mr. James Macpherson, or from Mr. MacLaggan, Chaplain to the 42d regiment. I remember a line, or expression, in which the Poet, describing the time and the scene, said The sun of day was scorching the mountain, and that Dr. Percy was pleased to say it was a pleonasm, but a beautiful one. I remember to have left the paper with Dr. Percy, and have long since lost every other copy of it.

"The difference between Dr. Percy and me is, perhaps, not very material; no more, as he states it, than that he remembers what I have forgot. If nevertheless what he is pleased to publish shall seem to corroborate the charge which I have already thought myself called upon to deny, I must recur to the intire sense and consciousness of my innocence, and renew my declaration that I was not present at the repetition of verses to Dr. Percy by a young student from the Highlands; and I give my denial in these positive terms, because I not only do not remember

remember the repetition of verses in Earle, by a Student from the Highlands, on that occasion, but because I do not remember the repetition of verses in Earle, by a Student, upon any other occasion; and because, though intimate with some students from the Highlands, I do not remember that any of them ever repeated verses in my presence beyond a song or a catch; and this circumstance remains with me, with respect to some of them, as a circumstance I noted. So that I am intirely persuaded Dr. Percy, in recollecting the passages of his few days stay at Edinburgh, must have jumbled together circumstances that in point of time were actually separate; the repetition of verses by a young Student, with the communication of verses in writing by me. If this supposition does not compose the difference, I must despair of being able to remove it, and must leave the matter to the candour of those who are pleased to bestow any thought on me or my affairs.

"If I should be under the necessity of publishing any more on this subject, I shall, with your leave, send a copy of this letter to the press. In the mean time, as I have not the honour of a personal correspondence with Dr. Percy, must beg the favour that you will transmit it him.

I am, &c. ADAM FERGUSON."

To the contents of this letter I must now add, that although the facts stated by Dr. Percy might be admitted on less authority than his, yet, as they are intirely contrary to any feeling or recollection I have of the matter, and have been employed to convey a very injurious imputation against me, he must excuse me if I do not admit them. And, if he still persist, that, over and above the specimen of Earle Poetry, which I gave him in my own hand-writing, I likewise procured a student to recite other specimens to him, he will farther excuse me, if I insist, that every passage, of which the interpretation was vouched by me, was in truth what it was given for. As he allows that I may not have been conscious of any deception in what passed between the student and him,\* I must in return allow, that he may not be conscious of any misrepresentation of the fact. But I cannot allow that he has made the best use of his understanding, in thinking it credible that any person, possessed of a decent character, could be concerned in such a cheat as he supposes to have been practised upon him.

ADAM FERGUSON.

## THE THEATRES.

THE present season has been much more remarkable for the success of bad pieces than for the exhibition of good ones. A new plan has been tried for the entertainment of the public; instead of providing tragedies and comedies of real merit, the managers have been industrious only in the discovery and patronage of men skilled in the arts of newspaper puffing. They have found the way to quiet those dismal critics, whose strictures, whether they were just or childish, had their effect with that part of the public "who would not undergo the fatigue of thinking for

themselves;" or rather, instead of quieting them, they brought over their evidence, by suffering them to turn dramatic authors. Between gratitude and expectation they have, therefore, been all kept subservient to the views of the managers, without even fancying that they were slaves. This circumstance does not deserve a comment. If the public will submit to be duped by arts so palpable and shallow, our indignation will avail nothing. We may be clamorous, but we cannot restore the theatre to that respect which it was wont to hold.

### The Marriage Act, a Musical Farce.

THIS after-piece was made out of the under-plot of the Islander, a comic opera, introduced in the season of 1780,

81, and performed for a few nights with little success. Its merit, taken distinctly, would have recommended it to a better

\* The words of Dr. Peck's advertisement are:—As I never believed Dr. Blair to have been conscious of any deception in what passed between the student and me, so the same may be the case with Dr. Ferguson also, as he now appears to intirely to have forgot the transaction.

reception than that with which it met; but the public, even in its farcical state, considered it still as the opera of the Islanders; and, the Islanders being a bad play, they concluded, by a summary mode of reasoning, that the Marriage Act could not be a good farce. But it was not damned.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

This piece is the production of Mr. Dibdin, a gentleman who has largely contributed to the theatre for several years past. Mr. Dibdin possesses a fertile and a various fancy; but, if Dr. Johnson's distinction of genius be admitted, "That it is a mind of strong general powers accidentally determined to some particular pursuit," Mr. Dibdin will be denied his pretensions to the merit of genius; for, his powers, and he has general extensive powers of mind, have never yet been directed and confined in one channel. He has wandered abroad on the common of science, constantly deviating into new tracks, and pursuing none with constancy or resolution. He tried the stage as an actor, and in some parts gained considerable applause. As a writer he has produced several successful pieces; and as a musical composer still more. Some of his songs are the favourites of the public, and deservedly so. Those, who speak with severity of Mr. Dibdin, do it, perhaps, without knowing or remembering that they are much indebted to him for pleasures which they have enjoyed. There is hardly any branch of the mechanics in which Mr. Dibdin is totally ignorant. He knows a little of every thing; and to this perhaps it is owing, more than to the deficiency or the want of talents, that he has not risen to excellence in any thing. It has been said, with more ill-nature than justice, that no man spoils more good

thoughts than Mr. Dibdin. There is, however, a compliment united with this reproach, to which some of our dramatic writers can lay no claim. They cannot be said to murder who never give existence to good thoughts. We see that he is now advertising a new scheme for a musical academy, in which we sincerely hope he will meet with the success which his industry deserves. The following is a list of his dramatic performances. 1. The Shepherd's Artifice. 2. Damon and Phillida; altered from Cibber. 3. The Wedding Ring. 4. The Deserter. 5. The Waterman; or, the First of August. 6. The Cocker; or, a Wife of Ten Thousand. 7. The Metamorphosis. 8. The Quaker. 9. Poor Vulcan. 10. The Gipsies. 11. Rose and Colin. 12. The Wives revenged. 13. Annette and Lubin. 14. The Chelsea Pensioner. 15. Harlequin Touchstone. 16. The Mirror; or, Harlequin every where. 17. The Shepherds of the Alps. 18. The Islanders. 19. The Marriage Act. 20. Jupiter and Alcmena, altered into an opera from Dryden's Amphitryon.

Some time ago he was under the necessity of residing, by pecuniary embarrassments, abroad. He then sent his Poor Vulcan to Dr. Arnold, under whose auspices it was brought out and received with kindness. Its success enabled him to return, and he was engaged, as Musical Composer, to the Theatre of Covent-Garden, with a fixed salary. This situation he has lately lost by a disagreement with the manager. Having added music to the Amphitryon of Dryden, and converted it into an Opera, he demanded to have the benefit of three nights for it, in the same manner as if it had been a new piece. The demand was unreasonable.—The manager bought the copy—and they separated.

#### Duplicity, a Comedy, by Mr. Holcroft.

THIS comedy met with a very singular fate. It was announced in the bills for Saturday, October 13, and at the foot of the bill Romeo and Juliet was given out for the Monday following. This was the plainest intimation the manager was capable of giving the public that he thought it would be damned. It was however received with the loudest applause. But the manager appeared determined to go on with the experiment he had begun, and therefore, contrary to the established

pieces, when well received, are always run or played for a succession of nights, it was performed no more than four times during the remainder of the month. The manager's motives for this conduct, and the author's silence under such management, are both equally to be wondered at; but the public saw with astonishment a comedy possessed of acknowledged merit withheld from their view, when it was evidently the interest of both manager and author to reap the fruit of their cares by embracing the moment in which the additional



onal charm of novelty was added to its other attractions.

The comedy of *Duplicity* is possessed of strength and discrimination of character, and a richness of incident which is unusual in the plays of modern times. But it has been justly censured on account of the characters of Squire Turnbull and his sister. They deviate too far from probability, and perhaps divide the interest. We have observed, in several other performances of this author, a disposition to overcharge the colouring of his characters. And though this fault, when compared to its opposite tameness, is certainly an error on the right side, yet it is an error, and ought to be amended. It is true that extravagance is almost always the error of genius and a glowing fancy; but that genius and fancy which are too much cultivated to admit of any error of importance are not the less warm and animated on that account. One of the chief excellences of this comedy is a gradual rise in the interest to the very last. The fifth act is consequently superior to all the rest, the contrary to which happens but too frequently in theatrical pieces. And the denouement is remarkably happy.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

\* The parentage of Mr. Holcroft is obscure, and his education was scarcely if at all attended to. We have undoubted authority to assert that he was never taught any thing beyond reading English. He was brought up to the profession of a shoe-maker, and must have acquired his literature at intervals, by the united exertions of a strong mind, and a perseverance which is not often found to accompany that strength. From the circumstances of his life he appears remarkable for a degree of fortitude in pursuing any thing he undertakes, which nothing can overthrow. But it is more than probable that the occasional advantages, which the first dawn of abilities might give him over his companions when he entered into life, might confirm this disposition: for, it is difficult to conceive how discouragement and mortification can be repeatedly sustained by the light counterpoise of self-opinion.

We have not been able to develop neither the time nor the particular incident which determined him to seek reputation among the heroes of the theatre. Perhaps an aversion to a mechanical profession, in the practice of which he could not hope to indulge the power of fancy,

may have led him to consider of ways and means to emancipate himself; and it is well known that the itinerant or travelling companies of comedians, are the asylum for those aspiring youths, whose minds are too mighty to allow them to work. This last, however, does not appear to have been his case. He did not quit his profession in pursuit of ease; but undertook the arduous, and at present too romantic, task, of ascending the heights of fame, and did not seem to think that the indefinable faculty, called genius, was sufficient to raise its professor unless cultivated. We have seen little of him as a performer since his engagement at Drury-Lane; but are informed that, in the characters of old men, and all such as fall under the denomination of low comedy, he never failed in the country to meet with distinguished applause.

Those revolutions in point of circumstances, to which the "*Brick chronicles of the times*" are particularly subjected, were experienced by Mr. H. But his care and attention, which did not suffer his abilities to wither by neglect, soon rendered him a desirable acquisition to the country theatres. He perfected himself in practical music, and advanced far into the theory; the productions of our best English poets were read by him with a very critical application. Prologues, epilogues, and we believe interludes, of his composition were occasionally subjected to the judgement of their audiences, and received with approbation: so that he was in possession of some leisure and a genteel subsistence, when he determined to try his fortune in London in the year 1776.

His first manœuvre in London was to apply to the celebrated David Garrick, Esq. to whom he sent an epistle explanatory of his wishes to be engaged in his theatre, and inclosed a piece of poetry as a proof of his abilities. This was a tolerably well projected scheme; but it did not succeed, for want of a knowledge of the personage to whom he addressed him self. Instead of enclosing a paenegyric on the modern Roscius, he sent him a tale of woe, calculated to excite the tear of sensibility, and to encourage that pleasing flow of melancholy, of which only a few of the choicest and most delicate minds are susceptible. It would not do. He tall repeatedly, and at last received his abatement. Sheridan was then to be applied to. Holcroft, mortified at his rejection by Garrick, and still more so by Sheridan, approached towards a vacuum in part of the animal system called

pocket, sat down to write, and in a few days finished a theatrical piece,\* we are informed a farce, which he conveyed to the author of the *School for Scandal*.

This gentleman, who possesses abilities perhaps unequalled among his contemporaries, though naturally benevolent and universally disposed to listen to and assist whoever applies to him for advice or protection, is likewise in possession of no very moderate fund of indolence. This distinguished trait in the character of the manager was exhibited to the great chagrin of our bard; and, if his piece had not fortunately fallen into the hands of the amiable spouse of Sheridan, it might probably have remained unattended to and unperused to this hour. However, he at length succeeded, and was received into the theatre at the very small salary of twenty shillings per week. In this station he has ever since continued; his salary being from time to time augmented, but his ambition very little gratified, his chief employment having been in the musical line. There are difficulties in the internal management of a theatre which the public at large have very little idea of. A performer already in possession of a character thinks himself, and in some measure is injured, if another be permitted to play it. For this and other reasons the rise to theatrical eminence in London is very often gradual and progressive. The much-admired Parsons was a very considerable time in obscurity in the theatre, as were Henderson, Edwin, and many others, long before their abilities were properly noticed.

Thus far we have spoken of the player. We now advert to the author. Mr. Holcroft's anonymous performances have been very numerous, and we may suppose, that, if the view of emolument was not the principal spur to these temporary productions, it had at least a very considerable influence. The *Philosopher*, a periodical paper, and the *History of Manthorn the Enthusiast*, both in the *Town and Country Magazine* for 1778, were written by him. The first contains observations on men and things, strong but not well digested; perhaps through haste, or perhaps from a want of practice in composition. The *History of Manthorn* is left

unfinished. It is without a plan; at least in its present state; but the particular adventures are related with spirit, and are very frequently enlivened with ludicrous description and original humour. There are many tales in the same magazine with the signature H. which from the style and manner appear to be his. In the winter of 1777, *The Crisis, or Love and Fear*, a musical after-piece, written by Mr. Holcroft, and set by Mr. Shield, was performed at Drury-Lane theatre for the benefit of the Miss Hopkins'. Its chief merit consisted in panic or comic character, written for Dodd, but the whole piece was thought too long. An *Essay on the Death of Foote*, accompanied with another on *Age*, were published with his name in 1777, and in 1779 he published *Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian*, an anonymous novel, part of which was written by another hand. The *Riots* were described by him in a pamphlet to which the fictitious name of William Vicent was affixed. This pamphlet is written with great animation, though, by the suddenness of its publication, it must have been produced in a few days. It was much approved and passed through several large editions in the course of a month. Several of the little pieces performed at Sadler's Wells have also been attributed to him; and we believe justly.

With regard to the merit of the writings we have enumerated, our limits will not allow us to be particular. In the early productions we see many indications of a taste and judgement not yet matured, and most of them bear some marks of that carelessness and haste with which anonymous performances are usually executed. But all give proofs of a warm fancy and a keen spirit of observation.

When we review the events which distinguish the Life of Mr. Holcroft, and compare his former situation with that to which he has raised himself, we are naturally led to conclude that the man, who, by the force of genius and perseverance, without a conductor to lead the way and remove the difficulties which crowd the avenues to science, has done these things, ought to be regarded with candour and deserves the encouragement of the public.

#### The Gentle Shepherd, altered from Allan Ramsay into an After-piece.

There is no merit in this alteration of the famous Scotch pastoral of Ramsay, if it belongs all to Mr. Lister, or Mr. Mac.

the author of the new Accompaniment to the old Scottish Airs. Mr. Tuckey has nothing to claim on the score of poetical  
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poetical alterations. Where he has endeavoured to anglicise the dialect, he has frequently mistaken the text; and, in shortening the piece, he has compressed the comic parts, which are certainly the most applicable to an after-piece, and has preserved the long colloquies between the lovers, in which there is much poetical beauty but little stage humour. The praise of Mr. Tickle, however, was founded in the daily prints by bombastic

trumpeters. In one paper, the after-piece was said to be "A pretty little phoenix of two acts rising out of the parent bird of two." And, in another, it was said, that, "since the original poem was written, a bard could not be found at once capable and bold enough to touch the mantle of Allan. The rest was reserved for the classical pen of Mr. Tickle." Should they not rather have said the classical scissars of Mr. Tickle.

#### The Divorce. A Dramatic Entertainment.

**T**HERE were in this piece several very happy equivokes from which the author and the actors struck a good many flashes of wit. Some of the characters, if not original, were pleasing, and the plan was certainly new, for it was founded on the whimsical circumstance of a modern couple's resolution to procure a divorce, merely for the eclat of the thing.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Jackman, the author of the above piece, is son to the late clerk in the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin, and in that city he learned and practised for some years the profession of an attorney; but, not having succeeded so well as he expected, he entered into partnership with another attorney on the following plan.—The one partner was to reside in Dublin, and the other in London, with the intention of collecting private debts due

from the one country to the other. This was a plan well calculated to accommodate the public, and it was carried into execution, for a time, with considerable spirit; but Mr. Jackman made his fortune easy by a marriage with a lady possessed of a comfortable annuity for life. She did not live long however; and, at her death, the annuity dropt.—Mr. Jackman now commenced dramatic writer. His first piece, *All the World's a Stage*, was refused by the managers, and, in consequence of the disappointment, was brought out at a performer's benefit. Its success, however, induced that very manager, who before rejected it, to solicit the author to give it the house as a stock-piece; since that time, he has brought out the *Mileian* with less advantage; and, off the rupture between Mr. Bate and the proprietors of the *Morning Post*, he was made the Editor of that paper, in which situation he has remained ever since.

*The Count of Narbonne*, a Tragedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, by Robert Jephson, Esq.

**T**HE taste of the present times is by no means favourable to the productions of the tragic muse, nor has the merit of any late performances of that species been sufficiently great to turn the attention of the public from the sprightly efforts of her comic sister. Many circumstances have conspired to produce this neglect, and it will require uncommon powers, both in the author and actors of any piece, which shall be powerful enough to turn the tide of favour once more towards tragedy. The author of the present play set out in his dramatic career with great success. The tragedy of *Braganza* was an excellent first performance, defective only on account of the fable, which admitted of too little variety, and too much resembled in some particulars the *Vendor Preserved* of Otway.

The present performance is founded on a story extremely well told by Mr. Horace Walpole, in a novel called the *Castle of Otranto*, which has always been considered as admirably calculated for the stage, if the magical part of it could be rendered subservient to the main design. This task was both hazardous and uncertain, but Mr. Jephson has managed with great address, in introducing to the audience as much of it as could be admitted in the narrative part without violation of probability. The characters, languages and sentiments, of the persons of the drama are well known and supported, and sufficiently discriminated from each other. If any objection lies against it, the dictum, perhaps, be considered as too poetical and the

The latter char

think not without ground. Though virtue in real life does not always meet with its reward, yet it may be worthy of consideration, whether in scenical representations it would not be more advantageous to the interests of society that it should uniformly produce happiness. The contrary practice is certainly less pleasing to the mind, and it may be observed that those dramas, which have a fortunate conclusion for the virtuous characters, have ever been the greatest favourites with the public. *Barganza, The Grecian Daughter, The Countess of Salisbury*, and other late performances, will sufficiently prove the truth of this position.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

This gentleman entered early in life into the military line, and advanced to the rank of Captain in the 73d regiment of foot on the Irish establishment; when, that regiment being reduced in the year 1763, he was put on the half-pay list, on which he hath continued ever since.

But the study of war did not totally engross Mr. Jephson's attention, the arts of peace, and the belles lettres strongly occupied his mind. He displayed good natural parts, well improved by education; he spoke pleasingly, his language was good, and he had a vein of satirical humour very agreeable to all, but those against whom it was pointed. These qualifications recommended him to the attention of Lord Townshend, who came to the government of Ireland in 1767, who made Captain Jephson master of the horse, and procured him a seat in the House of Commons. Indeed the Captain was grateful for these favours, and constantly supported the measures of government; and strenuously defended the character of Lord Townshend, when it was openly attacked in the house after he had departed.

On the 12th of February 1774, when the great debate came on respecting a bill to relax the severity of the laws against the Papists, Captain Jephson took a very conspicuous part, and made a very long and eloquent speech in their favour. His style was flowery, and he stuck to solid argument, and aimed at moving the passions; quitting, on that occasion, his usual satirical turn, which he obtained him the name of the *Mortal Mimus*. But this restraint was not frequently used; in the debate on removing the Custom House of Dublin (March 7, 1779) a dinner of a for sending 4.00 00 p.s from Ire-  
meric he indulged his talent

for humour. On the former occasion he said: "The petition of the merchants (against removing the Custom House) was a proof of their regard to self-interest, which wanted to continue to one part of the city an accidental advantage in which the other part had an equal right to share. It was just like the Barber of London, who, about ten years before, had petitioned his Majesty to cut off his hair, that the fashion of wearing perriwigs might become more universal. So that the merchants of Dublin would have the tail and sidelocks of the city cut off, and only a little tuft about Essex-street kept for their private emolument."

On the other debate, it had been urged that a compact had been made with government that Ireland should have always 12,000 troops in it, except in cases of rebellion or invasion in Great Britain; therefore, as America was not Great Britain, the sending 4000 of their troops thither was a breach of this contract. To this argument Captain Jephson answered, that "in the cases of rebellion or invasion the term Great Britain must extend to the British dominions. The Isle of Man, for example, was neither in England or Scotland; yet, if the Mankinnen should fortify themselves, proclaim Alderman Wilkes their king, by the name of John the Second, in opposition to George the Third, and beat the foreign troops sent against them, can any man doubt, but English forces could not be deemed any infraction of such an act?"

Lord Townshend having left Ireland, his successor, Lord Hartout, had not that taste for wit and humour, which distinguished his predecessor, and made Captain Jephson very agreeable to him. The Captain, indeed, continued in his office, but did not seem to have that countenance shewn him in the Castle as before; and, on the General Election, in 1776, he was not returned. However, Mr. Hugh Massey being made a peer, the Lord Lieutenant was convinced Captain Jephson's talents would be useful, and he was elected in October 1776 to fill Lord Massey's vacant seat of Old Leighlin, in the county of Carlow, a borough at the disposal of the Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns. However, Captain Jephson did not distinguish himself so much in the House as formerly; but frequently gave his silent vote.

It appears that Captain Jephson's leisure time has not been ill-employed, for it has produced the three tragedies of *Braganza, the Law of Lombardy*, and

the Count of Nerbonne. On these pieces nothing can be said, that hath not been urged already. They have had their opponents and defenders like all other dramatic productions, and we doubt not but each of our readers hath already formed an opinion of their merit. However we will presume to say that few modern tragedies can excel them.

But it did not seem enough to Captain Jephson to figure as the soldier, shine as an orator, excel as a man of wit and humour, and please the judicious as a dramatic writer, he resolved to attempt the buffoon. In this design he met with an agreeable opportunity. The Right Hon. Luke Gardiner, member for the county of Dublin, and Keeper of the Phoenix Park, had a great love for the stage, and had erected a most elegant theatre in the Park. The Tragedy of Macbeth and the Farce of the Citizen were thrice performed there, to a most brilliant audience, in January 1778. The characters were thus cast:

Macbeth  
Macduff  
Duncan

Captain Jephson.  
Rt. Hon. Luke Gardiner.  
John Staples, Esq. member for Bally Shannon, in the county of Donnegal, and late Commissioner of the Customs.

Malcolm

Richard Hutchinson, Esq. member for the borough of Sligo, and Commissioner of the Stamp Duties.

Donalbain

Sir Michael Cromie, Bart. member for Ballyshannon.

Ross

Isaac Corry, Esq. member for Newry, in the County of Down.

Banquo

Sir Alexander Schomberg, Captain of the Dorset yacht.

Malcolm

Thomas Burgh, Esquire, member for Atley, in the county of Kildare.

Flansec  
Siward

Barry St. Ledger, Esq.  
Captain Ormsby.

Young Siward  
Seyton

Mr. St. Ledger.

Thomas Burgh, Esq. of Chapel Izard, member for Atley, Treasurer of the Ordnance.

Lady Macbeth Mrs. Gardiner, sister to Lady Townshend.

Gentlewoman  
Hecate

Mrs. Jephson.  
Edward Billingham Swan, member for Thomas Town, in the county of Kildare, Commissioner of the Stamp Duties.

Witches

Miss Gardiner; Miss Norman; John Toler, Esq. member for Triloe in the county of Kerry, and barrister; Thomas Knox, member for Carlingford, in the county of Louth, John Prendergast, Esq. member for the borough of Carlow; Robert Waller, Esq. (since Sir Robert Waller, Bart. now dead) member for Dundalk, County of Louth, and Commissioner of the Customs.

Apparitions

By the Masters Montgomeries.

Doctor

Richard Gardiner, Esq.

## THE CITIZEN.

Old Philpot, Richard Gardiner, Esq.  
Young Philpot, Gervas Parker Bushe, Esq. member for the city of Kilkenny

Sir John Wilding John Prendergast, Esq.  
Young Wilding John Knox, Esq.

Beaufort

Thomas Cobbe, Esq. member for Swords, county of Dublin.

Quildrive  
Maria  
Corinna

Capt. Ormsby.  
Miss Gardiner.  
Mrs. Gardiner.

The orchestra was filled by the Right Hon. William Brownlowe, member for the county of Armagh; Mr. Neale; Mr. Potiers; Mr. Kennedy; Jackville Hamilton, Esq. Attiwell Wood, Esq. King's Serjeant at Law; Charles O'Brien, M.D. Mr. Quin; and Mr. Wall.

Captain Jephson did not exceed the opinion of his friends; every person present conceived the highest opinion of his abilities; none were disappointed in their expectations.

**T**HE expectations formed by the best judges, and indeed by the public in general, of our author's poetical abilities, from his poem of Sympathy, and of his power over the tender passions, from the distressful situations in Emma Corbett, were very high. It was imagined, that the junction of such qualities in the same writer would produce what has not of late years been seen amongst us, a nearly perfect tragedy. The performance under consideration, at the same time that it falls much below this character, merits one which does the author particular honour; for, taken as a first dramatic essay, it deserves our praise. We object, however, greatly to the choice of a fable, which tied the author's hands in the outset, and "froze the general current of the soul." We allow, with other observers, that a very high degree of judgement has been displayed in the alterations necessary to convert a tale into a tragedy; but the tale of Almorán and Hamet, though amongst the first things in our language, in the state which Hawkesworth left it, is unsceptible of various matters that are essential to what the great Addison justly called "the noblest effort of the human soul,"—a tragedy.—Here is too much about kings, queens, and royal rivals. The machinery is obliged to be dropt, and the time and labour which the author must necessarily have taken to bend such untractable events, characters, and circumstances, to his purpose, would have been, perhaps, more than sufficient to "touch the soul by more TENDER strokes of art," had he drawn from his original stock. The play, however, thus composed under manifest disadvantages, is a very successful exertion of Mr. Pratt's genius, and shews what we have to expect when a subject is chosen, that comes home to the affections. The Fair Circassian gives an outline of great and affecting things. Few characters on the stage equal the Eastern Sage. Those of the Brothers have vigour and high colouring, and the stage Almorán is a great improvement on that which Hawkesworth wrote for the closet. Almeida is adorned with many graces; and poetical embellishments are dispersed over the whole tragedy with an unsparing hand; while the representation of every scene convinces, that the author has looked closely at the stage, of which he has every where consulted what is termed its *EXPRESS*. We shall dismiss our remarks, which have been entirely general, with advising so

Queen of Tears, to consult his own heart, and to rely upon his own invention.

### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

This very multifarious and not less successful writer began his literary career very early in life, and produced several compositions of length, which required thought and application, before young persons in general begin either to think or to apply. Those, who have penetrated into the recesses of his domestic story, report, that he has known many severe reverses of fortune, and these have been variously attributed to different causes, as severity or candour were permitted to decide. We have, however, without difficulty, collected great choice of instances that determine the goodness of his heart; and it is out of the line of the present publication to look too cynically for venial blemishes in public characters. Mr. Pratt is a man of good family, and the world is indebted to him for great variety of entertainment; though as yet, only of an age, when still greater things may be expected. The effort of his acknowledged writings has been given under the signature of Courtney Melmoth, in the manner of Sterne, who adopted, on some occasions, the name of Yorick. It appears, however, that our author has lately engaged in some commercial affairs of considerable extent, and, of course, transacted business in his own proper character. His establishment at Bath is represented as an object on a very large scale, and of which he has the principal direction. It is very unusual, perhaps notprecedented, at least in this country, for a man scarce more than thirty years of age, to have written so much and so well as Mr. Pratt, and in so many styles too, upon so many different occasions. And although we wish he had written much less upon the whole, our objections to particular parts or passages cannot warrant us to say by any means that we could dispense with the loss of any one work he has given us entirely; for, in the least accurate, we shall find much of that which merits preservation, and, in the major part of the most perfect, a great deal to justify the very warm reception they have met with. A general list of his writings is comprehended, so far as we have yet been able to learn, in the following articles:

Liberal Opinions, or the History of Benignus, 6 volumes.

The Pupil of Pleasure, a severe illustration

tion of the late Lord Chesterfield's letters, 2 volumes.

The Tutor of Truth, being a contrast to the above, 2 volumes.

The Sublime and Beautiful of Scripture, 2 volumes.

The Tears of Genius, a poem, on the death of Dr. Goldsmith.

Travels of the Heart, 2 volumes.

Observations on Dr. Young's Night-Thoughts, and on Poetic Composition, 1 volume.

Shenstone Green, or a new Paradise Lost, being a history of human nature, 3 volumes.

Charles and Charlotte, a novel, 2 volumes.

Emma Corbett, or the Miseries of civil War, 3 volumes.

Sympathy, a poem, and

The Fair Circassian, a tragedy.

These and very many other works, not mentioned, especially some essays in the magazines, (most of which were sufficiently noticed to encourage the author to a collection and republication,) are ascribed to the pathetic pen of our author. Not a few of the above-cited compositions require particular remarks, as being received with particular approbation, and conferring a high and well-deserved fame, especially the historical novel of Emma Corbett, and the poem of Sympathy, both which are esteemed exquisite in their kind. But we must defer saying more to a future opportunity, and confine ourselves at present solely to a few observations on his tragedy of the Fair Circassian; that being the most immediate object of the town, to which it still affords frequent entertainment.

#### The Banditti, a Comic Opera, by Mr. O'Keeffe.

THIS piece was unsuccessful in the theatre, and we think that its reception was uncommonly severe, as well as undeserved. The plan of the opera was good; and, if there were some faults in the conduct, they were faults capable of an easy amendment, by which it might have been rendered a valuable piece. It was chiefly objected to it, that its mirth and comedy bordered too much on broad humour, and, because the audience were forced to laugh, they were angry. When an opera is to be judged by the rigid rules of a regular drama, we shall consider the decision of the audience as just in this instance.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. O'Keeffe is a native of Ireland, he gave early proofs of a strong and versatile genius, and discovered a strong propensity to drawing, which inclined his parents to design him for the profession of painting; to which end, he was, when very young, placed in what is called "the Academy," in Dublin, then under the direction of the two most eminent men of their time, Messrs. West and Manning; the first, distinguished for his perfect knowledge in the anatomy of the human figure, his correctness in drawing, and powerful fancy in delineating the thoughts of others upon any subject or situation; the other universally admired for his exquisite taste in ornament and flowers.

He made great proficiency, but a defect in his sight, and an early intercourse with

spouters, joined to a most insatiable thirst for reading, turned him, from the pursuit chalked out by his parents, towards the drama; he wrote many dramatic trifles, which, though never offered to the public, are sad, by his friends, to bear strong marks of genius, taste, and theatrical knowledge. At fifteen he wrote a comedy of five acts, which, though wild and in many instances puerile, he conducted to the denouement with ingenuity.

Filled with those inclinations, he now entirely devoted himself to such books, and earnestly sought the company of such men of all ages, as could help to the attainment of what was become his favourite wish, a situation in the theatre. Accident brought it about. He accompanied a friend to Mr. Mossop, merely to learn how such meetings were managed: he took courage, confessed the bent of his inclination; Mr. Mossop desired to hear him—he attempted Jaffier's speech, scene the first, pleased Mr. Mossop, and, before parting, was engaged for three years in the Dublin theatre, while his friend was rejected. He played in that city, and in the most respectable towns to which they made summer excursions, about twelve years.

Though tragedy was his first choice, an accident soon discovered his forte to be comedy, to which study he turned his mind, and became the prime favourite; finding himself fully possessed of the public opinion as an actor, his ambition as a figure as an author soon discovered itself, and

he produced every year some local trifle at his benefit.

His first piece, a pastoral, "Colin's welcome," replete with pleasant situation, was universally well received. The songs were of his own adapting.

He has an excellent taste for music, though no theoretic knowledge, and he wrote many essays, epigrams, &c. but his chef-d'œuvre in dramatic writing in Ireland was a kind of hittrionic interlocution, called, "Tony Lumkin's Rambles through Dublin" (himself the original performer there of that character in Goldsmith's comedy). This piece gave unbounded scope to that inclination which he gives manifest proof of in all his writings—broad humour.

Though much flattered by the reception of his fugitive pieces, yet, knowing the character of the Irish audience, that they in

general estimate what they possess by the value their neighbours set upon it, he resolved to submit his first regular piece, if this term regular can at all be applied to farce, to Mr. Coleman; thus resolved, he sent "Tony Lumkin in town" to that gentleman concealing his name. He was encouraged by Mr. Coleman's opinion to avow himself, and the piece was played with success.

He has since, under the auspices of that gentleman, produced the Son-in-law, Dead Alive, and the Agreeable Surprise. The success of these pieces introduced him to Covent Garden, with the pieces of which we have just spoken; and, though his reception was not equal to what he had before met with, we doubt not, but, with the judicious alterations which he proposes to make in it, the Banditti will come forward next season with eclat.

#### The Carnival of Venice, a Comic Opera, by Mr. Tickel.

THE public has decided justly on the merits of this piece. With every advantage, which it enjoys from the partiality of the manager, the attention of the performers, music, scenes, and decorations, it is but barely tolerated on the stage.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Tickel is descended from the secretary of Mr. Addison, who is known to the poetic world by some poems which have been published in his name. Some fortune was made in the family; but our author's inheritance lay principally in the talents to which it seemed to lay claim, both on its own account and its connection with Mr. Addison.

Mr. Tickel's education is said to have been intended for the law; but his disposition was too volatile and desultory for that study. The common mother of invention (necessity) drove him to the book-sellers, and he published the Project, a poem, the Wrath of Fashion, &c. But poetry not being his taste, these things hardly made him known. Fortune, however, in one of her caprices, introduced him to Mr. Brummell, private secretary to Lord North. Mr. Brummell, independent of the use he may make of men of talents for the interest of his master, a judge and friend of merit. He contracted a strong friendship for our author, and has patronised him with a generosity and warmth that does him honour. After securing him a pension of two hun-

dred a year, which was a decent maintenance for him, and a Miss B—, by whom he had several children, he found him attached to an amiable young lady, the second daughter of Mr. Linley, the musician, of Drury-lane, whom he afterwards married. Mr. Brummell exerted himself with additional humanity: when he found him with to fair a prospect of happiness, he settled a part of his pension on his former family, from a proper compassion to his children, and obtained for him a place in the Stamp-Office, worth in salary and perquisites seven or eight hundred pounds a year. This, though perhaps not the best way of employing the public money, is much more satisfactory than the common measures of political corruption.

These instances of favour animated the genius of our author, and he produced a parody on the speeches at the opening of parliament, called Anticipation. The thought was fortunate, and the imitations happy. Administration was served, and his patron satisfied. He has made several attempts of the same kind, in the Gazette Verte, the Adventures of a Political Louie, but they have been too much in the manner of Anticipation to succeed.

He was a social and lively companion, until his success tinctured his manner with vanity. Mr. Sheridan, jun. and he are married to two sisters, and a friendship subsists between them. It must be agreeable to the well-known politics of Linley, that his two sons should be warmly embarked in opposite parties; for, whoever

prevails.



prevails, his family will preserve an interest.

Through the interest of his friend Mr. Brummell, and as a reward for his political

writings in support of ministry, he was lately made a commissioner of stamp-duties, with a salary of 500 l. a year.

### P A M P H L E T S.

The Question considered. Whether Wool should be allowed to be exported, when the Price is low at Home, on paying a Duty to the Public. By Sir John Dalrymple, Bart.

**T**HE arguments of Sir John Dalrymple for the exportation of wool are forcible, but not new. We find them in the essays on National Industry, written by the ingenious Mr. Anderson, who certainly has the merit of being the first modern writer who directed the attention of his country to this important question: he gave a detail of historical facts, to prove, that at an early period we enjoyed an evident superiority over the Spaniards, with respect

even to the quality of our wool, as well as to the vent; and that our trade never diminished until the impolitic regulation of parliament. Sir John follows Mr. Anderson in the same train of reasoning, and strongly contends, that we ought, by all means, to allow the export of wool, as the only eligible means of restoring the market to its former splendor.—We are under the necessity of postponing the anecdotes of the author till the next month.

A Letter to Sir Robert Barnard, Bart. Chairman of the Huntingtonshire Committee, by John Jebb, M. D. F. R. S. 8vo. 6d. Stockdale.

**D**R. Jebb, in his pamphlet, gives the public his political creed, in stating the reasons of his conduct as a member of a committee of association. The pamphlet has nothing remarkable, either in matter or composition, and is much in the strain of the pamphlets which have been distributed by the society for constitutional information.

### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. John Jebb is the son of a clergyman who has been preferred to an Irish deanery. Our author was brought up, and fixed as a professor at Cambridge, with a living of some value in a distant part of the country. The disposition of his mind, and his acquaintance with the writings of the dissenters, rendered him early dissatisfied with his situation, and put him on projecting plans of reformation in the university. He published these plans in

several little pamphlets, and even instituted lectures on the Greek Testament to pupils who were obliged to take their faith from the thirty-nine articles. This, and his associating with the petitioning clergy at the Feathers Tavern, rendered him very obnoxious to the rulers of the church, and destroyed all hopes of his preferment or utility. On these accounts, and from a principle of conscience, which does him honour, he resigned his living, quitted Cambridge, put himself under the direction of his cousin (Doctor Jebb) in London, and he now practises physic.

The spirit of reformation, however, has not quitted him, and he is among the most zealous friends of associations to redress grievances, and to correct the faults of our representation.

He is a married man, but without children; of inoffensive manners; of inconsiderable learning; and of great candour and benevolence.

Nathan, a Philosophic Drama, translated from the German of Mr. Lessing, by R. E. Raspe, 8vo. 1s. 6d. Fielding.

**M**R. Lessing ranks among the first dramatic writers of the present age, and his tragedies are the delight of Germany.

The present dialogue was not intended for the stage, but to impress the senti-

ments of toleration and benevolence regard to the Jews. The characters admirably drawn and contrasted, the scenes well arranged, and the few affecting and sublime. As to guage, we are no ja

Mr. Raspe's translation will not enable us to judge, for, the language of it is very exceptionable.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Raspe's merits and demerits, by some measures taken against him, both in Hesse and in England, have been so fully made known, that it would be unnecessary cruelty in us to say much of it. He is a native of Germany, obtained the place of keeper of the cabinet to the Prince of

Hesse, and in the road to preferment, when he left that prince's service and came to England. On his first arrival, his circumstances excited compassion, and many signs of letters, especially, were very assiduous in serving him; but the general opinion now is, that he is not to be served. His knowledge is various, extensive, and accurate; and if his inventive talents and art of composition were equal, he would be very high among the literati of the present age.

*Original Minutes of the Governor General and Council of Fort William in Bengal, at the Appointment recommended and carried by Mr. Hastings, in Oct. 1780, of Sir Elijah Impey, to be Judge of the Sudder Duanny Adawlet, with a Salary of 5600 Sicca Rupees a Month, or 7795l. 4s. per Annum. 1s. Debet.*

THESE minutes are professedly published because the honourable House of Commons, when they closed their report on the administration of justice in Bengal had not seen them, and they were

the latest accounts of the most material part of the proceedings of the governor general and council on that subject. They are therefore necessary appendages to that report.

*State of India, in two Letters from Warren Hastings, Esq. to the Court of Directors, and one from the Nabob Asaf-ud-Dowla, Subadar of Orissa; to which are added, a Series of explanatory Facts and Remarks, 1s. 6d. Debet.*

THIS pamphlet contains a very severe charge against Governor Hastings, and adduces his own letters and the authentic records of the council of Madras in support thereof. In the present alarming situation of our possessions in India, it is exceedingly necessary for the public to examine with care the merits of the question. It will become a subject for parliamentary investigation during the present session; and we sincerely trust, that our experience of the calamities which have been derived from the introduction of hasty consideration into a national dispute will incline us to come with determined candour to the discussion of this dispute; that another America may not rise up in arms against us in the East. This pamphlet charges Mr. Hastings with the crime of draining the treasury of Bengal; of being the principal author of the Marhat-

ta war; and of having conducted various secret negotiations with the country powers, and of having given three lacks of rupees to the Marhatta army, when stationed on the frontiers of Bengal, on his own mere motion, without the concurrence of the council, and in direct violation of the company's instructions. The facts are all stated on the authority of the governor's own letters, and of the minutes of the council. In a public letter, written by Major Scott, this pamphlet is ascribed to Mr. Francis. The authority is incontestible. We shall, therefore, in our next number, give an account of the origin and conduct of the dispute that has subsisted so long between Governor Hastings, Mr. Francis, and Mr. Wheeler, which, with a concise narrative of the political question, as well as the private faction, will enable the public to form a decisive judgement of the whole.

*Prize Sugars not Foreign: An Essay intended to vindicate the Rights of the Public to the Use of Prize Sugars, and to shew the Impolicy, as well as Injustice, of forcing the Prize Cargoes out of the Kingdom at a Time when the Manufactory is languishing through the Want of due Employment, and the People are aggrieved by the exorbitant Price of the Commodity; with Observations on the export Trade of raw and refined*

*refined Sugars, on the Drawbacks and Bounties, and an Inquiry into the proper Means of moderating the Price of this necessary Article: Addressed to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Beauchamp.* 1s. 6d. Cadell.

**T**HE dispute between the British sugar-refiners and the West-India planters and merchants was agitated last session in parliament, and decided, after a full hearing, in favour of the latter. The acts of parliament for the monopoly of sugar are, perhaps, the most necessary of any that have ever been contrived for the establishment of monopoly of any kind. The risks of our West-India planters; the insecurity of their possessions under a system which has extended its influence to all corners of the empire; the restrictions with which

their labour is harrassed, and the expence with which it is conducted; all demand from the British legislature peculiar indulgence. The sugar-refinery is but an inferior and secondary manufacture; but the West-India islands compose the brightest appendage which remain to the crown of Britain. The sugar-refinery must not be neglected; but, in political reasoning, the subordinate branches of commerce must be left, in a certain degree, "to follow the fortunes of the parent-system from which they grow."

Having been favoured with the following Anecdotes of T. Vaughan, Esq. Author of *Fashionable Follies*, after the former Part of the Review was printed off, we here insert them as supplemental to what is already said of that Gentleman in p. 30.

**M**R. Vaughan is clerk to the commission of the Peace for the city of Westminster, with a salary of 800 l. a year; and lately, when the rage for military associations took place, he became the captain of a company in the Westminster Volunteers. Several years ago a literary dispute occurred between him and Mr. Colclman, manager of the Haymarket Theatre, who then brought out a periodical paper under the title of *The Genius*. This dispute was conducted with more violence than ingenuity; and it was at this time that Mr. Colclman distinguished

him by the name of Dapper. About four years ago he wrote a series of essays in the *Morning Post* on the Richmond Theatre; and, in the first season of Mr. Sheridan's management at Drury-Lane, he brought out a farce entitled *The Hoax*. It was by his intimacy with Mr. Sheridan at that time that he was enabled to do services to candidates for the sock and buskin, and when he acquired his popularity as the friend and patron of genius. His present publication is the best of his writings.

Remarkable Passage in the Preamble to the Statutes of the Order of St. Michael.

**T**HE first order of knighthood in France was that of the Star, instituted in 1351 by King John, the same who five years afterwards was taken prisoner at the battle of Poitiers; but it soon fell into discredit, by its being bestowed without any regard to a proper limitation. It was this consideration that induced Louis XI. to found, in 1469, the Order of St. Michael, fixing the number of companions to 36, including the sovereign. We read, in the preamble to the statutes of that order, the following curious passage:—"In consequence of the perfect and singular love we bear to the noble order of chivalry—to the glory of God and the Virgin Mary, and in honour and reverence of my lord St. Michael the Archangel and first Knight,

who, in order to revenge the quarrel of God, fought against the dragon, the enemy of mankind, and tumbled him headlong from Heaven, we on the 1st day of Aug. 1469, the 9th of our reign, in our castle of Amboise, have created and established an order of fraternity or good fellowship, under the name of St. Michael."—This order is now generally bestowed as a reward upon eminent artists, physicians, &c. Yet, to preserve the etiquette of its being the first, no one receives the blue ribbon of St. Esprit, or the Holy Ghost, till they are previously invested with the black one, and other insignia of St. Michael; for which reason they are called Knights of the King's Orders.

**SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the PROCEEDINGS in the Two Houses of PARLIAMENT, up to the Recess for the CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.**

**HOUSE OF LORDS.**

**O**N the 27th of November, 1781, the two Houses met, when his Majesty opened the session with the following most gracious speech from the throne :

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ When I last met you in parliament, I acquainted you with the arduous situation of public affairs at that time, and I represented to you the objects which I had in view, and the resolution with which I was determined to persevere in the defence of my dominions against the combined power of my enemies, until such a pacification could be made as might consist with the honour of my crown, and the permanent interest and security of my people. The war is still unhappily prolonged by that restless ambition which first excited our enemies to commence it, and which still continues to disappoint my earnest desire and diligent exertion to restore the public tranquility : but I should not answer the trust committed to the sovereign of a free people, nor make a suitable return to my subjects for their constant, zealous, and affectionate, attachment to my person, family, and government, if I consented to sacrifice, either to my own desire of peace, or to their temporary ease and relief, those essential rights and permanent interests upon the maintenance and preservation of which, the future strength and security of this country must ever principally depend.

“ The favourable appearance of our affairs in the East Indies, and the safe and prosperous arrival of the numerous commercial fleets of my kingdoms, must have given you satisfaction ; but, in the course of this year, my assiduous endeavours to guard the extensive dominions of my crown have not been attended with success equal to the justice and uprightness of my views ; and it is with great concern that I inform you, that the events of war have been very unfortunate to my arms in Virginia, having ended in the loss of my forces in that province.

“ No endeavours have been wanting on my part to extinguish that spirit of rebellion which our enemies have found means to foment and maintain in the colonies, and to restore to my deluded subjects in America that happy and prosper-

ous condition which they formerly derived from a due obedience to the laws, but the late misfortune in that quarter calls loudly for your firm concurrence and assistance to frustrate the designs of our enemies, equally prejudicial to the real interests of America, and to those of Great Britain.

“ In the last session you made a considerable progress in your inquiries into the state and condition of our dominions and revenues in the East Indies : — You will, I am persuaded, resume the prosecution of that important deliberation with the same spirit and temper in which it was begun, and proceed with the same attention and anxiety to consider how those remote provinces may be held and governed with the greatest security and advantage to this country, and by what means the happiness of the native inhabitants may be best promoted.

“ Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

“ I will order the estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you. I rely on your wisdom and public spirit for such supplies as the circumstances of our affairs shall be found to require. Among the many ill consequences which attend the continuation of the present war, I most sincerely regret the additional burthens which it must unavoidably bring upon my faithful subjects.

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ In the prosecution of this great and important contest, in which we are engaged, I retain a firm confidence in the protection of Divine Providence, and a perfect conviction of the justice of my cause ; and I have no doubt, but that by the concurrence and support of my Parliament, by the valour of my fleets and armies, and by a vigorous, animated, and united, exertion of the faculties and resources of my people, I shall be enabled to restore the blessing of a safe and honourable peace to all my dominions.”

As soon as the king was gone, Lord Southampton rose to move for the Address, which was, as usual, an echo to the speech. Lord Walsingham seconded the motion. The Earl of Shelburne, in a very long and elegant speech, moved the amendment,

amendment, which was, that, at the end of the 2d paragraph, there should be inserted the following sentence in place of all the rest :

“ And we will, without delay, apply ourselves, with united hearts, to propose and digest such measures to be laid at his royal feet, as may excite the efforts, pointing the arms, and command the confidence, of all his subjects.”

Upon this address and amendment a very long debate ensued. On the one side it was urged, that the House did not, by agreeing to the Address, pledge themselves to the continuance of the American war. On the other it was contended, that the American war was involved in the Address; and that it was the duty of the House, at such a moment, before they pledged themselves to farther exertions, to inquire into the errors of our past conduct. On a division the numbers were, Contents 31—Not Contents 65—Proxies 10.

A protest was entered against this vote. Dissentient—for reasons too often urged in vain for these last seven years against the ruinous prosecution of the American war, carrying on by his Majesty's ministers against the People of North America, and too fatally confirmed by repeated experience, and the late disgraceful loss of a second army, to stand in need of repetition.

RICHMOND.  
FITZWILLIAM.  
ROCKINGHAM.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

NOVEMBER 27.

WHEN the Commons returned from the House of Peers, the King's speech was read by the speaker, and the honourable Mr. Percival moved the Address, in which he was seconded by Mr. Thomas Orde. Mr. Fox, in a speech of considerable length, moved the amendment, which was the same as that proposed by the Earl of Shelburne in the House of Peers. Mr. Minchin seconded the motion of amendment. A very long debate ensued, in which, as in the House of Lords, the ministry contended that the House did not pledge themselves, by the words of the Address, to the continuance of the American war. On the other side it was argued, that the Address expressly bound them to it, and that they ought not,

November 28.

The House waited on his Majesty at St. James's with the Address, to which the King was pleased to return the following most gracious answer.

“ My Lords,

“ I thank you for this very dutiful and affectionate Address. The assurances of your cheerful concurrence and support in the prosecution of the great and important contest in which we are engaged, give me the highest satisfaction, and must have the most salutary effects. It shall be my constant endeavour to make the best use of this support for the attainment of the sole end, which I have ever in view, a safe and honourable peace.”

The House adjourned to the following Wednesday.

December 18.

Till this day there was no debate of any sort: on the second reading of the Land and Malt Tax Bill, the Marquis of Rockingham called the attention of the House to the burthened state of the country, and the shameful mismanagement of our affairs, recently exemplified in the case of Admiral Kempenfelt's expedition; and he urged those things as the grounds of a motion to postpone this money-bill till after the recess. A debate ensued on this motion, which chiefly turned on the matter of Admiral Kempenfelt's being sent with 12 ships to fight 19.—But the motion was over-ruled without a division.

The House adjourned to the 30th of January, 1782.

after suffering so much from that war, to promise his Majesty any farther support in it. On a division on the amendment the numbers were, — Ayes 129. Noes 218. — The original motion was then agreed to, and a Committee appointed to draw up the Address.

November 28.

Mr. Percival reported from the Committee, that they had drawn up an Address. He therefore moved for leave to bring it up. On this motion the debate of the day before was revived. — Mr. William Pitt made an excellent speech, in which he examined the arguments of the ministers, and declared that the House could not agree to the Address proposed.

without being guilty of shameful sycophancy. The Lord Advocate of Scotland declared, that if it was true, as asserted, that there were ministers in this country who were mean enough to remain responsible for measures of which they disapproved; and continued in the cabinet when they were over-ruled in it — such men deserved the severest punishment — they were even unfit for society. With respect, he said, to the House's standing pledged, by the Address, to the maintenance of the American war, he would only say, that a day would soon arrive when they would come to issue upon that question fairly. Being pressed to say when that day would come, he said, when his Majesty's ministers came down and asked for 7000 men, as a substitution for the army which we had lost. The House divided on the motion for bringing up the address, when the numbers were, Ayes 131, Noes 54.

November 29.

The House presented their Address to the King at St. James's, when his Majesty was pleased to return the following most gracious answer.

"Gentlemen,

"I return you my cordial thanks for this very loyal, dutiful, and affectionate, address. It breathes the spirit and firmness of the representatives of a brave and free people. Nothing could afford me so much satisfaction, or tend so effectually to the public safety and welfare in the present conjuncture.

November 30.

Mr. Minchin moved for several papers respecting the navy, in order, if possible, to simplify the estimates, and enable the parliament to judge with some accuracy of the expence of our marine. The Lords of the Admiralty requested that he would withdraw his motion for the present, that they might have an opportunity to inquire whether or not they were dangerous. This Mr. Minchin complied with.

Sir Grey Cooper moved for the speaker's leaving the chair to go into a committee of supply. Mr. Thomas Pitt rose to object, and to declare that he would oppose granting a supply to his Majesty, until a pledge should be given to the House, that the system should be totally reformed. A debate took place on this motion, and the House divided. Ayes 131, Noes 77. The House then went into committee, and resolved, that a supply should be granted to his Majesty.

December 4.

General Smith moved, that it be an instruction to the committee appointed to inquire into the war of the Carnatic, that they should also inquire into the causes and conduct of the Marhatta war. Granted.

Mr. Burke moved for an inquiry into the circumstances of the confiscation of private property in the island of St. Eustatius. He went into the same train of argument as he had done the year before, and brought the matter again before the House, he said, because he saw the Admiral and Gentlemen, who had taken the island, now in the House. Sir George Rodney and General Vaughan both spoke to defend themselves against the charges. The ministry opposed the inquiry on account of the actions at law which were now depending on this topic. A long debate ensued, towards the close of which it was moved, as an amendment, that they should insert the words, "excepting such goods and merchandise as may be now claimed in any court of law or equity." The House divided. Ayes 89, Noes 163.

December 5.

The House went into a committee of supply, and Lord Lisburne moved, that 100,000 men be granted for the sea-service, including 21,721 marines, for the year 1782. Mr. Hussey amended the motion, by proposing that 110,000 seamen should be voted. A debate took place on this amendment. It was urged, in support of the amendment, that by this they would really strengthen the hands of Government, and enable them to act with vigour against the house of Bourbon, instead of prosecuting the fatal war with America. On the other side it was alledged, that the Admiralty would procure as many seamen as they possibly could; nor would the additional vote give one more to the service. It was not usual to vote so many as were really employed, and the amendment would only take so much money from the other services. On a division on the amendment, the numbers were, Ayes 73, Noes 143. The main question was then agreed to, and 41. per month per man granted for their maintenance.

December 12.

There was no debate till this day, which being the day appointed for the army estimates, Sir James Lowther proposed a motion, which should bring the House fairly to the question of the American war. His motions were; "That it is the opinion of this House, that the war carried on  
" in

" in the colonies and plantations of North America, has proved ineffectual either to the protection of his Majesty's loyal subjects in the said colonies, or for defeating the dangerous designs of our enemies." And this declaration the Hon. Baronet said would lead to a second proposition, which he also intended to make, and which was, " That it is the opinion of this House, that, under the present circumstances of the country, all farther attempts to reduce the revolted colonies to obedience are contrary to the true interests of this kingdom, as tending to weaken its efforts against its ancient and powerful enemies." Having moved the first proposition, he was seconded by Mr. Powys, and a very warm and long debate took place. Lord North, in objecting to the motion, said, that in his opinion " it would not be wise nor right to go on with the American war as we have done; that was to say, to send armies to traverse from the south to the north of the provinces, endeavouring by that means to reduce the colonies to obedience." But he objected to the question, because it tended to conclude the American war *in toto*; we could neither hold post, act upon the defensive, nor take advantage of occurrences: it was equal to a motion for withdrawing the troops without any previous negotiation being entered into, and leaving the Americans to join the French and fight us in the West Indies. On the other side it was urged, that the question did not go to the lengths mentioned: it went no farther than this; that they should not go on in the mad attempt of reducing America by force; and they desired to have a parliamentary declaration to this effect — they would not trust to the promises of ministers — they had found them delusive. There were various opinions given about the proper mode of acting: some were for withdrawing the troops; some for keeping certain posts; and some for abandoning the contest *in toto*. Lord North moved for the order of the day; and, at two o'clock in the morning, the House divided on this question. Ayes, for the order, 220, Noes 179.

#### December 14.

The House went into a committee of supply, and the secretary at war moved for the army of the current year. He said that the whole, including the militia, was 186,220 men; the expence of which was 4,208,097l. This force, he said, was greater than that of the last year by

4074 men; and this arose from the number of men that were sent this year to the East Indies, there being no less than 9436 sent there. Mr. Hussey moved the speaker to leave the chair, and report progress. A long debate took place again on the same train of argument as that on Sir James Lowther's motion. Mr. William Pitt exposed the want of union and concert that subsisted among his Majesty's ministers, and Mr. Rigby gave a decisive opinion against the farther prosecution of the American war. The House divided on Mr. Hussey's questions. Ayes 34, Noes 166. The motions of supply were then all agreed to.

#### December 17.

Mr. Burke, in a long speech, gave notice of a motion which he intended to bring on, after the holidays, respecting the powers and use of the act granted annually for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. He was drawn to the consideration of this, from observing the different, but equally severe, treatment which two gentlemen had received, Mr. Laurens and General Burgoyne.

After this, General Burgoyne moved for copies of all correspondence between his Majesty's Secretary at War and the commanders in chief, or commissaries for exchange of prisoners, since the 1st day of January, 1778. A short conversation took place on the reason why General Burgoyne had not been exchanged before this time, when every other person held, under the convention, was now at liberty? It was stated to be, because the Americans refused to accept of the Cedars men as part of the exchange. The motion was agreed to.

#### December 20.

Sir Grey Cooper moved, that the House, at its rising, should adjourn to the 22d of January next. A debate arose on this, which was maintained on the side of opposition on the ground of the necessity which there was for the House to inquire into the cause of the neglect or misconduct of the Admiralty in sending 12 ships, under Admiral Kempenfelt, to meet 19 of the enemy. — Lord North said, that the First Lord of the Admiralty was as willing to meet an inquiry as they were to bring it on. It was accordingly settled that solemn inquiry should be made into the conduct of the Admiralty Board; and for this purpose they agreed to adjourn on the 20th of January, and the House was ordered to be called over on that day.

Mr. Burke brought up a petition for

Mr. Henry Laurens in the Tower, complaining of the severity of his treatment. After a little conversation it was ordered to lie on the table. — Adjourned.

January 20, 1782.

The House met agreeable to adjournment, and the members names were called over. — The call of the defaulters was fixed for the 30th instant.

January 23.

After balloting for an election-committee, they entered on the proposed inquiry into the conduct of the Admiralty-Board.

Mr. Fox rose, and begged the attention of the House to what he should advance on a subject so highly interesting to the safety, the welfare, and honour, of this country. He said, should he follow his own inclination in respect to the inquiry he was about to make, relative to the direction of the navy, he should first move for an entire removal of the First Lord of the Admiralty from his office, as the likeliest and properest method of obtaining the best, the truest, and readiest, information; as whilst noble Lords continued in office, they had, from their influence, the power to delay and perplex inquiry; but such was the present system of men in power, that they looked upon their offices as franchises, and they considered every attack made upon them as levelled at their inheritances; and, sorry he was to say, they were but too well countenanced in that opinion by the majorities of that House. Finding, therefore, the unpopular measure of this line, he would proceed upon another ground, and only move for an inquiry into the cause of our naval misfortunes; and such misfortunes he could not doubt but every body was free to confess we laboured under from the very beginning of this war to the present hour. He was aware, he said, of another cry that would be raised against him even for moving this inquiry, (and it had already gone abroad in coffee-houses, newspapers, &c.) which was, that any motion of this kind, coming from him, would be the only means of riveting the First Lord of the Admiralty in his place, who probably must go out from his repeated ill management, but for this interference. But notwithstanding all this, together with the ill success of former inquires, he felt it a duty he owed his country, his constituents, and himself, to do every thing in his power to rescue a great nation from its impending

He said he would take up this inquiry on two grounds: the first was, What means, in respect to the state of shipping, &c. were in the First Lord of the Admiralty's power? And, second, How these means were applied?

In respect to the first, he said, though he was well satisfied himself of the superior situation of the navy in the late First Lord of the Admiralty's time, and the means and funds for securing that navy upon a full and constitutional footing, yet he would not then inquire into it, as investigating that matter in the clear and explicit manner he would wish to do it in, would require such official papers and documents as he was not then possessed of. But, in respect to the second, it was a matter of more notoriety, and that indeed was green in every body's memory, and therefore a proper subject of inquiry.

Mr. Fox then began with the state of our naval affairs in the year 1776, when we were upon the eve of the French re-script, and when the First Lord of the Admiralty had declared in his place, that one in his particular station should deserve to lose his head, had he not a fleet equal to face the united fleets of the House of Bourbon. This was a declaration, he said, highly becoming the First Lord of the Admiralty, and what the constitution and the wonted spirit of this country demanded from him — but how was it performed? Was there a single instance of our naval operations but what proved the contrary?

He then spoke of the wretchedness of bad intelligence, the dilatoriness and imbecilities of cabinet councils in respect to our naval affairs. It was no cover, he observed, for the First Lord of the Admiralty to screen himself that he was but one of the cabinet, and therefore was bound to carry on the majority of opinion — the contrary was the fact; for, however a private Lord of the Admiralty might plead that excuse, he, from his office, had a right to advise the King in all naval affairs, and, if over-ruled, he ought no longer to be responsible for such measures; but instead of doing this, he either acquiesced in, or adopted all, those measures which had brought ruin on the country, and which, however painful it might be to him to re-capitulate, he would however endeavour to do on the present occasion.

He then went over a regular succession of the principal naval events from before the breaking out of the French war to the present time. He began with the system of sending out all the frigates of this country to America, in order to plunder,



burn, and destroy, all the trade and settlements of the Americans, so as from the infancy of the war to cut off all future hopes of a reconciliation. In the mean time, he said, all our great ships, instead of being a regular channel-fleet, and opposing and checking those of France and Spain, were cruising in small division to pick up privateers and harrahs the trade of the enemy; which, in winter time, from their largeness, incurred great damages and want of repairs. He next spoke of permitting the French fleets regularly to form large divisions both in America and the West Indies, without our ever having any intelligence of their sailing, or endeavouring to prevent them in their passage. He ridiculed with great poignancy the orders sent out to Lord Howe to detach from his fleet to guard the West-India Islands, which if his Lordship (whose better information prevented him) had complied with, not only the whole of his fleet would have been captured, but the whole army then in America.

He next spoke of the manoeuvres of our home fleet, and stated, with great force, the contradictory conduct of the Admiralty about Admiral Darby's fleet, which had returned merely because the combined fleets of France and Spain were out at the same time. This Admiral Darby had avowed as his reason for returning; yet no sooner did the Mayor of Bristol write up word to the Admiralty of the alarm of the citizens on that account, than Mr. Stevens returned for answer, it was no such thing; though, by a contradiction still more strange, dispatches were sent off to the Irish secretary, ascertaining the fact to be so. He ridiculed those contradictory accounts with great asperity, said it was treating Admiral Darby with great disrespect, and decoying the people of Bristol to risk the whole of their great trade upon a promised security, which was all delusion.

He concluded the whole of a speech, two hours and a half in length, with stating and remarking on the late affair of Rear Admiral Kempenselt and the Brest fleet. Here he said was, if possible, the greatest disgrace of the First Lord of the Admiralty — to send out but 12 ships of the line against 19, when we had plenty of ships at the Nore, at Spithead, &c. all ready to sail! In short, he said, he could account for such conduct in no other light than that of betraying the interests of the country in the most wicked and scandalous manner.

He therefore moved as follows;

"That it be referred to a committee of the House, to inquire into the causes of our want of naval success during the present war, particularly during the course of the year 1781."

He said he would content himself at present with this motion, which, should it be complied with, he would in the course of the inquiry follow it up with other motions relative to the subject.

Capt. John Luttrell spoke after Mr. Fox; his speech consisted of the proofs of the superiority of our fleets from the time of Lewis XIV. to the present time, and concluded with an opinion, that the cause of our want of success in the present war was, the want of cordiality amongst our commanders, and a disunion amongst ourselves. In the course of his speech he adverted to the conduct of Lord Egmont, when First Lord of the Admiralty, which drew up

Mr. Percival, (son to Lord Egmont,) who was going into a defence of his father's conduct, when he was friendly interrupted by

Lord Mulgrave, who begged the Hon. Gentleman would permit him to take that defence upon himself. His Lordship then spoke highly of the merits of the late Lord Egmont, both for his very great skill in his department, his general knowledge, and great integrity. He then adverted to some parts of Mr. Fox's speech, and defended the First Lord of the Admiralty as doing the best that in a variety of exigencies he could do. He particularly defended the return of Admiral Darby, and said in such a case, where we had so many enemies to face, the time was critical, and his return for fresh advice and reinforcements was expedient. In respect to the inquiry, he said he should not be against it; though he was in hopes the Hon. Mover would have taken it up on other grounds, and expressed himself not so personally nor coarsely as he did.

Mr. Fitzherbert, (a new member,) spoke for a considerable time, but, from the buzz of the House, scarcely a word could be heard from him. The purport of his speech seemed to be a justification of the Admiralty, as far as came within his knowledge, in respect to their expedition of building men of war, &c.

Lord North said, he should have no objection to the motion, though he wished the Hon. Mover had only taken it up on grounds where papers and facts could be referred to with more certainty. In that part, he was likewise read.

inquiry, as one of his majesty's ministers, it was what he said, he would never shrink from, nor would he now depart from his word. Many of the measures put in execution by the Admiralty, as one of the cabinet, he had agreed to, and it was but fitting he should abide by such his opinions. In respect to the first lord of the admiralty, he hoped the hon. mover would in his inquiry go into his first proposition, which he seemed afterwards rather to desert, viz. What were the means of the first lord of the admiralty in respect to shipping, &c. because then he was officially called upon to explain; but in regard to the second part, How were these means applied? A referred more to the whole of the cabinet, and these means depending upon different modes of intelligence, the expediency of affairs, and the situation and capacity of other public offices.

The debate then grew general, in which the Hon. T. Townshend, W. Pitt, Sir George Savile, Capt. Minchin, Capt. Luttrell, and others, assisted.

A little before twelve o'clock, the question being called for, the house agreed to it without a division.

Mr. Fox then moved, that it be referred to a committee of the whole house on Thursday next. This also was agreed to. He then rose to move for papers necessary to the inquiry, but these were mostly postponed by consent to next day.

January 25.

After the ballot for an election-committee, Mr. Fox made his motions for the papers, which were agreed to, as well as two made by Lord Howe and Mr. Minchin.

## MASQUERADE INTELLIGENCE.

THE managers of the King's Theatre have taken the lead this season in the article of masquerades. They started, last Thursday, with every circumstance in their favour, and were successful; for, the number of votaries at this temple of joy and festivity fell little short of eight hundred. Few masquerades have been less splendid in appearance; few more so in the attendance of people of fashion and rank; in consequence of whose presence the apartments were filled with male and female dominos, chiefly black, who, having no characters to sustain, might be said, à la mode Angloise, to enjoy a sort of otium cum dignitate; to the utter abolition of wit and fun, or even those sportive efforts which sometimes are found even at an English masquerade. The characters, which were very few, were for the most part but middlingly supported: there was a harlequin in boots, who could not dance—a lawyer unacquainted with the terms of his profession—a Cantab without Latin—and a ballad-woman who could not sing. From this censure must be excepted a lame beggar, who excited compassion for his pretended hurts in the most doleful tones, while he rejected charity—a pretty Scotch lassie, who spoke the dialect so very truly as to convince us that she had but newly crossed the Tweed; her dress was as characteristic as her manners; and she danced with as much spirit as she spoke—there was a boy, whom we have observed two or three times at these

Opera-House, Hay-Market.

places, who gets drunk very early, and then teizes every person with noisy bawling, instead of singing; he was in something like a running-footman's jacket, but we did not know what to call it—a common-council-man in his gown was a very bad representative for the city, for he preserved a sullen silence—a good natured orange-girl sung a song or two—and a gipsy with two children, one at her back and the other at her breast, was a very pleasant and entertaining mask. But the want of so scarce a commodity as wit was compensated for by the mirth and sociality that reigned throughout the night. A little before one the dances began, in which the enchanting Baccelli and the inimitable Théodore were the subjects of fresh admiration in the graceful art. His Royal Highness the Prince, and his inseparable companions the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, honoured the King's Theatre on this occasion, together with many of the nobility; among whom was Earl Cornwallis, attended by the gallant Tarleton. The Prince, his royal uncle, and their suite, had a private supper, and did not quit the festive scene till four o'clock. A five the rooms thinned apace; but some jolly souls we then left behind, making plentiful libations to the rosy god. The wines were good, and the refreshments were plentifully distributed to the last, and gave general satisfaction, unattended with partial murmuring or intemperate riot.

POETRY.

## P O E T R Y.

## ODE for the NEW YEARS, ELEGY on Mr. MAURICE EVANS.

Written by *William Whitelock*, Esq. Poet Laureat, set to music by *Mr. Starkey*, and performed in the great Council-Chamber, January 1, 1782.

**C**Wend'rous power of inborn worth,  
When danger calls its spirit forth,  
And strong necessity compells  
The secret springs to burst their narrow cells!

Though foes unnumber'd find her round,  
Though not one friend is faithful found,  
Though ruinous scorn derides —  
Yet still unmov'd, amidst the band,  
Like her own rocks, does Britain stand,  
And braves the insubling tides! —

A world her arms, O spite her reign,  
A world her arms assault in vain!

'Tis Britain calls! — ye nations, hear!  
Unbrace the corslet, drop the spear:  
No more th'insidious toil pursue,  
Nor strive to weaken what you can't  
subdue.

'Tis Britain calls! — with fatal speed  
You urge, by headlong fury led,  
Your own impending fate;  
Too late you'll weep, too late will find,  
'Twas for the glori' of mankind  
That Britain should be great!

In Britain's voice, her freedom calls;  
For freedom dies, if Britain falls —  
She cannot fall! — The true Almighty hand,  
That rais'd her white rock from the main,  
Doth still her arduous cause maintain,  
Still grasps the shield that guards his favour'd land.

Obedient to his word,  
Not to destroy, but to reclaim,  
The avenging angel waves the flaming sword —  
Reverse his awful name!

Reverent in the dust,  
Conscious judgment's trust  
The avenging sword shall cease to wave,  
And whom his mercy spares, his power shall save.

Inscribed to his disconsolate Widow.

**W**HY should the muse, on bold aspiring wing,  
For warriors and for statesman only mourn?  
Why not the praise of modest merit sing,  
And deem, with elegy, its decent urn?

The worthy man, whose sober, quiet, time,  
Lies slowly off in acts of private good;  
Much more deserves than he, whose soul  
forlorn,  
Pants for loud honour by a waste of blood.

The torrent rages from the "snow-capt hills,"  
Spreads it a road ruin and attracts our gaze;  
Much less, amongst us flow the gentle rills;  
But merit more our gratitude and praise.

Upon the torrent rides its various prey;  
It sweeps the fields, and desolates the year;  
How much more smooth the riv'let winds its way,  
The yellow harvest on its banks to rear!

Evans is gone — the tenor of whose life,  
"The noiseless tenor" — and the virtuous plan,  
Was far from folly, and apart from strife,  
To study, practice, all the talk of man.

His worth he boasted not, nor strove to hide;  
No pompous shew he made, nor wish'd to make;  
What wealth permitted not, his heart supplied;  
And what he gave, he gave for pity's sake.

His road through life, nor easy nor severe,  
Neither with roses nor with thorns was strew'd;  
Not careless of success, nor vex'd with care;  
From industry his competence accrue'd.

Domestic joys he sought, and most approv'd,  
Joys rendered lasting by his wish to please;  
Rich in the converse of the wife he loved,  
And with his prattlers clustering round his knees.

Through all his course with piety he strove  
The storms of passion calmly to appease;  
And, in the pure delights of wedded love,  
His youth, his age, his latter end, were peace.

—Hear then! thou once fond partner of his  
breast!  
Oh, from thy sorrows, by our prayers, be free

He's gone from thee, but with his God to rest,  
To reap the blessing of a life well spent.

A great, a precious, task for thee is left—  
Task well adapted to thy fond regard!  
You tender chummers, of his love bereft,  
Look up to thee, their infancy to guard.

He died—but left, to the maternal care,  
Six beauteous pictures of himself behind;  
Look in their faces, you behold him there;  
And you must stamp his image on their mind.

Teach then the babes to imitate their sire,  
Give them his gentle sense, his temper even;  
This work accomplished—piously retire—  
And share with him his throne, and share his  
Heav'n. Y.

## A P A R O D Y

O N

“Blest as the immortal God is he.”

**D**RUNK as a dragon sure is he,  
The youth that dines or sups with thee;  
And sees and hears thee, full of fun,  
Loudly laugh and quainly pin.

'Twas this first made me love my dose,  
And raked such pimples on my nose;  
For while I fill'd to every toast,  
My health was gone, my senses lost.

I found the claret and champagne  
Inflame my blood and mad my brain;  
The toast fell sultring from my tongue,  
I hardly heard the catch I sung.

I felt my gorge and sickness rise,  
The candles danc'd before my eyes;  
My sight grew dim, the room turn'd round,  
I tumbled senseless on the ground.

B.

The happy Life of a PRESBYTERIAN PAR-  
son, found among the Papers of a Clergy-  
man lately deceased.

**A**Bsolved from academic rules,  
And the grave theatre of fools,  
The stall'd divine, no more perplex'd,  
Begins to mend or mar a text.

His youthful pranks and follies o'er,  
The man of pleasure's seen no more;  
No longer flesh and spirit jar,  
Nor soul with body is at war;  
Resolved to lead a godly life,  
Boldly ventures on a wife.

His studies o'er—his kingdom come,  
The heathen oracles are dumb;

The classics fast to closets fly,  
The Greeks and Romans range on high;  
The poets, who inspired his youth,  
Philosophers that taught him truth;  
Unsafe divines<sup>1</sup> are sent to keep  
The sabbath of eternal sleep.

With just a hundred pound a year,  
His stomach keen—his conscience clear;  
His doct'rines and his doxy sound,  
His face grows red—his belly round;  
He eats, he drinks, he sleeps, he wakes,  
And, wond'ring at the life of rakes,  
Devoutly dozes o'er his pot,  
Resign'd to vegetate and rot.

## Traduction libre en Vers François

ou

Poëme élogique AMURAT et THEANA,

ou

Les AMANS INFORTUNÉS de Mons. SEALLY,  
en Anglois :

Par M. CARRA,\*

Secrétaire du Commandemens chez S. A. E.  
Monseigneur Le Lieutenant Cardinal de Rohan.

I.

**N**ON loin d'une célèbre ville,  
Le trône des beaux arts et des savans  
L'azile,  
Où cent dômes hardis s'élevant jusqu'aux  
cieux;  
Où sur un bord d'élucieux,  
On voit du fleuve Isis rouler l'onde argentée,  
Est un valein couronné de forêts;  
L'antre y déploie une scène enchantée;  
Le bonheur y préside avec l'aimable paix.

II.

Là vivent deux Amans à la fleur de leur âge,  
L'AMURAT THEANA—le SENSIBLE AMU-  
RAT,  
On voyoit sur leur teint ce divin incarnat  
Dont la brillante aurore embellit son visage,  
Lorsqu'elle nous paroit au bord de l'orient,  
Sourire à la nature et d'un charmant,  
Colorer le nuage.

III.

La vertu lui prêtoit son esprit et ses graces,  
Les ris et les plaisirs l'empêchoient for ses traces;  
Et son langage innable et sensé tour-a-tour  
Plaisoit à la raison et s'écouloit l'amour.

IV.

Son cœur étoit compatissant, humain;  
Elle s'attendrissoit sur la foule indigente;  
Un coup-d'œil tendre, une bonté touchante,  
Donnoient un plus grand prix aux bienfaits de sa  
main.

\* Auteur de plus de six cens articles de droit  
naturel, et de géographie, dans les supplémens  
de l'ENCYCLOPÉDIE de PARIS; d'Odazir,  
Roman philosophique; de poëme le VRAI  
PHILOSOPHE, &c.

# V.

Dans ses beaux yeux brilloient, sans se contraindre,  
Les innombrables desirs d'un cœur pur et sans fard ;  
Et ce cœur ingénu jamais ne connut l'art  
De tromper ou de feindre.

# VI.

AMURAT, son amant, jeune, bienfait, et beau,  
Avec un regard doux, portoit une âme ardente.  
Sur son front paroïssoit la vertu triomphante,  
Pour lui le crime étoit étranger ou nouveau.

# VII.

La voix de l'amitié d'abord se fit entendre  
A son cœur simple et sans détour  
Bientôt elle lui fit comprendre  
Que ce cœur tendre étoit fait pour l'amour.

# VIII.

Destinés pour jouir, pour s'aimer, et pour  
plaire,  
A quels heureux transports leurs cœurs vont  
se livrer !  
Mais leur bonheur fut trop grand pour durer,  
Et la fortune à l'amour fut contraire.

# IX.

Le pere d'Amurat, homme vain, sans pitié,  
Qui n'estimoit que l'opulence,  
Qui ne connoît jamais la douce jouissance  
De l'amour ou de l'amitié,  
Où rompre la chaîne où leur cœur est lié.

# X.

Il approuva long-tems leur innocente flamme,  
Mais bientôt se livrant à l'orgueil de son âme,  
A son fils trop heureux un jour il ordonne  
De ne plus voir, — aimer, — ni plaire, à Thécana.

# XI.

Pour Amurat quel coup de foudre !  
En vain voudroit-il obéir.  
Comment pourroit-il se foudre ?  
Il ne faut qu'aimer ou mourir.

# XII.

Il tâche, hélas ! de conjurer l'orage,  
A la prire il mêle le respect,  
D'un amour éloquent il parle le langage ;  
Mais l'INTEREST l'emporte, il n'a que le  
regret.

# XIII.

Pour surprendre un regard de si chère maîtresse,  
Derrière une aubépine il se cachoit souvent.  
Dans ce lieu Thécana le cherchoit en pleurant ;  
Et tous deux languissoient d'amour et de tristesse.

# XIV.

Amurat pénétré d'une vive douleur  
Se livre au désespoir d'une âme impatiente :  
Il s'égare la nuit pour chercher son amante,  
Portant par-tout le trait dont est percé son  
cœur.

(La suite est Numéro II.)

# Select Italian CANZONETS, AIRS, and DUETS.

# I.

# DUETTO, del Sig. VINCI.

1. DIMMI una volta addio,  
E al fato mio funesto  
Perdono il suo rigor' :
2. Dirti non posso addio  
Comincio, e poi m'arresto,  
M'agghiaccia il mio dolor' !

# D U E T T O.

Oh Dio, che affanno è questo ?  
Ah mi si spezza il cuor' !  
Perche il destin' divide  
Quest' anime si siede,  
Ch'avea congiunte amor' ?

# II.

# ARIA à tre Voci.

1. Un' cuore infedele  
Si deve punir' ;  
Che pena crudele !  
Mi sento morir'.

2. Un' anima ingrata  
Si deve sprezzar' ;  
Sei troppo spietata :  
Potessi parlar' !

3. Amante  
Inconstante  
Nel regno d'Amore,  
Che pensi di far' .  
Che fiero dolore !  
Tacere, e penar'.

# Y.

\* \* A spirited translation of the above pas-  
sonate Duo and Trio is earnestly requested.

On Captain MACBRIDG's defeating two  
Dutch frigates, (the Hercules and Mars,) of  
24 guns each, in the Artois of 44, Dec. 4,  
1781.

JACK from the top-mast high beheld  
The swelling sails of proud Mynheer,  
The honest heart that ne'er rebell'd,  
Or felt the panic stroke of fear,  
Thus by the crew was heard to say—  
“ We'll drub you if you dare to stay.”

At length “ all hands” the boatswain blew,  
The well-known sound his mess-mates hear ;  
Their great guns to the ports they drew,  
And gave the foe their lower tier.  
Their fire the foe return'd with rage,  
And strove, but lost the weather-gage.

Like the wing'd Hern, the sportsman's prize,  
 Soon robb'd of pow'r Alcides lay;  
 Some efforts made, but could not rise,  
 To help his partner in the fray.  
 Stout Mars alone the conflict bore,  
 While slaughter spread his decks with gore.

Old Neptune rose to view the scene,  
 His river-gods forsook the shore;  
 From France swift flow'd the limpid Seine,  
 And hoary Medway left his Nore.  
 While fair V. llaine flew up to see  
 Augusta's Thames and Cestria's Dee;

The rustic Rother found his way,  
 With many a stream to fame unknown,  
 Which Albion's Drayton on a day  
 Records with ev'ry pebb'l'd throng.  
 Rough hannon came, and fair Sabine,  
 Hollandia's Texel, and the Tyne.

The nautic god beheld the throng,  
 That roll their stores for his supply;  
 And thus, in an aquatic song,  
 Address'd the mirrors of the sky—  
 "Tell me, my rivers, who are these  
 "That hurl such thunders o'er my seas?"

Proud Texel cry'd, the twain are mine,  
 A better pair was never try'd;  
 Ours is the third, said Thames and Tyne,  
 While Shannon own'd his brave M<sup>r</sup>Bride;  
 —Exalting Seine forgot her joy,  
 And sigh'd to see her lost Artois.

Dark inspiration spread around,  
 While wing'd with flame the bullets flew;  
 Old Flami<sup>o</sup> heard, and sent the sound  
 To ev'ry headland hill he knew.  
 The Texel wept the dubious strife,  
 And trembled for her hero's life.

In vain you weep, old Ocean cry'd;  
 See, see, they strike to British tars;  
 Hibernia's boast, the brave M<sup>r</sup>Bride,  
 Has conquered Hercules and Mars.  
 Beneath the brine sad Texel bent,  
 And fought with Seine the continent.

'Midst shouts of vict'ry Thames resow'd,  
 With strong-arm'd Medway by his side;  
 The rest away in triumph row'd,  
 But Humber waited on M<sup>r</sup>Bride;  
 Smoothing his stream, with storm-try'd scull,  
 He bore the hero to his hull.

Where ev'ry tar enraptur'd sung  
 The strain that Britons us'd to hear,  
 When Pitt dealt magic from his tongue,  
 "We've beat the foe, and, lo! there here."  
 "I! days of conquest come again,"  
 "Once more let us rule the main.

The Poet to his MISTRESS; or LOVE and MUSIC.

MY flute I take at your desire,  
 Each fav'rite air I play;  
 While you, dear maid, the song inspire,  
 How pleasing is the lay!  
 Let critics con their monthly talk,  
 And mangle right or wrong;  
 Blest in your smiles, 'tis all I ask,  
 That you approve my song.  
 My muse will sing a flame refin'd,  
 Which time will still improve;  
 She sings the union of mind,  
 To be the soul of love.  
 'Tis you, who gives a life to thought,  
 And call it forth to sight;  
 With you and music I am caught  
 To regions of delight!

A.

A PASTORAL ELEGY, by Dr. Harrington,  
 for three voices, to the memory of Lady  
 MILLER, of Bath-Easton.

UNTIMELY bow'd by fate's relentless  
 hand,  
 What fair example leaves our cheerless land!  
 Shall gracious deeds in cold oblivion lie?  
 Or fullen grief suppress one grateful sigh?

#### RONDO PASTORALE.

Mourn, mourn, shepherds, mourn,  
 If far-flowing kindness you ever thought dear;  
 Weep, weep, shepherds, weep,  
 Think now on your Myia, and drop the due  
 tear; [tide,  
 What sorrows, sweet Avon, attend thy sad  
 Her muses, her graces, embellish'd thy side;  
 What pleasures, what elegance, courted thy  
 shore!  
 But Myia's departed, and pleasure's no more!  
 Mourn, mourn, &c.

Blythe friendship, bestowing the meed of our  
 lay,  
 She gave in chaste revels the innocent day;  
 When meek-ey'd compassion still honour'd her  
 band, [hand!  
 And tear-furrow'd sorrow blest'd Myra's kind  
 Mourn, mourn, &c.

#### F A B L E,

Written on a pane of glass at Kinggate.

A Raven once an acorn took  
 From Kinggate tallest, stoutest, tree;  
 He hid it in a neighbouring brook,  
 And liv'd another oak to see.

Thus melancholy buries hope,  
 Which providence still keeps alive;  
 She bids us in affliction hope,  
 And all disquietude survive.

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

## L O N D O N.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, Jan. 7.

Admiralty-Office. Jan. 7, 1782.

Extract of a Letter from Captain Caldwell, Commander of his Majesty's Ship Agamemnon, to Mr. Stephens, dated Spithead, Dec. 30, 1782.

**P**LEASE to acquaint my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty with the arrival here of his Majesty's ship, under my command, with five prizes. We were detached with La Prudente, by Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt, to proceed after the French convoy, (with a view of falling in with some of their transports or trading vessels that may have separated from them) which the fleet under his command fell in with the 12th instant.

On the 25th at noon, (in latitude of 46 30 N. Scilly 46. E. distance 200 leagues) we took five sail from Bourdeaux, bound to Martinico, chiefly laden on the French King's account, (list of which accompanies this) and were intended to have joined M<sup>re</sup> Guichen.

The weather has been one calm at a time of wind from S. S. W. to W. S. W. with light squalls, and five hours storm, so that I shall hope the ~~convoy~~ <sup>convoy</sup> will be restored, if they have not in presence returned.

There are three King's ships among the prisoners, one captain of foot, and one of artillery.

A List of Prizes taken by his Majesty's Ship Agamemnon, Commanded by Caldwell, Esq. Commander, at Sea, the 25th Day of December, 1782.

Ship Marchais, M<sup>r</sup> Duguy, Master, 350 tons, bound from Bourdeaux to Martinico, taken with 15 large caddis from 10 to 12 caddis, cordage, wine, 200 barrels of sugar, 200 flour, provisions, sundry kind of linen, and India goods.

Ship Le Elizabeth, M<sup>r</sup> Gassier, Master, 300 tons, from Bourdeaux to Martinico, with wine, flower, cordage, cheating 1000 lbs, sundry merchandise, and some live cattle.

Ship Le Compte De Tée, M<sup>r</sup> Tardet, Master, 350 tons, from Bourdeaux to Martinico, with wine, flour, beef, pork, salt, and sundry merch wares.

Ship La Catherine, M<sup>r</sup> Hubrouet, Master, 280 tons, from Bourdeaux to Martinico, with wine, flour, beef, pork, and all sorts of merchandise.

Snow Le Navigation, M<sup>r</sup> Carpentier, Master, 220 tons, from Bourdeaux to Martinico, with flour, provisions, and a little merchandise.

BENJ. CALDWELL.

Yesterday, being New-Year's Day, was observed at St. James's as a high festival: their Majesties, the Prince of Wales, Princess Royal,

the Duke of Cumberland, and others of the Royal Family, received the compliments of the nobility and gentry on the occasion. At noon, the ode, written by William Whithead, Esq. Poet Laureat, (for which see our poetry,) and set to music by Mr. Stanley, master of his Majesty's band, was performed by the gentlemen of his Majesty's chapel, and the choirs of Westminster and St. Paul's cathedra.

After the ode was performed, 40 boys, educated in Christ's Hospital, were presented to his Majesty by Alderman Alfrey, and produced their performances of writing, which his Majesty and the Queen greatly commended.

The Princess Royal had a drawing-room, and received the compliment of the nobility on the new year.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, Jan. 5.

St. James's, January 5.

The King has been pleased to appoint the Lord Viscount Dalrymple to be his Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the King and Republic of Spain.

Admiralty-Office, Jan. 5, 1782. The following are extracts of letters received yesterday from Capt. in Angus, of his Majesty's ship St. Alban, to Mr. Scipion.

Corsica Bay, Bourdeaux, Nov. 30, 1781.

PLEASE to inform my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that his Majesty's ships St. Alban and Eurydice arrived here the 26th of November, with the convoy from Cork for the eastern island; all of which have arrived here, except the Prince and Plenty of Belfast, 200 tons both, James Hamilton, Master, which departed off the Western Islands on the 30th of October, and only one man saved.

Captain Harvey, of the Convert, writes, from Grosset Island of St. Lucia, to General Christie, that he had seen twelve sail of the line go into Martinico on the 26th.

Corsica Bay, Barbadoes, Dec. 3, 1781.

The Grosset Schooner arrived here this morning from Captain Harvey, of his Majesty's ship Convert, at St. Lucia, where he is with four frigates, and encloses the state of the French fleet at Martinico, under M<sup>re</sup> de Grasse, which I transmit for their Lordships information by the Canville Packet that sails this evening for England; deeming it highly necessary to communicate the knowledge of the enemy's strength in these seas.

The Queen's Palace, Jan. 8. The Queen has been pleased to appoint the Hon. Stephen Digby, Esq. to be Vice-Chamberlain of her Majesty's Household.

Yesterday being Twelfth-day, Lord Herford, in his official capacity, made the usual offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in commemoration of the Eastern Magi.

His Majesty, according to annual custom, has ordered 1000 l. to be distributed amongst the poor parishes in the city and liberty of Westminster.

From

From the LONDON GAZETTE, Jan. 9.

St. James's, Jan. 9. This day the Right Hon. Richard, Earl of Shannon, was, by his Majesty's command, sworn of his Majesty's most honourable privy-council, and took his place at the board accordingly.

St. James's, Jan. 12. The King has been pleased to grant to the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Earrington, of the kingdom of Ireland, and to the Right Hon. Henry Frederic Carteret, the office of Post-Master General.

Whitehall, January 12, 1782.

Extract of a letter from Major-General Christie to Lord George Germain, one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state, dated Barbadoes, the 15th of December, 1781. Received by the Ranger sloop of war.

IT is with real grief I am obliged to communicate to your lordship the disagreeable news of the capture of St. Eustitius and St. Martin's, the 26th and 27th ult. by a handful of the enemy, not exceeding 300 men, landed from three frigates, and some small craft, at Tenkan's Bay, at the back of the island, under the command of the Marquis de Bouill, without the smallest opposition from the garrison; the former consisting of 723, and the latter of 63, effective men, including officers.

Admiralty-Office, Jan. 12, 1782.

Extract of a letter from Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood to Mr. Stephens, dated Barbadoes, the 10th of December, 1781; received by Captain Montgomery, of his Majesty's sloop the Ranger, who left Barbadoes the 16th ult. and arrived at Spithead the 9th inst.

I fled from off Sandy Hook on the 11th of last month, with his Majesty's ships under my command.\* And, having previously dispatched the *Nymph* and *Bellequeux* to reconnoitre the Cheb, &c., the latter joined me at my given rendezvous on the 16th, and informed me, that no French ship was in the Chesapeake on the 10th. I immediately pushed away for my station, not caring to wait a moment for the *Nymph*; and, without meeting with any occurrence in my passage deserving notice, I arrived here on the 5th, with all the line of battle ships, except the *Royal Oak* and *Monarch*, which parted company in a gale of wind and thick weather on the 17th.

\* Seventeen sail of the line, two frigates, and one fire-ship.

N. B. It appears by another letter, that the *Monarch* arrived the 12th; and Captain Montgomery relates, that the *Royal Oak* had arrived also before he left Barbadoes.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, Jan. 19.

Admiralty-Office, Jan. 18, 1782.

The following is a list of prizes taken on the 12th of last month, by the fleet under the command of Rear-Admiral Kempenfelt, from the convoy of *Monf. de Guichen's* squadron, transmitted by the Rear-Admiral in a letter to Mr. Stephens of yesterday's date. The *L'Emille*, *Pierre Scölan*, lieu. de frigate commander, 350 tons, from Brest, ar-

rived at Portsmouth, 31 seamen, 149 soldiers, including a colonel and lieutenant of infantry, laden with 10,000 cannon-balls, iron bars, steel, twine, and sail-cloth, and 16 pieces of cannon.

The *Guillaume Tell*, *Le Coudrais* commander, 370 tons, from Brest, arrived at Portsmouth, 33 seamen, laden with cannon-balls, howitzers, soldiers' clothing and acc. u. rements, flint, grenades, shells, and 535 barrels of gunpowder of 200lb. weight each, on the French King's account; and, on the merchants, iron bars, rum, and provisions.

The *Sophia de Brest*, *Jacques François Brisson* commander, 160 tons, from Brest, arrived at Portsmouth, 22 seamen, laden with biscuits, shells of eight inches, grenades, and 29 cheus of arms, on the French King's account; and, on the merchants, provisions, cordage, and linen.

The *London*, *Vidoux*, lieu. de frigate, commander, 350 tons, from Brest, arrived at Milford, 41 seamen, 201 soldiers, laden with three tons, sundry chests of small arms and artillery stores, clothing, and bales of cloth for jett, four months' provisions for the soldiers, and six months' provisions for the sailors; and some private trade.

The *La Minerva*, *Pomelle*, lieu. de frigate, commander, 300 tons, from Brest, arrived at Milford, 38 seamen, laden with 1000 shells, 3000 ditto of small arms, 10 ditto artillery stores, 40 artillery wheels, a quantity of bread, and some private trade.

The *L'Amidie Royale*, 450 tons, from Brest, arrived at Tenny, 60 seamen, 111 soldiers, laden with 230 barrels of wine, 100 barrels of beer and pork, and a large quantity of other provisions, 20 tons of balls, 150 muskets, 20 tons of lead, powder, tents, &c.

The *L'Abondance*, *Dupuis* commander, 600 tons, from Brest, arrived at Plymouth, 90 seamen, 248 soldiers, laden with ordnance stores, provisions, &c.

The *L'Arc*, *Pierre de Sourde* commander, 160 tons, from Brest, arrived at Plymouth, 30 seamen, cargo not ascertained.

The *La Victoire*, *Jean Baptiste Tienier* commander, 240 tons, from Brest, arrived at Plymouth, 21 seamen, laden with about 350 hogheads of wine, 250 half barrels of pork, and 32 pipes of brandy, on the French King's account.

The *Le Mercure*, *Jacques Boutel* commander, 500 tons, from Brest, arrived at Plymouth, 45 seamen, 10 servants, four officers, laden with about 100 bales of wooden shoes, 150 jars of oil, 80,000 bricks, 3500 barrels of flour, 60 hogheads of wine, sundry merchandise, and 4 cannonades.

The *Le Généreux*, *Jean Baptiste Marinonides* commander, 400 tons, from Brest, arrived at Plymouth, 40 seamen, 193 soldiers, laden with about 100 hogheads of wine, 60 barrels of flour, 30,000 bricks, wine, brandy, beef, pork, biscuits, and sundry other articles.

The *Marguette*, *Francis Caroulin* commander, 160 tons, from Brest, arrived at Plymouth, 20 seamen, 1 officer, laden with a



large quantity of soldiers clothing, wine, brandy, and wet and dry provisions.

The *Sophia* de St. Maloes, *Pierre le Vigotte* commander, 250 tons, from Brest, arrived at Plymouth, 30 men, laden with brass cannon, shot, carriages, travelling magazines, chests of muskets, and provisions.

The *L'African*, 350 tons, from Brest, arrived at Plymouth, 40 seamen, 160 soldiers, 100 hogheads of red wine, 12 hogheads of brandy, 200 barrels of beef and pork, 200 barrels of flour, and great quantities of other provisions, and 30 chests of fire-arms.

One ship arrived at Falmouth, of which no account has yet been received.

Two or three of the French transports sunk by the squadron.

N. B. The total number of soldiers, by the foregoing account, appears to be 1062, and number of seamen 548.

The *Æolus*, *Thompson*, from Petersburg, is lost on Hailborough-Sand.

The *Good Intent*, *Nichols*, for Falmouth to London, with wine, was driven on shore near Bridport the 28th ult. and is gone to pieces; some of the wine is saved.

The *Charlotte*, *Wedgely*, from Swanzy to Limerick, is on shore near Waterford, and it is feared will be *swain*.

A respite during his Majesty's pleasure hath been granted to John Harford, a convict under sentence of death in Newgate.

Extract of a letter from Cowes, Jan. 5.

"This morning a French ship of about 200 tons, bound from Lisbon to Dunkirk, loaded with wine and fruit, was, in a gale of wind, driven out of her course, run on shore at the back of this island, entirely lost, and six of the crew were drowned: the wind continues blowing hard, and the sea runs so high that no boats can go to save any of the ship's materials."

Last Sunday se'nnight, in the evening, about six o'clock, the *Elizabeth* packet, Captain Summister, on her passage from Cork to Bristol, struck on the Culver-Sands, near the Steep Holms, and bidden, the consternation of the affrightened passengers can only be conceived, expecting death every moment; they continued in this dreadful situation till ten o'clock, when a young gentleman from Canada, and some of the crew, being determined, got the boat out, into which thirteen men and a woman ventured themselves, entreating the captain and the other passengers to come also, which they refused; seeing death on all hands was certain, they chose rather to abide by the wreck, than venture a more immediate dissolution in the boat: about a quarter past ten the boat left the wreck, leaving behind them twenty-four souls, whose cries and lamentations at parting can better be conceived than described. The boat was left entirely to the mercy of the waves, no one on-board knew where to go, providence was their only guide; when, after spending the night in the greatest distress, they got on shore, near Uphill, about half past six the next morning.

... and the poor souls on-board the wreck

continued in that dismal situation till the flood-tide swallowed them up the next morning.

Among the above number were the wife of Mr. Robert Lovell, in Castle-Green; a young man, of the people called Quakers, from Ireland; and a gentleman and his wife, from Montreal in Canada. We cannot from any information learn the names of the other unhappy passengers; nothing of their baggage, trunks, or papers, is found. Tuesday two bodies were found on-board the wreck fastened to the shrouds, and, on Wednesday, the body of the captain was washed on shore. Tuesday three men in a boat, endeavouring to bring some part of the cargo from the wreck, were overset, and two drowned; the other, with great difficulty, swam on-shore, which was one of the men who preserved his life the Sunday evening in the boat. Some part of the cargo is drifted on-shore; but the greatest part, together with the brig, will be lost.

Two vessels from the coast of Norfolk, loaded with wheat, &c. were lost in the Sound last Wednesday morning in a gale of wind; the crew were with difficulty taken up by some oyster smacks, which were very near sharing the same fate.

A letter from Seaford, in Sussex, brings advice, that a French privateer, of 18 guns, was wrecked last Tuesday in a gale of wind, within a mile of that port, and only the captain and 12 of his men were saved.

The vessel, which is unfortunately lost on the Kentish Knock, proves to be his Majesty's armed storeship, the *Britannia*, of 20 carriage guns, commanded by Lieutenant Davis, which ship was ordered to proceed to the East Indies with Sir Richard Bickerton. Her crew, consisting of 75 men, perished, except nine, who were taken up, and having been brought to Harwich, very infirm from their long continuance on the wreck, without any kind of refreshment.

Within the last twelve months there has been seized and brought to the Custom-house at Southampton, 1960 gallons and a half of brandy, 9974 of rum, 653 of geneva, and 236 of French wines, which have been condemned, and last week were sold by auction.

3. Yesterday the report was made to his Majesty of the convicts under sentence of death in Newgate, when the following were ordered for execution on Tuesday next, viz. Walter Townsend (who was a prisoner in Clerkenwell Bridewell) for feloniously assaulting one Sweet Hart, a stranger, in the yard of the said Bridewell, putting a blanket over him, and robbing him of a silver watch; John Harford and John Fowler for feloniously assaulting John Allen, on the highway in Kingsland-road, and robbing him of 15 guineas; John Putterell, for feloniously assaulting Alexander Catmur on the highway near Shepherd's Bush, and robbing him of a silver watch and some money; George Todd, for burglariously breaking open a dwelling-house of Mr. Sharp, a silversmith, Holborn-bridge, and stealing a great quantity of silver plate; James Wilson, for

breaking open the dwelling-house of Mr. Young, a silversmith, in Ladgate-street, and stealing a silver half-pint mug, and two candlesticks plated with silver.

The following were respited during his Majesty's pleasure, viz. Hannah Brown, for stealing a great quantity of gowns, ruffles, tippets, laces, and other apparel, a counterpane, and other things, the property of Miss Catherine Thistlethwaite, in her dwelling house in South Audley-street, where she had lived six years as housekeeper; Charles Peate, for feloniously assaulting Richard Down on Finchley-common, and robbing him of a purse, containing 23 shillings in different coins; and Geo. Townshend, for stealing a bay mare, the property of Thomas Hedges, out of his stable at Colchester, in the county of Essex.

8. The Sessions at Guildhall opened with the revival of a recollection of the unfortunate disturbance in June, 1780. One of the persons who received a stab to his fortune, by the fury of a lawless mob in that riot, petitioned to be paid his proportion of damages, according to the moneys already collected by the constables, and by them placed in the chamber, without being under the necessity of waiting in anxious expectation of the whole rates being raised, which, by delay and litigation, would probably be a considerable time in deficiency. — The Lord Mayor said he had, in order to render the business intelligible, and that it should be expeditiously executed, ordered the clerk of the peace to send round a brief state of the particulars to all the wards — together with the order of the last court for raising the money (£8,000 l.) within thirty days. The Recorder then instituted an enquiry as to the money really collected, and several large deficiencies appeared. The learned Sergeant took a review of the Act of Parliament, by which a heavy forfeiture was incurred, through neglect of raising the money in thirty days after the first application and order of sessions to that purpose. The constables were called to answer for their conduct, but, as in general, they had not been aware of the complaint, and were gone away; a day is to be appointed, and if by that time any deficiencies should be occasioned by their neglect, proper measures will be pursued by the Court to put the Act in full force. The consideration of this important matter engrossed so much time, as to prevent the trial of indictments and appeals, to the very great inconvenience of prosecutors and witnesses, and the no small increase of parish expenses.

10. The sessions began at the Old Bailey, when 22 prisoners were tried, six of whom were capitally convicted, viz. — Nathaniel Groom, burglariously breaking open the dwelling-house of John Pearce, in Old Compton-street, the night before, and stealing thereout four and eleven cotton handkerchiefs; James May, for robbing Benjamin Bailey on the highway, in the New-road, Ilington, of a coat, containing a cloth and three guineas, the property of Mrs. May and Harris; Francis

Bark, Joseph Hill, and James Rouch, for robbing John Stogden and Sarah Stogden, on the highway, in the private road behind Red-ford-House, of two pairs of silver buckles, two pocket-books, and some money; and Mary Taunton, for stealing 30 yards of black lace, value 40s. the property of Messrs Barlow and Coultsman, privately in their shop in Cannon-street alley.

Jan. 11. Twenty-two prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, four of whom were capitally convicted, viz. — John Coleman, for feloniously assaulting William Duncumb, in the foot-way between Pancras and Kenish-Town, on the 24th of December last, and robbing him of a white enamelled mourning-ring, a silver watch, and five guineas and a half. — Francis Curtis, for feloniously assaulting Arnold Jolly, near the same place, and robbing him of a silver watch and about 6s. 6d. in money. — They were also both convicted of robbing William Myer, on the highway, of a silver watch and about eight shillings in money. — James Riley, for feloniously shooting at John Ellingham, with a pistol loaded with powder and ball, (in the City-Road,) and dangerously wounding him in the back. He was also on Wednesday convicted of a highway robbery. — John Tate, a boy about 15 years of age, and lame, for feloniously assaulting (in company with some girls) Elizabeth Mince, on the highway in Turamill-street, and robbing her of a gown, two petticoats, a pocket, and 3s. 6d.

12. Eighteen prisoners were tried at the Old Bailey, twelve of whom were convicted of felonies, and five acquitted.

George Todd, whose execution was respited until to-morrow, has received a farther respite during his Majesty's pleasure.

15. The session ended, when 11 convicts received judgement of death; nine were sentenced to hard labour in raising gravel, &c. and cleansing the river Thames; 18 to be kept to hard labour in the house of correction, several of whom were ordered to be whipped; three to be privately whipped and discharged; six to be imprisoned in Newgate; and 18 discharged by proclamation.

Patrick Madan and Robert Hill, who formerly received sentence of death, but respited, are referred to their former sentence, and the respite during his Majesty's pleasure.

John Shepherd hath received his Majesty's mercy on condition of being kept to hard labour on the river Thames for three years.

18. This day was kept as her Majesty's birth-day, with the usual ceremonies, a particular account of which is already set forth. See p. 13.

22. At one o'clock, the Right Hon. the Earl Cornwallis arrived in the metropolis, accompanied by General Arnold and his family. His Lordship brings the information to Government, that he left New York with a fleet of transports, &c. to the amount of 110 sail, on the 12th December. On the 18th a violent storm arose, and so completely dispersed them,

that no particular four of them ever got together again during the whole course of their passage. The Janas, of 44 guns, has never been heard of since the above dispersion, and his Lordship expresses the greatest apprehension lest, from the violence of the tempest, this vessel may have gone to the bottom. His Lordship farther relates, that in the course of the passage the Robust, which he was originally on-board when he left New York, sprung a leak, and he was removed on-board the Greyhound transport. When he came within sight of Scilly, this vessel was captured by a French brig, the Captain of which took several of the English sailors into his own ship, and put eight Frenchmen and a prize-master into the Greyhound, with directions to steer for the first French port. Before they came near the coast of France, a violent storm arose, and the Frenchmen being bad navigators, and the vessel in danger of being lost, Lord Cornwallis proposed to the master, to restore the ship to the command and steerage of the Englishmen, and he pledged his honour that it should be returned untouched. The necessity of the case left no alternative, and the man complied; the vessel was brought into Torbay, where his Lordship was received by Capt. Macbride, and the Greyhound was resigned to the Frenchman.

**Salisbury, Jan. 7.** A very singular Discovery was made in this neighbourhood last week. A footman, servant to a gentleman who died lately in the clove, sent a letter to the son of the deceased, informing him that he was possessed of sundry valuable articles, the property of his late master, and which he was ready to deliver to him. Search was in consequence made, and, to the astonishment of the party, several large boxes, containing property of various kinds, appeared, viz. money, securities, plate, wearing apparel, wines, linen, with sundry other articles, supposed to the value, in the whole, of above 2000 l. which he had collected, at various times, from his master, with whom he lived about ten years, and who placed great confidence in him.

**Gloucester, Jan. 7.** On Friday last, as William Heming was returning to his home at Sandhurst, in passing near the river, which had overflowed its banks, it is supposed that he missed the road and fell in, his horse being found the next day in a meadow on the opposite side of the river. He was very much disfigured, as he passed through Gloucester, from attempting to go so dangerous a road in the dark, but he was not to be prevailed upon.

A brig is arrived at Swansea, which was taken last Tuesday, near St. Ives, by the La Victoire French frigate of 32 guns, (forced up the Bristol channel by the late storm,) from France to America, having on-board a number of troops. The brig left the frigate the same day, between St. Ives and Padstow: the English who were left on-board made the Frenchmen drunk, rose upon them, and brought her into Swansea.

A very daring murder was committed some time ago in the plain of Sacké, a place which

the King of Prussia reserves for his own hunting. One of his Majesty's coachmen, two postillions, and a footman belonging to one of the King's equerries, went to fowl in the above plain. They fired a few shots, which soon brought up one of the gamekeepers, who insisted to see if they had a written order, without which, none but his Majesty was allowed to shoot there; the answer given was a musket shot, which killed the gamekeeper on the spot. Mons. Le Roi, the ranger of the place, came immediately on hearing the report of the last shot; and very likely he did not speak quite so roughly as the gamekeeper, for these people only knocked him down; but though they did not kill him, his life nevertheless is still in danger, as he was obliged to undergo the operation of the trepan, his skull having been fractured. After this second exploit, the murderers, judging that if they stayed much longer they must soon be taken by the guards, betook themselves to flight. His Majesty having been informed the same day of this tragedy, which one might say, had been acted under his eye, gave orders that the strictest search should be made to find out the villains: the search was not fruitless, for the four ruffians have been all taken.

**Jan. 3.** A young gentleman shot himself at his apartment near Hatton-Garden. A note was found in his pocket in which were given his reasons for committing this rash action viz. his having been enticed to gaming-tables, where he lost his whole fortune, which was sufficient to have supported him, and being reduced to the last shilling. He concludes the note with wishing that the Magistrates would use their authority to suppress all gaming-houses, as it would be a means of saving many a person from destruction.

On Friday, the 4th instant, in the morning Preston-Hall, near Alnwick, in Northumberland, by some unknown accident, took fire, and was burnt to the ground.

**8.** John Putterell, Walter Townsend, James Wilson, and John Fowler, were taken from Newgate to the place of execution, when the three former were consigned to their fate, but the execution of Fowler being stayed by an order from the Secretary of State, he was re-conducted to Newgate.

One of the unhappy sufferers, James Wilson, was, about six years since, convicted at Hicks's Hall, by the name of James Nimney, of a riot in Moorfields, and sentenced to seven years imprisonment in Newgate, and but a short time since received his Majesty's pardon.

Last night a warrant was sent to Newgate, from the office of the Right Hon. Lord Sturmont, respecting the execution of John Fowler until Tuesday, the 15th instant.

On Wednesday, the 9th instant, a poor woman was killed by a tile falling on her head in Long-alley, Moorfields.

**13.** This evening a fire broke out at Mr Woodmason's, Stationer, in Leadenhall-street, which entirely destroyed the house. The circumstances attending this dreadful accident

were as follow: Mr. W. was gone with several friends to see the company in the ball-room at St. James's. Mrs. W. was at home with three maids and two young men belonging to the business. His clerks and footman out. At half past ten Mrs. W. with the nursery-maid, visited all the children to see they were safe. Five of them slept in the nursery, over her bed-chamber, in the front of the house; the other two slept over them. They were all in the most profound sleep but the elder, whom she kissed and talked a little with. She then went to her room, and desired her own maid to bring her some water: to wash her feet in the room adjoining her bed-chamber: went into her chamber, undressed herself if all but her under-petticoat, and put on her bed-gown. She then went to wash her feet, ordered her maid to go and get her a rush-light ready, and carry it to her room; which was done. She then sent her down for a tumbler of water, which she brought up, and went into the room with it, (this in five or six minutes,) when she gave a most violent shriek, and cried out, Fire!—Mrs. W. ran out to her, saw her bed in flames, called to her to save her children. The maid, in her fright, ran down stairs, and Mrs. W. after, calling for her and the rest of the maids to come to her assistance. No answer was given, nor any one came; she went down, therefore, (neither the maid or Mrs. W. had the presence of mind to shut the chamber-door,) and found no one in the kitchen. She ran to the dining-room window, which she opened, and called out Fire! People from the street desired her to come and open the door, and they would assist her. She ran down stairs, without shoes and stockings, and with great difficulty opened the street-door to all who entered. She cried out, Her children! her children! save her children! They promised to take care of them. She lost her senses, and was carried over to Mr. Munt's, where she stood sometime in agonies not to be described, till she was assured all her children were safe. She was then taken up stairs. A humane man ran to St. James's for Mr. W. He was called out by his friends in a very humane tender manner. Upon his reaching Mr. Munt's, all cried out to him, that his children were safe! He found his wife in the greatest agonies; he enquired after his children; by the answers given, he was, from his own reason, convinced the children were destroyed. His feelings and sufferings are better imagined than described.

Monday night, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, a duel was fought, on a piece of ground near Lincoln, between two officers quartered in that city. One of them fired and lodged a ball in the head of his antagonist, who has never spoke since; and it is the opinion of the surgeons that the ball cannot be extracted.

On Wednesday, the 9th instant, about four o'clock in the afternoon, as Anthony Todd, Secretary to the General Post-office, was going in his carriage to his house at Waltham-st. by London, and another Gentleman with

him, he was stopped within a small distance of his house by two highwaymen, one of whom held a pistol to the coachman's breast, whilst the other, with a handkerchief over his face, robbed Mr. Todd and the gentleman of their gold watches and what money they had about them. As soon as Mr. Todd got home, all his men-servants were mounted on horses, and pursued the highwaymen; they got intelligence of their passing Lee-bridge, and rode on to Shoreditch; but could not learn any thing farther of them.

The same evening a gentleman going along Aldermanbury, near the church, was accosted by a man with an enquiry as to the time; on which the gentleman pulled out his gold watch. The man immediately said, "I must have that watch and your money, sir, so don't make a noise." The gentleman seeing nobody near, he delivered his gold watch and four guineas, with some silver. The thief said he was in distress, and hoped the gentleman would not take away his life if ever he had the opportunity.

Sunday, the 13th instant, about twelve o'clock, a man was, by force, dragged up the yard of the French-Horn Inn, High Holborn; by some person or persons unknown, and robbed of his watch, four guineas, and some silver; when they broke his arm and otherwise cruelly treated him. He was sent by a Coachman, who took him to the hospital.

On Wednesday, Jan. 15, between four and five o'clock, as the Right Hon. Lord Melbourne was going to his house in Hertfordshire, he was attacked, about eighteen miles from town, by two highwaymen extremely well mounted, and robbed of his watch and money, after which they rode off full speed towards London.

A few days since a poor man was stopped on Peckham-common by five footpads, who having searched all his pockets to find money, and getting none, set him at liberty. One of the villains, however, perceiving the man to wear a better coat than he, persuaded the gang to follow and strip him: on which they pursued; but hearing their discourse, he made the best of his way from them, but was overtaken, and his coat exchanged for a gibbet of rags. He was then set at liberty again, and got about two or three hundred yards distance, when he heard them in full pursuit of him again; and considering that he had nothing then to lose but his life, he took to his heels, and ran with such speed, that he got to a neighbouring house before his pursuers; and the door being fortunately open, though at a late hour, he got in, but instantly swooned away; in which condition he remained for some time, but by proper assistance was recovered. And, having told his disaster, his bargain was first reviewed outside, which was a motley figure; but, in searching the pockets, two silk handkerchiefs were found, one of which contained nine guineas! which, being the night's booty of the footpads, is supposed to have hastened their pursuit, and not a desire to murder the man, which he, with a great degree of reason, dreaded.

## MARRIAGES.

At Bath, James Tonkinson, jun. Esq. of Dorset, in Cheshire, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for that County, to Miss Mary Wood, daughter of the late John Wood, of Bath, Esq. — Mr. Thomas Stock, of Bitchamptree, in Essex, to Miss Petty, only daughter of John Petty, Esq. late of Tottenham-cour. — At Derby, William Haynes, jun. Esq. of London, to Miss Hardcastle — Thomas Reeve, M.D. to Miss Buckle, of Upper Seymour-street. — — Vale, Esq. of Kington, to Miss King, of Audley-street. — Jonathan Fitzwilliam, Esq. of Colchester, in Essex, to Miss Hannah Skinner, daughter of Joseph Skinner, Esq. wine-merchant on Tower-hill. — Anthony Woodford, Esq. of Colchester, in Essex, to Miss Christian Thornton, of Mansfield-street, Goodman's Fields. — At Aylon, in Yorkshire, Mr. Nathaniel Bogle French, to Miss Skottowe, of that place. — Mr. Owen Evans, of Blackmoor street, Clare-market, aged 21, to Mrs. Sarah Thorpe, widow, aged 60, house-keeper to the British Library in the Strand. — Mr. Peter Wheeler, grocer, in Cheap-side, to Miss P. Marley, of the same place.

## DEATHS.

At Bagshot, Lieut. General Francis Grant, Colonel of the 63d regiment of foot. — John Skelly Esq. aged 92, at Holgrove, Hants. — At Dpford, Miss P. Milne, fourth daughter of the Rev. Dr. Milne. — Mr. John Kitchingman, miniature-painter, of King-street, Covent-garden. — At Leicester, Mr. Benjamin Alvey, aged 81. — In Hartford-street, Mayfair, the eldest son of Sir John Cope. — At Romsey, Hants, Mr. Cotton, builder, of that town, aged 91. — At Baldock, in Hertfordshire, Isaac Wilkinson, Esq. — Near Barnet, Thomas George Townley, Esq. formerly Governor of Fort St. George in the East Indies. — At Peckham, in Surry, John Minnit, Esq. — At Richard Finch's, Esq. at Tenterden, in Kent, Miss Elizabeth Hodges. — At Ipswich, aged 73, the Rev. C. Douthwaite, Rector of St. Mary-St. ke, in that town, and Vicar of Ruffmore, in Suffolk. — At Envil, in Staffordshire, Mr. John Roberts, of Fenchurch-street. — Mrs. Mary Whinn, wife of Mr. John Whinn, on St. Andrew's Hill, near Doctors Commons. — In Cannon-street, Mrs. Roberts, relict of the late Richard Roberts, Esq. of Croydon. — Mr. Burrow, of Norwich. — At Tiverton, Mr. John Beedel, aged 100 years; he has left children and grand-children to the amount of 240. — In Bartholomew-clofe, Mrs. Zachary, widow of the late John Zachary, merchant, in King-street, Cheap-side. — Near Stepney, Benjamin Lancaster, Esq. aged 89. — Mr. William Duncan, of Aldermanbury, merchant. — Miss Deverell, daughter of — Deverell, Esq. of Clifton. — Mr. Bach, music-master to her Majesty. — The City-roads William Fens, Esq. brewer. — In Kinsale, the Hon. Mrs. Pigott, daughter to the late Right Hon. Lord Brancourt, and aunt to the present Earl of Glauore. — At Gloucester, Colonel John Jennings. — At the city of Edinburgh, William Earl Panmure. —

At Derby, Samuel Crompton, Esq. banker, and one of the Aldermen of that borough. — At Islington, William Whitaker, Esq. — At Hartford, in the 90th year of her age, Mrs. Reynolds, relict of Richard Reynolds, Esq. — At Tottenham, Mrs. Unwin.

## BANKRUPTS.

Joseph Paxton and John Hodgson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, full-cloth-manufacturers and co-partners.

Thomas Howitt, of Woodhall, in the parish of Womersley, Yorkshire, wine-merchant.

William Mathison, of Hatton-street, Holborn, Middlesex, merchant.

Henry Rigg, of Holborn, in the parish of St. Andrew, Middlesex, confectioner.

Richard Boucher, of the parish of East-Ham, Worcestershire, dealer and chapman.

William Jolley, of Dorset-street, Spitalfields, Middlesex, grocer.

Thomas Tjulkler, of Gayton, Norfolk, dealer and chapman.

James Corinton, late of Stoke-lake, near Chudleigh, Devonshire, lime-burner, but now of the parish of St. Thomas, in the said county.

Richard Nichols, of Lower Clatford, Southampton, shopkeeper.

James Stroude, late of Shepton-Mallett, Somersetshire, leather-cutter.

Ezekiel Timberlake, of the parish of Acton, Middlesex, corn-chandler.

James Moffatt, of the High-street, in the borough of Southwark, Surry, hop-merchant.

Benjamin Martin, of Fiset-street, London, optician.

Benjamin Betts, of Blackman-street, Southwark, Surry, dealer and chapman.

William Cole, of Bantstead, Surry, dealer and chapman.

James Graham, late of Maiden hall, and now of Stoke, next Nayland, Suffolk, hair-merchant and inn-holder.

James Pettit, of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, lace-manufacturer.

Robert Oliphant and Henry Anderson, both late of Fenchurch-buildings, Fenchurch-street, in the city of London merchants, insurance-brokers, and co-partners.

William Robinson, of Holborn-bridge, London, linen-draper.

Stephen Danfer, of the city of Norwich, distiller.

Joseph Barnett, of Kidderminster, Worcestershire, grocer.

John Taylor, of Goswell-street, in the parish of St. Botolph, Aldersgate-street without, Middlesex, currier.

Charles Coverly, of Aldermanbury, in the city of London, weaver.

John Furze, of Basinghall-street, in the city of London, warehousman.

Richard Middleton, of Bermondsey-street, Surry, fell-monger.

Cater Day, of Colchester, Essex, surgeon and apothecary.

John Cook, of Barton in the city of York, carpenter.

# European Magazine,

AND

## LONDON REVIEW:

CONTAINING THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,  
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS, of the AGE.

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

For FEBRUARY, 1782.

Embellished with the following elegant Engravings:

1. A striking and correct Portrait of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq. Member of Parliament for Stafford.— 2. Le fameux Tombeau de MADAME LANGHANS.— And, 3. Eight Pages of engraved Music.

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L O N D O N:

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From JANUARY 29, to FEBRUARY 22, 1782.

	DRURY-LANE.	COVENT-GARDEN.
Jan. 30	No Play.	No Play.
31	School for Scan. and The Divorce.	Man of the World and Choice of Harlq.
Feb. 1	Weit Ind. and Maid of the Oaks.	New Way to pay old Debts and Ditto.
2	Provoked Husband and Gentle Shepherd.	Ducenna and Ditto.
4	Lord of the Manor and Maid of the Oaks.	Hamlet and Ditto.
5	Machbeth and Gentle Shepherd.	Venice Preserved and Ditto.
6	The Way of the World and Maid of the Oaks.	Maid of the Mill and Ditto.
7	Provoked Husband and Robinson Crusoe.	Measure for Measure and Ditto.
8	No Play.	No Play.
9	Fair Circassian and Gentle Shep.	Which is the Man and The Golden Pipp.
11	Carnival of Venice and Maid of the Oaks.	Ditto and Tom Thumb.
12	The Tempest and Robinson Crus.	Ditto and The Jovial Crew.
13	No Play.	No Play.
14	Trip to Scarborough and Maid of the Oaks.	Which is the Man and Devil to Pay.
15	L'Allegro e il Penseroso.	No Entertainment.
16	The Lord of the Manor and The Citizen.	Which is the Man and Tom Thumb.
18	The Fair Circassian and Robinson Crusoe.	Ditto and Midas.
19	Provoked Husb. and The Quaker.	Ditto and Ditto.
20	School for Scandal and Maid of the Oaks.	Ditto and Vertumnus and Pomona.
21	Ditto and Ditto.	Ditto and Ditto.
22	A Bold Stroke for a Wife and Gentle Shepherd.	Ditto and Ditto.
23	Ditto and Ditto.	Ditto and Cornus.
25	Variety and the Quaker.	Ditto and the Jovial Crew.
26	Ditto and Gentle Shepherd.	Duenna and Tom Thumb.
27	No Play.	No Play.

## TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

*If the technical Jeu d'Esprit of Philo-Grammaticus had been original, it would have appeared.—The Censurer has the justest claim to our attention, and we shall be happy to have his farther assistance.—The verses to the Memory of Victim'd Innocence are more pious than poetical.—For the benefit of our comical Correspondents of Lynn, in Norfolk, we have inserted, in this Number, A Printer's P.I: We entreat them to employ their hours of levity in deciphering that literary curiosity, before they favour us with any more of their nonsense.—Several pieces of fugitive Poetry have been received, which we cannot venture to lay before the public. D. T. is not in this class.—To convince the Somersetshire Croaker that his suspicions are ill-founded, we shall send him a bundle of the papers alluded to by the post; and, should he have twenty or thirty shillings for postage to pay, he must ascribe it to his own hasty censures only.—The Royal Stag-bunt—Clio's Epistle—The Peerless Peer—The History of a Numskull—The Mantua-Maker—The Er. ver's Horse, &c. are under consideration.—D. P.'s verses are too unfinished for publication.—The Man of the Town, No. 2.—The Triumph of Beauty in continuation—Marcus, and several other contributions designed for this month, must be unavoidably postponed to the next Number.—X. X.'s idea of LITTLE FULLER relations and MORE PREFERABLE plans does not come to us with the recommendation either of orthography or grammar.*







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THE

# EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

## LONDON REVIEW;

For FEBRUARY, 1782.

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Account of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, Esq. Member of Parliament for the Borough of Stafford; with an elegant Portrait.

**R**ICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN is of a family, which, during the greater part of the present century, has been eminent for genius and learning. The fame which it has acquired has been built on the most secure foundation, and promises to receive still farther increase from the branches of it now in being.

He is the son of Thomas Sheridan, Esq. late manager of the theatre in Dublin, by Frances his wife, a lady who was the author of several dramatic works; and grandson to Dr. Thomas Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Dean Swift. — Of these persons, who have made themselves famous for their literary qualifications, we propose to give some account hereafter. Mr. Sheridan, the object of our present enquiry, was born at Quilea, near Dublin, about the year 1752; and at the age of six years was brought to England by his father, who at that time was compelled to leave his native country, and placed at Harrow-school, where he received his education under the care of Dr. Sumner, a gentleman who was particularly successful in the arduous and important employment of a schoolmaster.

It does not appear that he ever was a member of either of the universities; but, choosing the law for his profession, he entered himself of the Middle-Temple, with a view of being called to the bar. In this dry study, where success is only to be obtained by unremitting application, and in which the brightest geniuses have found themselves sometimes below the common run of mankind, Mr. Sheridan did not long persist. His attention was soon drawn aside by the irresistible charms of beauty and poetry. At the age of eighteen years, he joined with a friend in translating the Epistles of Aretænetus from the Greek; and about the same period printed several works, which are known only to his intimate friends\*, and some of them perhaps not even to them.

At the critical season of youth, when the passions are apt to lead their possessors into extravagances and consequent difficulties, Mr. Sheridan resided chiefly at Bath, where he became acquainted with the amiable lady who was afterwards united to him by the bands of matrimony. That an attachment to each other should be the result of this acquaintance, will appear no

One of these has suggested, that he wrote an answer to the celebrated Heroic Epistle to William Chambers. We give this hearsay without being able either to confirm or deny the report. It may however be observed, that he had not at this juncture devoted himself to the measures of opposition, or connected himself with those who are at present adverse to

way surprising; nor that one, in whom the charms both of mind and body were to be found, should be the object of admiration by several pretenders. A disagreement on this subject, as is supposed, took place between Mr. Sheridan and a gentleman of the name of Matthews, which occasioned much conversation at Bath, during the time that the event was recent there. The particulars of this quarrel are only important to the parties themselves; and as it is probable they may not have any wish to perpetuate them at so great a distance of time, we shall only observe, that a duel ensued, which was conducted in a manner which displayed both the courage and ferocity of the combatants in a very singular manner: perhaps no conflict of this kind ever exhibited such symptoms of inveterate and unabated resentment as this we are now alluding to.

On the 13th of April, 1773, he married the lady we have already mentioned; and at length turned his attention to the stage, and produced a comedy in 1775, at Covent Garden, called *The Rivals*. This play abounds in character and situation; but on its first appearance was received with so little favour, that it required some management and alteration to obtain for it a second hearing. Several causes conspired to occasion this extraordinary treatment: one of the actors, Mr. Lee, mangled and misunderstood the character of an Irishman in such a manner, as to render every scene in which he was concerned ridiculous and disgusting: the performance also was too long in the representation;—a change however in the performer, and the pruning knife judiciously applied, procured the piece the applause it deserved, though its reputation has been much less than the succeeding dramas of the same author.

The person who succeeded Mr. Lee in personating the Irishman was Mr. Clinch, who received much applause in the character. At his benefit he was complimented with the first representation of the farce of *St. Patrick's day*. Early in the next season *The Duenna* appeared, and was honoured with a degree of approbation which even exceeded what had been formerly bestowed on the *Beggar's Opera*. About this period, Mr. Garrick began to think of quitting the stage in earnest; and Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Linley, and Dr. Ford, entered into a treaty with him, which, in the year 1777, was finally completed, and the new managers invested with the powers of the patent.

The efforts of these gentlemen were by no means proportioned to the importance of their undertaking; a number of despicable pieces were brought forwards; and *The School for Scandal*, which alone was calculated to keep up the credit of the house, and fill the treasury of it, was deferred until the 8th of May, when the season ought to have concluded. This piece can receive no honour from additional praise; nor can it be injured by the severest critical examination. It has been followed by *The Camp*, *The Critic*, and *Robinson Crusoe*, the last inferior to the worst performance of Mr. Mollins; and a proof that even the greatest genius will sink beneath contempt, when he contends with a mechanic in his own profession.

On the late general election, Mr. Sheridan procured himself to be returned member for the borough of Stafford; and has since devoted his time to political enquiries. These new pursuits have had a fatal effect on his dramatic exertions.—Three years are now elapsed since the appearance of *The Critic*; and though we are frequently informed, that an opera called the *Foresters*, and a comedy intitled *Affectionation*, are to be soon produced; we have expected them so long, that we now have no reliance on any assurances that can be given respecting these pieces: we even begin to suspect, that he is no longer to be considered as a follower of the Muses, and are sincerely sorry to see his defection from their service.

Mr. Sheridan's character, as a writer and a man, is calculated to impress separate and distinct sensations on those who contemplate it. In the former, he has distinguished himself by an early prematureity, which has enabled him to outstrip every veteran competitor in the dramatic race. His comedies abound in wit, humour, satire, situation, and pleasantry: in satire, which is calculated to improve, without wounding any individual; in pleasantry, so general, that it cannot but delight every spectator and reader of taste and judgement. His versification is equally elegant and polished, and his prologues and epilogues exhibit the excellences of those of the late Mr. Garrick, without their defects: in point of composition, they are certainly superior; and, with respect to wit and humour, will lose nothing in the comparison. With excellences like these, Mr. Sheridan might support his reputation of the English theatre; and in this line he seems to have been intended to shine without any rival. Regarding

the stage however, here our eulogium must end. As a manager, perhaps, no person is so totally unequal to the duty of that office; he is careless, and inattentive; and has shewn so little judgement in his choice, that he has even subjected himself to the suspicion of having received the worst pieces with a view to let off his own. This insinuation, however, is only mentioned to afford an opportunity of declaring our thorough conviction of its want of the slightest foundation. The brilliancy of his dramatic performances require no foil to add to their lustre: in the distribution of talents, it appears as though Providence had resolved to mix some quality with the greatest, as should render them useless to their owner.— Though acknowledged the first person in the dramatic walk, he soon grew discontented with the honours which were lavishly bestowed upon him as a writer, and ambition tempted him to list under the banners of a party where he has been, and is still likely to be, left at a great distance. In proportion as his political frenzy has prevailed, the theatre has been neglected; and that which produced wealth and independence to his predecessor, and which his own exertions were powerful enough to continue, is deemed hardly worthy of a second place in his thoughts. After this representation, it will create no won-

der that the credit of Drury-Lane Theatre is not equal to what it was under Mr. Garrick's administration. While we lament the misapplication of great powers of the mind, it is but justice to acknowledge, that Mr. Sheridan is no inconsiderable orator in the House of Commons; and, had he waited until his abilities had conferred (as properly directed they soon would have done) riches upon him, his eloquence and his arguments would have been heard with the attention, and produced the effect, which, from their intrinsic weight, might have been expected from them. As a man, he is open, generous, candid, liberal, and benevolent, possessed of virtues which the want of prudence, we trust, will neither extinguish nor put to the hazard. We venture this remark from a melancholy reflection on life, which has often confirmed the truth of Dr. Johnson's observation, that "Those, who, in confidence of superior capacities and attainments, disregarded the common maxims of life, ought to be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and, that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible." In our next Number we mean to give a Genealogical Account of the Sheridan family, interspersed with Anecdotes.



THE HIVE: A COLLECTION OF SCRAPS.

rotinus aërii mellis cœlestia dona  
æquar: hanc etiam, Mæcenas, aspice partem.  
admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,  
flagrantissimisque duces, totiusque ordine gentis  
flores et studia, et populos, et prælia dicam.  
non tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria: si quem  
lumina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus Apollo.  
VIRG.

the gifts of Heav'n my following theme pursue,  
Ere I honey, and ambrosial dews.  
Mæcenas, read this other part, that sings  
embattled squadrons, and advent'rous kings;  
ALIGHTY FOMF, THOUGH MADE OF  
THINGS.

Their arms, their arts, their manners, I disclose;  
And how they war, and whence the people rose.  
Slight is the subject, but the praise not small,  
If Heav'n assist, and Phœbus hear my call.

MODERN philosophers are much better acquainted with nature in general, than were Aristotle or Theophrastus, from whom the prince of Latin poets borrowed largely in his account of this curious little animal, which he has so poetically drawn in his fourth beautiful Georgic,

Georgic. Messrs. Maraldi and de Réaumur, have made a philosophical description of BEES; the substance of which is, that a glass hive represents a city of sixteen or eighteen thousand inhabitants. This city is a monarchy, consisting of a QUEEN, GRANDEES, SOLDIERS, ARTIFICERS, PORTERS, HOUSES, STREETS, GATES, MAGAZINES, and the STRICTEST CIVIL POLICY. The queen lives in a palace in the farther part of the town; some of the cells (which run perpendicularly from the top of the hive) are larger than the rest, and belong to those who, after the queen, hold the first rank in the commonwealth; the others are inhabited by the people at large. The cells are all public buildings, which belong to the society in common; for, among these happy beings, there is no MEUM or TUUM. Some of these edifices are appropriated as magazines for a store of honey; others for the daily provision of the industrious; others are allotted to receive their eggs, and to lodge the worm, from which the infant-bee draws its vital existence.

In the hive there is usually but one queen, six or eight hundred or even a thousand males, called DRONES, and from fifteen to sixteen thousand bees, without distinction of sex, who carry on the policy and manufacture of the commonwealth. The MOTHER-BEE, or the queen, is the soul of the community, and, were it not for her, every thing would languish; for, when she is secreted from the city, the inhabitants lose all care of posterity, making neither wax nor honey. Her subjects pay her majesty the most dutiful respect, and accompany her whenever she goes abroad, or is carried from her palace: and such is their address, that they perform their several functions without being ordered, or giving their queen the least trouble or uneasiness.—Her only business is to people her dominions, and this she fulfils with so much exactitude, as to merit the most honourable of all titles—the PARENT of her COUNTRY. To insure the love of her subjects, it is necessary she should have from ten to twelve thousand children in the space of seven weeks, and, one year with another, from thirty to forty thousand. Her sacred majesty is easily distinguished by a long and slender shape. Her wings are however much shorter: for, her people have wings, which cover the whole body; in her they terminate about half-way, at the third ring of her admired form. The queen, indeed, has, like the rest, a ring and a bladder of poison; but she is not

so easily provoked to call them in to her assistance; when she does, the wound is deeper, and much more painful.

The DRONES, or the THOUSAND HUSBANDS of this LITTLE QUEEN, are found in the hive only from the beginning of May to the end of July. Their number increases every day during that period of time, and is at the greatest when the queen is breeding:—and, strange to tell, in a few days after they die a violent death! Their way of living is also peculiar to themselves; for, excepting the moments they are employed in paying their court to their sovereign mistress, they are quite idle, enjoying a most luxurious table, eating only the finest honey; whereas the common people live in a great measure on the wax. They rise early, go abroad, and do not think of returning home until they are loaded with wax or honey, for the good of the community: the drones, on the contrary, do not stir abroad until the hour of eleven, when they take the air, and amuse themselves until near six in the evening. They have no sting, nor those long elastic teeth with which the other bees work up the honey; nor have they those kind of hollows, which serve them for baskets to bring it to their respective habitations.

The commonalty have an infinite number of surprising particularities; a few of which are, that their head seems to be triangular, and the point of the triangle is formed by the meeting of two long elastic teeth, which are concave on the inside. In the second and third pair of their legs, is a part called the brush, of a square figure, with its outward surface polished and sleek, and its inward hairy, like a common brush. With these two instruments they prepare their wax and honey. The materials of their wax lie in the form of dust upon theamina of flowers. When the bee would gather this dust, she enters the flower, and takes it up by means of her brush, to which it easily adheres. She comes out all covered with it, sometimes yellow, sometimes red, or according to its native colour. If these particles be inclosed in the capsule of a flower, she pierces it with her long movable teeth, and then gathers them at her leisure. When this little animal is thus loaded, she rubs herself to collect her materials, and rolls them up in a little mass. Sometimes she performs this part of her business by the way; sometimes she stays till she comes back to her habitation. As soon as they are rendered into a ball about the size of a pin's

of pepper, she lodges it in her little basket, and returns with a joy proportionable to the quantity she brings. The honey of the bees is found in the same place with the wax; and is lodged in little reservoirs, placed at the bottom of the flowers.

## EPIGRAM,

By SAM. SMART, of BOSTON.

**L**ET us throw all cuckolds over, Pantus cries:—  
First learn to swim, my dear,—his wife replies.

The following Epitaph was pinned to the curtains of a bridal bed, upon the night of marriage:

Hic jacet,  
Maria Bird;  
Eximia: puella pulchritudinis  
Nulla venustas,  
Animæ defuit nullus corpori  
Decor.

Tandem in illius sinum recepta,  
Quem maximè concupiverat,  
Lubenter  
Naturæ persolvens debitum,  
Placide obdormit  
Læta,  
Spe carnis resurrectionis.

## A WORD

To the Titled FAGGOTS of a cursed cold HOUSE.

Those Things the vulgar call the Great,  
Immortal are, in spite of fate!  
This truth how easy to conceive:—  
They never die, who never live.

## ANTITHESE utile,

Traduite de l'Anglois par un Anglois.

Ces petits Riens, les Grands, qu'honore  
le vulgaire,  
Sont, à bon droit, immortels: leur patente  
en est claire;  
Privilege sacré! des êtres sans vertu,  
De ne jamais mourir, n'ayant jamais vécu.

On a woman, who, from indigent circumstances, by the death of a relation, came into the possession of a large fortune, got up her carriage, died soon after, and was most magnificently buried.

**D**AME C—, to satisfy her pride, herself did in a chariot fix:  
Death, her folly to deride,  
Overtaken her with a hearse and fix.

## EPIGRAM,

On being turned out of a public-house, after having spent all his money.—  
Written with chalk, on the window-board,

By the late JAMES DUFFIELD, Esq.  
Has God alone perfection, do you say,  
When so many perfect things we see each day?  
The poor have some perfections—some the rich:—  
Here's mother Dashwood—she's a perfect bitch.

**ANECDOTE.** The new ninety-gun ship the *Atlas*, that was lately launched at Chatham, had at her head the figure of *Atlas* supporting the globe. By an error of the builder, the globe was placed so high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowsprit could be fitted in. This part happened to be no other than all North-America; and, what was more remarkable, the person, who was ordered to take the hatchet and slice it off, was an American.

A gentleman of a loose and gay turn of mind, happening, some few weeks since, to be in company with a religious man, was ridiculing things of a serious nature in very profligate language; upon which the good man said, you put me in mind, sir, of a deaf man ridiculing the charms of music, and a blind man speaking contemptibly of the beauty of colours.

Sir S. C. waiting on Oliver Cromwell, the Protector, with an address, and being rather a bulky man, had some difficulty in rising after kissing his highness's hand, and in the attempt a pretty loud *ercpitus* exploded—How, now, cries the Protector—do you, sir, in my presence, dare to release prisoners?—No, please your highness, replies the knight, it was an impudent rascal that escaped through the postern!

Anecdote of the late Prince of Wales, and of his present Majesty, when Prince George.—Goupee, an excellent artist, was in high favour with the late Prince of Wales, and he daily attended his Royal Highness, to paint pictures on such subjects as he should dictate. One morning, upon Goupee's arrival at Leicester-house, "Come, Goupee, said the Prince, sit down, and paint me a picture on such a subject." Goupee, perceiving Prince George (his present Majesty) a prisoner behind

behind a chair, took the liberty humbly to represent to his Royal Patron, how impossible it was for him to sit down to execute his Royal Highness's commands with spirit, while the Prince was standing, and under his royal displeasure. "Come out then, George, said the good-natured Prince, Goupee has released you." When Goupee was eighty-four, and very poor, he had a mad woman to nurse and maintain, who was the object of his delight when young; he therefore put himself in the King's sight at Kensington, where he lived. At length the King stopped his coach, and called him to him. "How do you do, Goupee?" said the King; and asked him if he had sufficient to live upon. "Little enough, indeed!" answered Goupee;—"and, as I once took your Majesty out of prison, I hope you will not let me go into one." His Majesty was graciously pleased to order Goupee a guinea a week for his life; which he enjoyed only a few weeks, dying soon after.

The following *Bon Mot* was read in the Court of King's Bench the other day, to identify the person meant by the nickname of Snake.

An artist very much admires the picture of the reverend parson Snake in the exhibition, where he is drawn at full length in a beautiful landscape with a large tree, and attended by his dog. He thinks, however, that the tree wants *execution*, and that

the painter has not done *justice* to the dog. Lord Mansfield observed of this, that he should be apt to excuse the libel for the sake of the wit.

#### EPIGRAM,

On the King of Prussia, by Voltaire.  
Roi, Guerrier, Philosophe, Auteur, Musicien,

Poete, Franc-Macon, politique, Économique,  
Pour le bien de l'Europe, ah! il Chretien!  
Pour celui de la Reine, hélas! que n'est-il l'Homme?

#### EX TEMPORE,

To a Lady of Tory principles, appearing at the Theatre-Royal in Dublin, with an orange lily in her breast, on King William's birth-night. By the late John St. Leger, Esq.

Thou little Tory, why the jest,  
Of wearing orange in thy breast;  
When that same breast, betraying, shews  
The whiteness of the rebel rose?

Vers pour être mis au bas du portrait de son altesse Royale Monseigneur le Prince de Galles.

Destiné par son rang à succéder au trône,  
Son amour pour les arts, ses vertus, ses talens,

Comme autant de joyaux, lui font une Couronne

Plus brillante que l'or, et ses vains ornemens.

#### To the EDITORS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE, &c.

Gentlemen,

**I** HAVE with much concern observed, that those parliamentary speakers in both houses, who have been bred to the Bar, seldom fail of departing from that rule which should ever be regarded by those who are exalted to the honourable office of representing the people of these great kingdoms.

Instead of allowing the arguments of their adversaries to have their due force, and instead of deducing natural consequences from the general tenor of debate, it is the misfortune of these gentlemen, arising, as we imagine, from the prejudice of education, and the mode of their professional practice, suddenly to espouse one side of the question. Thus they continue resolutely to adhere to the cause, in favour of which they have made an inconsiderate decision, forgetful of the dignity of the character they ought to maintain, and transforming themselves into dogmatical advocates, in support of maxims

which their senatorial obligations should urge them to abhor.

A spirit of disputation, and a dread of being vanquished in "the war of words," seem to be impregnated into the very constitution of the gentlemen of the Law; and therefore, when a question of, perhaps, the highest national importance is in agitation, their object is, at any expence, to obtain a victory; and it is seldom that they will submit to make a prudent retreat, however pregnant with good consequences that measure may appear to the dispassionate and candid.

In short, the parliamentary lawyers appear to avail themselves of all that sophistry, artful introduction of false facts, jesuitical cunning, obstinacy, and overbearingness, which they have been accustomed to employ in defence of their respective clients. It may be added, they expect to be paid in proportion to their labours, and perhaps they are all disappointed.

Description du fameux Tombeau de Madame Langhans, exécuté par M. Jean Auguste Nahl, ci-devant Sculpteur de S. M. le Roi de Prusse. On voit ce chef-d'œuvre au milieu du Chœur de l'Eglise paroissiale de Hindelbanck, à deux lieues de Berne.

**C**ETTE Dame, qui passoit pour une des plus belles femmes de la Suisse, mourut en couche de son premier enfant, à Hindelbanck, à l'âge de vingt-huit ans. Son époux, qui étoit Pasteur de ce Village, vivement affligé de cette perte, trouva dans M. Nahl l'artiste qu'il falloit pour élever sa douleur & la mémoire d'une Epouse chérie.

Cet illustre homme, que S. E. M. l'Avoyer d'Erach de Berne occupoit alors à faire dans la même Eglise le Mausolée de son illustre père, touché de l'état du Pasteur désoié, chez lequel il logeoit, fit servir son ciseau à sa consolation, & exécuta d'une main amie & savante le Tombeau dont on donne ici la gravure.

La nombreuse variété de ces monumens de la fragilité humaine sembloit avoir épuisé toutes les ressources de l'art & de l'esprit, mais M. Nahl ne s'arrêta pas aux idées vulgaires; Mad. Langhans étant morte la veille de Pâques, cette époque lui en inspira une qui fait une heureuse allusion à la certitude de notre résurrection, & qui est si neuve, si simple, & en même tems si sublime, qu'on ne se laisse point de l'admirer.

D'un seul bloc d'une pierre tendre, mais d'un très-beau grain, il forma les figures & le Tombeau. Ce Tombeau s'ouvre avec éclat, comme on présume que

**Herr! hier bin ich und das Kind sodu mir gegeben hast. Horch! die trompette schallt, ihr Klang dringt durch das Grab,**

**Wach auf, mein Schmergens- Sohn wirst deine Hullen ab,**

**Dein Heiland ruft dir zu; ver ihm sieht tod und zeit,**

**Und in ein ewig Heil verschwindet alles zeit. —**

**In dieser seligen Hoffnung hat bingelegt die Gebeine der Frauen**

**Maria Magdal. Langhans einer gebornen Waber, welche geboren den**

**8ten Augusti 1723.**

**Gebohren am Oster Abend**

1751.

**Im betrübter-Geegemahl Georga Lanahans**

la chose arrivera au grand jour des rétributions, lorsque les Sepulcres tendront leurs Morts. La pierre qui couvre le Tombeau se soulève en se brisant, & laisse voir dans l'enfoncement cette belle Personne qui reussit avec son Enfant. Elle se montre à l'instant de son réveil, & semble prendre son bran vers les cieux. Le sentiment de son heureuse immortalité se peint dans ses regards serens & majestueux. D'un bras elle semble repousser la pierre qui s'oppose encore à son passage, & de l'autre elle presse contre son sein son Enfant qui se ranime comme elle, & qui de ses petites mains paroît vouloir s'aider à sortir de ce triste lieu.

La statue qui partage la pierre en trois pieces est naturellement représentée que le Spectateur ému s'attend à voir dans l'instant même le Tombeau s'ouvrir tout-à-fait. Ce Tombeau placé à fleur de terre, & même un peu enfoncé, est couvert de deux volets de bois qu'on ouvre aux Personnes que ce beau Monument attire dans ce Village.

Comme l'Inscription & les Vers qu'on lit sur ce Tombeau, & qui sont de l'illustre M. de Haller, n'auroient pas fait un bel effet sur la gravure, on les donne ici en langue allemande, tels qu'ils sont, avec une imitation en langue Française à côté.

Quel son majestueux ! La trompette éternelle !

Le Sepulcre s'ouvre étonné !

J'entends, Seigneur, c'est ta voix qui m'appelle !

J'accours avec l'Enfant que tu m'avois donné.

Enfant de ma douleur, ouvre enfin ta paupière,

Laisse ta dépouille grossière ;

Dans les bras de ton Rédempteur

Vole, va saisir un bonheur

Qui t'eut échappé sur la terre.

Devant LUI, la mort cède à l'immortalité,

A des biens réels, l'espérance,

Les pleurs à la sérénité,

Le tems s'ensuit, l'Eternité commence. —

• • •

Ainsi, dans un espoir si doux, Sûre que le Seigneur remplira sa promesse, Repose en ce Tombeau, garant de la tendresse

Et des regrets de son Epoux, MARIE MADELAINE WABER,

née le 8 Août, 1723.

Morte la veille de Pâques, 1751.

Epouse de GEORGE LANGHANS,

Pasteur à Hindelbanck.



Description (with an elegant engraving) of the celebrated Tomb of Madame Langhans, executed by Mr. John Augustus Nahl, late Sculptor to the King of Prussia, and which is to be seen in the Choir of the Parish Church of Hindelbank; two leagues from Berne.

**T**HIS Lady, who was esteemed to be the greatest beauty in Switzerland, died in child-bed at Hindelbank, in the delivery of her first infant, at the age of twenty-eight. Her husband, who was parson of the village, sharply afflicted at the loss, found, in M. Nahl, an artist, who by his efforts eternized the grief of the husband, and the memory of the beloved wife.

This ingenious man, whom the chief magistrate of Erlach in Berne, had previously engaged to erect in the same church the mausoleum of his illustrious father, affected with the sorrow of the pious and widowed clergyman, in whose house he lodged, employed his chisel for his consolation, and finished with a skilful and a friendly hand, the tomb of which we have here given the engraving.

The innumerable variety of these monuments of human fragility appeared to have exhausted all the resources of art and genius; but M. Nahl was not deterred by this vulgar sentiment. Madame Langhans having died on Easter-eve, the circumstance of the event happening in that critical moment, inspired him with so happy an allusion to the certainty of our resurrection, so new, so simple, and at the same time so sublime, that we cannot withhold from it our admiration.

From a single block of free-stone, but of a very fine grain, he formed the figures and the tomb. The tomb bursts asunder, as if the day of general retribution was arrived, when the sepulchres must render up their dead. The stone which covers the tomb rises up as it breaks in the centre, and discovers within its opening breast this beautiful woman and her infant, just recovered from the dead. She rises on the instant of her awakening, and seems on the point of taking her flight to the heavens. The sentiment of her happy immortality gives a serene and majestic composure to her countenance. With one

arm she appears to push up the stone which yet opposes her passage, and with the other presses to her bosom her rearing infant, who also with his little hands seems inclined to assist in disengaging themselves from the dismal abode.

The cleft, where the stone separates into three pieces, is so naturally expressed, that the spectator is disposed to wait in expectation of seeing the tomb open altogether. It is placed even with the ground, if not a little sunk, and is closed in with two wooden doors, which are thrown open to such persons as are drawn to the place for the purpose of beholding it.

As the inscription and verses of the tomb-stone, which were written by the celebrated M. de Halkr, could not with propriety be introduced in the engraving, we insert them here in the original German, and also in a free translation into French and English.

Hark! the majestic sound! the trumpet hear!

See the astonish'd tombs give up their prey!  
O God! my Saviour! 'tis thy voice I hear!

And, with my child, I come t'eternal day.

Awake, my infant; open now thine eyes

Leave the corruption of thy mortal birth;

Arise, my child, to thy Redeemer rise,

And taste at length the joy denied on earth.

Before his face death must yield to life—

Hope to real joy—there, purg'd from sins,

Serenity succeeds to grief and strife—

Time flies!—Eternity begins!

In this blessed hope,  
Sure that her Saviour will fulfil his promise,  
Reposes in this tomb,

Guarded by a tender and sorrowful husband,

MARY MAGDALEN WABER,

Born the 8th of August, 1723;

and who departed this life on Easter-eve, 1751

The Wife of

GEORGE LANGHANS,

Preacher of the Gospel, at Hindelbank.

#### ACCOUNT OF THE GENEALOGY OF COUNT O'ROURKE.

COUNT O'ROURKE having, in a Letter he wrote to Lord North, on the 17th November, 1780, promised his Lordship that he would speedily publish an Account of the many Marks of Distinction with which he had been honoured by Potentates, &c. and Copies of that Letter having been sent to several of the

Friends, he thinks it incumbent on him to fulfil his Engagement, and hopes this will be a sufficient Apology, for his giving to the World the following Narrative, extracted from ancient Records, and other authentic Documents.

**COUNT O'ROURKE**, at whose request we have collected the following account, from the most authentic records of Ireland in print and in manuscript, is descended, in the forty-third generation, from Achay Moymedon, King of Ireland, from the 358th to the 366th year of the Christian æra. The race of Achay Moymedon, grown very powerful in the fourth century, possessed themselves of the provinces of Connaught, Ulster, and Meath; a possession which they maintained, and which thenceforward gave them a superiority in the national conventions of election. The other royal houses, who had a right to be elected to the throne of Ireland, were obliged to yield to this new constitution; and, from the year 366 to the utter dissolution of the Irish monarchy in 1175, none but a prince of the race of Achay Moymedon was elected to the throne of Ireland, Crimthorne and Brian Boiroimhe, of the Hibberian line, excepted. The provincial governments, like the supreme sovereignty, were conducted according to the order of election, but confined to certain families. The province of Connaught fell to the two elder sons of Achay Moymedon, Brian and Fiacra. Their posterity, under the names of Hy Brune and Hy Fiacra, governed Connaught for more than 900 years. In the sixth century, the Hy Brune was divided into two families, distinguished by the titles of Hy Brune Breffny and Hy Brune Aic: the former, when not elected to the provincial sovereignty of Connaught, were however feudatory princes of Breffny and Convacny, two considerable counties in the province of Connaught. In the tenth century, the princes of Hy Brune Breffny took the surname of O'Rourke, in memory and in honour of Ruarc, a celebrated governor of Breffny and Convacny, in the tenth century. From this Ruarc, Count O'Rourke, for whom we have furnished this account, is descended, in the 25th generation. At the dissolution of the Irish monarchy, under Roderic, the counties of Breffny and Convacny were governed by Tiernan O'Rourke, whom we mention here, as he struggled with great glory for the liberty of his country, in the time of that fatal revolution. From Fergal, the uncle of this Tiernan, all the families now existing of the name of O'Rourke are descended. Fergal died in the year 1149. The revolution, which put an end to the

Irish monarchy in the twelfth century, made no change in the political economy of the country of the O'Rourkes. From the year 1558 to the year 1573, when they compounded for their country with Elizabeth, Queen of England, they enjoyed the principality of Breffny and Convacny absolutely and independently of the English government; an honour almost peculiar to this family, and which few families of the whole kingdom could boast of. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, Tigernan Moore O'Rourke, otherwise Tigernan the Great, was elected prince of Breffny and Convacny. He compounded with his elder brother Teignageer as tanaist (or prince elect) of Breffny; and, in the mean time, yielded to him the estates of Kinell Luachan and Culolin, commonly called the Western Breffny; which estates remained in the family of Teignageer, without interruption, till the time James I. and King Charles his son, who was beheaded in England in the year 1649; but Cromwell, coming to Ireland, gave a fatal blow to the house of O'Rourke, in giving away their lands by his cruel tyranny, but never offered to touch their titles or dignities. From the two sons of Tigernan Moore, Teig and Ternan, descended the family of Carrha and Drumahair. The posterity of Teig, in the person of Brian Ballagh Moore, his great grandson, became very powerful and considerable in this kingdom. Count O'Rourke is descended from Brian Ballagh Moore, by the female line, in the fifth generation, as shall be noticed hereafter. Brian Ballagh Moore died in 1562. His son, Brian Namurra, raised war in Ireland against Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1589, and failed, partly, through the intrigues of the King of Scots; which occasioned the first forfeitures in this family. From Tigernan the Second, son of Tigernan Moore O'Rourke, came the family of Carrha, of whom the late Count Owen O'Rourke was the chief; a person of exalted merit, who had the honour of filling a post of distinction under his present Imperial Majesty, while Duke of Lorraine. These three families of Kinell Luachan, Drumahair, and Carrha, thus uniting in Count O'Rourke, his brother Brian, and Con; we here subjoin his genealogy, up to the stock of Achay Moymedon, according to the custom of Ireland in those days. The said Count O'Rourke is nearly related to

General Count O'Donnel, and to the late General Lacy in Spain, and General Lacy in Germany, as likewise to General Macguire in the same service. Brian died some years ago.

Count O'Rourke is descended from

Owen  
Brian  
Shane Og  
Owen  
Shane Og  
Shane  
Laughlen  
Arthur  
Teignageer  
Ualgarg

Chiefs of Kinell Luachan,  
or Western Breeffny.

Donald  
Awly  
Arthur  
Donald  
Fergal  
Donald  
Tigernan  
Ualgarg  
Neal  
Arthur the Righteous, King of Connaught  
Hugh

Princes of Breeffny, or  
North Hy Brune.

Sen Fergal, King of Connaught, 964.

Arthur  
Ruarc  
Tigernan  
Sellachan  
Cernchan  
Dumgorta  
Dunchad  
Baithin  
Blathmac  
Fedlim  
Scanlan  
Hugh Fin, or the Fair  
Fergna  
Fergus

Princes of Breeffny, or North  
Hy Brune.

Crimthorn

Muredaghmall  
Eogan Sreb, King of Connaught  
Duach Gallach, King of Connaught  
Brian  
Achay Moymedon, King of Ireland,  
A. D. 366,

The above is the paternal genealogy of Count O'Rourke, in the forty-third generation from Achay Moymedon, faithfully extracted from the ancient records

of Ireland; which proves clearly, that the honour or nobility of O'Rourke is no way lessened by the loss of his family patrimony.

We now proceed to his maternal descent:—His mother, Mary O'Birn, is the daughter of Captain Brian O'Birn, whose cousin-german Henry O'Birn, before the late forfeitures, possessed a large estate in Tyr Brune upon Shannon, in the county of Roscommon, formerly the feudatory country of the O'Birns, his ancestors. The said Henry O'Birn, now mentioned, was father to the present Dukes of Wharton, Count John O'Rourke's grandfather, Brian Mac Shane Og O'Rourke, was married to Bridget O'Rourke, the daughter of Owen Og O'Rourke, the son of Owen Moore O'Rourke, who was the son of Tigernan, who was the son of Brian Ballagh Moore, and the brother of Brian Namurrha, who warred with Queen Elizabeth. The said Count O'Rourke's great-grandfather, Sifane Og, was married to Owina O'Rourke, the daughter of Brian Ballagh, who was grandson to Brian Ballagh Moore O'Rourke above-mentioned, feudatory Earl of Breeffny, who died in the year 1468. Owen O'Rourke, the father of Shane Og just mentioned, was married to Margaret Nugent, of the family of the Earls of Westmeath, originally Lords of Dilvin.—To give a longer detail would be inconsistent with the bounds we have prescribed to ourselves; our design being to present the genealogy of a nobleman dear to us, not a history of his ancestors, which would require a large volume.

The above genealogy of Count John O'Rourke was drawn up by Charles O'Connor, Esq. of Belangare, in the county of Roscommon, the 10th of October, 1754.

Not to be too tiresome to the reader in mentioning the names of many gentlemen that have attested the truth of the above pedigree, we shall only subjoin the few following.

As I have for these fifty years last past been frequently conversant with some of the most intelligent antiquaries of Ulster and Connaught, I have had an opportunity of learning from them that the above-named O'Rourke, and his parents, were descended in a right line from the most ancient and illustrious families of the said province; which, with the above undoubted attestations of their genealogy, clearly convinces me of the truth of what is therein set forth. Given under my hand,

Larkfield.

Larkfield, this 18th day of November, 1754.

O'DONNELL.

The said O'Donnell was father to the late Count General O'Donnell, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Imperial Horse, and in high esteem at the court of Vienna; and his brother John was also a Lieutenant general in the same service.

I do hereby certify the above genealogy to be true.

Clonam,

O'CONNOR DON.

18 Nov. 1754.

The said O'Connor, chief of that noble name, has absolutely in his possession the royal crown which his ancestors wore when monarchs of Ireland; and he lives on a small estate that still remains, as part of his ancestors former territories.

We do hereby certify, that O'Rourke, the bearer hereof, is a native of the country of Leitrim, and now the first man of the ancient name and family of the O'Rourkes; and, hath ever since our acquaintance with him, behaved himself as became a man of honour and benevolence: and as he hath lately taken out the genealogy of his family, written by Mr. O'Connor, of Balinagar, the best Chronologer in this province, we assure the contents to be true. Dated the 24th of February, 1755.

(Signed)

HEN. CROFTON, GILBERT KING,  
WILL. GORE, Member of Parli-  
Members of Parlia- liament for a  
ment for the County Borough in the  
of Leitrim. County of Lei-  
trim.

TOBY PEYTON,  
ROB. MAGUIRE,  
CHID. CROFTON.

# ANECDOTES OF COUNT O'ROURKE.

The very remarkable gentleman, whose descent and genealogy, as distributed by himself, we have published, was born at a village near the antient castle and extensive forest of Woodford, in the county of Leitrim and province of Connaught; which was the residence of his royal ancestors. He acquired a knowledge of the language, accent, and manners, of his native country, so fixed and rooted, that, though he has lived ever since his 25th year abroad, he yet preserves the broad dialect and the peculiar style of Ireland. In his 25th year he came to London, where he remained upwards of five years, experiencing various disappointments. He embarked in various pursuits, but ultimately fixed on the law for his profession, as the best suited

to his genius and disposition. In the first troop of Horse Guards he received the rudiments of arms, but, being a Roman Catholic, he was forced to resign. He then went to France, and presented to the King, at Versailles, a petition, specifying his princely origin, and praying for a regiment. In consequence of which, in the year 1758, he was made Captain of the Royal Scotch in that service. It is well known, how difficult a matter it is for a foreigner to get advanced in that jealous and national corps. As few instances of irregular promotions had been known in the brigade, the lieutenants were all, to a man, hurt at the appointment; and, resolving to contest the matter with him, it was decided at the point of the sword, and the Count, in the space of a few days, fought four duels, in which he gained great reputation; not more by his gallantry in the field, than by honourably confessing, that he thought it an injury to the national regiment, that a foreigner should be thrust upon them: and he therefore gave up his commission, informing the Grand Monarch, that it was a dear purchase to fight for it every day. At this time he formed an intimate acquaintance with the Polish Ambassador, and with his lady. A soldier of fortune is a soldier for the ladies; and it has through life been the plan and ambition of the Count to connect gallantry with enterprise, and pay as much regard to the eyes of beauty as to the standard of his commander. The beau monde of Paris declared him to be the Cecilio of the Ambassador's lady, through whose interest he was introduced to King Stanislaus, from whom he received the promise of an honourable appointment; but, having too much activity in his nature to wait in idleness for the slow performance of a royal promise, he went to Russia with strong recommendations from France to the Court of Petersburg, which, being then engaged in a war with Prussia, was the scene for adventure and fame. He was appointed First Major of Horse Cuirassiers, in the regiment of Body Guards; and, in the course of the war, he distinguished himself greatly, and, in particular, by storming the city of Berlin, which he laid under contribution. At the end of that war, he was invited by the great Frederick to come and see him at his court. He was advised not to go, as the soldiery had committed several of the outrages which are but too frequent in the heat of conquest; but the Count said, that the man who was a brave enemy could not be a dangerous friend: and he went to Berlin, where

where he was most graciously received by the Prussian Monarch. In a conversation between them, Frederic asked him, How he could entertain the ambitious hope of succeeding in an attempt on Berlin? The Count replied, in one of those gasconades which are pardonable in a knight errant, that if he had been ordered by his commanding officer to storm the heights of heaven, he would have made the attempt. The Count now returned to France, with certificates of his gallant conduct from Peter the Third, Prince General Wolkonkoy, and General de Souverow. On his return he was appointed by King Stanislaus one of his Chamberlains, which appointment took place in 1764. At this time he formed an intrigue with a French Marchioness, which lasted for some years, during all which time he resided in her house, and they lived in the greatest elegance and splendor. A singular accident put an end to the connection, and produced a very laughable process in the Parisian courts of justice. The Marchioness coming home from a visit one day, rather unexpectedly, discovered the Count in an unbecoming familiarity with her maid, which so hurt her pride, that they separated in anger, and the Marchioness brought an action against the Count for a large sum, on account of board and lodging. The Count confessed the charge to be just, but brought a counter action against her ladyship for actual services. The process became the topic of general merriment. The Count specified all his titles, and the Marchioness was nonsuited. In the year 1770, he was appointed by the French King a Colonel of Horse, and was enrolled among the nobility of France; in the year 1774, he was honoured with the order of St. Louis.

At the commencement of the present war he came over to England, declaring, now that his own country wanted his arm, he would not fight under a foreign banner. He brought with him all his certificates, titles and recommendations; and, among others, one from the King of France to

his present Majesty. He was introduced by his friend, the late Lord Cunningham, to Lords North and Stormont, and was introduced by Lord Stormont to the King at St. James's. He proposed to Lord North to raise three regiments of Roman Catholics in his native country, to be employed against the Americans, provided they would give him the commission of Colonel-Commandant—but his offer was rejected; and in all his applications he has been treated, by the ministry, with indifference or scorn. He proposed to them to quell the riots, in the year 1780, at the head of the Irish chairmen—but all his offers have been treated contemptuously; in consequence of which it was that he distributed the genealogy which is prefixed, and along with it all the certificates and honours which he received during his residence abroad. He still preserves all the dignity of the prince, and many anecdotes occur to shew how much he disdains the upstart families, as he calls them, of England. Lately talking, in a circle at Bath, of an intention which he had of making an excursion to Essex, a famous Bath doctor, remarkable for his mock greatness and sham friendship, offered him a letter of recommendation. "You!" says the Count, raising himself on the recollection of the many royal recommendations which he had in his pocket-book, "you give me a recommendation, you contemptible shuttlecock! practise the use of the clyster-pipe, and be easy."

His friend Lord Cunningham, at his death, left him an annuity of 200*l.* a year, which, with a pension from France, enables him to live in elegance. He does not game, he pays his tradesmen, and will neither lend nor borrow. His youngest brother, a Colonel of Horse, is married to the niece of Count Lacy, Field-Marshal in the Imperial service. The Count talks of his visiting his native country in the course of the next summer, where we doubt not but he will be honoured, after so long an absence, with signal marks of their love and respect.

## THE HISTORY OF KITTY WELLS.

### A TRUE STORY.

(Continued from page 9.)

THE disaster of Robin, which at first was the jest of the whole family, became seriously affecting; the physician pronounced him to be dangerously ill, and

while in this melancholy state he lay the horrors of an unexpected dis- before him, at times delirious times tortured with the recollection

refumptuous behaviour in regard to Mrs. Wells, he was exceedingly anxious to confess the deception of which he had been guilty, and thereby remove, at least, the sting from his bosom. The unhappy woman was also in a fever, but of another sort. Her's was a fever of the brain—Robin's of the blood. Her's was the effect of that hereditary maggot which we have described; cruelly irritated by the wanton imposition which had been practised on her; while Robin's flowed from the shock of an apprehension, in which conscience had a share. Robin's bore all the symptoms of fatality, while the poor woman's was lively and spirited. They both deserved the compassion of the spectator, but they were not likely to receive it in an equal degree; for, that the soft and tender emotion of pity may be engendered in the heart, it is necessary that the object under affliction should appear sensible of his sufferings. When we see Mad Tom decorated with his crown of braw, issuing his sovereign mandates from his aerial throne—do we pity the misery of a man who himself feels no misery? It is the melancholy lunatic—it is the sensible, the afflicted, Maria only—that can move the heart, and inspire the soft and sympathetic affection which Yorick so strongly felt, and so elegantly described. The man, who from the wheel, the rack, or, to bring it closer to our feelings by a more familiar allusion, who under the torture of the lash, preserves the serenity of manhood, and looks around him with the composed dignity of a soul superior to the weakness of lamentation, he calls upon us to admire rather than to pity him.

The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,  
And the blood must follow where the poniard stabs.

But there are men who exalt their species by shewing, amidst the agonies of death, that the flesh and blood are the only mortal parts which they possess. The trembling, miserable, wretch, whose clamour is proportioned to his suffering, affects the tender strings of the heart; we bleed at every stroke; we pity, but we cannot admire.

Mrs. Wells's fever bore her on the pinions of fancy into the regions of romance; and, while she indulged herself in all the phantasies of a bewildered brain, there was so much rapture in her eye to suffer those around her to compassionate her case. But Robin, gasping under the misery of his passions, His paroxysms of delirium

were filled with ravings of disordered guilt; and his intervals with reproaches more excruciating for being ineffectual. In one of those short cessations, however, he procured Mrs. Wells to his bed-side, and there, with considerable difficulty, and many interruptions, he explained to her the poor stratagem that he had practised on her easy mind: but, what was the unhappy consequence? A person, whose extacies are the result of infatuation, will not easily be brought to reason. To undeceive Mrs. Wells was to rob her of her transports. Instead, therefore, of returning to the quiet tenor which conviction ought to have inspired, she flew into a violent phrensy, and loaded the miserable author of all her unhappiness with every epithet that rage could dictate. It became a scene, which those who are fond of sporting with human weakness ought to have seen. It would have been a lesson to them for life; by which they would have been instructed not to inflame the disorders of their fellow-creatures; for, cruel must be the pleasure which concludes so fatally. They tore her away—but they could not overcome her passion. She went into her room, and spent the remainder of the day in a perturbation of mind which may be imagined, but cannot be described. At night she went out again by the same door as formerly, and from that instant to this she has never been heard of nor seen. Where she went, or what was her fate, the worthy and humane gentleman with whom she had resided as housekeeper, was never able to discover. In the morning the servants were sent to traverse the fields and parks in every direction; nay, the ponds and rivers were dragged—but all to no purpose. Her departure in this strange manner soon became the topic of general conversation; and, as is usual in a country place, there were a thousand stories of her being seen wandering to and fro, and appearing first in one place, and then in another. These stories, the hasty invention of wonder or weakness, it is not necessary to relate, since they were at once ridiculous and untrue. Robin slowly recovered to exhibit to the affected family, of which he had formerly been the soul, the wasted and melancholy picture of a man, who having wantonly provoked the dis temper of an unhappy creature, was now labouring under the mental punishment of being her destroyer. A conscious criminal, rendered grave by penitance in his seventeenth year, incapable of sharing in the joys or the pleasures of youth.

Kitty Wells, at the time of her mother's departure,

departure, was only seven years of age. She, therefore, received no durable impression by the event; and, at the end of a few weeks, she was sent for by a Mr. Atkinson, of Northampton, a relation of her mother's, under whose care and kindness she soon lost the few faint traces that remained in her mind. She continued with him, and received an education suitable to her rank in life, just sufficient to qualify her for a decent service, or a feminine employment. In the month of November last, having entered her sixteenth year, Mr. Atkinson sent her to London, to an uncle, a half-brother of her mother's, who had been, for many years, one of his Majesty's coachmen. The letter was addressed to him at his house, and she was sent up by the coach. No adventure worth the recital occurred to her during the journey; but, with a good deal of painful anxiety, and that sort of timid surprise which an innocent girl feels on her first entering the crowded streets, and the noisy bustle of the metropolis, she arrived at her uncle's house. But, what was the shock of her astonishment and despair, when she found that her uncle had been dead for some months, and that his death had been irregular—as he had put an end himself to his existence! It would be painful to enter into a minute description of the particulars. Like Kitty's own mother, he possessed an hereditary disturbance in his mind, which had pushed him to the horrid perpetration of suicide. Our readers will not yet have forgotten this event; for, it was related in all the periodical prints; and one of these journalizing poets, who never suffer either accident, guilt, or calamity, to pass without its monument in a stanza, wrote the following satirical commentary on the event:

As the papers inform us, a person of note,  
The King's body-coachman hath cut his  
own throat:

And the Coroner's Inquest most graciously  
find,

That the King's body-coachman was out  
of his mind.

From hence, which is surely a scandalous  
thing,

It appears that a madman has driven the  
King.

So, when he to parliament went, we may  
swear,

That a lunatic always conducted him there.  
Is that what their verdict will serve to  
reveal?

Alas! 'tis no more than we all of us feel:

The Coroner only has publish'd at last  
What Europe has known for many years  
past.

What, hereafter, when history comes to  
record,

Will be by posterity justly abhorr'd:

When an inquest less civil, perhaps, will  
decree,

That the ———, like his coachman, was  
*felo de se*.

The decency of this epigram will procure few advocates; but the lovers of wit will not think it less poetical for being founded on fiction.

Kitty gave way to those clamorous emotions of grief which are likely to draw the attention and excite the pity of the beholder. In this miserable situation, without a friend, relation, or acquaintance, in the midst of the great metropolis of the empire, inexperienced and simple, destitute and dejected, she was found by the charity of Mrs. Broad-d, a lady who unites the elegance of fashion with the splendor of benevolence; and, while she prepares the most sumptuous entertainments for the great and affluent, does not forget to supply the needy with the less brilliant but more substantial comforts of life. She enquired into the poor girl's case, and took her home to her mansion in Portland-place, with the view of procuring her a situation in some respectable family, or, at least, provide for her in some way or another, that she might be snatched from the dangers of destitution. After having kept her in her eye for a fortnight, and finding her totally unfit to be trusted by herself, she thought the best way was to send her down to Eltham, to find out, if possible, the father, whom she had not seen for so many years. The undertaking was almost romantic; for, during the space of ten years, she had never heard of her father, she knew not where he lived, or whether he was yet alive or not. He had only been a labourer in a low condition, and his obscurity might elude her strictest search; but the attempt was to be made, and a servant was sent to conduct her to the stage, which sets out every day from Charing-Cross. The footman was unfortunately as ignorant of the town as she was herself. They missed their way, and instead of getting to their destination, wandered through Holborn, and were reconnoitred by one of those sharpers, who, under the character of smugglers, impose on the ignorant the manufactures of Manchester and Spitalfields as the

filks and muslins from India. These fellows are to be seen every day in the great thoroughfares, buttoned up in large great coats, and jagged on both sides with bundles of their goods, which chiefly consist of jeramy waistcoat-pieces, handkerchiefs, chintz, nankeens, and all the little gew-gaws which grown-up boys and girls, in their first approaches to finery, are eager to procure. He traced simplicity and ignorance in their faces, and cajoled them into a salehouse, where he displayed all his stock in trade, and in less than ten minutes deprived them of the trifle which they had in their pockets. From poor Kitty's nutmeg-grater she took the guinea which her patroness had put into her hand at parting, and received in its stead a bundle of fine things, which must be a prodigious bargain, as they were so much under the shop price; and the footman thought himself a perfect beau, by the purchase of a bit of paltry moreen, for the breasts of a waistcoat.

Having stripped them of their cash, the friendly gentleman \* put them into the way for Charing-Cross, where they arrived about three in the afternoon; and, to their inexpressible sorrow, found that the coach set off at two o'clock, and did not go again till eight next morning. As the footman was obliged to go home to wait at dinner, they must separate, and they agreed that she should pursue her way on foot. Just as a gay young fellow was coming by, the footman gave her the following distinct route, by which to pursue her way: "You must, Kitty, make the  
"best of your way down the Strand—  
"along Fleet-street—up Ludgate hill—  
"through St. Paul's Church-yard—along  
"Cheapside—past the 'Change—down by  
"the Monument—over London Bridge—  
"through the Borough—and then you  
"must ask the way to Eltham, in Kent." With this direction, after shaking her by the hand, away he went, and the poor unfortunate girl was left standing at Charing-Cross, at three o'clock in the afternoon, of one of the dark days of November, to make the best of her way to Eltham, without knowing a foot of it.

She did not stand long without company. There is a set of young fellows in London, whose fathers, having toiled and amassed a fortune, leave them only the employment and pleasure of spending it. Having a great deal of leisure, they learn to be debauchees; and, having the power of purchasing the various gratifications of life, they are constantly in the search of them; from a thorough knowledge of the town, they are able to distinguish between the hackneyed and innocent objects of desire: the former of whom they abandon, and the latter they debauch. As young inexperienced men fall a prey to the artful and experienced women of the town, so the young and innocent of the female sex fall victims to those gay embroidered rakes, whose arts of address and gallantry are heightened by every incentive that splendor, wit, and manners, can bestow. Some of these young fellows are Members of Parliament. Yes: these very grave, sedate, sober, and prudent, men, as Senators surely ought to be, have, some of them, heads as green, and hearts as passionate, as any other members of the community; and, while the Senate-House is filled with boys of one-and-twenty, it must be so. These gentlemen, who may be called the rangers of the metropolis, are everlastingly in the pursuit of intrigue; and they have such opportunities and knowledge, that, in traversing the streets, they can select from the number of passers the particular girls, whose roving eyes, and giddy manners, give them to understand, that they have more passion than prudence; and that, if they have not yet fallen, it is because they have not yet run the gauntlet of ardent solicitation. Hear this, ye volatile and flighty girls! whether you are sempitresses or servants, milliners or mantua-makers—whether you trip in couples to the park, or seat yourselves in the two-shilling gallery—whether you go to church or to market—hear and be alarmed! You cannot throw about you one inviting glance—you cannot harbour one lurking leer—you cannot breathe one melting sigh—you cannot indulge one tempting titter—without being observed.

\* One of those sharpers, some time ago, accosted a gentleman, who was very carefully picking his steps, to save himself from the dirt, and splashing in the streets. Being perfectly acquainted with all the stratagems of the town, he was astonished at the fellow's attack upon him; but, yielding to his solicitation, they went to the next pot-house, and the smuggler displayed all his trumpery. The gentleman undecieved him with respect to his prize, and, having called for liquor, asked the fellow, in perfect good humour, "What mark or sign there was about him, which could make him imagine that he was a countryman?" The sharper instantly replied, "Because, Sir, you wore white stockings thirty days."



The rangers are always hovering about you, ready to grasp at your thoughtless hearts, and seduce you to ruin. It was

such a fellow that heard the footman's instructions to Kitty.

[To be concluded in our next.]

A brief Account of the Origin, Progress, and present State, of Methodism; being the first of a Series of Essays on the Religious Sects and Societies of the Metropolis: containing an account of their Doctrines, and interspersed with Anecdotes of their most celebrated Preachers.

**T**AKING it for granted, that every circumstance relative to the national church is generally well known to the people of this country, no sect claims greater attention than the Methodists. From a degree of meanness and obscurity, they have rapidly risen to consequence and respect. Memory may easily trace the period when they were viewed with contempt, though now their numbers and influence give them considerable importance both in the religious and political world. This society was set on foot, about the year 1733, by some students of Oxford, of a more serious turn of mind than young gentlemen are in general in that situation. They thought the discipline of the university was too relaxed, and betook themselves to fasting, devout conversation, private prayer and meditation; they visited, prayed with, and religiously instructed, the sick and prisoners. From their strict observance of the ordinances of the church, they were styled Methodists. The chief of this sect, and those who were the means of raising it to its present consequence, were, Mr. John Wesley, and Mr. George Whitfield; the former, a man of great learning and shrewdness; the latter, possessed of strong natural abilities, and a powerful eloquence suited and varied to all ranks of people. They began their preaching in churches with great success, and gained great popularity. The principal doctrines which they pressed were, the new birth, and justification by death. They differed, as their followers now do, in opinion respecting the merit of good works; Mr. Whitfield, holding them of little worth, except as evidences of faith; Mr. Wesley, contending that they were materially efficacious towards salvation; the former being a disciple of Calvin, the latter of Arminius. England soon became a field too small for the exercise of their talents; they visited the new-discovered world, and instructed the uninformed Indians of America. At Georgia, Mr. Whitfield erected a lasting monument to his memory and honour, by founding an orphan-house. Upon their return to England,

whether from envy of their popularity, or owing to their inveictives against the clergy in general encreasing in proportion to their success, wishing to steer clear of party, we shall not determine; but some cause occasioned their being refused the use of churches. This circumstance, together with the amazing number of their followers, formed a part of their argument for preaching in the open fields, streets, and market-places; which they also defended from ancient practice. In such situations, being viewed by the people in general as dangerous innovators on the established religion, they were naturally subject to and received considerable and gross personal insults, which they had the fortitude to meet with perfect humility and non-resistance. This treatment wearing the face of persecution, with their conduct under it, naturally interested many well-meaning persons in their favour, and added rapidly to the number of their adherents. Few of the clergy choosing to assist them in their ministry, they were under the necessity of employing laymen; a practice which they justified by the example of the primitive Christians, and by contending that a spiritual call was the chief requisite to form the preacher. These, as well as their leaders, travelled, instructed the common people, and extended the acceptance of their principles. In a short time, the society were enabled to erect chapels in various parts of the kingdom, some of which now vie with our modern-built churches. With respect to their mode of worship, the following particulars may suffice: their preaching and prayers are extempore; they have bands, classes, and love-feasts, for the purpose of religious conversation and singing, and watch-nights for prayer. Their hymns in general have poetical merit, and are adapted to pleasing and light tunes; many of them to those of our most approved songs and airs. This was at first objected to, as a practice too theatrical and gay for holy worship; on which Mr. Whitfield is said to have made the following good-natured facetious observation; "That he

reason why the devil should have all the best tunes." Nothing has more contributed to the progress of this sect than the zeal and industry of their preachers, which has been too successfully contrasted with the indolence of those of the established church. The former part of the foregoing remark will be clearly proved from Mr. Whitfield's journals, wherein he says, "It is the 5th day since I arrived at Rhode-Island, exceeding weak in body; yet God has enabled me to preach 175 times in public, besides exhorting frequently in private." This gentleman died, much regretted, in the year 1770. Mr. Wesley had mutually agreed with him, that the survivor of the two should preach the funeral sermon of the deceased, which he performed greatly to the honour of both parties. The death of Mr. Whitfield did not separate his followers; the Rev. Henry Peckwell, the Rev. Rowland Hill and many other preachers powerful in eloquence and indefatigable in action, having contributed to supply his place. Mr. Wesley, at a great age, still remains in full possession of his mental faculties, and a constitution well preserved by temperance and prudent exercise. He is principally assisted in his ministry by laymen, many of whom, concerning their origin and want of educative display astonishing abilities. The churches, which, it has been observed, will shut against the Methodist preachers, are now frequently opened to them, and they are found very successful pleaders public charities; perhaps being joined by persons superior to those who countenanced them, they have thought proper to refine their style, and adopt a moderate and graceful action.

The difference in opinion among the Methodists, relative to the doctrines of Free Will and Predestination, has been already stated. In consequence of this variety much has been written by both parties. Mr. Wesley's literary productions in this controversial have been the most extensive and generally admired; his piety and preservation of temper have given him great advantages. Mr. Wesley's principal weapon was the

pen, private scandal has frequently been mixed with theological debate; impure as well as sacred love has been frequently charged and introduced; particularly against Mr. Wesley. This gentleman, on his outset, seemed to think, that piety was interrupted by marriage; but a lady with a handsome fortune falling in his way, though like *Falstaff* he did not seek it, he accepted of the opportunity, and became a *Benedictine*. As there was little of love in the match on the one side, little of felicity was said to be the result. Neglect on the one part produced jealousy on the other. It was reported that the lady, by taking out the back of a bureau, got possession of her husband's letters, and was of opinion, that some of the expressions contained in those from females, intimated somewhat more than *religious love*. Mr. Toplady was said to have the custody of epistles of this description, and repeatedly called on to produce them; but under the apology of a regard for the gown, refused to comply with the requests of Mr. Wesley's enemies. Mr. Wesley's description of the duty of a Methodist preacher, on the death of Mr. Whitfield, will, perhaps, illustrate this business:—"His office called him to converse very frequently and largely, with women as well as men; and those of every age and condition." The gentleman last spoken of was also charged, in a general way, with amorous attachments.

With respect to their line of life, Mr. Whitfield seldom publicly deviated from it. Mr. Wesley has written on historical, political, and medical, subjects—but not with equal success. His history has been little read; his politics ably refuted by argument in the first instance, and the proof of plagiarism in the second, and some of his prescriptions are clearly shown to be poisonous. Having in obedience to truth spoken of his merits, the same authority dictated a statement of his alleged defects. We shall close this article with observing, that Methodism on the whole has been advantageous to the lower class of the people, and, consequently, to the community; as it has, and does, at least, change the character of the public reprobate to that of the apparent religionist.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,  
THE removal of the Houghton Collection of Pictures to Russia is, perhaps, the most striking instances

that can be produced of the decline of the empire of Great Britain, and the advancement of that of our powerful ally in the North.—The riches of a nation have generally

generally been estimated according as it abounds in works of art; and so careful of these treasures have some states been, that, knowing their value and importance, they have prohibited the sending them out of their dominions. — The ingenious Mr. Walpole, son of the original collector of the pictures, whose departure I am now lamenting, informs us, that the famous painting by Guido, which in the ensuing catalogue is intitled, “The Doctors of the Church consulting on the immaculateness of the Virgin,” was deemed of so much consequence by Pope Innocent the XIIIth, that after it was gone to Civita Vecchia to be shipped for England, he remanded it back, and only was induced to permit it to be sent away out of compliment to the person who had purchased it. That so noble a collection could not be retained in England is a very humiliating and deplorable proof of the beginning poverty, and want of taste in the people; and seems to indicate a relapse into the state of barbarism, from the reproach of which the great influx of wealth, and the consequent cultivation of the arts, during half a century, had redeemed us. Considered in a national point of view, the object was of sufficient importance to claim the attention of the legislature, that the disgrace attending the loss of so many monuments of taste, which had so long done honour to the kingdom, might have been prevented. Mr. Walpole very feelingly observes, in a dedication to his father, with what amazement his ancestors, could they arise from the grave, would view the noble edifice and spacious plantations of Houghton, where once stood their plain homely dwelling! How much more pathetically would it strike him, could he call up his venerable parent, to contemplate the same noble edifice, the object of his pride and affection, stripped of all those ornaments in which he took such delight! But it is too late to lament; the disgrace has been sustained; and the capital of Russia now boasts what formerly drew crowds into the county of Norfolk, to see and to admire. As it may afford some entertainment to your readers, to be informed of the prices which were paid by the Empress for this magnificent Collection, I send you a catalogue, with the sums annexed to each article; and, on this occasion, cannot but applaud the public spirit of Mr. Boydell, by whose means we are possessed of some

memorials of what once existed at Houghton. His valuable drawings and engravings of most of the following pictures, do honour to his taste and generosity, as an artist and a member of society; \* at the same time that they reflect some degree of credit on the nation at large.

I am, Gentlemen,  
Your constant reader,  
C. D.

AUTHENTIC CATALOGUE of the HOUGHTON COLLECTION OF PICTURES, lately sold, and transmitted to the EMPRESS of RUSSIA, with the price which was paid to Lord Oxford for each painting, as settled by the appraisement.

A horse's head, a fine sketch, by Vandyke; and a greyhound's, by Old Wyck	£ 50
The battle of Constantine and Maxentius, a copy by Julio Romano, of the famous picture, by Raphael, in the Vatican	150
Susannah and the two eels, by Rubens	150
A landscape with figures dancing, by Swanvelt	30
Jupiter and Europa, after Guido, by Petro da Pietris	40
Galatea, by Zimmi	40
A stud of horses, by Wouvermans	250
Venus bathing, and Cupids with a car, in a landscape, by Andrea Sacchi	180
A holy family, by Raphael Riggio	70
A fine picture of architecture, perspective, by Steenwyck	80
A cook's shop, by Teniers	800
Another cook's shop, by Marten de Vos, who was Smyders' master	100
A Bacchanalian, by Rubens	50
The Nativity, by Carlo Cignani	50
Sir Thomas Chaloner, by Vandyke	60
Sir Thomas Gresham, by Antonio More	-
Erasmus, by Holbein	-
A friar's head, by Rubens	-
Francis Halle, Sir Godfrey Knel-ler's master, by himself	-
The School of Athens, a copy, by Le Brun	-
Rembrandt's wife, half length, by Rembrandt	-
Rubens' wife, a head, by Rubens	-

\* In a future Number we shall give a Description of Mr. Boydell's Gallery of Drawings, which he has nearly completed, for the purpose of exhibiting one of the best Collections in Europe, to the curious, without expense.

A man's head, by Salvator Rosa	40	The marriage of St. Catharine, by	
Inigo Jones, a head, by Vandyke	50	Carlo Maratti	150
Two pieces of ruins, by Viviano	40	Two Saints worshipping the Vir-	
Two daughters of Lord Wharton,		gin in the clouds, by Carlo Maratti	60
by Vandyke	200	St. John the Evangelist, its com-	
The Judgement of Paris, by Luca		panion	60
Jordano, a sleeping Bacchus, with		A naked Venus and Cupid, by	
nymphs, boys and animals, its com-		Carlo Maratti	150
panion	500	The Holy Family, by Nicolo	
King Charles the First, whole		Beritoni, Carlo's best scholar	200
length, by Vandyke; Henrietta		The assumption of the Virgin, by	
Maria of France, his queen, by ditto	400	ditto	70
Philip Lord Wharton, by Van-		The pool of Bethesda, by Gio-	
dyke	200	seppe Chiari; Christ's sermon on the	
Lord Chief Baron Wandesford,		Mount, ditto; Apollo and Daphne,	
by ditto	150	ditto; Bacchus and Ariadne, ditto	450
Lady Wharton, by ditto	100	Apollo, in crayons, by Rosalba;	
Jane, daughter of Lord Wenman,		Diana, its companion	30
by ditto	100	A profile head of a man, by Ra-	
Christ baptized by St. John, by		phael	100
Albano	700	A profile head of St. Catharine,	
The Stoning of St. Stephen, by		by Guido	20
La Scour	500	The birth of the Virgin, by Luca	
The Holy Family, by Vandyke	1600	Jordano; and the preservation of the	
Mary Magdalen washing Christ's		Virgin, its companion	60
feet, by Rubens	1600	The flight into Egypt, by Mo-	
The Holy Family in a round, by		rellio	300
Cantaroni	300	The crucifixion, its companion	150
The Holy Family, by Titian	100	Hercules and Omphale, by Ro-	
Simeon and the child, by Guido	150	manelli	100
The Virgin with the child asleep		The Holy Family, large as life,	
in her arms, by Augustine Caracci	200	by Nicolo Poussin	800
An old woman giving a boy cher-		Rubens' wife, by Vandyke	600
ries, by Titian	100	Rubens' family, by Jordano, of	
The Holy Family, by Andrea del		Antwerp	400
Jarto	250	A winter-piece, by Giacomo Bas-	
The assumption of the Virgin, by		san; and a summer-piece, by Leo-	
Morello	700	nardo Bassan	200
The adoration of the Shepherds.		Boors at cards, by Teniers	150
Its companion	600	Christ appearing to Mary in the	
The Cyclops at their forge, by		garden, by Pietro da Cortona	200
Luca Jordano	200	The Judgement of Paris, by An-	
Dædalus and Icarus, by Le Brun	150	drea Schiavoni; and Midas judging	
Pope Clement the Ninth, by Carlo		between Pan and Apollo, by ditto	60
Maratti	250	Christ laid in the sepulchre, by	
The Judgement of Paris, by Carlo		Parmegiano	150
Maratti; Galatea sitting with Acis,		The adoration of the Magi, by	
tritons and cupids, its companion	500	Velvet Brueghel	100
The Holy Family, an unfinished		The Virgin and the child, by	
picture, by Carlo Maratti	80	Baroccio	50
The Virgin teaching Jesus to read,		Naked Venus sleeping, by Anni-	
by Carlo Maratti	200	bal Caracci	70
St. Cecilia, with four angels play-		Head of Dobson's father, by	
ing on musical instruments, compa-		Dobson	25
nion to the former	260	St. John, a head, by Carlo Dolci	90
The assumption of the Virgin, by		Head of Innocent the tenth, by	
Carlo Maratti	100	Velasco	60
The Virgin and Joseph, and a		A boy's head, with a lute, by	
young Jesus, by Carlo Maratti, in		Cavalier Luti	20
the manner of his master, Andrea		Friers giving meat to the poor,	
Caracci	150	by John Miel. Its companion	150
		A dying	

A dying officer at confession, by Bourgoigne	100	Horatius Cocles defending the bridge, Its companion	400
Its companion	50	A lioness and two lions, by Rubens	100
Boors at cards, by Teniers	50	Architecture, said to be by Julio Romano, though rather supposed by Polydore	300
Boors drinking, its companion, by Ostade	30	An old woman sitting in a chair, by Rubens. An old woman read- ing, by Bilt	200
Christ laid in the sepulchre, by Giacomo Bassan	40	Cupid burning armour, by Eli- sabetta Sirani, Guido's favourite scholar	60
Holy family, with St. John on a lamb, by Williberts	40	The holy family, a group of heads, by Camillo Procaccino	250
Holy family, by Rottenhammer	40	An usurer and his wife, by Quint- in. Matis, the blacksmith of Ant- werp	200
The Virgin and child, by Alex- ander Veronese	40	Job's friends bringing him pre- sents, by Guido	200
Three soldiers, by Salvator Rosa	50	Europe, a fine landscape, by Paul Brill; the figures by Dominichini..	300
The Virgin, with the child in her arms, by Morello	80	Africa. Its companion	300
The Virgin, with the child in her arms asleep, by Sebastian Concha	20	Dives and Lazarus, by Paul Ve- ronese	100
Edward the Sixth, by Holbein	100	The exposition of Cyrus, by Castiglione. Its companion	300
Laban, searching for his images, by Sebastian Bourdon	200	The adoration of the shepherds, by Old Palma	250
The banqueting-house ceiling, the original design of Rubens	100	The holy family, by ditto	200
Six sketches of Rubens for trium- phant arches, &c. on the entry of the Infant Ferdinand of Austria into Antwerp	600	A moon-light landscape, with a cart overturning, by Rubens	300
Bathsheba bringing Abishag to David, by Vanderwerfe	700	A nymph and shepherd, by Carlo Cignani	200
Two flower pieces, by Van Huy- sum	1200	Two women, an emblematical picture, by Pais Bourbon	200
Christ and Mary in the Garden, by Philippo Laura	100	Abraham, Sarah, and Hagar, by Pietro Cortona	1000
The holy family, by John Bellino	60	Abraham's sacrifice, by Rembrandt	300
A landscape, with figures, by Bourgoigne. Its companion, with soldiers	100	The old man and his sons, with the bundle of sticks, by Salvator Rosa	250
Two small landscapes, by Gasper Poussin	40	The adoration of the shepherds, by Guido Octagon	400
The holy family, by Matteo Pon- zoni	160	The continence of Scipio, by Ni- colo Poussin	900
The murder of the innocents, by Sebastian Bourdon	400	Moses striking the rock, by Ni- colo Poussin	900
The death of Joseph, by Velasco	200	The placing Christ in the sepul- chre, by Ludovico Caracci	300
Saint Christopher, by Elsheimer	50	Moses in the bulrushes, by La Sœur	150
Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby, by Vandyke	200	The adoration of the Magi, by Carlo Maratti	300
The apostles, after the ascension, by Paul Veronese	200	Cows and sheep, by Teniers	150
The doctors of the church, con- sulting on the immaculateness of the Virgin, who is above in the clouds, by Guido	3500	A landscape, with a cascade, and sheep, by Gasper Poussin	100
The prodigal son, by Salvator Rosa	700	The last supper, by Raphael	500
Meleager and Atalanta, a cartoon, by Rubens	300	Solomon's idolatry, by Stella	250
Four markets, by Snyder. One of fowl, another of fish, another of fruit, and a fourth of herbs	1000	A sea-port, by Claude Lorrain	1200
Marcus Curius leaping into the gulf, by Mola	400	A calm sea ditto	1200
		Two landscape	1200
		Poussin	

The *Jocunda*, a smith's wife reckoned the handsomest woman of her time. She was mistress of Francis I. King of France, by Lionardo da Vinci - 100  
 Apollo, by Cantarini - 50  
 The holy family, with angels, by Valerio Castelli - 200

The eagle and Ganymede, by Michael Angelo Buonarroti - 100  
 The virgin and child, by Donnichino - 100  
 The salutation, by Albano - 200

A View of the French Literature for the present Century; in a series of *Strictures* upon the living Authors and their Writings, (with those born since the Year 1700,) agreeably to the Sentiments of their most celebrated Critics; chronologically arranged.

*Erumpe, GALLIA, in gaudium.*

CHARLES MARIE de la CONDAMINE.  
 (Born at Paris in 1701.)

Muses, préparez-lui votre plus riche  
 offrande,  
 Placez son nom fameux entre les plus  
 grands noms;  
 Rien ne pourra faner l'immortelle guir-  
 lande  
 Dont nous le couronnons.

THIS amiable and celebrated writer was knight of the order of St. Lazarus, member of the French Academy, and fellow of the Royal Society. In this career of literature and science, he took a far different rout from the philosopher of Samos; for, Pythagoras seemed to have travelled, in order to furnish mankind with the errors he had collected, while M. Condaminé sought after truth and real information to the extremities of the earth—these discoveries have enriched the academy of science, of which he was also a member, and its greatest ornament. The learned world cannot but applaud the memorable eulogium pronounced by M. de Buffon. We are indeed sorry that our plan will not permit us to cite this superb and masterly piece of eloquence; suffice it to say, that no man has greater pretensions to the envied character of a polite gentleman, a fine writer, a profound mathematician, and a most accomplished scholar.

JAQUES BAILLY.  
 (Born at Versailles in 1701.)

Et votre éclat n'est qu'un feu de la nuit,  
 Qui disparoit dès que le soleil luit,

THIS gentleman has a place at court, and is one of those modern poets, whose do not survive their author. All objections have been struck with

death at the instant of their birth. His principal aim has been to shine in the walk of parody; a species of composition if it may be so called, which will be contemptible, when exercised by men of mean and despicable talents.

This candidate for poetic fame is mentioned in these strictures, but to intimate to our unguarded readers, that there are English as well as French Baillys in the world, and that our study will be to diminish the number.

CLAUDE NICOLAS le CAT, F. R. S.  
 (Born at Blezancourt in Picardy, in 1701.)

Ton nom, au temple de mémoire,  
 Des outrages du tems est à jamais vain-  
 queur.

Although this justly famous physician has cultivated the sciences more than polite literature, yet his writings, metaphysical and moral, as also his researches in natural history, have given him a distinguished rank in the republic of letters. His popular treatise on the *Senses* displays his uncommon talents, which happily have been chiefly consecrated to the relief of those evils which are incident to humanity. This gentleman's memoirs, treatises, dissertations, and other works, are held in great esteem by the faculty; and he is considered one of the greatest physiologists which the French nation ever produced; sorry are we to add, that he has however a strong propensity to paradoxes, and a fixed hatred to the celebrated Côme, who, on every occasion, replies to his gall, and satire, with good manners, good sense, and superior address.

CHARLES de FRAUX, Chevalier de  
 MOUHY.  
 (Born at Metz in 1701.)

Bien-

Bienheureux Scudery, dont la fertile  
plume  
Fait, tout les mois, sans peine, enfanter  
un volume.

This gallant Chevalier, grown old in the service of the public, has even surpassed his enormous model by the number of his works. But what has this literary Hercules produced?—Novels in abundance. At what age does he still continue his lucubrations? At four score and one. Some of these numerous publications have, however, acquired no small reputation, witness his *Paysanne parvenue*, *les Mémoires posthumes du Comte de \*\*\**, and, *les Delices du Sentiment*. M. Mouhy's writings are thus characterised: His style is diffusive, unconnected, and rampant; the incidents generally void of probability, and the *denouemens* seldom happy, natural, or unexpected—consequently the reader often finds them uninteresting and insipid.

GABRIEL LOUIS PERAU.  
(Born at Paris in 1701.)

Dans ses Ecrits il nous présente  
La nature et la vérité.

This indefatigable writer quitted his literary career in the year 1767. After the death of M. d'Auigni, who had begun *Les vies des hommes illustres*, this truly popular work has been enriched by the superior abilities of Mr. Perau. This circumstance makes us regret, that this author's loss of sight rendered him incapable of proceeding farther than the 11th volume. The diction is easy, flowing, and correct: and, although it wants that warm colouring essential to the narrative, yet it is amply compensated by the solidity of his reflections, the excellence of the arrangement, and the strictest impartiality.

JEAN SAUVÉ de LANOUÉ,  
(Born at Meaux in 1701.)

Ainsi donc vous réunissez  
Tous les arts, tous les goûts, tous les  
talens de plaisir.

M. Lanoué has long enjoyed the reputation of being an excellent comedian, notwithstanding his figure and person were greatly in his disfavour. To this talent he united that of a dramatic writer; for, his Mahomet II. has considerable merit, and was well received by the public. This gave rise to the following *Jeu d'esprit* by Voltaire:

Mon cher Lanoué, illustre pere  
De l'invincible Mahomet,  
Soyez le parrain d'un cadet  
Qui sans vous n'est point fait pour plaire,  
Votre fils fut un conquérant:  
Le mien a l'honneur d'être apôtre,  
Prêtre, filou, dévot, brigand;  
Faites-en l'aumônier du vôtre.

Our dramatist has also written six comedies, five of which indeed are below the standard of mediocrity; but the *Coquette corrigée* is reckoned one of the best modern pieces on the stage; and, although frequently represented, is always received with repeated applause.

MICHEL-FRANÇOIS DANDRE  
BARDON.

(Born at Aix en Provence in 1701.)

This author, who is member of several academies, has survived many of his works; but his *Mémoires sur le Costume des Anciens* is a production of singular merit. The erudition, the curious researches, the elegance and precision, with which they are written, give them a decided superiority over those, which have only the reputation of being learned.

# PIE, or the ALPHABET in CONFUSION:

\* Being an exact picture of the present System.

A. OR, p w g f m y e k B M H ad gew:  
b f x j t ; C % q e - l f f j :  
Δ m ∠ T P n u d W a φ √ f i . x X Σ ω λ υ  
+ H + T × V = m + ? ± g j Q  
9 P μ ε \* \* μ d a W b z λ y - f f i s w x j e n j a x q b r  
Z . η α D z \* \* \* \* \* 0 - 8 2 5 1 1 0 0 +  
P c s ' c y a 2 3 | 1 \* . 1 5 n e f \* p l w

Π || # □ m b y y l λ v o x γ h k r  
Q n i o v l n b \* r e a q u e d c a s p x x φ  
h s o y j x x x : - s d i s b c z l v f k a o b w  
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? n d e + c o y 2 n c : \*

To the EDITORS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,  
**P**RAY, are you a set of single or married men? In what estimation do you hold the women? Do you allow them to be rational beings? or do you behold them as pleasing toys, created for the amusement of your leisure hours? In short, do you admit a female correspondent? Or, are you determined to keep the stores of knowledge in your own possession; and deal them out sparingly, "with a scanty hand," to illuminate the *imagined inferior* part of the creation? But a truce with queries; I confess I am ambitious of the honour of being one of your first correspondents; if you accept of me, you will not be disappointed; for I will tell you all the claim I lay to indulgence.

I understand neither Hebrew, Greek, nor Latin, though I admire men of erudition, and am very thankful to those who will render a passage into English for my instruction. I have not learnt Italian, nor am I so perfect in French as to read the best authors in that language without great difficulty—I am an inoffensive being—I never meddle with politics—think the mysticisms of theology not the province of a female, but prefer practical piety, and the moral virtues, and domestic duties, as far more suitable to the sphere in which they may excel—I never rail at matrimony, or the clergy, and have great respect for the professors of physic, and the gentlemen of the bar; and never trouble my head about the universities.—I am a citizen of the world, and despise no one for being born in a different climate—I love literature, and men of letters, and (perhaps am too) fond of my pen: I never scold my husband for not being a miracle of perfection, nor my children, for thinking more like young persons, than old ones; though I offer my advice to the one, and gently enforce it to the other—I detest scandal and hy-

pocrisy, and have no affectation; yet I can lend you a character without malice, and a blessing for your judicious Bees, who can extract some honey from the meanest flower. If you wish to know more; I was married thirty years ago to the man of my choice, the only man I ever did or ever wished to love.—We are still happy, friendly, affectionate, and even fond of each other; and enjoy as much felicity as, we think, falls to the lot of mortals in this state of trial. We have six daughters, who are esteemed lovely, and three sons, who are lively, sensible, manly, lads, all under the age of twenty; our former ones are at rest. They are reckoned far from deficient in point of understanding, and have the accomplishments proper to their age: it is true, I have devoted my life to their education, which particular circumstances threw entirely on me, and which is thought to bring me no little credit. Now, you may either reject or accept me for a correspondent: but I have another request to prefer, which is, that you will present my best compliments to your Man of the Town, and acquaint him, that I am so pleased with his amiable Association of Order and Fashion, that, had I never seen my own good man, and was as bright in my person and faculties as I appeared to him thirty years since, I think I should be tempted to wish for a nearer connection with so agreeable a young man: as it is, I can only wish him to marry the woman he loves, and to find the matrimonial state as happy as it has proved to my dear Erasmus and myself. I will not intrude farther on your leisure than to wish you the highest encouragement in your laudable undertaking, and to subscribe myself an avowed admirer of literary merit, under the signature of

CORNELIA.

Hampstead, Feb. 4, 1782.

GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION of the ISLE of MATRIMONY.

*Le pays du Mariage a cela de particulier, que les étrangers ont envie de l'habiter, et les habitans naturels voudroient en être exilés.*

VOLTÀIRE.

**T**HE Isle of Matrimony is situated on the extremities of the torrid and frosts, and consequently the temperature of the air must be very various and

unsettled, as the bitterest cold morning has been frequently known to succeed the warmest evening. During the spring, this island experiences the most sultry heats,



heats, and this to so great an excess, that the heads of its inhabitants are frequently turned, and there is perhaps no island rising above the surface of the ocean, in which are found so many lunatics. The summers, however, are more temperate and refreshing, and the gentle breezes that are wafted from the continent of *Prudence* sometimes remove the evils occasioned by the violence of the spring. The autumn is a busy and disagreeable season; for, then the mind of every thoughtful inhabitant is perpetually employed in the care of their tender vines, in bringing their fruit to perfection, and in finding a proper market for them; but many of their vines are frequently destroyed in their bloom by too tender a treatment, and still more are ruined by the pestiferous blights from the eastern regions of *luxury*. The winters in this isle are horrible indeed; for, howling and freezing winds, from the dreary regions of the north, confine the inhabitants to their houses, and sometimes to their beds. At this season, the men grow fretful and surly, and the women loquacious, and scold immoderately.—

"There is one thing peculiar to this island, (if we may believe what Voltaire says in my motto,) that strangers are desirous of settling there, while its natural inhabitants would be gladly banished from it." Whoever takes up his abode in this island must, by the laws of it, connect himself with a partner, and such partnership nothing can dissolve but the death of one of them; in which case, it has frequently been observed, that the surviving party has instantly quitted the island, and returned to it no more. When strangers first come there, they are highly delighted with the external appearance of harmony between

each person and their partner; but they no sooner make a settlement here themselves than they find, that the nocturnal disease, called by the inhabitants, a *Curtain-Lecture*, destroys all their felicity. Among the politer part of the inhabitants of this island, it is very unfashionable for two partners to be seen in the same company, and nothing is more common than for one to connive at the other's dealing in *contraband* goods, though the laws are very severe against it: Indeed, in this respect they are such notorious smugglers, that no man with certainty can say, that his *most delicate* ware is not rifled by others. The arms of this island, by which it is distinguished from all others, are, a plain ring or, on a field, sabres, the supporters, Bacchus and Morpheus; the motto, *Misericordia mihi*! and the crest, a death's head on an hour-glass. The usual diversion of these people is cards, with which both partners frequently try who shall first ruin the other; but matrimonial partners are never suffered to play in the same company, unless their behaviour announces them utter strangers to each other. People in general, on their first settlement in this island are, as it were, enchanted with the beautiful appearance of what is here called the *Honey-moon*; but many of them, before they have a month inhabited the island find, that what appeared to them at first as a most resplendent luminary, is nothing but a phantom, a mere vapour of the imagination. In short, this island, which I many represent as the region of delight as the garden of pleasure, and as the centre of all human happiness, is, in fact, the abode of vexation, the den of discontent and the vale of misery.

R. J

To the EDITORS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

By inserting the following Story, which is a mere Narrative of Facts, you will much oblige one, who means to be your frequent Correspondent.

• The CAPRICE of WOMEN.

THE mutability of female affections has been the subject of writers in all ages. From the great respect I have for the sex, I on all occasions endeavoured to exculpate them from this charge of levity, until I was prevented from so agreeable a task, by the following circumstance, which happened within my own knowledge. Mr. Benson, a Gentleman of Gloucestershire, had a son in the army, whom he had not seen for some years. About

three years ago, Frederic Benson being on a visit to his father, happened to meet with the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, whose name was Louisa; her person produced, at the first sight, very singular emotions in the mind of Frederic; nor did her mental accomplishments, on farther acquaintance, lessen her in his opinion; for, Louisa possessed many naturally fraught with every good and virtuous principle. immersed by a small

judged education; free from the usual vanity of her sex, she could bear being talked to with reason, and had sense enough to despise flattery. Such a woman could not fail of touching the heart of the young soldier, who was daily more attentive to her, and used every method to render himself agreeable. Frédéric had a taste for poetry, and Louisa was an admirer of the Muses; the sublimity of Milton and the elegance of Thompson, therefore, were frequent subjects of conversation; and he found that sensibility in Louisa, whenever a pathetic passage occurred, which rivetted him to her for ever. Thus pleased and pleasing, this happy pair spent a most delightful summer, without dreaming of any thing more than simple friendship, when Frédéric, obliged to return to his regiment, felt all those tender sensations naturally attendant on parting with those we have a sincere regard for: many were the vows of eternal constancy he swore, and numberless his wishes to remain with his beloved Louisa; nor was she wanting in that delicate tenderness a soul like hers must feel at quitting a dear acquaintance; indeed, they now, for the first time, found there was something more than friendship in their connection, and, to alleviate the sorrows of a cruel separation, determined on a constant correspondence. This happy intercourse continued without interruption, till Louisa met with a new admirer, who declared his favourable sentiments of her, and consulted her family on the occasion: he had many advantages over the absent Frédéric; his person, his fortune, were greatly supe-

rior, yet Louisa overlooked them both. In vain did her friends solicit in his behalf; his disposition was not congenial to hers, nor could the sighs of her faithful Frédéric be forgotten. Elated as Frédéric was, with this peculiar mark of her regard, he took the earliest opportunity of leaving his regiment to revisit Gloucestershire, and found his dear Louisa as much attached to him as on his former visit, notwithstanding the disapprobation of her mother, whose love of grandeur would gladly have sacrificed her to wretched greatness. Thus favoured by the object of his utmost wishes, for more than twelve months he enjoyed those stolen interviews, which, though hard-earned, carry with them a singular satisfaction; when, to his utter astonishment, he found the tender, kind, affectionate, Louisa changed into the cold, the distant, acquaintance: no longer the kind expression flowed from her vermilion-tintured lips, no more the wonted tear of tenderness trickled from her love-darting eye. The tortures, the distraction, which rent the soul of Frédéric, on a change like this, let every susceptible heart paint for itself; it would be beggared by description; the consequence was, his putting an end to all his sorrows, by depriving himself of existence: nor was the fate of poor Louisa more desirable; for, on hearing of the sad catastrophe of her much-loved Frédéric, (for, she truly loved him, notwithstanding her affected indifference,) a sudden phrenzy seized her brain; nor has it been, as yet, in the power of medicine to recal her scattered senses. Z.

We have been favoured with the following curious Narrative by a Gentleman just returned from the Countries he describes.

REMARKS on the INHABITANTS of AFRICA, particularly those on the Niger and Tooth Coast.

IT would be absurd to draw a character of the inhabitants of Africa at large, or to give a general account of their customs or political institutions. In such a diversity of climates, and such an extent of country, there must be a vast difference in mankind. The nature of the soil or of the air, the vicinity of water, or its distance, will each, in a great degree, alter the character of a people. Besides these obvious causes of difference, there are others, from original formation. We see the colour and shape of the African and European materially different. Why should we then deny that an equal difference may exist in their minds? A nice observer must conclude, when he beholds the round head of a German, that it can-

not think precisely in the same manner with a flat English one; or that the animating principles of a slow Dutchman or a lively Italian are just the same. This conclusion, which we would draw *a priori*, is confirmed by experience. We have every reason to conclude, that the powers of the mind are inferior in the African to those of the inhabitant of Europe. We have also sufficient grounds to say, that men of the same colour possess a particular character, which distinguishes their particular nation. But, in Africa, we find a great variety in climate and in the temperature of the air. We find a diversity of situations, and a number of distinct governments. We see an immense difference in the colour of certain nations, and

in their figure. It is therefore necessary to confine ourselves to a few degrees of latitude, or to a single nation, if we mean to enter upon a description in any degree minute. Thus we know, that the people on the eastern coast of Africa are white, while those on the western, and in the same latitude, are perfectly black. The nations inhabiting the banks of the Niger, are slender, and well formed; while those on the Gold Coast, are strong, clumsy, and made for labour. On the Niger they are sprightly, gentle, though not unskilful in war, while on the Gold Coast they are stupid, barbarous, and timid.

At present we shall give some account of the nations on the Niger, and those who inhabit what is called the Tooth Coast. These nations seem very differently formed by nature, with respect to the mere stamina of the animal, and a variety of circumstances has increased this difference to a great degree.

The fruitful banks of the Niger produces a race of men, superior in beauty of form and elegance of manners, to any other towards the western parts of the African continent. The men, from the nature of the country, in some measure, but more from custom, are little acquainted with the arts of the husbandman. Hence, their persons, naturally well made, are not impaired by labour. Their country affording few commodities for our market, and being unfit in its situation for every sort of trade, they have preserved the original purity of their manners, nor encreased those few wants which arise from nature.

When this people began to be civilized, or what revolutions their government has undergone, is impossible for us to determine. They have few fears of what is to come, and they are little anxious for what is already past. Their remarkable events are not many, nor are they acquainted with any method of recording such as occur. It would be still a more fruitless, if not a ridiculous, attempt, to trace their origin from some other nation, as is too common with our historians. Why should we not imagine, that this people have occupied the very spot they now inhabit, since the supposed creation of the world! Their appearance, their laws, language, or customs, will lead us at any rate to no probable conclusion on that head.

If the men are handsome, the women may well be reckoned beautiful, in comparison with the female part of the other African nations. Their limbs are not bounded by those harsh lines which are so universal

with their neighbours. The flat nose, and prominent mouth, are never seen amongst them. Both sexes are rather delicate in their make, though the men are very active, and well adapted for war or the chase.

The language of the nations, on the Niger, is remarkably harmonious, and well adapted to promote the emotions of love, which passion they seem to feel in all its excess, and enjoy in all its refinements. It is true, it leads its votaries more directly to action, its final cause, than we generally find it doing in England and the more northern countries, where it is seen under such capricious forms. Yet the women on the Niger are modest and gentle. Their favours are the effect of nature, and arise from the heart. The father never forces his daughter to live with a man she dislikes. This happy people have not yet imagined, that a parent's authority should ever extend so far. Love gives her to the arms of a husband, and affection is the only bond that continues the connection. If a separation takes place, in after life, as is sometimes the case, the mother provides for all the female children, and all the male fall to the father's share. Thus parted on equitable terms, they attach themselves where affection again may dictate.

The love of music is much connected with the passion of love, and for that this people are remarkable. Their musical instruments comprehend but a few notes, and therefore are capable of but little variation. They consist of several strings stretched betwixt two points, like our harp. As they have not acquired the idea of making the note, which one string sounds, bear a certain proportion to the others, they have little tune in their performances, but the rhythm, or time, they preserve with the utmost accuracy. In their dances they sing along with their instruments as they move, preserving the utmost regularity of figure and grace of motion.

Hunting is their chief amusement and occupation. In this exercise they have perpetual occasion to manifest their address or their courage. They attack the savage animals, that perpetually scour their country, with wonderful intrepidity, and without any other weapon but a kind of wooden spear, generally come off victorious. But they are not always so fortunate; for, many instances have where the huntsman has been or dreadfully wounded. Fishing is considered rather dishonourable for the

therefore chiefly exercised by the lowest of their women or by slaves.

Wars of any consequence but seldom occur; for, the occasions of them are few. They are sometimes infested by those tribes that perpetually scour the deserts of Sahara. Private injuries will, at other times, induce them to take up arms. Many of these have their origin in disputes about their females or encroachments in hunting on their grounds. Their wars are chiefly carried on by the restless nations that inhabit a country to the eastward. They sometimes enter the territories of the inhabitants in the course of the chase, which is reckoned a sufficient cause for a war. For, though they would suffer their fields to be ploughed by their neighbours with peace, and even secure to them the full produce of their labours, yet they will not allow any even of the useless or destructive animals of their country to be destroyed. These they consider as their dearest property, and resent any encroachments on it with alacrity and vigour. When war is once resolved upon, they mount their horses, to the number of many hundreds, and enter the country of the enemy. If any force is raised sufficient to oppose them, a battle ensues, in which both parties have been known to display the utmost bravery and address; but, if they meet with no resistance, the war is turned to the diversion of the chase; for, it is thought the greatest disgrace they can put on the enemy to hunt in their country, and they imagine themselves sufficiently revenged by this for every injury. They pass their chief towns, where only a few women venture to remain, displaying the animals they have killed on long poles, and they always leave some of their skins put up to view in a remarkable situation. The expedition is thus concluded in one or two days, and the war for that time is at an end. If the offending party is inclined to peace, ambassadors are dismissed with great formality. With them there is a considerable retinue of persons of rank. Their persons are held sacred by the enemy; who, if the terms they offer can be accepted, dismiss them with presents; or with safety, though not sufficiently advantageous. Thus peace is again established. The captives, who have been exchanged, are treated with the most humanity by this generous people. Though fortune has made them their enemies, they forget not that they are men. "Wretches," say they, "were our slaves; it is but just that we should keep them from hurting us any more. They are

our fellow-creatures, we therefore ought to pity and not oppress them."

Visiting occasions in this country are very common amongst the principal people. A marriage or a death will produce several entertainments. At these the women preside with much ceremony and address. They receive the compliments of their guests with ease, and return them with interest.

Their politics are but little complicated. A chief is chosen by the general voice of the people that compose a small community. One of the neighbouring chiefs preside at the election, and have at times a good deal of influence in determining it. To this chief, the few differences that can occur amongst a people, where there is so little property and no commerce, are referred. In criminal cases, he has the power of life and death; but the necessity of enforcing this power very seldom occurs.

When a man is once sentenced to lose his life, he is surrounded by the friends of the chief, and the people of consequence in the state. Behind these the multitude arrange themselves, making much lamentation at the scene before them. The malefactor is then placed on a scaffold, formed of rude trees, which are supported by others fixed in the ground. They fasten him to a post with cords, made of the bark of trees, and mark his body with red lines, crossing each other in several directions. When he has stood in this situation for some time, the whole assembly set up a hideous yell, which they repeat three times, at the interval of about five minutes. Soon as they have finished, one of the chief men or magistrates ascends with a club in his hand, and, with one stroke on the head, deprives him of life. They leave the corpse in the open air, which is devoured before the next morning by a kind of ant, or some hungry animal of this burning region.

They seem to entertain the belief of but one God, who bestows happiness on men from his inclination, and only allows misery from necessity; for, they think him a benevolent being, but circumscribed in his operations. To this necessity they ascribe the deadly blasts and the destructive ants of their country, which, at the same time, they consider as the only place fit for the residence of men.

To conclude the account of these nations, which are spread over more than ten degrees of longitude, and, at some places, five of latitude; we may observe, that, with little science, they have much happiness.

happiest. They have few arts, but their wants are also few. Luxury, and the vices which always attend it, are not known on the banks of the Niger. The countenance is here a true index of the mind; for, policy has not taught the face to smile, while the heart continues to ache. Happy people! where oppression is never known—where the women are beautiful, and without deceit—where the men are generous, and free from vice.

As a contrast to the inhabitants on the Niger, let us now describe those petty nations inhabiting the Tooth Coast. The deformity of their figure and the depravity of their mind are both considerable. For, the delicate limbs, the erect countenance, and the elegant deportment, of the people we last considered, we here find large and ill-turned muscles, a downcast sullen look, and a behaviour rude and indecent.

Is this the effect of so small a difference in climate? Is it the consequence of any political, or any moral cause?—or must we ascribe it to an original and essential difference in the first principles of the men? But, whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain, that the qualities and powers of the mind, as well as the appearance of the body, is very different in these nations.

On the Tooth Coast, the men are clumsy, strong, and fit for bodily fatigue. They live on the sides of rivers, which they find a more convenient situation than the inland country. Their language is dry, and without harmony. Their sentences are short, and they finish them in such a note, that a European often imagines them but half concluded. Both sexes in general go naked, but many of the better sort now wear a kind of petticoat, made of a single yard of blue cloth, of European manufacture, worth about a shilling. This they seem not to do from modesty, but from the love of finery. The women are faithful to the marriage-bed, any violation of which they punish with death. They do not think it dishonourable for the unmarried women to have a criminal connection with Europeans. For that purpose, they frequently offer their daughters to our traders, for little or no reward.

Their kings, or chiefs, are seldom hereditary, but are elected by the people, or rather by a few of the great men in the state. They possess very considerable powers, in both criminal and civil cases. It is very remarkable, that all the kings, or chiefs, and most of the great men in this country, are much less black than the vulgar.

All these small nations have a taste for European luxuries, for which, as they will not do any labour, they are obliged to have recourse to every sort of villany. One of the most hurtful to their own country, as well as the most shocking to human nature, is the method they take of selling their fellow-creatures and fellow-subjects to the traders that visit their coasts. Every house of any consequence has a prison at one end of it, for the purpose of confining the wretches they can collect for sale. This is a long shed, composed of cane, with a small door of the same materials. In this place the slaves are lodged, until the arrival of a ship to carry them away.

The custom of reducing their own species to a state of slavery, was introduced among this people before the arrival of the Portuguese. Such of their prisoners of war, who had never been exchanged, with a few criminals, not deserving of death, were then reduced to that situation. These slaves were only obliged to perform certain offices for their masters, and could never leave their service, without obtaining their discharge. In other respects they enjoyed considerable liberties. But when our traders arrived in this country, and offered commodities, which in a short time they could not want, in exchange for men, every method was used by their chiefs to procure them. Wars were entered upon without occasion, and often with an agreement on both sides, that prisoners not to be exchanged should be taken. These unfortunate people, fighting, in what they imagined, the cause of their country, were thus basely betrayed by the very men to whom themselves had entrusted the reins of government. Nor were the privileges of their hereditary slaves much longer regarded. They could not dispose of them openly to the trader; the law forbade it, and the body was too formidable to venture on such an encroachment of its liberty. But some of them they sent off in a clandestine manner, and others they got rid of, by creating feigned quarrels betwixt the chiefs, in possession of many of these slaves. In order to reconcile this pretended difference, slaves were always given by the offending party, by way of atonement. The unhappy men thus delivered in lieu of an injury, were no longer protected by law or custom, and their master openly disposed of them as the commodities he wanted. Besides the unfair methods of selling their captive hereditary slaves, others equally villainous have been adopted. All the ties that

the members of a community have been disregarded. They have multiplied crimes, by laws, which are neither founded in use, nor in nature, that the innocent perpetrators may be disposed of as slaves. This increase of crimes has made many criminals. These men, to avoid punishment, have taken up arms and retired into the woods, whence they often issue in small parties, infesting the neighbouring country. They are the profest enemies of the white people, who cannot travel in the places they frequent. But they have also broken through the ties of blood. The father takes advantage of the years of his son or the frailty of his wife. To such a pitch of vice and misery has our detestable commerce carried these deluded men. Commerce, by which happiness and knowledge are said to be generally diffused, has been to this people a source of the greatest ignorance and distress. We have bestowed on them luxury without civilization. For simple manners, we have introduced corruption and deceit. We have made the honest husbandman a mercantile rascal. By our means, the father distrusts his son; the servant his master; and every man his neighbour. By our means, thousands of happy men are transported to a distant country, to groan in servitude, without a hope of better days. These are the blessings which our trade diffuses in Africa. A number of malefactors, who have been obliged to leave England to shun the punishment of their crimes, are scattered over these rude nations, to procure slaves by the return of the ships. For this purpose, they foment divisions between nations and deceit among men. The human race is already thin in that country, by our barbarity. Humanity is tired of such a relation. But, while it is for the interest of our trade, it is to be feared our laws will allow its continuance.

As the Africans in general are averse to labour, they are not solicitous to procure any article of commerce for our market. They sometimes are at the trouble to collect the gold, which is chiefly found in the bed of rivers, or by their sides. They free it from the substances with which it is mixed by putting a quantity of earth, that contains much gold, into an earthen vessel. Over this they pour some water, through which the earth and sandy parts diffuse themselves by agitation, while the gold, by its weight, remains below. They then pour off the water, and get the gold pretty pure at the bottom of the jar. Sometimes they make the golden earth roll down an inclined

plane, for the same purpose. The metal, thus freed from the grosser parts, is run by them into little ingots, and disposed of to the Europeans; for, they have no coin of their own, and use gold but little as a representative of the value of things.

The atmosphere on the Tooth Coast is generally clear and serene. The heat in the sun is often quite intolerable. The thermometer, even in the shade, rises very commonly to some degrees above the heat of a human body. From this arises the deadly power of putridity in that country; the slimy banks of a river, or a pool of stagnating water, producing a kind of remittent fever of the most fatal kind to Europeans. We may here observe, what a wonderful power it is, that nature has given to the human body, of preserving an equilibrium of heat. In one temperature of air generating actual cold, in another, producing real heat.

Hunting is the chief employment, and most honourable profession with the nations on the Tooth Coast. They face the fiercest animals with intrepidity, darting their long lances, with much skill, to an astonishing distance.

The buffalo is the only beef they have, which, when properly prepared, is little inferior to our own. They inflate the animal immediately after killing it, until the belly and cellular membrane is quite full of air. They then beat the body all over with rods, which brings on extravasation of the fluids, and induces putrefaction. By this operation the meat is made tender, and more delicate to the taste.

They always dress their victuals in the open air, and boil their meat, which they never use roasted, by putting it in a jar, that stands in another, to which the fire is applied. The inner jar is covered at the top, and both are full of water. This method they commonly use from the imperfection of their vessels, the one, fit for standing the fire, imparting a disagreeable taste to what it contains.

The apes on the Tooth Coast are numerous, and live chiefly on the cocoa-nut. They are remarkably fond of spirituous liquors, by which they get so drunk, if a quantity is exposed in an open vessel, that it is common in this way to catch them. The same thing is true of many of the animals of this country. They venerate the guanos, and will allow nobody to injure them. This animal, like the black snake of America, follows a man, as if with an intention of attacking him, but, on his stopping, it also stops, or runs away on his following it.

We shall conclude our account of the Tooth Coast with observing, that these rude nations are not sufficiently civilized to afford us much useful knowledge. Their laws are simple. Their customs only the object of curiosity. They have

little or no science, and but few arts. We therefore leave it to the curious to enter more minutely into this subject than we have done; but let the public never forget the truth of the French saying, *Grand observateur, grand menteur!*

### On the ridiculous PRIDE of our VARD APPEARANCES.

*Keep up Appearances: There lies the Test!  
The World will give thee Credit for the Rest.*

**I**N this age of luxury and dissipation, the only idol is *Appearance*, at whose shrine almost all the world pay homage. The intrinsic merits of a man, such as honour, probity, and virtue, are no longer considered as the characteristic marks by which we are to judge of him. If he keeps a splendid equipage, lives high, and treats freely, he will never fail to have his sycophants and parasites, though he owes his greatness to his country's ruin, and fattens himself and his followers on the wrecks of the widow and the spoils of the fatherless. Whoever is accustomed to frequent the different coffee-houses in London must have observed, what a strange deference is paid to *Appearances*. The plain citizen, who dresses suitably to his character, whatever his fortune in life may be, if he happens not to be known, may call a long while for what he wishes to be brought him; while the youth in the modern dress of the blood and bucks, and who is a complete master of the *bon ton*, though he is known by all the waiters to be the servile debtor of his tailor, shoemaker, hatter, linen-draper, hatter, and friseur, and is supposed to owe his unhappy existence to swindling, sharpening, and gambling, yet such a genius will always be the first attended to, and treated with the greatest respect; because he keeps up *Appearances*. I have often been diverted, on dropping into a coffee-house in the neighbourhood of any of our public offices, where I never failed to meet with some of those official young coxcombs, who, with a salary not equal to the wages of a journeyman bricklayer or carpenter, assume all the airs of nobility, and effect a most ineffable contempt for every one, who is not, like themselves, dressed more like a monkey than a man. Among these gentry, however, there is always something of the shabby-genteel to be observed. A large stone ring, neither more nor less in value than five shillings, covers one half of their delicate little finger, and a pair of plated buckles, of nearly the same value, hides a great part of the defects of a pair of shoes

often grown old in their service. A stick painted in imitation of a cane, and bought of some Jew for a shilling, is often seen dangling on their lily-white wrist, to which it is suspended by a ribbon begged from some servant-maid; and a left-off fashionable suit, purchased at an easy rate in Monmouth-street, completes the appearance of these coxcomical and would-be gentlemen. A pair of boots is, to this kind of gentry, a happy substitute for silk stockings, since they hide both holes and dirt, and are seldom troublesome to the laundress. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that this piece of frugality in the walking-jockies was the happy invention of necessity to keep up *Appearances*. There certainly can be nothing more absurd and ridiculous, than for any person to attempt to keep up appearances beyond what their fortunes may support; for, whatever may be the adoration they receive from the world, under the deceitful appearance of grandeur and affluence, when their real circumstances come to be discovered, and want and poverty take place of magnificence and splendour, they then become even the mock and ridicule of their servants, and spend the remainder of their days in penury, disgrace, and servility. It must indeed be confessed, that many a poor and illiterate practitioner in physic has made his fortune in the world by keeping up *Appearances*. Recommend to the sick old lady any particular physician, and the only question she will ask concerning him will be, "Does he keep his chariot?" for, it has been believed, that the sound of a physician's chariot-wheels at the door has performed more cures than pill, bolus, or lotion, or all the united efforts of the whole *materia medica*. To keep up *Appearances*, therefore, seems to be the first article in the creed of the modern politician, while that of living frugally, and within those limits which fortune prescribes to every one, seems to be preserved only by mean and vulgar souls, who have not yet learned that

# THE LONDON REVIEW, AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

*Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.*

*Biographia Dramatica; or, a Companion to the Playhouse: containing historical and critical Memoirs, and original Anecdotes of British and Irish dramatic Writers, from the Commencement of our theatrical Exhibitions; amongst whom are some of the most celebrated Actors. Also an alphabetical Account of their Works, the Dates when printed, and occasional Observations on their Merits. Together, with an Introductory View of the Rise and Progress of the British Stage. By David Erskine Baker, Esq. A new Edition, carefully corrected, greatly enlarged, and continued from 1764 to 1782, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. Rivington.*

THIS work we esteem as one of the desiderata of English literature. An accurate account of the various productions of the theatre has been long wanted, and, as far as our opportunities of examining the present performance have gone, we think it executed with care and attention. The editor, in an advertisement prefixed, says, that he "can claim no other merit than what arises from an attempt to supply such deficiencies, and rectify such mistakes, as were left in the present work by its original compiler. He hopes, however, that, on examination, the following list of English dramatic writers, and their distinct performances will appear as much augmented as it could be by the aid of any collections already formed, and the labours of any single hand. The titles of above a thousand dramas, at least, are added to the former catalogue." So large an accession of new materials has swelled the volumes to near double the size they formerly were, and, from the various additions, alterations, and corrections, which we have observed in that part of the performance heretofore published, we ought rather to consider this as a new work than as a republication of one which had been already printed.

In compilations, like the present, exactness and accuracy are indispensable requisites, and, if we do not mistake, those who may have occasion to consult

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these volumes, will have no reason to complain of the editor's want of attention. From a number of articles which we have examined, as chance or curiosity directed us, we have found no reason to impeach his fidelity, or lament his neglect. In a work, however, of so miscellaneous a nature, it cannot be expected but some mistakes must have crept in, though we acknowledge we have not been successful in our search after them. We therefore very readily allow the editor the praise which is due to his diligence and industry.

With respect to the execution of this work, we cannot approve of the alphabetical mode of its distribution. A chronological order would have been more eligible, and equally convenient to the reader. In some instances, we apprehend the editor has been unnecessarily severe in his strictures, both on the persons and performances of living authors. To correct the petulance of presuming folly, and to check the arrogance of confident vanity, would hardly be censured as wanton exertions of rigid criticism, were they confined to such objects; but we think some objections will lie against the work upon that ground, and, on a future edition, we hope to see them removed.

It would be impossible to convey any idea of the contents of so multifarious a performance, by any abstract of it. We shall therefore give a specimen of each volume,

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volume, by which the reader may judge of the manner in which it is executed.

Vol. 1. "Young, Dr. Edward. The son of Dr. Edward Young, dean of Sarum, was born at Upham, near Winchester, in June, 1681. He was placed in the foundation at Winchester college, where he remained until the election after his eighteenth birth-day; when, not being chosen to New College, he, on the 13th of Oct. 1703, was entered an independent member of that society, and, that he might be at little expence, resided at the lodgings of the warden, who had been a particular friend of his father. In a few months, the death of his benefactor occasioned him to remove to Corpus, the president of which college invited him there for the same reasons as the warden of New College had before done. In 1708, he was nominated to a law-fellowship, at All-Souls, by archbishop Tension. On the 23d of April, 1714, he took the degree of bachelor of civil law; and his doctor's degree on the 10th of June, 1719.

"Two years after he had taken his first degree, he was appointed to speak the Latin Oration, which was delivered on laying the foundation of the Codrington Library. In 1719, he was received in the Earl of Exeter's family as tutor to Lord Burleigh, with whom he was to travel, and might have secured an annuity of 100l. per annum, had he continued in that situation; but, having been admitted to an intimacy with the witty and profligate Duke of Wharton, he directly attached himself to that nobleman, with whom he visited Ireland, and under whose auspices he became a candidate for the borough of Cirencester, in which attempt he was unsuccessful. While he continued in friendship with this ingenious, unfortunate, and eccentric, man of quality, he is supposed to have greatly relaxed from the strict rigid rules of virtue, and indulged in a degree of licence very remote from the severity he observed in the latter part of his life. The connection between the peer and the poet seems to have been broken by the retreat of the former from the kingdom, and his death soon afterwards. On the former event Dr. Young probably took orders; and in April, 1728, he was appointed chaplain to George the 2d. In July, 1730, he was presented by his college to the rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordshire; and in April, 1732, married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and widow of Colonel Lee. This

lady died in the year 1740, and her death was soon afterwards followed by that of her daughter, an amiable young lady, whose husband, Mr. Temple, son of Lord Palmerston, did not long survive her. The deaths of these three persons for some time threw a gloom over Dr. Young's mind, and gave birth to the Night-Thoughts, a work by which it certainly was the author's wish to be distinguished, and by which his reputation has been established throughout his own and the neighbouring kingdoms. From this time, he lived in his retreat at Welwyn, without receiving any addition to his preferment. In 1761, at the age of fourscore, he was appointed clerk of the closet to the Princess-dowager of Wales, and died in April, 1765.

"He left the bulk of his fortune, which was considerable, to his only son, whom he had long excluded both from his roof and his protection. What offence occasioned this suspension of parental tenderness, we are not enabled to determine. Dr. Young himself (who never failed to discover virtues in a coach and six, and without a blush could balance "Heaven" against Lord "Wilmington"\*) on the score of profane flattery may need forgiveness, and we hope will receive it. Yet during his last confinement, even when the expectation of life had forsaken him, he continued strenuous in his refusal to see his child, who repeatedly, but vainly, wished for his parting benediction. How far this obstinate resentment accorded with the true spirit of Christianity, let those, who are engaged in more serious disquisitions, enquire. Be it sufficient for us to observe, that such sentiments of placability and mercy, as the Night-Thoughts inculcate, are not always the result of a gentle and compassionate frame of mind in the writer of them. They are collected with ease, because even novels can furnish them. They are praised with an appearance of zeal, because earnest commendation of them may be mistaken for sympathetic virtue. Had the Sicilian tyrant been an author, he would have been ashamed to have left his works unfinished with these ambitious decorations.

In a codicil to his will, Dr. Young enjoined his house-keeper to destroy all his manuscripts, books of account excepted. We hope his injunction, for the sake of his literary fame, was obeyed. It has suffered sufficiently by Resignation, a poem published by himself, as well as by such other trifling pieces as the avarice of bookellers.

\* "And laughs at heaven, O Wilmington, and thee!"

Since his death, has appended to his works. Of the private habits of Dr. Young, very few particulars are known; but, as those few may serve to draw out others, we shall make no apology for such slender information on the subject as chance has thrown within our reach.

Singularity is said to have predominated in the most juvenile practices. The late Dr. Ridley remembered a report current at Oxford, that, when he was composing, he would shut up his windows, and sit by a lamp even at mid-day;—nay, that skulls, bones, and instruments of death, were among the ornaments of his study. Thus, encouraging the habitual gloom that hung over his imagination, it soon became peopled by the phantoms of discontent. He indulged an early hurry in describing the miseries of a world that did not immediately forward his designs and gratify his expectations; and was far advanced in this strain of complaint, at an age, when hope would have been warm in the bosoms of every other young man with similar prospects in view. The reader therefore will not suppose that his disposition brightened up when he had suffered from real disappointments, and the weight of years sat heavier upon him. His discourse, even to the last, was rather expressive of a restlessness than a settled mind. His powers of delighting were in great measure confined to his pen. His extemporaneous wit and merriment, however, have been much extolled. The chosen few, who were allowed the honour of visiting him, always returned with pretended astonishment at his colloquial talents. We say *pretended*, because, on enquiry, these wonderers could recollect no sentiment or remark of his that sparkled as a *bon mot*, or distinguished itself by any uncommon degree of novelty or importance. Two specimens of his unpremeditated acuteness are preserved. The one is happy enough, the other is disgraced by profaneness. His luck indeed must have been bad, if, in threescore years of conversation, he had not wandered twice into successful pleasantries.

Dr. Young rose betimes, and obliged his domestics to join with him in the duties of morning prayer. He read but little. Indeed his works betray more of fancy than variety or depth of knowledge.—While his health permitted him to walk abroad, he preferred a solitary ramble in his church-yard to exercise with a companion on a more cheerful spot. He was moderate in his meals, and rarely drank wine, except when he was ill, being (as

he said) unwilling to waste the succours of sickness in the stability of health. After a slight refreshment, he retired to bed at eight in the evening, although he might have guests in his house who wished to prolong his stay among them to a later hour. He lived at a moderate expence, rather inclining to parsimony than profusion, and yet continued anxious for increase of preferment, after it could have added nothing to his enjoyments; for he expended annually little more than the half of his income, the world and he having reciprocally turned their backs on each other. Whether his temper had disinclined him to conciliate friends, or he had survived their affection, we are not informed; but his curate at Welwyn being appointed his sole executor, it should seem as if he had resolved to accompany the fortune a son was to inherit with as few tokens of regard and confidence as a father could possibly bestow. The remains of Dr. Young were deposited in his own church, with a plain Latin inscription over them; but as it only tells us what is already known, our readers would gain nothing by its insertion. The amount of his wealth cannot be ascertained but by its heir, the executor having purposely transferred every part of it, without casting up the total sum, that he might thereby avoid giving answers to the questions of those whose curiosity exceeds their manners.

In the poetical as prose compositions of Young, there is much originality, but little judgement. We scarce recollect a single line or expression that he has borrowed from any English writer. His defects and beauties are alike his own. Of the epigrammatic turn of his satires (however vicious in point of taste) there is no example; nor was he indebted to any poet, ancient or modern, for the plan of his Night-Thoughts. Among his smaller pieces (even such as were published by himself) there are some which we could willingly part with, particularly those childish trifles, his odes and sea-pieces, in which words overpower ideas, and loyalty triumphs at the expence of imagination. On the whole, the writings of Young may be considered as those of a powerful though gloomy advocate for religion and morality; and, perhaps, there is no passage among all his performances, which, in the hour of self-examination, he would have wished anxiously to retract, those excepted, in which his addiction to licentious flattery has induced him to dress up his

patrons in the attributes of a Being, whose greatness and whose goodness admit of no approximation."

His dramatic works are,

1. *Buffris*. T. 8vo. 1719.
2. *The Revenge*. T. 8vo. 1721.
3. *The Strangers*. T. 8vo. 1753.

Vol. 2. "Hamlet, altered by Mr. Garrick. Acted at Drury lane, 1771. This alteration is made in the true spirit of Bottom the Weaver, who wishes to play not only the part assigned him, but all the rest in the piece. Mr. Garrick, in short, has reduced the consequence of every character but that represented by himself; and thus excluding Othello, the grave-diggers, &c. contrived to monopolize the attention of the audience. Our poet had furnished Laertes with a dying address, which afforded him a local advantage over the Prince of Denmark. This circumstance was no sooner observed than the speech was taken away from the former and adopted by the latter. Since the death of the player, the public indeed has vindicated the rights of the poet, by forcing the theatres into compliance with their wishes, to see Hamlet as originally meant for exhibition. Mr. Garrick had once designed to publish the changes he had made in it, and (as was usual with him in the course of similar transactions) had accepted a compliment from the book-sellers, consisting of a set of Olivet's edi-

tion of Tully; but, on second thought, with a laudable regard to his future creditor he returned the acknowledgement, and suppressed the alteration. In short, no bribe but his own inimitable performance, could have prevailed on an English audience to sit patiently, and behold the martyrdom of their favourite author."

To the first volume of his work, is prefixed a brief history of the English stage.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

David Erskine Baker was the eldest son of Henry Baker, a gentleman, well known in the philosophical world, from his Essay on the Microscope, by a daughter of the celebrated Daniel Defoe. This, his son, was an early writer, having translated a pamphlet from the Italian of Dr. Bocchi, at the age of fifteen years. Being adopted by an uncle, who was a silk-throwster in Spitalfields, he succeeded him in his business, but, wanting the prudence and attention which are necessary to secure success in trade, he soon failed. He married a person who was an actress; but, though a sensible and judicious speaker, never arrived at much eminence. Our author also was a considerable time a miserable retainer to some of the provincial theatres, and died before his father, about ten or twelve years since, in very indigent circumstances, as we have been informed.

*The Adventures of a Rupee; wherein are interspersed various Anecdotes, Asiatic and European.* 12mo. 3s. Murray.

THE Critical and other Reviewers have very justly ranked this little Romance amongst the very first of that species of writing. They have observed, that the stories it contains are generally well fancied, that the diction is simple, and that it inculcates throughout principles of virtue and honour.

The Adventures of a Rupee possess however a species of merit which has not yet been pointed out to the public. They display, in many instances, an intimate acquaintance with the modern doctrines of natural philosophy, and also a profound knowledge of the operations and passions of the human mind and heart.

There are authors who possess talents for delineating particular characters: and there are others, of a sublimer genius, who delight chiefly to represent human nature in general, and to mark the emotions and passions which must arise in

every human breast in certain situations. Such a distinction may be remarked between ancient and modern writers of dramatic poetry.

Among the authors, who exhibit the human species rather than particular characters, we rank the virtuous author of the Adventures of a Rupee: a performance in which there is indeed but little anecdote or incident; no bizarre, extravagant, or whimsical, character; but in which all is, for the most part, plain nature, simply but justly dressed.

As our author's sentiments are always natural; so his views are grand and important—"To raise the genius and to mend the heart"—This is the moral end of his work, in which there is not "one line which, dying, he could wish to blot."—The character we have given of this little book will, we doubt not, be just.

ished in the opinions of our readers by following extracts:

The sun saw me in the mountains of Thibet an ignoble lump of earth. I was then undistinguished, from the clods that surrounded me, by the splendour of my appearance or the ductility of my substance; but I contained within myself the principles of my future form; and, certain parts of the rays of light remaining in the cavities of my body, by degrees I assumed colour and other qualities which I had not before. In this situation I remained many centuries, ignorant of the world or its inhabitants. At length I was carried by torrents of rain, which fell on the mountain where I lay, into one of the sources of the Ganges, and at last was left by that river on a bank in the neighbourhood of Benares. I had now for the first time an opportunity of seeing the human form, and I easily discovered its superiority to that of the animals with which I was acquainted. The expression of the operations of the mind in the countenance struck me with wonder, and, ignorant of mankind, I imagined that this was a never-failing index of the soul. I was surprised to hear the innocent and learned inhabitants of that country, for such in those days they were, communicate their ideas by sounds. Man, thought I within myself, (for, though I am not blest with the faculty of speech I have the power of thinking,) is the lord of this world. He is superior to all the other animals in the qualities of his mind, which I suppose is perfect; how happy should I esteem myself in being introduced to his acquaintance. I now began to hope that my lustre would one day claim his notice. I courted every sun-beam, to attract its colouring and metallic principles; and I succeeded so well in my endeavours to improve myself, that I became gold of the purest kind.

"I lay long in this situation unnoticed by men, and despising all connection with the surrounding earths. In this period many changes took place. The happy inhabitants of this country were repeatedly conquered. Knowledge, refinement, and humanity, fell before oppression, and I began to suspect, for the first time, that men were less virtuous than they seemed to be.

"But I shall now enter upon a more material part of my story; for, it gave birth to my acquaintance with the world, and to the scenes that I at present lay before the public.

"I was pleasing myself one day by

reflecting the rays of the sun on a flower that had sprung up at my side, when I perceived two men, whom I had often before seen, come, towards me; I knew them to be connected by blood and long friendship. As they had so frequently passed before without paying any attention to me, I took little notice of them at present, but continued entertaining myself in the way I have mentioned. What was my surprise, when one of them, running up, eagerly snatched me from a habitation I had occupied for at least two thousand years. By heaven, he cries, while he took me up, it is the purest gold! Yes, said his companion, but you must acknowledge that it was I who pointed it out to you, and therefore ought to be considered as a partner in your good fortune. The first denied his inference, though seemingly just, and blows soon succeeded to words. An old acquaintance, and the firmest ties that friendship can form, were dissolved in an instant on my account. I was till this moment ignorant of my own importance amongst men, and was elated at the discovery of my consequence.

"My master carried me home in triumph to his house, and shewed me to his wife and children. They praised me, for my purity and size, again and again. Transported with pleasure and surprise, I could not conceive how I should repay these good people for their attention to me. — But my fortune soon began to change; I was squeezed into a dirty purse, and hid below the earth. Deprived of light and air, I bemoaned my situation in this place for several years. At length my natter returns—I am dragged from my subterraneous abode—They apply the strongest force of fire to my body, till every part of my substance assumes a liquid state—I am next poured into a mould, which gave me the roundness and character I still retain. After I had undergone these changes, they call me a Rupee.— Thus adorned with a name and shape, I acquired a little more confidence, and began my travels.

"It must be observed, before we proceed farther, that every piece of gold contains in itself a certain number of spirits, which men have foolishly called qualities. These spirits are known amongst mortals by the names of ductility, malleability, fusibility, &c. &c. and over these there is a superior spirit, to which they are all subordinate. This superior is myself, the Author of this History.—The Ancients called me Phlogiston: and, by some of the Moderns,

Moderas, I am named the Principle of Inflammability. But, whatever appellation you give to the God of Gold, it is certain, that it is I whom the Persians formerly worshipped, and whom all the nations of the earth at present adore. Without my presence, gold would soon be but a vulgar earth; so that I never desert that metal, unless driven away by the force of fire, or some infernal mixture of a cunning chymist. At other times I inhabit gold, and dispatch my inferiors to execute commissions, or gather intelligence as you shall see in good time."

The Author probably alludes to his own situation in the following scene.

"My brother, as he found his father so averse to his entering into the army, had applied, without informing any person, to a friend, by whose interest he was put on the military establishment of the East-India Company. This I thought was the last wound I could receive from fortune. My father used every argument that he could think of to dissuade him. He even interposed his parental authority, and tried to take hold of the feelings of his son, as he could not convince his judgement. But every thing was without effect. Preparations were therefore made for his voyage; for, as my father could not alter the resolutions of his son, he resolved to assist him as much as lay in his power. The dreadful day of his departure arrived, when the misery of my own heart seemed to give a melancholy air to all nature. My father could afford me little assistance under such a load of sorrow; for, it was already too heavy for his affection and his age.—Just before my brother bade us farewell, he addressed him as follows:

"My son, you now go to a land, where, of all others, your good qualities may be of most use, and where your bad will have the most room to do mischief. The laws, at such a distance from the fountain of government, cannot be supposed to be executed with such regularity as in this country. However pure the constitution may be, the executive parts must often be trusted to interested individuals, who are little subject to the detection or controul of a superior power. Let this consideration stimulate you to a niter scrutiny in your own conduct. The approbation of a mind that has done its duty will be yours, if not the reward of a generous company. I believe you will never make the mere circumstance of colour a reason for treating any of your fellow creatures with injustice or with rigour. Let phi-

losophers determine, in their speculations, whether or not they are inferior to us in the powers of the mind. If they are so, let us never take the advantage; but let us behave, in that country, like a man, who, on a visit to his neighbour, treats him with respect, and, ever mindful that he himself is but a stranger, shows him the superiority in his own house.

"Your particular province is to protect the trade of your country, against the insults of European powers, or of the Indian Nations, who, ignorant of the blessings that commerce diffuses even to themselves, are often disposed to interrupt its equitable course. The prosperity therefore of trade, is what you are to have in view, not the extension of settlement, and much less your private advantage. Your profits will be sufficient for your wants, and, if your good behaviour allows you to advance to a high rank, they may even enable you to return to your own country with honourable wealth. In this station in India, my son, you may enjoy the glorious honour of rectifying particular abuses, you may be blessed by those nations, that have so often cursed our rapacity, and the heart of your old father may beat high with the idea of having given life to a benefactor of mankind."

The following scene, which is laid in a pawnbroker's shop, is interesting and natural.

"Upon our arrival at London, my master fell in with some of his East-India messmates.—He could not deny himself a little grog with those honest fellows. But his finances were to absolutely reduced that, in order to accomplish this, he carried two shirts, which he had in a bundle and at length myself, to a pawnbroker's shop in Holborn. The shirts he left with much pleasure, but I could see his pain on producing me: for the idea of Molly Black, to whom he now had nothing left to give, returned in its full vigour.

"The melancholy air of my new habitation, and the dark countenance of my present possessor, combined to inspire me with a sort of horror I had never known before.

"Gentle reader, if it is not very disagreeable to you, the view of such a place may be attended with instruction. It will teach you to know what wretches feel. You will learn to esteem the sunshine of your own condition, and discontent, injurious to the Deity, will find room over your forehead.

"First, then, take a view of that

are such a variety of trinkets are dispersed.—Those watches, that were wont mark the course of cheerful hours, are now silent as the lapse of time, which they were designed to measure. They point at different parts of their circle, you see, according as they were last animated by their unfortunate masters.—That ring was perhaps in remembrance of the purest flame that love can excite, and may have been worn by some gentle maid.—This one is a wedding-ring; it has been a witness of the fairest pleasures that heaven bestows on mortals.—Sad misfortunes alone could force its mistress to expose it to sale; perhaps this step was the only one by which she could support the helpless offspring of that union, it was made to celebrate.

“On the other side of the apartment, you behold the very necessities of life, which hunger has torn from their masters. Good heavens! what has become of those wretches which these rags used to defend from the inclemency of the weather. This is not a temple where wealth has deposited its superfluities; it is a cell loaded with the spoils of the afflicted, and the very necessities of necessity.

“When I entered this abode, it was illuminated with a great number of lamps; for, the sun by this time had left the world in darkness, and the beasts of the field, more wise than men, were enjoying the refreshment of sleep, and the luxury of dreams.

“The first customer, that entered our shop, was a young woman with much of the lady in her appearance. Round her eyes a degree of purple tinge, joined with the watery look of the eye-ball, which moved heavily in its orbit, seemed to indicate, with other things, that she was not unacquainted with sorrow.—She seemed, on entering, to feel much for the situation into which necessity had thrown her; but, rousing all her fortitude, she advanced to our counter, and, producing a gold watch, received from my master a small sum in proportion to its real value.

“I had a desire to know more of this young person’s history; for, I strongly sympathized in her sufferings, which did not seem to me the consequence of any fault. For this purpose I dispatched Ductility, one of my subordinate spirits, to follow her home and learn her history.—I had the following account, on the return of my messenger.

“This lady is the daughter of a merchant, who was eminent in London for his great wealth. She married, against the

will of her father, a young man of much merit, and no fortune, which the parent ever afterwards esteemed such a crime, that all he had was given at his death to a nephew, whom the uncle never saw in his life-time. After her father’s death, the unhappy daughter beheld her family increase, without the hopes of being able to support them, when she lost her husband, after a long illness, occasioned by the reflection on his situation.—She hitherto had not applied to any of her ungenerous relations; but, as this wretch was almost the only thing betwixt her children and want, she must soon suffer the pangs that await a generous mind, when forced to solicit what should have been offered unasked. This is not the only instance I have seen of the bad consequences of rash marriages, nor the only one I have known of the hard hearts of old men.

“The lady was scarcely gone, when an old warrior came in. He had left his legs in Germany, and was now supported by two wooden substitutes. Under his coat was concealed a broad-sword, which, with much unconcern, he informed my master, he would be glad by his assistance to convert into porter. ‘This liquor,’ said he, gave vigour to my youth, and at present supports my old age. You see, gentlemen, I have few limbs to take care of, and no children, and why should not I make the best-use of my time. The people at Brussels, where I was quartered, are much wiser than you Englishmen; for, they neither learn any thing, nor do any thing.—This sword, gentlemen, has killed a Frenchman before now, and shall yet enable me to drink the health of our King and Old England.” The warrior, on getting a little money, went away exceedingly well contented, as he was now in a situation to please both himself and his friends.

“Our next customer was a W—, that left with us a valuable crucifix, which she stole from a French Abbé, the author of a treatise on morality. It must be acknowledged, that the Abbé had given her opportunities to accomplish the theft which he should not have given.

“A young gentleman next made his appearance. As his figure was one of the finest and most striking I had ever seen, I was instantly seized with a desire of knowing his history. One of my subordinate spirits immediately mounted his cella turcica by my command, from which spot the brain above may be seen marked with impressions, like the figures on a celestial globe. These impressions are nothing

nothing but the scratches made by objects which have been presented to the senses, and of which memory makes use in her operations. By reading these, we can discover all the transactions of any consequence in which a man has been engaged. I say, of any consequence; for, the less material impressions with so little force, that the marks they leave are in time entirely obliterated. But to proceed; I dismissed Ductility, a very subtle spirit, who went away safely mounted on the cellatrica of that gentleman, who left us, after getting some money in exchange for a few trinkets. The most remarkable parts of his story are as follow:

"Mr. W—, a gentleman of ancient family and considerable fortune, sent his second son to Cambridge, with the view of bringing him up in the ecclesiastical line, and with the hopes of soon seeing him a bishop. Young W. on his entering the field of philosophy, made such a rapid progress, that it was every where believed that no path of science was too rugged for his genius to overcome. After being there for several years, he came, by the consent of his father, to London, to pass away a few months of vacation from abstruse speculation. The scholar found himself, at first, at a loss to join, as he wished, in the entertainments of the town. He did not know the forms of the beau monde, nor the etiquette of fashionable manners. But as a man may perceive the superiority of his figure and understanding above others, and yet possess no vanity, so young W. soon found out, that nature and education gave him a better title to shine than most of his companions. — A very few weeks after acquiring confidence in himself made him master of all the fashionable mysteries, which he had believed, on the credit of his bon-ton companions, were of the most difficult acquisition. The conversation of his friends was without variety, a mere routine of lively chit-chat. Their wit, when that was attempted, had no purity, and even their politeness was the ridiculous execution of a few forms, to which custom had given a sanction. W. did not neglect the modes in vogue of being agreeable, but, as most of these are founded in reason, he applied them with reason; never losing sight of this important truth, that good-breeding is the art of never giving offence. The scholar and the beau formed in him such an agreeable compound, that W. now became the talk of the ladies of wit; who stamped a value on him for the ladies of no wit. His good

nature, that strongly shewed itself in a fine face, gave him not a few admirers, while the genteel figure, his father enabled him to make, contributed much to increase them. Intoxicated with success, he neither thought of Cambridge nor Aristotle. He was well received through all the circles of beauty, without feeling even a temporary passion; for, his vanity was so far elevated with success, that it almost destroyed every feeling of that nature.

"While his mind was in this situation, he saw one evening, at Ranelagh, the young Countess of — with her father, who were just arrived from Rome, and, on their way to the North, proposed staying a few days in London. W. introduced himself amongst the groupe that were congratulating his lordship on his safe arrival in England, and found means to converse with the countess, who soon completed, by her conversation, the conquest which her beauty had begun. It now occupied all his attention to get better acquainted with her; for, his love increased in proportion as he found difficulty in approaching her. He saw a thousand obstacles to surmount, which opposed his unhappy passion. Though she was young, good sense, and a considerable share of experience, effectually guarded her against any foolish attachment. Besides this, she was much his superior in point of fortune and rank.

"While he was agitated with such reflections as these, the short time passed away that the countess had to remain in London. He placed himself in the way that her coach took on leaving the town, and, after making a respectful bow as she passed, retired to his lodgings, with as heavy a heart as was ever made so by love."

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

The author of the *Adventures of a Rupee* is, upon pretty certain grounds, supposed to be Mr. Helenus Scott, the son of a Scotch clergyman, near Dundee, in the county of Angus. This reverend gentleman was a man of genius, and proposed to the consideration of the most celebrated geometers in Scotland a plan, not without a considerable degree of plausibility, for finding out a method of ascertaining the longitude at sea. His speculating turn, and the projects in which that engaged him, amused his leisure with delusive hopes, while it impaired his small fortune. An application of the principles of chemistry to agriculture has even impoverished the natural philosopher.

more than it has enriched any soil. It was as just as witty a reply that a countryman made to Lord Kaime, one of the Scotch judges, when he said he wished to reduce the nutritive power of a dunghill within the compass of his snuff-box.—When you do that, my lord, said the farmer, you may carry your crops home in your snuff-box also.

Young HELENUS, our author, inherits the genius, and hitherto the fortune, of his father: for, with lively parts and an ardour of study that is uncommon, he has often struggled with poverty, and is now with the rank only of a cadet, on-board the fleet, destined for the East-Indies, at Portsmouth, with a lovely young creature, the daughter of a respectable gentleman, whom he married about a year ago.

But, concerning this author, our readers will excuse us if we are somewhat more particular. Mr. Scott received the first rudiments of his education from his father, who was charmed not more with the rapid progress than with the ingenious questions of his inquisitive descendant and pupil. In his father's chemical experiments he took much delight at a very early period of life, and would go every day to a smith's shop hard by the Maule, (for that is the name of the parsonage-house in Scotland,) and, applying the lessons he learned from his father, instruct the smith how best to kindle and render his fire intense, and what were the principles that enabled the simple artisan to produce such mighty effects. The smith became a great pedant among his fellows; and enjoys the reputation of being the learnedest son of Vulcan, in the county of Angus.

Mr. Helenus, at about twelve years of age, was sent to the Latin school at Dundee, called in Scotland the grammar school: where having studied two years, he was sent to the university of Aberdeen, and spent four years in the Marischal college, under the particular tuition of Dr. Beattie. Having finished a course of sciences at Aberdeen, he went to Edinburgh, the seat of the most celebrated college of physicians at present in the world, in order to study medicine. Here he studied for three years, the common term of going through a course of medicinal knowledge. To the study of physic he gave unremitting application, and was honoured with the friendship of some of the most celebrated physicians in Edinburgh, both of the city and the university. He, Black, Dr. Duncan, Dr. Buchan, &c.

EUROP. MAG.

The ingenious but perhaps too metaphysical theories of Dr. Cullen he found amusing to his fancy, but he suspected their want of solidity. The anatomical lectures of Dr. Monro he considered as the most useful branch of physical knowledge, from the power that the study of anatomy gives to the surgeon. He conceived an early opinion, which he still retains, that very little is in the power of a physician, or indeed of the *materia medica*; and, were he to write a book on the subject of physic, it would probably be in the same strain with a treatise well known in the physical world, *Natura optima Morborum Medicatrix*. Entertaining these opinions, it is no wonder that he has an utter contempt, which appears in this performance, of the worshipping fraternity of apothecaries. The writer of this sketch of his life, his very intimate friend, asked him why he had forsaken the profession of a physician for that of a soldier? To which he readily replied, that it was pursuing the same object, only by a different method.

The chemical lectures of Dr. Black gave him infinite pleasure, and were those in which he most delighted: so true it is, that early propensities and habits are the strongest, and grow the most inveterate. He is now a great practitioner in chemistry, and possesses that the enthusiast in that commonly attends the study of that bewitching science.

During his studies at Dundee, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, he was supported by two amiable sisters, who live now in the town of Dundee. Their pious affection ministered to the wants of their parents, who would otherwise have been utterly unable to have given their brother the liberal education of a gentleman; and it is to their goodness that the world is ultimately indebted for the entertainment that is found in the *Adventures of a Rupee*.

Having gone through a course of physical knowledge at Edinburgh, he had at first some thoughts of practising physic and surgery in some country town; but his extreme youth was very unfavourable to that scheme, which was abandoned.

Conceiving a passionate admiration of the great characters which the love of liberty, struggling against oppressive power, has exhibited on the theatre of America, he formed a resolution to offer himself a volunteer in the army of General Washington; from which, however, he was diverted by the entreaties of his friends, who quickly obtained for him, above two

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years



years ago, the rank of cadet in the service of the East-India company.—But, breathing sentiments of humanity and liberty, he would not have entered into that service, in which so many gallant soldiers had been made the instruments of cruelty and injustice, if the British legislature had not shewn a hearty desire to rescue the unhappy Hindoos from tyrannical oppression, and to restore them to the enjoyment of property, liberty, and life. He would not have gone to India, if he had not imagined that he might, even in that climate, preserve his virtue, and act towards the natives of India in the character not of an enemy, but of a friend. His reasoning on that subject we have from page 57, of the *Adventures of a Rupee*, to p. 60, both inclusive.

Being equipped by the bounty of the young ladies his sisters, he went to Portsmouth in 1779, and embarked on-board one of the ships bound for India; which having been long tossed off the coast of Africa, and in such danger of perishing, that the captain and all the sailors had at different times despaired of safety, returned to Portsmouth a mere wreck.—Mr. Scott, in the jaws of death, (as Mr. Walker, an ingenious and worthy young man, now on-board the *Nassau*, who was in the same terrible situation, informed the writer of this narrative,) preserved an unshaken and philosophical firmness. He was so much master of himself as to observe the behaviour and the expression of the countenances of his fellow-passengers.—He was the only gentleman, the captain excepted, who did not evidently betray the greatest symptoms of horror: the common sailors were less affected by their situation. But two men were so much overpowered by terror, that their knees knocked against each other; and they cried and broke out into the most doleful howlings and lamentations.—The ship having returned to Portsmouth, Mr. Scott came to London, where he staid for some months. It was at this period that he became acquainted with “Anna, peerless Maid,” whom he celebrates in that ode, page 233, and whom he has since married.

The lovers having mutually exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, Mr. Scott set out for the Continent, to pursue his destination to India over land. He travelled as far as Venice, having staid however three months in the Austrian Netherlands, and principally at Brussels. He passed through Germany, and went sometimes out of his direct road to visit some of the principal towns in that country.

He was particularly struck with the beautiful and rich plains of Hungary, and the simple or rather rude state of manners in that kingdom. He waited with anxious impatience two months at Venice for a supply of money from England, to enable him to pursue his journey to Bombay. That supply never arrived, and our author, with a very small stock of money, was obliged, once more, to return to Britain. He came by the way of Genoa, where an incident happened to him which shall be here related.

The jealousy of the Genoese government admits not into its dominions any strangers; but such as are recommended to some person of distinction and credit in the state. Mr. Scott, who was not aware of this circumstance, went to Genoa without any recommendation. He had not been two days in that city, when he was summoned to appear before one of the magistrates, who, with a stern countenance, and in a threatening tone of voice, asked him if he was known to any person in the city? Being answered in the negative, he asked Mr. Scott, How he dared to be guilty of such presumption? He pleaded his ignorance of the laws of Genoa, and gave a faithful account of his situation. He was taken into custody that night, and imagined he was to be thrown into prison, or perhaps to be sent on-board one of the Genoese galleys among the Turkish slaves. That was the most melancholy night he ever spent in his life. But next day he received the agreeable information, that he was to be set at liberty upon condition of departing immediately from Genoa, a proposition to which he most readily agreed. He was fortunate enough to find a French ship ready to sail to Marseilles, in which he went a passenger to that city, and came to Ostend through France, having obtained a safe conduct from the French resident at Venice. The remarks that Mr. Scott made in the countries through which he passed, in this expedition, were such as might be expected from a man of high genius and cultivated education. Many of these we would willingly introduce in this sketch, for the entertainment of our readers, did the bounds of this publication admit of such digressions. To one only we shall here give place, because it goes a great way to overturn a theory of Mr. Hume's, which at present is very generally received in the world, that the national characters of men are very little, if at all, influenced by physical causes.

Mr. Scott observed, that in the Netherlands not only men and women, but the very children, seemed restive and inanimated. As he approached nearer to the equator, he found them more lively, even in governments as despotic as that of the Netherlands; nay, in other parts, under the same government, that of Austria. But in Italy, men, women, and children, are all animation. The children, particularly, are ever in motion: running, fighting, wrestling, leaping, talking, singing, &c. &c. A Venetian and a Genoese sailor, he observed, handled his ropes with greater alertness than even an Englishman; and he thinks, that, were this natural alacrity encouraged, and heightened by the animating impulse of freedom, the Italians would undoubtedly be the first sailors in the world.—The world has indeed had a conspicuous proof of the justness of Mr. Scott's opinion; for, in the times of the republic, what wonders were not performed by Roman activity, associated with Roman freedom? Mr. Scott, having returned to London, flew to his beloved Anna. His mind, roused and agitated by a variety of adventures, and filled with various passions, was on that account the more soft and pliant to the impressions of beauty and love. The lovers were privately married; and, having with little difficulty obtained forgiveness from indulgent parents, they lived together for this last year in all the bliss of the most tender and mutual affection. Mr. Scott,

with his Anna, has now, as hath already been observed, set out a third time for India; and may he, who rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm, send a safe and prosperous voyage!

Our author is now in his 25th year. He is of a middle stature, and of a muscular constitution. His countenance expresses nothing of that fire and passion which he undoubtedly possesses; but his deportment is easy and manly, and the tone of his voice noble and affecting.

This account of the author of the *Adventures of a Rupee* may appear to our readers in the light of a panegyric rather than a faithful narrative and description; nevertheless it is strictly true. The only foible, that the writer of this paper could ever perceive in this gentleman's character, proceeds from an excess of delicacy of sentiment, which disposes him sometimes to take offence where none is intended, and in truth without reason. His most intimate friends are obliged to manage this delicate sensibility: a study which is amply repaid by a sincere return of glowing friendship. Mr. Scott has a manuscript on a curious subject, which, had he remained much longer in London, he would have given to the world. He has carried it with him on-board the *Nassau*, that he may, in his confinement at sea, amuse his leisure by correcting and improving it. If he find an opportunity of transmitting it to London, it may by and by appear in print.

*An Essay on Crimes and Punishments, with a View of, and Commentary upon, Beccaria, Rousseau, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Fielding, and Blackstone. In which are contained Treatises of the Idea of God and Religion (as an incentive to Virtue;) Scepticism and Faith (as conducive to Knowledge;) Heresy and Toleration (as an Enemy to, and a Promoter of, Happiness;) Religion in general (as a Support to public Peace;) of the Progress of it since the Reformation (as productive of Liberty;) the Idea of Honour, Ambition, and Pride (as the Source of criminal Offences;) and of Morality (as the Source of all Good.)* By M. Dawkes, of the Inner Temple, Esq. 8vo. Dilly and Debrett: 1782. 5s.

THE design of this work is benevolent in no common degree. To rouse the civil power to a due sense of its duty; to apprise the legislature that it will diffuse honour and profit throughout the nation, by blotting, from the criminal code, the punishment of death for offences of human institution; to oppose those notions of liberty that are inconsistent with government; to distinguish between virtue and vice as morally constituted; to discover how far man is punishable by the hand of man; to point out the causes inevitably producing those effects which states endeavour to prevent; and to explain the

difference of restraint and toleration, as more or less conducive to civil good or evil: these are the honourable purposes for which this Author has been active. But, in carrying them into execution, he discovers not the penetration and the learning which are requisite for such inquiries. His work is not regular, and does not rise into a system; and he wanders into dissertations concerning topics of religion, which have little or no connection with the subject-matter of his book. He gives the pompous name of commentaries to the controversial parts of his volume, in which he glances at the sentiment

ments of some eminent writers; and he seldom establishes the superiority of his own opinions. But, while we make these remarks, it is fit that we should bestow upon him the praise which he deserves. He shews a patriotic attention for the improvement of the laws of his country; and there runs throughout his performance a strain of philanthropy and a high admiration of virtue.

It is one of his favourite opinions, that the punishment of death should not take place but in cases of murder.

"The power, says he, to punish, being inherent in all individuals who associated together for the protection of all, they all became vested of that power; and by equality the right to punish is founded on the necessity of defending all against all and the public: it is also vested in all, but transferred to the sovereign power, and punishment may be called just, so far as the liberty and welfare of the public, preserved by the sovereign, is inviolable: but, seeing that that liberty and welfare are insecure, we lament its severity and its cruelty; as the consequences of a government, in which, as a principle, virtue does not equally prevail; the punishment of death challenges the utmost efforts of human reason to justify it. If all our actions be inevitable, and their motive be only influenced by the fear of punishment, or the force of precept and power of example, all punishments, though devised for a good purpose, but not succeeding, must be regretted; particularly when they take away the life of another for doing what was not in his power from the certainty of cause and effect between his volition and action to avoid. It is true, that, when we entered into society, we submitted and consented to laws which represent the general will; but none of us giving to others a right to take away our lives, however that right may be inherent in ourselves to be exercised by our own hands, that legislature which assumes it is particularly answerable for it, as an exertion of unwarranted power, although it be pretended that, as they are the representatives of the whole community, they do nothing but by the consent of each individual in it. Have the many abject wretches who have been sent to death, and who never had any interest or share in the legislature, consented that they should be deprived of life? Certainly not: and even those who pretend the contrary, know little of the tyranny they practise in taking life away, because they know little of the nature of those over

whom they tyrannize. They expect that men, against whom the punishment of death is awarded, should be as wise and sensible as themselves, or, forgetting their ignorance and incapacity, impose death as a punishment. In no instance whatever can there be a necessity for taking away the life of a subject, *except for murder*; we may open the folios of history, and turn our attention to the example of the Russian, under Elizabeth and Catharine, for a proof that the welfare and happiness of a state may be maintained without the loss of human blood.

"Certainly the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the sole and principal object of the legislature; consequently the less happiness of the less number must give way to it; and as such it is a misfortune more than a crime, that the latter, by unavoidably breaking the criminal laws, incur their pains and penalties. It being then their misfortune, it ought equally to be the study of the legislature not to impose death as a punishment except for murder, because it puts an entire end to the criminal, and deprives him of future amendment in the change of his vicious inclination, and of a possible benefit to himself and society. The punishment of death is justifiable but in the case of murder, though not always inflicted for inferior offences. It is enjoined by the Levitical law; but, to award it, in all criminal cases, is to sport with power, and raise offences, in proportion to its enormity, instead of preventing them. The right to punish is founded on the necessity of preserving life, liberty, and limb: it may extend to imprisonment, forfeiture, fine, banishment, and infamy, and general consent may warrant it, as tending to the good of the community: but death is a punishment to which no man has a right or power to consent; he cannot confer even a right, he may have to commit it on himself, on another. — A right to slaughter is one thing; to repair and correct, another. To slay is tyranny; to repair and correct is a duty; because men seek society to be guarded against the evils they experienced out of it. Laws of retaliation would but be equitable, where punishments are applied to the intention, and they are only practised in the case of murder; it is there *life for life*; and the murderer, by following the person he has murdered, is disabled from repeating a crime of so black and horrid a nature; his life would be injurious to himself and others; no atonement could be made for his crime; he may feel compunction.

punition, but never can repair his offence; imprisonment would be useless, and, lost to all pleasures, death is his relief. It is necessary, as it prevents both *the misery of his living an example of his own wretchedness*, without benefiting by his life, and his committing murder a second time. — Besides, death being momentary, the impression of it made on others, for whose sake it is principally inflicted, may be violent, but it is not durable; it excites compassion for the person suffering it more than an *abhorrence of the act which is past* for which he suffers; and, as it is confessedly inflicted for the sake of the spectators not the criminal, it is regarded as to the effect, which, if trifling, as it really is, proves insufficient, while a punishment *less severe and more certain*, either by fine, imprisonment, forfeiture, banishment, or infamy, by a greater continuance, will make a deeper impression on others, be more lasting, and of course go farther to answer the end proposed.

“An excess of clemency and forbearing to put in execution criminal laws, in cases where the offences committed are injurious to the public at large, is a very great evil. In matters that concern the reformation or internal amendment of souls, rigour is not only useful, but prejudicial, because the fear of temporal punishment does not make penitents but hypocrites; it only checks the external execution of vice, and concentrates the evil intention within the soul, where it produces a new sin in the hatred it excites against the magistrate.

“But, notwithstanding the certainty of punishment may tend more to lessen crimes than its severity, there are reasons why clemency should prevail in the executive branch of the legislature, as a sort of equity to mitigate the rigour of the law’s strict letter. Many men have suffered death, whose antecedent virtues and intrinsic merit made them valuable to government and the community; their punishment therefore, by being certain, was also severe. It is the quantity of general good, more than the specific evil we find in men, that pleads for clemency, however deserving they may be of rigid punishment for the latter; for which reason should never accompany the certainty of it. If the circumstances of a crime, the case of a supposed criminal, do afford motives for departing from the letter of the law, no plea for clemency exists, because such departure would be an injustice; and it is impossible

that the same action should be both good and bad at the same time. An incorrigible offender, who by a constant round of criminal actions, after frequent punishment under death, deserves punishment for life; he should be deprived of that liberty he always abuses to the injury of others, and such punishment is a public good. Father Feijoo, a Spaniard, relates that the Austrian hero, Pedro Menendes, governor of Florida, disobeyed the express orders of his king, and violated his commission; for which, according to law, he deserved death. But the king (Philip II.) pardoned him in a manner that his crime became his reward. His signal merits had long been known and long been neglected; he had suffered numerous distresses and inconveniences. The clemency therefore of the king was a mark of political grace and favour; it would have been cruel to punish him, after so long neglecting to reward his public merits, and the state would have lost a profitable subject, to the injury of itself and the detriment of others, who would have avoided public trusts.”

On the crime of a rape the author enters into long details; and it is the result of his observations, that this offence should not by any means be punished capitally. On the subjects of theft and robbery, of forfeiture, and of imprisonment, labour, confiscation, and banishment, he is also sufficiently copious. The religious tenets with which he has interspersed his treatise, while they are misplaced, seem also to be wild and singular. This will be apparent from the following extract.

“The bulk of mankind, he observes, are creatures of habit, and slaves to constituted evil by custom, which with them is a second nature; it is hence that they supply the criminal court with business; and being generally governed by a depraved consideration and judgement, they fall into actions which are morally punishable: if it be asked, whether a man, who *did an act yesterday that he disapproves of to-day*, cannot avoid doing the like to-morrow, it may be answered, that he *freely may or may not*, according as he may resolve; or, if he positively determines to-day that he will do otherwise to-morrow, cannot he act according to that determination? it may also be answered, that he *freely may or may not*: he is at full liberty to do either, and if that determination remain in his mind till the morrow, and he have the *same opportunity* as yesterday, he will act accordingly, and not otherwise; yet in both cases will the action be inevitable,

*inevitable*, and as an *effect*, immediately be connected with its *cause*, which is the determination. But how is the determination to be rightly directed? It is always, and in all cases presumed to be so; and until things can be seen in their consequences, before they be committed, they will always be so. Experience then will render a man virtuous; it certainly tends to make him improve his judgement; yet so strong is present temptation over the weakness of a human being, that it drives away intermediate reflection, revives the determination of *yesterday* in his mind, and changes his resolution of *to-day*, not to determine the like *to-morrow*; but, when to-morrow comes, his volition is the same, and he necessarily but freely acts as he acted yesterday. This is liberty and necessity, not fate, or predestination, as some would ignorantly have it. The cause, meaning consideration and judgement, is always free; the effect, or the actions following the volition, is invariable, necessary, and unavoidable.

"A man who commits a burglary acts under a will influenced by a bad consideration; while another, in an act of charity acts under a will influenced by the reverse. The act of both was equally inevitable; and, had the consideration and judgement of both been the same, either housebreaking or charity would have been the convertible effects: when it is said that a burglary committed might not have been committed, the amount is, that, if the motive, or consideration and judgement, had been otherwise, it would not have produced it; or a reflection or regret in the agent after committing it, who may see it then in a different view, and from its effects subject him to punishment, may prevent such a motive in his mind for the future; but, let him resolve as he will, he cannot tell how he *may or may not be determined*, until the moment arrives when he is called upon to exert his volition. He may flatter himself, that, by an alteration of his future determinations, happier effects will succeed, and that he will merit applause for them instead of censure; but, if the same consideration and judgement should ever influence him again, the same action will certainly follow, unknown to him it is contingent; it *may or may not be what it will be*, according to the contingency of the consideration and judgement. No action is fixed or fatal; it is only the effect that is so, and that no otherwise than as relates to its immediate and known cause. The contingency of causation, or that con-

deration or judgement which determines human actions, by a power of proper self-determination, uncontrouled by the Deity, implies, that that causation is no object of fore-knowledge to the Deity; it must be *certain before it can be seen to be so*. If seen certainly *not to be*, it is incompatible with its being even *possibly not to be*; nothing therefore, that *may or may not be*, can be previously known to be *either one thing or another* by the Deity, unless an event contingent in itself be *certain to God*, which is contrary to the nature and truth of things, because that would be making things *certain to God antecedently*, though uncertain in their events; consequently there being *no prescience in the divinity*, there can be *none in man*, who, while he enjoys a promise to himself that he will determine his future actions by his past, cannot tell what they *will be*, however he resolves on what they *shall be*. The uncertainty of their cause, which is momentary in its operations, or temporary, makes them *previously* uncertain, though they will be *certain eventually*.

"To explore therefore the cause of evil is to search out the cause of the motives to commit it, which is social and factitious, not altogether natural, and depends on the principles of virtue and vice. The less men are habituated in the practice of constituted good, or made sensible, either internally or morally, that it is always preferable to constituted evil, the less taste they will have for the one, and more inclination for the other; consequently the want of taste for such good, and the prevalence of the inclination for such evil, are causes solvable into consideration and judgement, which rule their volitions, and become motives, producing actions that either are or are not pernicious, and prohibited in spite of every thing to the contrary, meaning that those actions will happen as the effects of such volitions, by their own determination. A man of taste, says Mr. Hume, is always an honest man, whatever frailties may attend him: were all men so, all men would be honest; but it is impossible they should be so; nature or constitution assists but little in making men socially honest, however the would make them so, independent of civil and political society. Education, habit, and example, may refine them, and practice render virtue familiar and eligible: to these is owing our moral conduct, and, in the degree as they are good or bad, will be the real measure of human virtue or vice."

The author of the work before

pears to have a very high opinion of his own abilities; and he considers himself as writing more immediately to philosophers and legislators. But it is probable, that persons of this description will pay little attention to his speculations. While his knowledge is narrow, and his power of reasoning is feeble and confined, he has another defect which is more palpable and obvious. His modes of expression are vulgar; his manner is without elevation; and his language is uniformly harsh and inelegant.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Dawes was born in Hampshire, the younger son of a gentleman who had been for several years in his Majesty's service, and was possessed of an estate of 400 l. a year. After receiving a very liberal education at Westminster and Eton, he, with the spirit of a young man adventuring in life, turned his eye both to the church and army, but ultimately fixed upon the law. In this profession he has practised with considerable credit and advantage. At a very early age he wrote several little pieces, which were published in the periodical prints; particularly one on cock-fighting, which was very much praised. When he first set out in life, during the time of his holding his terms in his course of law studies, he wrote several pamphlets, some of which were well received, particularly one in defence of Lord Baltimore. Since that time he has applied more closely to his studies and practice, and he appeared more frequently at all the public places of amusement and debauchery than in the bookellers shops as an author. He considerably impaired his constitution, but he

acquired a knowledge of men, and facilitated his progress to employment in his profession. He wrote a pathetic treatise on the American war, inscribed to Lord Chatham, in which he laments with feeling and earnestness the mad impolicy of that dispute. This was followed by a poem on the same subject, inscribed to Lord Abingdon. After this he published a Defence of the late Dr. Dodd; and a Defence of Mr. Horne, on Libels and Informations ex officio; which in point of legal facts was unanswerable. Beside these, he has published an Essay on Intellectual liberty. A free Inquiry into the Merits of Dr. Priestley's Controversy with Price, on Matter and Spirit, and Philosophical Necessity. Beside these, he has published several fugitive trifles; such as The Dissection of Dale Ingram, a surgeon, on the murder of Clarke at Brentford. An Appeal to the Jockey Club respecting a Duel, and some others.

Mr. Dawes is a man of polite and easy manners, sincere and open in his friendships; and, from his outset, he has steadily opposed and reprobated the present system. He is a man of gallantry, but detests the fashionable luxuries of gaming and ostentation. He is exceedingly moderate in his course of living, and extremely regular. As a companion, he sings a good song, joins easily in a concert; but he has no volatility. He is rather fastidious and solid than light or flowery; but, though he is grave, he is by no means surly.

As a writer, his knowledge and reading is extensive, but his language is not elegant nor polished. He delights in abstract ideas, and his reasonings are rather too gloomy.

*Melampus, a Poem, in four Books, with Notes, by the late Glosser Ridley, D. D. 4to. 10s. 6d. Doddsley.*

THIS is the posthumous publication of a very learned, respectable, and worthy, divine, whose merits, while living, were universally known and admired. Though it wants the last hand of its amiable author, yet it is not in such a degree as to render it imperfect or very correct. Had he lived, it is probable he would have enlarged and revised the notes, which contain such a fund of useful knowledge and entertainment as will sufficiently compensate for the time employed in the perusal of them. The poem itself requires

ed the author to imitate his manner, without scheme or plan, and as he observes, by the turning of the wheel, chanced to come out a kind of heathen *Paradise Lost*. That, says he, "with the general plan mentioned in the last stanza, determined the subject of this to be the *Barthen Paradise Regained*; in which I have endeavoured to shew, what lights and hopes the world enjoyed in this point, before the GREAT RESTORER was born. A view that will open to the source of the Pagan superstitions and idolatries, and in some measure clear the confusion with which at present they seem perplexed; and, at the same time,

time, prove a considerable confirmation of the truths of christianity.

"For the purpose of exhibiting this view, I have taken my point of time about 150 years before the *Trojanwar*, when we may suppose the reason of the institutions, which were followed, was not entirely lost; yet, when the corruptions of them were beginning to appear, so as to give a view of both together, in the institutions and instructions discoverable in the RELIGIOUS GROVES. The scene is laid in Greece, whose inhabitants confessedly borrowed the religious rites from Egypt and the East, and built their own fables on the traditions they received thence.—The instructor made choice of MELAMPUS, the son of *Amythaon*, an experienced philosopher, who travelled into Egypt, and imported thence into Greece their theology. He is celebrated for having restored the daughters of *Proteus* to a sound mind, at a fountain near *Nonafris*, in *Arcadia*. One of these he afterwards married, and had in dowry with her part of the kingdom of *Argos*; and from him descended a long line of prophets and instructors."

As a specimen of the poem, we shall give the two following stanzas.

"But, lo! the prospect deepens! sails unfurld

Whiten the seas, and journey with the sun!  
No longer *Thule* bounds the western world;  
New shores are open'd, and new realms are won,

From port to port see restless commerce run,  
And high in air her rigid balance hold!

By thirst of gain religion now's undone;  
In open market every virtue sold,  
And God himself exchange'd for late discover'd gold."

"This shining mischief, with confusion big,  
Swallows whole empires in her ravenous maw,

While mutual graves their mutual falchions dig,

Intent on this the rival nations draw  
With endless rage war's ever-changing saw,  
Deceit, and fraud, and luxury, and pride,  
Corruption's taint, and wrong defending law,

With every artifice of vice beside,  
Debauch a selfish world, and spread disorder wide."

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. Gloster Ridley was descended collaterally from Dr. Nicolas Ridley, bishop

of London, who was burnt in the reign of Queen Mary. He was born at sea, in the year 1702, on-board the Gloucester East Indiaman, to which circumstance he was indebted for his christian name. He received his education at Winchester school, and thence was elected to a fellowship at New college, Oxford, where he proceeded B. C. L. April 29, 1729. In those two seminaries he cultivated an early acquaintance with the Mus. s, and laid the foundation of those elegant and solid acquisitions for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished, as a poet, an historian, and a divine. Dr Ridley in his youth was much addicted to theatrical performances. Midhurst in Sussex was the place where they were exhibited; and the company of gentlemen actors, to which he belonged, consisted chiefly of his coadjutors in the tragedy hereafter mentioned. He is said to have performed the character of Marc Antony, Joffier, Horatio, and Monseles, with distinguished applause, a circumstance that will be readily believed by those who are acquainted with his judicious and graceful manner of speaking in the pulpit. Young Cibber being likewise a Wickhamit, called one day on Mr. Ridley, soon after he had been appointed chaplain to the East India Company, at Poplar, and would have persuaded him to quit the church for the stage, observing that it usually paid the larger salaries of the two. For great part of his life he had no other preferment than the small college living of Wesson in Norfolk, and the donative of Poplar in Middlesex, where he resided. To those his college added, some years after, the donative of Runford in Essex. Between those two places the curule of his life had (as he expressed it) rolled for some time almost perpetually upon post-chaise wheels, and scit him not time for even the proper studies of oeconomy, or the necessary ones of his profession. Yet in this obscure situation he remained in possession of, and content with, domestic happiness; and was honoured with the intimate friendship of some who were not less distinguished for learning than for worth: among these, it may be sufficient to mention Mr. Christopher Pitt, Mr. Spence, and Dr. Berri-man. To the last of these he was curate and executor. In 1756, he declined an offer of going to Ireland as first chaplain to the Duke of Bedford; in return for which he was to have had the choice promotion, either at Christ-Church, Canterbury, Westminster, or Windsor. By modesty induced him to leave the choice to his patron, the consequence

that he obtained neither of them. In 1763, he published the "Life of Bishop Ridley," in quarto, by subscription, and cleared by it as much as bought him 300l. in the public funds. In the latter part of his life he had the misfortune to lose both his sons, each of them a youth of ability. The elder, James, was author of "The Tales of the Genii," and other literary performances. Thomas, the younger, was sent by the East India Company as a writer to Madras, where he was no sooner settled than he died of the small-pox. In 1765, Mr. Ridley published his "Review of Phillips's Life of Cardinal Pole;" and in 1768, in reward for his labours in this controversy, and in that which *The Confessional* introduced, he was presented by Archbishop Secker to a golden prebend in the cathedral church of Salisbury (an option), the only reward he received from the great during a long, useful, and laborious life, devoted to the duties of his function. At length, worn out with infirmities, he departed this life in 1774, leaving a widow and four daughters, of whom the only married one (Mrs. Evans) has published a novel in two volumes. He was buried at Poplar, and the following epitaph, written by Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, is inscribed upon his monument:

"H. S. E.  
GLOSTERUS RIDLEY,  
Vir optimus, integerrimus;

*Essays, Letters, and Poems.* By Edmund Rack, Secretary to the Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, and to the Philosophical Society, lately instituted at Bath, and Author of *Mentor's Letters to Youth*, 8vo. 6s. Dilly.

THIS collection we have read with considerable pleasure. The author, who, in his introduction, modestly declares, that he had not the advantages of a learned education, is evidently a man of sense and observation; and has furnished a miscellany, which will afford entertainment as well as instruction to those into whose hands it may fall. The sentiments of a benevolent good man, attentive to the welfare of society, and solicitous to promote the advantage of mankind, are discoverable in every page of the work, which, on these accounts, we should have been inclined to recommend to the public notice, even had it contained less amusement than we can promise the reader to find in

Verbi Divini Minister  
Peritus, fidei, indefessus:  
Ab Accidit Orientis,  
Pro meritis, et præter ordinem,  
In sacra Theologia Doctoratu insignitus.  
Poeta natus,  
Oratoris facultati impensius studuit.  
Quam fuerat in concionando solutus;  
Plurimorum animis diu infidels;  
Quam variâ eruditione instructus.  
Scripta ipsius semper testabuntur.  
Obiit tertiâ die mensis Novembriæ,  
A. D. 1774, Ætatis 72.

Two poems by Dr. Ridley, one styled "Jovi Eleutherio, or an Offering to Liberty," the other called "Psyche," are in the third volume of Doddsley's Collection. The sequel of the latter poem, called "Melampus," is the work now reviewed. The following dramatic performances by him and his friends still remain in MS. viz.

1. *Jugurtha*. T.
2. *The Fruitless Redress*. T.

This play was written during a vacation in 1728, and was the joint production of Dr. Ridley and four friends, viz. Mr. Thomas Fletcher, afterwards Bishop of Kildare, Mr. Eyre, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Jennens, each of whom wrote an act. When they conferred notes at their meeting in the winter, few readers would have known that the whole was not the production of one hand. This tragedy was offered to Mr. Wilks, but never acted.

Performances of this kind are, particularly serviceable to form the minds of youth to virtue, and to furnish those, who have but little time for study, with impressions favourable to religion, and to those practices which the wisest and best men have always endeavoured to inculcate and recommend to mankind, as what will be certain to produce happiness to individuals, and prosperity to the state at large.

The author of this performance, is said to be engaged in digesting and compiling the History and Antiquities of Somersetshire, in which, as there has been nothing of the kind relating to that extensive county yet printed, and as it is a work much wanted, we wish him all success.



*A View of Society in Europe, in its Progress from Rudeness to Refinement: or Inquiries concerning the History of Law, Government, and Manners. By Gilbert Stuart, Doctor of Laws, and Member of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh. The second Edition. 1782. 4to. Murray. c*

THE subversion of the Roman empire, by the eruption of the Barbarians, is one of those great events that effected a revolution in the world. The Romans, in their decline, had attained to the last stage of corruption; the northern tribes, who conquered, were in the beginning of their career. Accordingly the state of society was totally changed. Europe at once assumed a different appearance, and the nations set out in a new progress, from rudeness to refinement. New establishments and institutions, new manners and customs, new languages and names, were every where introduced. The foundation was laid of a great political system, which it proved the work of ages and centuries to mature. And, from this æra, modern Europe dates the commencement, and has endeavoured to deduce the history, of her laws, government, and manners.

That great but eccentric light of the world, Baron Montesquieu, first introduced this period to public view. He has been succeeded by some of the most celebrated names of literature; a Voltaire, a Hume, a Blackstone, have illustrated the middle ages; the public curiosity will be awakened at the appearance of a new author, who delivers a system on this subject, different in every respect from those of his predecessors.

One remarkable circumstance, concerning these northern conquerors, astonished the early historians. Although they migrated at several periods, spoke various languages, and came from different quarters of the world, the form of government which they established, and the manners which they displayed, were invariably the same. The feudal system and the feudal law arose at once in all the kingdoms of Europe. This was not merely the consequence of their situation. Nations, like individuals, change not their character on a sudden. The spirit of a former state passes into the following. The manners of the man are formed in youth, and the character of nations is to be found among rude tribes. Vitruvius discovered the rudiments of architecture in the cabin of the savage. And, to the original manners of these wild and wandering barbarians, who overturned the Roman empire, we are to trace the singular policy and govern-

ment, which they established in their new conquests.

The savage state, however, has no historians. No chronicle or record ascends so high. Happily, however, for the human race, two illustrious authors, Cæsar and Tacitus, have transmitted to posterity an account of those barbarous tribes who were the ancestors of the Europeans. Tacitus in particular composed a treatise on the manners of the ancient Germans, and a more profound and penetrating judge never decided on human affairs. "Antiquity," as our author strongly, but justly, expresses it, "has not given to the kingdoms of Europe a present more valuable." He hath given a new value to that present, by a commentary, not unworthy of the original.

Dr. Stuart, in his first chapter, gives an account of the institutions, government, and character, of the Germanic tribes, and an idea of the German women. The state of women, among rude tribes, has been the subject of much discussion. Lord Kaimes, Dr. Robertson, and Professor Millar, have represented their situation as most abject and deplorable. What they advance, however, on this head, does not apply to the present instance; for, the Germans were many degrees removed from the savage state. The influence and ascendancy of the German women is a fact, confirmed by the unanimous voice of antiquity.

The second chapter gives an account of the political establishments of the barbarians, after they had made conquests.

Our inclinations lead us to give a full account of Dr. Stuart's system, but the nature of the present work will not permit us. And it is impossible to convey a complete idea of this performance, without writing it over again.

The book before us contains a complete history of the rise, progress, perfection, and decline, of that "prodigious fabric," which, for several centuries, preserved such a mixture of liberty and oppression, order, anarchy, stability, and revolution, as was never experienced in any other age or any other part of the world."

Many able writers have made it their object to delineate the feudal system. This has indeed been the Ulyssean bow of modern times, in which almost every car-

date for fame hath tried his strength. As Dr. Stuart hath explored all the sources of information, we must acknowledge, that he gives an account of the feudal policy and manners, their rise and progress, the changes they underwent, and the causes of these changes, in a full, distinct, and extended, system, such as we have not met with in the works of any other author. We look upon this, therefore, as one of the most valuable productions that has been given to the public for these many years.

The notes, containing authorities, controvertedly, and remarks, as they are the largest, will, to some readers, appear the most valuable, part of the performance. Many controverted points in the feudal law are there discussed and determined. The lawyer, the antiquarian, the historian, and the politician, will there find an ample field of entertainment; and though, in some instances, perhaps, they will not be convinced, they will always be gratified with curious and useful information. Even the fashionable reader will reap pleasure from this part of the book; as Dr. Stuart not only throws light, but scatters beauty, on the middle ages.

With regard to the general point of setting up reason in opposition to authority, we entirely agree with our author; and, we do him the justice to observe, that his controversial remarks are almost right and decisive; Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas, is a maxim that a pious and good man can avow. Whoever is in the least degree acquainted with literature knows how apt men are to take every thing upon trust. Opinions are embraced because they are established; and even the student is satisfied with enquiring at second hand. Lock's chapter on Secondary Qualities was long admired as one of the great philosophical discoveries of the last age: Seventy years elapsed before it was found out to be a vile quibble unworthy of a schoolboy. One of the most despotical periods in the English history (the reign of Elizabeth) was, till of very late years, considered as the true æra of English liberty. When Des Cartes advised his disciple to doubt, he prescribed a hard lesson to human nature. Men are much more disposed to follow the advice of Solomon, "to lean not to their own understanding." He is a bold man indeed, who dares to think for himself. The priest, who, starting at the idea of novelty as if it had been heresy, cried out, that he would not exchange his *ad Mumpsimus* for the new *Sumpsimus*, represents nine in ten of all the enquirers, free-thinkers, and literati, and connoisseurs. The world is therefore highly in-

debted to those bold spirits, who, breaking over established barriers, and attacking received opinions, call men back to those principles to which philosophy appeals, or to that original evidence on which history is founded. It is from the collision of opposed bodies that the truth of light is struck out. It is from the fermentation of different opinions that the philosophic spirit is extracted. The liberty of the press is of no avail, if the liberty of the mind is to be circumscribed. Whenever names are worshipped, and authority set up as supreme, enquiry is at an end, and science hath received the finishing blow. No literary disputes are permitted in China; and this is one great cause (though not mentioned by the mob of political writers,) why the arts and sciences have never flourished, and can never flourish in that country. Authority was never so absolute as during the reign of Aristotle in the schools; for two thousand years the human understanding was kept in chains: Philosophy does not vindicate a single name, from the Stagyræ to Lord Bacon.

The world, in pursuit of physical knowledge, had long wandered in the mazes of metaphysics, and of theories not founded in nature, but merely arbitrary, when the illustrious Bacon pointed out a slow but sure method of arriving at truth, induction, and literary experience. Galileo, Kepler, Gassendi, Bayle, Maclaurin, with a long list of names justly celebrated, walking in the road that he pointed out, have added to the resources of human knowledge, and thereby extended the power of man over nature. It is by a similar method: It is by *experience*, alone, that we can ever attain a true knowledge of the human mind. "It is, as Dr. Stuart justly observes, in the records of history, in the scene of real life, not in the conceits and the abstractions of fancy and philosophy, that human nature is to be studied."

Faithfully adhering to this principle, he has discovered many truths at once the most amusing to curiosity, and the most interesting to humanity; and set an useful example to all enquirers into the nature and history of their species.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. Stuart, the author of this work, was born at Edinburgh, and received the most liberal education which that seat of learning could afford. Mr. George Stuart, professor of humanity in the University of that place, a very accomplished grammarian and scholar, is his father. The Doctor, after finishing his classical and philosophical

sophical studies, applied himself to jurisprudence, and was bred in the profession of the law; but he has always avoided to follow that gainful trade. This may be imputed to indolence, to the love of pleasure, or perhaps to a passion for literature, which he discovered at an early period of life. Before he was twenty-two years of age, he published an *historical dissertation concerning the antiquity of the English constitution*. The reputation he obtained by this performance served to stimulate his application, and the University of Edinburgh, sensible of his merit, advanced him to the degree of Doctor of the civil and cannon laws. After a studious interval of some years, he planned and concluded his work, on that important subject, the *progress of Society, in Europe, from rudeness to refinement*, of which we have given an account to the public. He had read and meditated with patience on all the more important monuments of the middle ages; and in this volume he aimed, chiefly, at the praise of originality and invention; and discovered an industry that is seldom connected with ability and discernment. About the time of the publication of the first edition of this performance he had turned his thoughts to an academical life; and he asked for the professorship of public law in the University of Edinburgh. But, though this place was promised to him by the Minister, he was defeated in the nomination by the arts of Dr. Robertson, which appeared the more surprizing, as that gentleman was known to have many obligations to him: The illiberal jealousy so common among men of letters was doubtless the source of this opposition; and it entirely broke the intimacy of two persons, who were understood to be on the most friendly footing with one another. In this quarrel, the blame has been imputed altogether to Dr. Robertson; and the University of Edinburgh had the misfortune to lose an acquisition which will not easily be repaired. The professorship was obtained by a gentleman of the name of Macconochie, who had never been heard of in the republic of literature. After his dispute with Dr. Robertson, Dr. Stuart composed a book, which he entitled *Observations concerning the public Law and the Constitutional History of Scotland*: In this treatise, which is of a singular complexion, he examined, with a cri-

tical care, the preliminary book to Dr. Robertson's history. A high spirit of satire distinguishes this piece; and the author does not even scruple to divert himself with the understanding of his antagonist. Literary censure and controversy have seldom been carried to so great a length. The next work which was published by Dr. Stuart was, *the History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland*; a book which deserves praise for the easy dignity of the narrative and the most perfect impartiality. It is however to be regretted, that he makes no display in it of his religious tenets. By an advertisement in the prints we learn, that this performance is soon to be followed by *The History of the Life and Reign of Mary Queen of Scots*. A field so grand and important will excite curiosity, to compare the exertions of two authors who are allowed to be possessed of eminent abilities. The MARY of Dr. Robertson has drawn to him a very great reputation. What the MARY of Dr. Stuart will accomplish is uncertain. But much may naturally be expected from a writer who has already tried with advantage the strength of his adversary. If the piece is successful, it will give a deep wound to Dr. Robertson; and it is to be regretted that it will appear at a period, when the celebrity of this historian has begun sink somewhat from the height to which it had attained. But, while this circumstance is favourable to Dr. Stuart, it will detract in proportion from his triumph; if it shall happen that victory shall declare itself upon his side. Besides the works to which we have alluded, it is to be observed, that Dr. Stuart took the trouble to publish an edition of the lectures of Dr. Sullivan at Dublin, and to prefix to it a discourse concerning the English government, which is written with a spirit and elegance that are seldom displayed in legal investigations.

The curiosity which is entertained, concerning the person and manners of men of eminence, will be an apology for our taking notice that Dr. Stuart is about the middle fire, and justly proportioned. His countenance is modest and expressive; sometimes glowing with sentiments of friendship, of which he is very susceptible, and at others darting that satire and indignation at folly and vice which appear in some of his writings.

*George Bateman, A Novel, in 3 Volumes. Doddsley.*

THE general plan of this work is obviously a masterly imitation of Tom

Jones. George Bateman has every trait that marks the founding of Fielding. He

has all his manliness, courage, susceptibility, and honour. If there is a deviation of trait, it is in the superior politeness of Bateman. Cecilia possesses all the delicacy, tenderness, and female heroism, of Sophia Western. The incidents arise naturally from the subject. The sentiments are the genuine effusions of unaffected virtue and natural honour. The language is easy and elegant; and our author is peculiarly happy in sketching her portraits. They are all given with such a freedom of design as marks an imagination as lively as her perception is acute. We frequently find the writer playful in wit, and diverting in her humour.

In the course of the work, we find many criticisms displaying great taste, judgement, and liberality.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

This novel is written by Miss Eliza Blown, who is not yet nineteen years of age. She is the daughter of a gentleman, well known for his steady and therefore unfortunate attachment to an unsuccessful candidate for the city of *Worcester*, where our author was born. From the misfortunes of their attachment, we may reasonably presume, our author's susceptible ge-

nius derived the idea and power of expressing so happily those election incidents which are interwoven in the above novel.

This Lady wrote another novel before the age of seventeen, entitled the *Parsonage House*. Its design was to ridicule the method of modern novel-making. But her imagination, insensibly contracting a fondness for the characters it conceived, threw a brilliancy over the performance which destroyed the intention. She discovered an early taste for books, and formed little extempore dramas, before she had learned to write, from tales in the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, &c. &c. For, she was not permitted by her parents to read plays themselves. Her literary exertions have been to benefit her family, in which her success has borne no proportion to her merit.

In her person, she is elegant, attractive, and interesting. Her countenance is pleasing, expressive, and vivacious. Her eyes are lively and penetrating. In her temper she is warm and generous. Her conversation is replete with genuine humour, sprightliness, and a remarkable fine vein for irony, tempered by a fund of good nature. In her character she is irreproachable.

#### *An Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. 2. 8vo. 5s. Dodsley.*

**T**ASTE, genius, learning, and candour, have united in the composition of this excellent work: a work which has been long ardently wished for by the public, and which, we apprehend, will fully answer the expectations which have been formed of it. The design of the author was professedly to ascertain the rank in which Mr. Pope ought to be placed as a poet. On the publication of the former volume, a notion very generally prevailed, that it was intended to sink and degrade this great writer below his due station; and much labour and some invective have been employed against Dr. Warton, under the idea, that his performance was written to effect that illiberal purpose. He has here fully exculpated himself from the imputation, and probably may be thought to have run into the contrary extreme. In an advertisement prefixed he says, 'He flatters himself, that no observations in this work can be so perversely misinterpreted and tortured, as to make him insinuate, contrary to his opinion and inclination, that Pope was not a great poet: he only says and thinks, that he was not the

'greatest. He imagined his meaning  
'would have been perceived, and his mo-  
'tives for composing this essay would  
'have been clearly known, from this pas-  
'sage of Quintilian, prefixed to the first  
'volume of it; which passage implies,  
'that, as there were readers at Rome, who  
'inverted the order of poetical excel-  
'lence, and who preferred Lucilius to  
'Virgil; so there might be readers in  
'England so devoted to Pope as to pre-  
'fer him to Milton; and the author  
'thought and knew there were actually  
'many such readers and judges; who  
'seemed not to recollect, that, in every  
'language, he is the truest and most ge-  
'nuine poet, whose works most power-  
'fully strike the imagination with what  
'is great, beautiful, and new.'

Whatever obscurity Dr. Warton's opinion of Pope might hitherto have been involved in, he has, on the present occasion, explicitly declared his sentiments concerning him; and, it is not impossible, may now give as much offence to the admirers of Dryden as he had before done to those of Pope. \* Where then, says he, according to the question proposed at the

the beginning of this Essay, shall we with justice be authorized to place our admired Pope? Not, assuredly, in the same rank with Spencer, Shakespeare, and Milton, however justly we may applaud the *Eloisa* and *Rape of the Lock*; but, considering the correctness, elegance, and utility, of his works, the weight of sentiment, and the knowledge of man, they contain, we may venture to assign him a place next to Milton and just above Dryden. Yet, to bring our minds steadily to make this decision, we must forget, for a moment, the divine Music-Ode of Dryden, and may perhaps then be compelled to confess, that, though Dryden be the greater genius, yet Pope is the better artist.

"The preference here given to Pope above other modern English poets, it must be remembered, is founded on the excellences of his works in general, and taken all together; for, there are parts and passages in other modern authors, in Young and in Thomson for instance, equal to any of Pope; and he has written nothing in a strain so truly sublime as the *Bard* of Gray."

In the course of this enquiry, Dr. War-ton has exhibited the same excellent style and manner; the same pleasing disquisition arising from the main subject; the same critical acumen; with as much candour and compass of reading as caused the former volume, on its publication, to be so generally read and admired; the present, falls no way short of its predecessor; it may be esteemed one of the most amusing and instructive works which has lately appeared, and may be pointed out as a model for treating subjects of criticism, which have too frequently degenerated into abuse and illiberal detraction.

As this work will certainly soon come to a second edition, we would wish to point out, to the author's notice, the following parts of his performance as erroneous or defective.

P. 99. In enumerating the imitations of Spencer, we think he might have mentioned some others, which had appeared when this part of his work was printed, besides the three he has noticed. Since that period, however, two imitations of that author have been published, which are every way entitled to praise. We mean *The Minstrel*, by Dr. Beattie, and *Martyn*, by Mr. Mickle.

P. 102. "This character, i. e. *Atossa*, together with those of *Philomede* and *Clue*, were first published in this edition of Pope (i. e. Dr. Warburton's.)" This is a mistake: the character of *Atossa* had

been published before in a folio pamphlet, printed for Mr. Webb, 1746, at the end of which is the following remarkable advertisement, "These verses are part of a poem entitled, *Characters of Women*. It is generally said the d---s gave Mr. P. 1000l. to suppress them; he took the money, yet the world sees the verses: but this is not the first instance where Mr. P's practical virtue has fallen very short of those pompous professions of it he makes in his writings."

P. 152. "It is addressed to Aaron Hill, Esq. an affected and fustian writer; but who, by some means or other, gained our author's confidence and friendship."

In defence of so amiable a character as Aaron Hill Esq. may be asserted, that the means, by which he obtained the intimacy and friendship of Pope, Bolingbroke, and Thomson, were such as reflected more honour on them than could be derived to him from their notice of him. Mr. Hill was one of the best and most benevolent of mankind; one whose friendship might confer, but could not receive, honour from the acquaintance of even the great names here enumerated. The distress of Mr. Pope for a defender, at the time he wrote the Letter here printed, is evidently seen; and the service he thought Mr. Hill might do him by his pen is equally apparent. Mr. Hill, however, did not fall into the snare; he knew Pope meant the Duke of Chandos, as almost every body else did; and, had not the clamour of the town gone against him, he might perhaps have avowed the picture instead of denying the resemblance. It is remarkable, that in Dr. Warburton's first edition he has the following note on these lines:

Another age shall see the golden car  
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre;  
Deep harvests bury all his pride had plann'd,  
A laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Moral Epistles IV. ver. 172.

"Had the poet lived but three years longer, he had seen *this* prophecy fulfilled." This evidently relates to Canons, and shews Warburton's opinion when he penned the note. He seems however to have been reminded, that this confession would do no credit to the poet's moral character, and therefore altered it afterwards in this manner: "Had the poet lived three years longer, he had seen his *general* prophecy against all ill-judged magnificence fulfilled in a very particular instance. In the like manner Pope denied

he meant Lady Mary Wortley Montague by the name of Sappho. (See his Letter to Lord Hervey.) Is there any person who now doubts that she was really the object of his satire?

P. 283. "This alludes to a tragedy never acted, but published in 1723, called *The Virgin Queen*. This is a mistake, *The Virgin Queen* was acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1729, and printed the same year.

P. 303. "Young says, with equal pleasantry, of the same Nahum Tate,

He's now a scribbler, who was once a man."

We believe Tate was not the person intended by Dr. Young by the initial letter T. It was certainly a person living when the Satires were written, as will be proved by the lines themselves.

If at his title T. had dropt his quill,  
T. might have past for a great genius still.  
But T. alas! (excuse him, if you can),  
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.

It is more probable, that Dr. Trapp, the translator of Virgil, was the person here meant to be pointed out.

P. 305. "----- which he did so early as 1721." For 1721, read 1717. These verses had been published so early as that year.

P. 467. "The Town Eclogue was written in concert with Lady Wortley Mon-

tagne, who published ~~few~~ more of that sort." Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote only ~~four~~ of these; *Fryday, The Toilette*, being the production of Mr. Gay.

#### ANECDOTES of Dr. JOS. WARTON.

This learned and excellent author is one of the sons of Mr. Thomas Warton, who was vicar of Basingstoke, in Hampshire, and sometime Poetry-Professor in the university of Oxford. He was educated at Winchester school, and about the year 1740 went from thence to Oxford; at the same time the celebrated and unhappy poet, William Collins, left that seminary. He was entered of Oriel college; and, in 1745, published in 4to. his *Odes*, which soon came to a second edition. On the appearance of Mr. West's *Pindar*, he published a complimentary Ode; and, about the year 1750, travelled abroad. In 1754, he gave the public his translation of part and his edition of all Virgil's works; and, in 1756, printed the first volume of his *Essay on Pope*. He took the degree of M. A. by diploma, June 23, 1759, and those of B. and D. D. January 15, 1768. He at present presides over Winchester school, the place of his education, where his deportment has acquired him the regard and esteem of all with whom he is in any way connected. His younger brother, Mr. Thomas Warton, is the author of *The History of English Poetry*, and other excellent performances.

*The propriety of allowing a qualified exportation of Wool discussed historically. To which is added an Appendix; containing a Table which shews the value of the Woollen Goods, of every kind, that were entered for exportation at the Custom-House, from 1697 to 1780 inclusive, as well as the Prices of Wool in England during all that period.* 8vo. London. Elinfly.

THIS pamphlet is very able, and abounds with patriotic views. The author is equal to his subject, and its importance is well illustrated by my Lord Coke, who in the year 1621 assured the House of Commons, "That, if the commodities of this kingdom are divided into ten parts, nine out of them arise from wool; that Lord Chief-Justice Popham said, and shewed it by demonstration, that the abatement of twelve-pence out of a tod of wool is out of the Commonwealth's way, and profit above an hundred thousand pounds; that letters had been written by the Lords of the Council, to the Judges of Assize, to enquire, in their circuits, whether the appropriation of wool would be of benefit to the Com-

monwealth or not, and all the Judges certified to the said Lords, that the appropriation of wool would be a great prejudice and loss to the Commonwealth."

After demonstrating the utility of the woollen trade, the author gives an historical discussion of it from the year 1193 to the present time; and his enquiry is regulated by the best guides, by facts and experience. In the very curious details he exhibits, he argues with great force to the prejudice of the laws which have been passed against the freedom of the exportation of wool; and he proves that the exportation of wool, from Great Britain and Ireland, would contribute in no common degree to the support

support of the woollen manufacture of these kingdoms; he even shews, that these laws are ineffectual, and that, while they cannot prevent altogether the exportation of wool, they are ruinous to the woollen manufacturer. As a remedy to the grievance of ineffectual and prejudicial regulations, he proposes, that the antient laws concerning wool should be restored; and that a regulated freedom of its export should take place. His remarks seem to carry conviction along with them; and, while we recommend his performance, we must observe, that it appears to be the production of no ordinary pen. The argument is prosecuted with closeness; and the language displays every where the hand of a master.

The following extract, will, we hope, be acceptable to our readers, and will illustrate the opinion we have advanced of the merit of this treatise.

"While we regret the distress, which has resulted from a policy, just in its theory and salutary in its practice, when other causes concurred with restraint, let us look for modes of relief.

"The compact of every social system declares, that each class of the people is entitled to protection, but none has a right to preference; that, when redress of undoubted grievances is withheld or delayed, the contract, which had stipulated for mutual support and submission, is broken. But the validity of the stipulation in theory is not disputed so much as its application in practice, amidst the complicated affairs of the world, is often found to be difficult. They, however, who demonstrate the reality and the extent of their suffering by proofs, and quickly ask relief from the legislature, are entitled to a regard and a remedy, which cannot be claimed by those who clamour, because they are vehement, or who demand to be disburdened of the evils of life, or to be freed from fancied calamity.

"Shall we, on this interesting occasion, when real distress requires the alleviation of heavy burdens, follow the example of the Dutch, who, in their folly or their avarice, destroy many of their spices, that they may enhance the price of a few. Shall we prostrate the inclosures which have produced us plenty; or prevent the future inclosing of wastes, that in after times we may have a smaller quantity of wool, yet of a worse staple? Shall we carry the torch through the warehouses that contain the unfold fleeces of years? or shall we resign, to the devastation of the moths, the woolly stores, which indeed

they have already begun to consume? or, laying aside our prejudices, shall we enlarge the field of our market, and invite a greater number of buyers? The modes of fashion are little governed by law; in a free country perhaps they ought not to be governed by law; though the frivolous ought to pay for the indulgence of their vanity, when they prefer the fabrics of foreigners to our own. If the gay choose vestments of the silk of Spitalfields, the grave prefer the cotton of Manchester, who would propose to stop the looms of either, in order to give an advantage to wool? All sudden changes in political economy must be avoided by a wise statesman. And no redress ought to be asked, or given, but what is simple, and therefore practicable; but what is reasonable in theory and easy in the execution.

"Let us forget the jealousy of trade, which an able author has traced to the days of Hesiod; which seems to have always existed, because mankind have been always prejudiced. But, who for himself will avow, I am governed by prejudice? What cloquence and reasonings have been employed in modern times to overturn the empire of prejudice! to convince the world of an important truth, 'that the richer are the nations of the earth the better customers they are to each other.' Let us therefore on the subject of wool restore our ancient laws, for which Englishmen have so often bled, and with them that regulated freedom of export, which, during the days of our Edwards and Henrys, enabled the woollen manufacture of England, though burdened with taxes, to subvert that of the Netherlands, though upheld by greater capitals, superior skill, and wider correspondence. Let us by act of parliament permit the export of our wools on paying that duty of £ 1. 13. 4. for every sack, which denizens formerly paid. Nor is this general proposal entitled to the honour which original invention always may claim. Mr. Eden suggested a similar one, in 1779, on abstract principles of policy, before the cries of distress had been heard, though he offered his thoughts with that hesitation, which might have been expected from a politician, who was perfectly acquainted with the world, who knew the embarrassments of the great as well as the prejudices of the little on complicated subjects of political economy. Sir John Dalrymple has lately followed his track with bold steps, though it is not so certain that he did not go before him in his conception of the measure and the propriety of it."

education. In perusing the other celebrated writers of the present day, we enjoy the pleasure of tracing the progress of liberality, while we are instructed by their

reasonings, and are convinced of the importance of their designs, for freeing us from ancient errors, and establishing in their room salutary system.

*The Convivial Songster; being a select Collection of the best Songs in the English Language, humorous, satirical, amorous, bacchanalian, &c. With the Music prefixed to each Song.* Fielding. Small 8vo. 3s. 6d.

**T**HIS is a very valuable and scarce collection. There are 186 songs, and as many tunes, some of which are original; and, by the manner of printing them, throughout the whole work, the

reader sees in the same page the music and words that correspond with each other. It is the production of Mr. Holcroft; anecdotes of whom we inserted in our last number.

## P-A-M-P-H-L-E-T-S.

*London. A Satire.*

**A** Keen and whimsical description of the public institutions, buildings, and amusements, of the metropolis; it possesses one quality peculiar to itself in the present day of licentious abuse;—its satire is general;—it is directed against whole bodies, and not against the frailties or the crimes of individuals. It looks for the error of institutions more than for the particular abuse of them. The principal subjects of which it treats are, the Senate-House, the Courts of Law, the Bank, the India-House, the Theatre, &c. &c. &c. There is a vein of satire runs through the whole, which the bookseller, with whom it was first advertised, mistook for libel; and he was not convinced of his error until in the hands of another he saw it published with safety.

### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

This small pamphlet is the production of a Mr. Walwyn, who was born in Worcester-shire in the year 1750. His family have their origin from Walvain, the nephew of king Arthur, which they assert on the authority of tradition alone, unless it be allowed, as a confirmation of their ancestry, that we read in the old records of Wales, of a parish in Pembrokeshire, named Walvain parish, where a castle stands, originally of the same name, and which is said to have been in the possession of an ancient family from this stock. Mr. Walwyn's grandfather was born in this parish; but, to shew the vicissitude of families as well as of estates, his father is a leather-seller in the Borough. Our author has brought up to the same profession; but, having a very strong addition to study,

he stole every moment from the labours of the day, and also hours from the repose of the night, to improve his mind. Industry like this deserves its commendation; and, if it had been attended with fruit less valuable, would have received our praise. His father, being in an eminent line of business, employed his son to ride through England, Scotland, and Wales, to procure orders. In this pursuit he continued five years, being almost always on horseback during that time. Soon after this he married an amiable young lady, with a fortune of two thousand pounds, and went into business for himself, in a wholesale warehouse, in Watling-street. He suffered innumerable losses, and his affairs having gone into embarrassment by various calamities, which it would be as painful to us to relate as to the public to hear, he was again employed by his father to transact business for him in Ireland. He here bought and fitted out a sloop, and in his first voyage was wrecked, and thrown a stranger and an outcast on the northern shore of Ireland. He speaks of the hospitality of the country in terms of rapturous gratitude; for, though without money, he was attended to in the violence of a dangerous fever with parental care; and, after restoring him to life and health, they procured him a passage to England. On his arrival in London, he found himself destitute of any other dependence, for the support of his wife and family, than an annuity of forty pounds a year. In this predicament he commenced author; but his productions have not yet been numerous. He was engaged as one of the Reviewers in the late London Review. He wrote a farce for the benefit of Mr.

T

Lee



Lee Lewis, and which, on account of its merit and success, was afterwards performed several times; he contributed a good deal to the late comic exhibition, intitled, *Je ne sai quoi*, and a variety

of Essays, in the periodical prints claim him as their parent. A series of political Letters, under the signature of *Corrector*, have lately gained him considerable credit.

*A Seaman's Remarks on the British Ships of the Line, from the 1st of January, 1756, to the 1st of January, 1782; with some occasional Remarks on the Fleet of the House of Bourbon.*

**T**HIS pamphlet contains a body of most valuable information. It gives a comparative view of the navy under the several administrations since the beginning of the last war to the present moment, and traces the progressive decay of our fleets, from the time that it came into the management of the Earl of Sandwich.—The lists are very particular, and seem to be taken from authentic documents.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

It is generally ascribed to Lord Hawke; because professional gentlemen say, that no person could have come at the information it contains, except he had access to the papers of a first Lord of the Admiralty. This supposition holds up his lordship in a most favourable light, in various respects; but it particularly demonstrates his filial attention to the honour and character of his late noble father, as it entirely dissipates all the false aspersions thrown upon his administration, without manifesting the least acrimony or malevolence towards those who had endeavoured to lay a stigma upon the conduct of his presidency, by way of exculpating themselves from part of the neglect with which they have been charged. It also does his lordship great honour, in that (not having been brought up a seaman) he is able to make such judicious distinctions, and arrange so accurately the various lists, whereby they are so perfectly intelligible, as that gentlemen, quite unacquainted with naval matters, may clearly perceive that a much greater increase of the royal navy might have resulted from

the vast sums of money lately granted by parliament for that purpose; from the whole, the public may have a reasonable hope, that such abilities will, one day, and that perhaps not very far distant, give the nation an able marine minister, of independent fortune, good abilities, and unwearied assiduity.—We have not been able to select particular anecdotes of his lordship, except, that he was educated at Eton School, and thence went to Oxford, where he continued, as a student of the law, so long as to be entitled to the degree of Doctor of Laws; but did not take up his degree until about the year 1774. At the general election, which took place in 1768, his lordship was returned member for Sackville, in Cornwall, and at the dissolution of that parliament, in 1774, his lordship having a good estate near York, was candidate for that city, where he had five hundred single votes; and it was owing to a mistake in the detention of an express, which most probably caused the loss of his election. Ever since, his lordship has shewn his gratitude, for the favours he then received, by being a liberal benefactor to the poor of that city. We are informed, that his lordship's time is now chiefly employed (though his fortune is a very independent one) in studying *useful* sciences, such as may render him a happy instrument of good to his country, honour to his connections, and a blessing to posterity.—In the year 1771, his lordship married Miss Cassandra Turner, a daughter of Sir Edward Turner, of Oxfordshire, Bart; by whom he has two sons and one daughter.

*A Letter to the Right Honourable W. C. Jenkinson on the present critical Situation of public Affairs, and the conduct of the interior Cabinet.* 2s. Debrett.

**T**HIS pamphlet has been written by a person well acquainted with the interior management of the ministerial machine. It lays open a scene of political iniquity, which the friends of government will not be disposed to believe possible;

but which the people in general by their sufferings feel to exist.—It asserts with confidence, that the ostensible ministers, though they undergo all the fatigue of official duty, have not an atom of power, but receive and execute the mandates of

secret, irresponsible, authority, which acts unseen, and from whose influence the present system derives its stability and support. The late Earl of Chatham, whose talents of penetration the world will be ready to allow, declared in his place, in the House, "that he found, lurking be-

"hind the throne, something greater than the throne itself." The testimony of the Earl of Chatham sanctifies the doctrine of the present pamphlet, and gives an alarming conviction to the mind of the truth of the evil.

*A Letter to the Interior Cabinet, in which the Facts are continued to the present time.* Debreit, 2s.

**T**HIS is a sequel to the former pamphlet, and addresses itself to the body, of which Mr. Jenkinson is declared to be one. This traces them in their political intrigues to the present moment. It is professedly written by the same author; but who that author is, we cannot take

upon us to say. It has been ascribed to different persons, with different degrees of probability; but, in our proposals we declared, and we mean to adhere to the declaration, "that, where we could not speak with certainty, we should be silent."

*An Answer to Vamp Overreach's Letter to the Right Hon. W. C. Jenkinson: Written, in the Christmas Holidays, by Mr. Jenkinson's Porter.*

**T**HIS is an abusive and personal attack on a popular book-seller, lately retired, with a competent fortune, to his estate in the country. He takes it for

granted, that he is the author of the foregoing pamphlets; and thinks this a sufficient ground for loading him with invective and slander.

*An Address to the independent Members of both Houses of Parliament.* Faulder, 1s.

**A** Calm and temperate appeal to the honest feelings of gentlemen in the present awful moment of national distress. To the independent members of both sides it is equally addressed: He says, with becoming candour, "if I were in a division of a committee of the whole House of Commons, to pick out those members to whom I now apply myself, I should trespass as much on Mr. Robinson as on Mr. Bynne for permission to inspect their several corps." He advises them to take a peremptory ground, and to act with decision: That, in such a moment, to be lukewarm is as bad as to be outrageous: That every idea of pub-

lic virtue calls upon them to exert the too long hidden though important powers, they possess, to the great laudable purposes of national preservation. This pamphlet is said to be the production of a young nobleman, who has, in the course of the present month, distinguished himself by a spirited exertion of his senatorial privilege, for the maintenance of the honour and dignity of the branch of the legislature to which he belongs. We shall make farther enquiries on this head; and, if we can be assured of the above fact, shall, in our next, present our readers with Anecdotes of this virtuous and valuable character.

*A Speech intended to have been spoken on the Hustings of Guildhall, relative to the great objects of the Associated Committee and Quintuple Alliance.* Debreit, 1s.

**A** Warm recommendation of the measures of political Associations, by which the people may be aroused and connected in the pursuit of national redress. Perhaps the speech might have produced more effect, if delivered on the occasion

for which it was designed, than it can be imagined to bring forth in its present shape. An anonymous speech that was never spoken, if we may use the expression, comes with a cold recommendation to the public.

*Anecdotes of Sir John Dalrymple, author of The Question considered; for Strictures on which, see our last, page 56.*

**T**HE considerations of this author on the question, "Whether wool should be allowed to be exported, when the

price is low at home, on paying a duty to the public?" have been examined in our former number. This gentleman is de-

scended from one of the best families in Scotland. He studied first at Edinburgh, and afterwards at Leyden. His progress was suited to the quickness of his capacity, which gave early prefaces of merit. He entered upon the profession of a Barrister, before the Court of Session in Scotland, with uncommon advantages. His learning was unquestioned; his poverty gave a spur to his industry; and he had talents for an eloquence that was manly and pathetic. But, in his rise at the Bar, he was officiously opposed by Robert Dundas, Esq. the President of the Session, who, probably from political reasons, was influenced against him. The liberty, assumed by the Presidents and Judges of that Court, is extreme; and Mr. Dundas was not less encroaching than his predecessors. Sir John attained not the notice and distinction which he deserved. But, as abilities, though discouraged, cannot be destroyed by the jealousy or passions of men of any rank whatsoever, he found admirers and even business. It is probable, however, that the opposition, with which he was compelled to struggle, had the effect to call his attention to the pursuits of literature. He composed, accordingly, his Essay concerning Feudal Property; a work which was received with universal approbation by the Lawyers of both kingdoms. It had two advantages; being written under the inspection of Lord Kaimes, and having been corrected and revised by the illustrious Montesquieu. This work was a solid basis upon which to rest his fame. But, his disposition being active, he, with a great deal of management, found materials for his Historical Memoirs and public Papers; a publication which occasioned a great deal of noise. It assailed the characters of Lord Russell, of Sidney, and other eminent patriots; and the whigs, being infinitely scandalized, many answers

to him were published. But, though he has been attacked with vigour, it cannot be said, that he has been refuted; and the eminent names he has stained have still occasion for an advocate. It was about this time that he succeeded to his paternal inheritance; a circumstance which put him above the reach of his enemies. By his attentions to the ministry he had also enjoyed a considerable pension; and the services of his pen on the side of government, in the disputes with America, have been regarded as arduous, and even as eloquent. Fortune grew upon him; and he was appointed a Judge of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland. It was soon after his promotion to this place that he wrote his Letters to Lord Barrington. They are not yet forgotten; and they are the part of his works which his friends will approve least. — He had taken offence against his Lordship for not complying with his solicitations in the behalf of his brothers, who were officers in the army. The strain of censure, employed in these letters, is in the highest degree unpolite and sarcastic. His Lordship, who felt his honour touched, sent him a challenge; which he refused, upon the foundation that he was a Judge. He yet interfered his Lordship, that, though he would not fight in the dominions of his Sovereign, he had no such respect for the territories of a foreign prince; and, having occasion to go abroad for some time, he notified his intentions to his adversary. He was not followed, however, by his Lordship; and, as private quarrels are always disagreeable in their consequences, it is probable that they are mutually dissatisfied that the public should have been amused with their animosity and contention. In his person, Sir John Dalrymple is short and slender; his manners and countenance are characteristic of the vivacity of his mind.

SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the PROCEEDINGS in the Two Houses of PARLIAMENT, continued from page 65.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

JANUARY 31, 1782.

ON the 31st of January, 1782, The Duke of Richmond gave notice that he would, on the 4th of February, make a motion for an enquiry into the causes and circumstances of the execution of Col. Haynes, at Charlestown, in South-Carolina. The case was this: A board of enquiry was held upon Haynes, of which he

had notice. Such a board, in martial law is similar to an enquiry before a magistrate in the first instance; it is a step preparatory to trial, but not the trial itself. Haynes reserved his defence for his trial and made none at the board of enquiry. The board condemned him, and he was executed without any trial. If military

had any information to contradict these facts, they ought to produce it. He feared the Americans would retaliate.

Lord Stormont. There being no motion before the House, he should not speak to the subject.

Lord Hillsborough. Ministers had received no official accounts of the execution of Col. Haynes.

Lord Huntingdon. The dispatches were in the packet in which Lord Rawdon was taken, and were thrown overboard.

February 4.

Duke of Richmond moved an address to the King, desiring that all the papers relating to the execution of Col. Haynes, the administration of civil and military justice at Charlestown, &c. be laid before the House.

Lord Walsingham. Ministers had no official papers.

Lord Stormont. Colonel Haynes had broken his parole, by which his life became forfeited.

Lord Chancellor. Haynes had suffered death justly. He had been made prisoner at Charlestown; he had his parole, and took the oaths of allegiance. He afterwards joined the Americans against the King's troops, and was taken in arms.

Duke of Richmond. Notwithstanding these circumstances, he was entitled to a trial, like other men.

Lord Effingham. Commanders had always power to appoint Court-Martials. The execution was unjust without a Court-Martial, and contrary to practice. For the motion 25, against it 73.

February 7.

Duke of Chandos moved, that on the 11th the House go into a committee of enquiry into the causes of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. That surrender was a great public calamity. Innocent men might suffer by suspicions. The nation had a right to be satisfied of the causes. By going into the enquiry, they would fix the blame, if there was any blame, where it ought to be laid.

Lord Gower was for the motion; but postponed the day to be changed to the 19th.

Lord Stormont was for the amendment, it referred to himself a power to object to any thing that might affect the characters of absent officers. The 19th was fixed.

Duke of Chandos moved for the instructions given to Sir Henry Clinton, Admiral Graves, &c.

Lord Stormont desired the motion to be postponed till the 11th, that he might exa-

mine the papers, and determine whether they could be safely produced. Agreed to.

Marquis of Carmarthen had been informed, that his Majesty had been advised by his ministers to create Lord George Germain a peer. It was a high indignity to the House to introduce into it a person degraded and debased by the sentence of a Court Martial. After enforcing this argument very strongly, he moved, that it is highly derogatory to the honour of this House, that any person labouring under the heavy censure comprehended in the following sentence of a Court-Martial, and public notice given out in consequence thereof, should be recommended to the Crown as a proper person to be raised to the dignity of a peerage. *Sentence.* "This Court, upon due consideration of the whole matter before them, is of opinion, that Lord George Sackville is guilty of having disobeyed the orders of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, whom he was, by his commission and instructions, directed to obey, as commander in chief, according to the rules of war; and it is the farther opinion of this Court, that the said Lord George Sackville is, and he is hereby adjudged, unfit to serve his Majesty in any military capacity whatever." Which sentence his Majesty was pleased to confirm. *Public Orders.* "It is his Majesty's pleasure, that the above sentence be given out in public orders, that officers, being convinced that neither high birth nor great employments can shelter offences of such a nature, and that, being they are subject to censures much worse than death, to a man who has any sense of honour, they may avoid the fatal consequences arising from disobedience of orders."

Lord Denbigh moved to adjourn.

Duke of Richmond. Ministers treated their colleague very ill in not defending him. Motion to adjourn was a subterfuge.

Lord Stormont. There was no controul of the King's prerogative, in the creation of peers, but legal disability.

Marquis of Carmarthen. Only legal disability could be stated; and, if that was the only rule and guide of the prerogative, no objection could be made against the King's chimney-sweeper being created a peer.

Duke of Grafton. The House having agreed to enquire into the causes of Lord Cornwallis's surrender, this motion should be postponed until that enquiry was finished. That enquiry would include a great part of Lord George Germain's conduct, would decide whether he was guilty or innocent, whether he deserved honour or censure.

Lord Shelburne had early in life received a professional injury from the noble person alluded to, but, since the publication of the sentence, had tried to forget it. The motion was important. Time had not defaced the stigma in the sentence. It was no argument, that, being a member of the other House, he might be of this. Some members of the other House were chosen for family-boroughs. It would be idle to expel those members, whatever might be their infamy, because, while they possessed this family-borough, they would be re-chosen. When a great personage asked the late Lord Chatham, why he did not move for the expulsion of the noble person in consequence of the sentence?—He answered, it would be needless; for, he would be re-elected. Then, said the great person, I wish you joy of the company you choose to keep. Divided on the motion to adjourn, for it 61, against it 26.

February 11.

Duke of Chandos moved an address to the King, to lay before the House copies of all dispatches and papers sent by the ministry to Sir Henry Clinton in the year 1764.

Lord Stormont desired to amend the motion with adding after copies, *or extracts*, and to include in the motion the year 1780 also.

Duke of Chandos. The words, *or extracts*, would defeat the enquiry. Ministers would conceal all these parts which affected themelves. He saw not the necessity of including the year 1780.

Lord Chancellor. The papers moved for must contain all the instructions; many of which were improper, as giving information to the enemy.

Lord Stormont's amendments were agreed to.

Duke of Chandos moved for the same to Lord Cornwallis; which, with the same amendments, was agreed to.

His Grace next moved for the same to Admiral Graves, Sir George Rodney, &c. Lord Sandwich. These papers were highly improper to be known. They were general instructions, and continued to their successors; he would therefore move, that those to Sir George Rodney in the year 1779 might be laid before the House instead of these.

Duke of Manchester. Instructions given to an admiral in the year 1779, going to the West Indies, had no relation to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, in North America, in the year 1781.

Lord Chancellor. The instructions given to Sir George Rodney in 1779 were general. All the officers in the West-Indies were now acting under them.

Lord Sandwich withdrew his motion. The Duke of Chandos's motion was amended by adding *or extracts*.

His Grace next moved for all letters, accounts, &c. received by his Majesty's ministers relative to the sailing of *M. De Grasse* from France, and to the *Chicapeak*, also for the whole correspondence between Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis.

Lord Stormont. There was imminent danger in giving copies of the intelligence which ministers received. It could not be done.

Duke of Chandos. Without this it was impossible the enquiry could come to a happy issue.

Duke of Richmond. Without the intelligence it is impossible to decide whether ministers have acted wisely and seasonably. The House divided; for the motion 23, against it 63.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FEBRUARY 1.

MR. Kenrick opened the ordinance estimates, and read the several articles in the account, amounting in the whole to 1,444,000 l.

Col. Barré. There were three prominent features in the account, more exceptionable than the rest; these were the charges for salt-petre, transports, and fortifications.

Mr. Kenrick. The East-India Company were obliged by their charter to furnish 500 tons of salt-petre, at 45 l. per ton in time of peace, and 53 l. per ton in

time of war; but, the service required more, the ordinance had purchased surplus, which was 6100 tons, p 73 l. 10 s. which was the prime cost of the Company, and part at 118 l. which was the last sale price of the pany.

Mr. Byng asked, if more salt-petre not been purchased?

Mr. Kenrick. Yes. A quantity (tons) from Ostend, and a little from tugal. That from Ostend had been of Mr. Townson, a member, at 118

ton; that from Portugal, of Mr. Baller, at 15*l*. per ton. The freight from Ostend was about 2*l*. per ton; would have had more from the East-India Company, but could not get any money from the Board, and without payment the Company said they could not provide any more in advance.

Col. Barré condemned these private contracts, and moved that the chairman do leave the chair. The Committee divided, for the motion, 60; against it 113.

#### FEBRUARY 4.

Sir J. Clarke. The ordinance estimates had not been sufficiently examined.

Mr. Byng moved to recommit them.

Lord North would strike out Mr. Townson's article, if that would remove the objection.

Mr. Fox. That ought to have been done in the Committee. The whole estimates were shameful, and called for revision. Divided, 92 for Mr. Byng's motion, and 122 against it.

#### FEBRUARY 7.

Mr. Fox moved, That it is the opinion of this Committee, that there has been a shameful mismanagement of the naval affairs of this kingdom in the year 1781. In support of his motion, he instanced the want of information respecting the Dutch force before the engagement with Admiral Parker; also respecting the French force before the sailing of Admiral Kempenfelt; and the same respecting M. de Grasse, in his sailing from Brest, and afterwards to the Chesapeake; both of which might have been prevented. He next instanced the neglect shewn to information. Sir George Rodney sent information that a rich fleet would arrive in England about a particular time, and, being of immense value, desired a convoy might be ordered to meet it. This request

arrived 46 days before the fleet was expected; no notice was taken of it until six days after a French fleet of only six ships, under la Motte Piquet, had taken the greatest part of the fleet, when a fleet was sent to order the fleet to come to the coast. This was the St. Eustatia fleet. There was plenty of ships unemployed. Admiral Darby gave information of the force of the combined fleet in the Channel; after the Admiralty had received it, they sent word to the Mayor of Bristol, that the report was groundless, and that the trading ships of Bristol were in no danger in putting to sea, which was, in fact, into the enemy's mouth, like the report under Capt. Moutray.

Lord Mulgrave. Standing orders on frigates off Brest was a service of great danger. Admiral Parker's fleet would have been reinforced, if a rendezvous could have been appointed. No ships could have been sent to convoy the St. Eustatia fleet but such as were destined for another service. The Admiralty had reason to doubt Admiral Darby's intelligence.

Lord Howe. Frigates cruising off Brest was not a service of danger; the measure was practicable and highly serviceable. Disapproved of advertising at Lloyd's when convoys were to sail, as thereby it was giving information to the enemy. He named several ships, unemployed, which might have been sent to protect the St. Eustatia fleet. Admiral Darby's information deserved attention. The navy extraordinaries in the last war did not exceed 200,000*l*. per annum; this war the average was 540,000*l*. Approved entirely of the motion.

Mr. Webb. Ministers had contracted for building ships in private yards, but the work went on so slowly, they would not be finished this war, owing to the narrow scale of the contracts. One of the eighty-gun ships, which lately sailed from Brest, was finished in seven months. Some of ours, now building, would not be finished in four years.

Mr. Penton. The whole force of the navy has been exerted according to the best information the Admiralty could get.

Mr. W. Pitt. It has been proved that a great number of ships have lain idle when small reinforcements were particularly wanted, and would have been of the greatest service.

Lord North. The first Lord of the Admiralty had laid in a large supply of timber, and a greater number of ships were now employed than in the last war.

Admiral Keppel and Sir Fletcher Norton approved of the motion. The Committee divided, for it, 183; against it, 205.

#### FEBRUARY 13.

Lord Lisburne opened the navy estimates. They were greater this year than former years, from the number of our enemies. He moved, that 409,766*l*. be granted for the ordinary of the navy.

Mr. Minchin. The money was shamefully squandered by the Admiralty. The sums granted for repairs would have built a larger and better navy. The *Blenheim*, after an immense sum, was only fit for show. The Arrogant could scarce bear the weight of her guns. The *Stirling Castle*

Castle and Thunderer were not fit to bear a heavy sea, and were therefore lost. The best seamen were employed in press-gangs and transport service. The navy estimates for the last three years amounted to more than the seven years of the last war.

Lord Mulgrave. The press-gangs did not, in general, consist of the best seamen. Volunteers were few. Last year the number of impressed men was 10,000: in 1759, it was only 7000. The Admiralty had done all that was possible.

Sir George Yonge was against granting any sum, because, while the navy continued under the direction of Lord Sandwich, all moneys would be misapplied. Upon comparing the state of the navy with the sums granted, no man could say that the money had been properly expended.

Mr. Holdsworth had visited the dock-yards, and never saw the shipwrights properly employed. The Royal Sovereign had been begun seven years ago, and would not be finished seven years hence. The labourers were too few. In France, a great number of men were employed of that sort, which enabled them to build faster. He saw no advantage from the parade of copper bottoms. There was a great abuse in the sales of naval stores. He had seen the hull of a ship knocked down at a sale on the King's account for 700*l.*, and immediately sold again for double the sum. There was the same abuse in the rigging and stores of prizes. The cables of the Gibraltar, though quite new, were cut into pieces of two fathom junk, and sold as old rope; and, when the Gibraltar was ready to sail, she was obliged to pay for cables which were not so good as those which had been destroyed. There was a great misapplication of money in the transport service. A transport was hired to carry oats to America; the cargo was not worth above 200*l.*, yet the vessel was hired at 120*l.* per month, and was 16 months in her voyage. The cargo, which was worth only 200*l.* cost the public at least 2000*l.* There were many other abuses.

Mr. Hussey. The estimates were delusive; they contained ships which were only upon paper. They stated 54 to be now building. Last year only 45 were said to be building; but out of the 54 there should be deducted the three which were building by the East India Company, and 11 which at present were only contracted for in the merchants yards. We began the war with a superior navy, and ought to have maintained that superiority; it was our shame that we had not. The

French had rapidly increased their navy, while ours had decreased. The French had lately at Breit finished a ship of the line, from laying the keel, in 95 days; in 100 days more she had her masts and rigging, and in another ten days she had her guns, and was victualled for a six months cruise.

Col. Barré. The Admiralty-Board were negligent and inactive. It was a fact, that the expences of the navy increased in exact proportion to the diminution of the strength. The ships in commission last year were 98, this year only 92; yet the expence was greater. The true number of the present year was only 75. The Admiralty had done nothing. Parliament had been liberal in granting money, but the Admiralty had been negligent in performing their duty. In 1774 Lord Sandwich said, in the other House, that 80 ships of the line were ready for sea; in 1781, we had only 75; notwithstanding all the moneys granted, and all the exertions pretended to be made, the navy was diminished 5 ships. In a matter of such great importance, it was not disorderly to quote his Lordship's assertion. In the estimate, now under consideration, every hulk, cutter, tender, yacht, and vessel, that could swim, of every size and description, was included to swell the gross amount in commission. It was an imposition on the House. When gentlemen heard so many ships were in commission, they falsely imagined our naval strength was much greater than it really was.

Lord Howe. Whenever he spoke of the Board of Admiralty, he meant only the First Lord; the other members of that Board had no power. Out of the 150 Lieutenants, annually made, they never appointed one. They had no power. The estimates contained a stronger charge against the Admiralty than any thing produced by Mr. Fox on the 7th instant. Ships that were building were suffered to rot on their frames till they were rotten. In the last five years the East India Company had built ships to the amount of 50,000 tons burthen. Government ought to have done the same. 50,000 tons would have made 25 ships of 74 guns. This was an exertion which the nation had a right to receive at the hands of the Admiralty, and they were criminal in not having given it. As to the estimates, he repeated that they contained the strongest censure of the First Lord of the Admiralty; they showed an enormous expence, and very little exertion. The expence increased, and the force diminished. The Brilliant had been

to the Admiralty, where the Admiralty would be Sir Edward Hughes, and the Admiralty, being an individual, he was not to be taken as one of the royal docks at Portsmouth to be repaired; even at this moment, when there is so much occasion for all the workmen to be employed on the King's ships. He thought Mr. Fox's motion on the 7th highly just, but thought it improper to follow it with another to dismiss Lord Sandwich, because it gave an appearance that a desire of places was the principal motive. If the motion of dismissal had been agreed to, who was ready to take Lord Sandwich's place? A professional person was the most proper. He surely was most capable to conduct the machine who knew its uses, and was competent to prepare the materials. But where was that person? The plan of the year was formed. Would the great and gallant Admiral, who had been driven from that service, in which he was so admirably skilled, loved, and revered, (Admiral Keppel,) come in upon a plan formed, digested, and adapted to the system, which he with so much justice condemned as injurious, if not fatal? It was impossible. He could only consent to take upon him the trust when he could execute his own great design. Would the honourable gentleman (Mr. Fox) take that situation? He could not believe it. His talents, knowledge, and astonishing powers, qualified him for holding the highest offices in the state; but, not having had a naval education, he could not suppose that he would covet the place. Had the noble Lord in the blue ribband any friend ready? Would the noble Lord at his right-hand (Lord Mulgrave) take it?

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Mr. Fox. If the Committee had resolved that the naval affairs of this country could not be safely trusted to Lord Sandwich, which they would have done in fact by agreeing to his motion, the natural, consistent, and necessary, consequence was a motion of dismissal. But the noble Lord demanded who was to succeed Lord Sandwich, and asked, if Admiral Keppel would? He could not answer for Admiral Keppel; but, if a moment should arrive when he could with safety, he should from that moment date the era of British glory and British salvation. But it was not the business of the House of Commons to find persons proper to fill the offices of government. It was the prerogative of the Crown. The House could not resolve that the naval affairs of this country had been mismanaged, and yet suffer the naval minister to continue in his office. The noble Lord had admitted the mismanagement, had stated it; and, if Admiral Keppel was disinclined to accept of the conduct of our naval, we could never want an able naval minister, while the noble Lord (Lord Howe) enjoyed his health.

There was no division. The Committee came to the following resolutions: That 40,706 l. 12 s. 9 d. be granted for the ordinary of the navy; that 953,519 l. be granted towards building and repairing, and other extraordinary works over and above what are proposed to be done under the heads of wear, tear, and ordinary.

## THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A New comedy, called, *Which is the Man?* was performed on Saturday the 9th of February, at the theatre in Covent-Garden, of which the following are the

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Fitzherbert,	-	Mr. Henderson.
Beauchamp,	-	Mr. Lewis.
Lord Sparkle,	-	Mr. Lee Lewis.
Bekville,	-	Mr. Wroughton.
Mr. Pendragon,	-	Mr. Quick.
Lady Bell Blower,	-	Miss Young.
Clavinda,	-	Mrs. Morton.
Kitty,	-	Mrs. Wilson.
Julia,	-	Miss Hatchell.
Miss Pendragon,	-	Mrs. Mattocks.

EVING. MAG.

### F A B L E.

Mr. Fitzherbert, a gentleman of the most respectable character, is the uncle of Lord Sparkle, and guardian of Julia. He possessed an early opportunity of perceiving that they were by no means congenial characters, and determines to disengage Julia from another young gentleman, of the name of Belville, of equal age and fortune with herself. This young man, however, had anticipated the intention of the generous Mr. Fitzherbert, by contracting a marriage unknown to him on their meeting in France, where she was had for education, and the father on his return. They return, after the celebration of the



upstals, to England, but Julia unknown to her husband. In a conversation between Mr. Fitzherbert and Belville, wherein the former makes remote proposals of marriage-contract between Mr. B. and his ward, it casually slips out that the event had already taken place, but that Mr. Belville was totally ignorant that Mr. Fitzherbert possessed any authority over his recent bride. Mr. Fitzherbert conceals his connection with Julia, and, after this communication, immediately conceives the design of imposing a little good-natured chastisement upon her, for marrying without his consent, and formally recommends to her, as a suitor, Mr. Pendragon, a young Cornish squire, who had been useful to Lord Sparkle in an election for a borough in that county, and had been brought to town, together with his sister, in consequence of some general common-place promises, which had been made by his lordship during the period of this election.

Julia finds herself so much distressed by the awkward devoirs of her Cornish boor, that she determines, at the suggestion of her maid, to leave Mr. Fitzherbert's house, and to seek some other situation, till she can acquaint her husband with the peculiarities and distresses that surround her. Her maid treacherously carries her to the house of Lord Sparkle, who wistful for the splendour of having such a woman for a mistress, and was on the point of being rude to her, when Mr. Beauchamp enters, and rescues her. Beauchamp had been previously deputed by Lord Sparkle to Lady Bell Bloomer, whom his lordship has an intention of honouring with his hand, to plead his suit by deputation. Lady Bell Bloomer, a widow lady, had been previously married, and having experienced the domestic calamities attending a mere march of fashion, had in her second choice determined to consult her own inclinations only. She had become enamoured with Beauchamp, and gave him this equivocal answer on his application to her on the part of Lord Sparkle, that, if he would attend a rout she intended to give that evening, he would then see in her company the man to whom she intended to give her hand. Beauchamp had just returned to communicate this ambiguous reply, when he found Julia in the critical situation above described; and, in spite of the supposed obligations he bore to his lordship, rescued her from his licentious intentions. He conducts Julia to his house, where Clarinda comes to visit him; to avoid whom, he conceals the fair lady in a closet; and just at that moment Belville is announced for entrance. Clarinda wishes not to be seen by Belville, and endeavours to retire into the closet where Julia is hid; but, not being able to effect this, on account of its being bolted,

she conceals herself with a dagger, that she may stab herself, and that Beauchamp had got a dagger concealed there. While Clarinda, Beauchamp, and Belville, are bantering upon this subject, Julia hears the voice of Belville, and, regardless of every other circumstance, she rushes from the place of her concealment, and flies into his arms. He is alarmed at seeing her in such a situation, and, being stung with a fit of temporary jealousy, refuses to receive her as his wife. The parties retire in mutual distress and difficulty; but, previous to the appointed meeting at Lady Bell Bloomer's, Mr. Fitzherbert repents the length to which his innocent artifice had run, and interposes to reconcile Julia and Belville, which he finds no difficulty in effecting. The period of the rout is now arrived. Lord Sparkle comes with full confidence that he is the happy man described by the ambiguous reply. Beauchamp attends with all the diffidence of hopeless love. Lady Bell plays a little upon the feelings of Beauchamp, and flatters Sparkle, who is just kneeling to express his gratitude for her kindness, when Miss Pendragon, who had mistaken some slight phrases of electioneering gallantry for professions of intended matrimony, enters, and desires Lady Bell not to believe the faithless man; for that he had said "all these there sort of things" to her, and never designed to perform one of them. Julia comes in as soon as the preceding complainant had ceased, and, being relieved from her own distresses, humourously upbraids his lordship with infidelity to her, and conjures him not to marry another. All the other parties have respectively something to urge against his lordship, who is reduced to a situation perfectly confounding and dramatic, but bears it all with the most undaunted composure. The result is, that Mr. Fitzherbert discovers that he himself was the donor of the commission to Beauchamp, the merit of which Lord Sparkle had assumed. Lady Bell gives her hand to the honest squire; Julia and Belville declare their mutual happiness; the Pendragons determine to return immediately to Cornwall, and the piece concludes with sentiments adapted to the several occasions.

This comedy is the performance of Mrs. Cowley; it was received with great and uncommon applause, which it has ever since continued to receive. We shall come to speak of its particular merits in a future number.

Thursday evening, the 21st of February, was performed, at Covent Garden Theatre, a new musical after-piece, called *VERTUMNUS* and *POMONA*, the characters of which were as follow:

*Vertumnus,*

*Proserpine*, - Mrs. Kemble.  
*Sylvanus*, - Mr. Edwin.  
*Cupid*, - Miss Morris.  
*Pomona*, - Miss Harpur.  
*Citroli*, - Mrs. Martyr.

The fable is taken from a well-known story in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, with a few dramatical additions. The dialogue is simple and chaste, but deficient in humour and wit, the want of which offended some critics in the upper regions, who always expect to be indulged with the broad laugh in an inter-piece. Several of the airs were beautiful, and they were all well sung. The dresses were elegant, and in every respect it had the utmost justice done to it, by the manager, composer, and actors.

On Monday, February 25, the new Comedy of *VARIETY* was performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.—The following are the

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**  
*Commodore Broadside*, Mr. King.  
*Morely*, - Mr. Smith.  
*Captain Seafort*, - Mr. Palmer.  
*Sir Timothy Valerian*, Mr. Parsons.  
*Lord Frankly*, - Mr. Brereton.  
*Major Seafort*, - Mr. Baddeley.  
*Sir Frederick Fallal*, Mr. R. Palmer.  
*Steady*, - Mr. Bannister, jun.  
*Daisy*, - Mr. Burton.  
*Harriet Temple*, - Miss Farnen.  
*Lady Fallal*, - Miss Poole.  
*Lady Frankly*, - Mrs. Brereton.  
*Mrs. Bustle*, - Mrs. Hopkins.  
*Lady Courtray*, - Mrs. Abington.

Harriet Temple, the daughter of a general officer, who has lost his life in America, finding herself, on the death of her father, without friends in that country, or the means of subsisting long there, returns to England, accompanied by Steady, a young volunteer, who has insisted on seeing her safe to her family, in return for the many obligations he owed her father, by whom he had been particularly patronized. He has also conceived an affection for her, which he smothered, from the consideration of her superior rank.

Miss Temple takes refuge at the house of Mrs. Bustle, whose husband had lived under her father, and on whose death she had also returned to London, and lived by letting lodgings. Steady, on a visit to his charge, is strongly importuned by her to return to his regiment, lest his long absence should be an impediment to his promotion; he tells her there is no danger of his absence being considered in an improper light, as his furlow had some months to run, and that if his conduct, while abroad, has merited notice, he does not fear but the generosity of his officers will represent it properly to a prince, whose characteristic it has ever been to be

prompt in rewarding merit. The soldier's father's valour; urges her to accept a longer continuance of his service, and tells her it came that day on purpose to acquaint her that he had just met Captain Seafort, a young naval officer, to whom she had previously been engaged in America, and who, on the first notice of her leaving that country, had followed her to Europe, that he had been very earnest in his enquiries after her, but as she had enjoined him secrecy, as to the place of her abode, he had only told him it was probable he might meet her at the house of an Irish relation of her's, Lady Fallal, on a visit to whom Harriet tells him she is then going, and repeats her injunction of concealing her dwelling.

In the next act Miss Temple acquaints her cousin, that she expects soon to see her dear Seafort, whom she has so often mentioned to her, and begs her to permit his coming there, as, though acquainted with her father's death, he is still ignorant of the sad reverse of fortune which has attended her from that motion, and that she had rather hide herself for ever from him than pain his heart by discovering to him her wretched situation, or making him a sharer in her poverty. Lady Fallal, with the generosity natural to her country, intreats her to partake of her little abundance, and, as a motive, tells her, she could never find any pleasure in a heavy purse, but when empowered her to lighten the heart of a friend.

Miss Temple replies, she does not doubt of Seafort's love, but that she knows his fortune is confined, and that marrying her without a shilling, against his father's consent, must shut out all his opening prospects, and, though she had, while in affluence, indulged the fond hope of becoming his wife, she must now fly from the idea; and, on a servant's announcing Captain Seafort, Lady Fallal retires. A short conversation ensues between Miss Temple and the Captain, in which they confess their unalterable affection to each other, but Harriet absolutely refuses to permit him to propose their union to his father, the Major, lest he should forfeit his favour, and hurt his future prospects. On her leaving him, Commodore Broadside, a worthy, generous old officer, enters, and enquires of Steady the reason of so gallant a fellow's lowering his top-sail, and looking so cloudy, tells him life is a voyage, in which foul as well as fair weather must be expected, and offers him the assistance of his purse or person in any design he may have in hand, but says he hopes it is not that of marriage, as it is yet too soon for him to be made a yellow admiral, and adds, if it is so, he hopes the girl has money, as he believes the old Major would as soon see him hanging at the main-top yard

and so married to an angel without a fortune; but on Seafort's replying it is his Harriet, of whom he has so often heard him speak, and whose hopes have all perished with her father, he commends his constancy, and promises to do all in his power to bring over the old gentleman to his wishes. In his attempt to accomplish this he discovers that Harriet is the daughter of his brother-in-law General Temple, and determines to visit her in disguise, and find out the real situation of her and her lover, as he disapproves of Seafort's having concealed from him this circumstance. He accordingly goes to Miss Buxton's, and, on being introduced to Harriet, immediately recognizes the image of his sister; and, declaring himself a poor relation, entreats her help. She most readily grants it, though at the expence of the only thing of value. She has remaining a jewel, given her by Seafort: on which he tells her gay prosperity had once filled his swelling sails and smiled upon his fortunes; but his situation is now so dreary, he almost fears to shock her by owning himself to be her uncle Henry. She acknowledges to have heard her mother dwell upon his virtues, and that his poverty had increased her respect, and adds, that if her honest industry can lighten his distress, her hands shall use their utmost efforts to assist him, and her woes vanish at the brightening smile she shall hope to meet on his brow.

Overcome by this, he discovers the real situation of his circumstances, presents her with his fortune, and assures her that she shall be immediately united to Seafort, of whom he speaks in the highest terms. He then enquires after her brother, and, on her declaring she was never so happy as to have one, tells her her father, for reasons of his own, had educated him under the name of Charles Steady, which proves to Harriet that, in the young volunteer, she has found that brother: And they both go instantly to seek him. Captain Seafort having again called at Lady Fallal's in hopes of meeting Harriet, whose abode he is still ignorant of, is followed thither by Steady, who has been in pursuit of him, to demand satisfaction for some unworthy treatment he has given him on his refusal to discover Miss Temple's lodgings. Harriet enters just in time to prevent a duel between her lover and her brother; a thorough reconciliation ensues, and they go with her to be introduced to the Commodore. They meet together at the house of Lady Fallal, where they are followed by the Major, who blockades all the doors with spungions, &c. in hopes of seeing the lady who he imagines has seduced his son; but, on the Commodore's discovering that she is his niece, and heiress to his fortune, consents to her marriage with her lover.

On these occurrences the plot of the Comedy is founded; but the representation is greatly heightened by the introduction of Lord and Lady Frankley, Sir Frederic and Lady Fallal, Sir Timothy Valerian, Mr. Moreley, and Lady Courtney. These parties have all met at Paris, whence they are just returned. The play opens with a tête-à-tête between Lord and Lady Frankley, each acknowledging their mutual happiness in each other, which, however, is a little interrupted by a servant's announcing Lady Courtney, who has recently lost her husband, and between whom and Lord Frankley there had been some little trifling before his marriage. Lord Frankley, wishing to avoid her, retires under a pretence of having business with his banker. Lady Courtney appears somewhat disconcerted at not finding him there, but says perhaps he chooses to be as fashionable a husband as he was allowed to be when unmarried, as he was then a dear inconstant creature. On being asked if she returned alone from France, she describes the family of the Fallals, who bore her company, and who afforded her infinite amusement. Sir Frederic Fallal she describes to be one of those coxcombs, who, though naturally the most indolent creatures in the world, are for ever flying from one kingdom to another in search of amusement. They were also accompanied by Sir Timothy Valerian, a gentleman who owns all his failings, as he calls them, every hour, and at the same time confesses himself into every virtue he has not.

Just at this time Lord Frankley returns with Sir Timothy, who tells Lady Courtney he supposes she is in extacies with the amusements of London, although they are not so bracing as the country amusements; but that he owns his failings, that he loves London, although he does not frequent public places; finds sufficient employ in being electrified every morning, breakfasting on saffron and valerian tea, stretching his legs in the park, studying the Gazette, ventilating his lodgings by explaining some knotty points in politics; dining and going in the evening to a musical club, to execute catches and glees for the good of his health; and that, if he suffers his regimen for one day, he is like an unstrung bass-viol, and turns all night in his bed like a coffee-roaster, though he seldom leaves the club till he is fast asleep.

In the course of this scene, Lord Frankley enquires of Lady Courtney what is become of his friend, Mr. Moreley, whom he expected to have followed her chariot-wheels to England, and whom he describes as a strange mixture of sense and absurdity, warmth and indifference; but thinks her ladyship's charms have changed his philosophy into downright passion. Lady Courtney denies this, by saying, that, with all the politeness he shews the

sex, he pretends to hold their understandings in utter contempt, and calls love a graceful weakness in a woman, but awkward folly in a man. Moreley, in a subsequent conversation with Lord Frankley, in some sort justifies his character, and adds another trait, that of quick suspicion and distrust, which he shows very strongly on hearing Lord Frankley was once under the influence of Lady Courtney's charms, and had broke them from being a witness to her encouraging at Paris a thousand worthless fops; from which imputation Moreley, attempts to rescue her, though he will not acknowledge her partiality. Lord Frankley, having received a billet from Lady Courtney, resolves, in spite of his affection for Lady Frankley, to obey her summons, and, after having carelessly dropped the billet, goes to her house. Lady Frankley enters, finds this letter, but is prevented by her delicacy from looking into it, though she perceives it is a female hand. Lady Courtney, before her interview with Lord Frankley, has been induced to confess to Lady Julia that she does not at all detest Moreley, to whom they both ascribe numerous good qualities, notwithstanding his cynical disposition and assumed philosophy, and by a plot to prevent him by a whimsical description given by Lady Julia of the numerous admirers of Lady Courtney while at Paris, and by her requesting Mr. Moreley to join in persuading Lady Courtney, to have some pity on the crowd of fine young men that are dying for her, and give them all a discharge by taking on for life.

Lady Courtney and Mr. Moreley are afterwards interwoven, in a very interesting conversation, by the announcing of Lord Frankley, who waits on her in consequence of the billet before-mentioned, on which Mr. Moreley insists on retreating into another room, but, on Lord Frankley's renewing his address,

she, says on his knees imploring her pardon for the account he had given Moreley of her levity, than the appendages of which she had fully justified herself, bursts from his retreat, at the same moment Lady Frankley enters on a visit to her friend, which occasions a general embarrassment. Lady Courtney retires, after having told Lady Frankley what her Lord will clear up every thing. Moreley discovers his attachment, and declares, that, hearing Lord Frankley was coming, he had retired into the closet merely to oblige him, and goes off. Lord Frankley reproaches his wife with meanness in having opened the letter he dropped, and having allowed him in consequence. She denies having looked into the letter, and leaves him, declaring this transaction has robbed her of all hopes of happiness. He acknowledges to himself how wrong he has been, and follows with a full determination never to give her any future uneasiness.

In the 5th act, Mr. Moreley and Lady Courtney agree to take each other for life, and a perfect reconciliation takes place between Lord and Lady Frankley, and they are all united as witnesses of the happiness of Harriet and Stuart.

The characters of Commodore Broadside and Major Seaort are happily contrasted in the course of the play, and very forcibly display the natural affection each has for his own particular pursuits.

An excellent prologue was excellently delivered by Mr. KING. And a very humorous epilogue as humorously spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

It is but justice to say that the dresses and scenery are truly elegant, and that the manager deserve great praise for their attention to the piece, and for the efforts they have exerted on this occasion.

POETRY.

# P O E T R Y.

An ODE in imitation of ALCÆUS.

By Mr. JOHNS.

Οὐ λῖθοι ἔδα ξύλα, ἔδα  
Τέχνη ταύρων αἱ πόλεις εἰσιν,  
"Αλλ' ὅτε ποτ' αἰ ὄσιν" ΑΝΔΡΕΣ  
αὐτὰς ὄσιν ἰδέσθαι,  
Ἐπλάτῃ τεύχη καὶ πόλεις.

WHAT constitutes a state?  
Not high-raisd battlements or labour'd mound,

This wall or moated gate;  
Not cities proud, with spurs and turrets crown'd;  
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports.  
Where, laughing at the norm, rich navies ride,  
Not star'd and splangled courts,  
Where low-brow'd basenefs wafts perfume to  
pride;

No:—Men, high—and inded men,  
With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endu'd  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude,  
Men, who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare  
maintain,

Prevent the long-arm'd blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:  
These constitute a State,  
And sov'reign la, the state's collected will,  
O'er throned and globes, elate,  
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;  
Smit by her frown'd frown,  
The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,  
And e'en the all-dazzling crown  
Hides his saint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.  
Such was this heaven-lov'd isle,  
Thou Lesbos fauer and the Cretan shore!  
No more shall freedom smile:  
Shall Britons languish, and be men, no more?  
Since all must life resign,  
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,  
'Tis folly to decline,  
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

CHANS ON.

I.

Soyons amis, charmante Iris,  
Ainsi l'ordonne le destin,  
Ainsi le repete, sans fin,  
Certain coup d'œil, certain souris.

II.

En vous voyant on est surpris  
De tant d'éclat, de tant de grace,  
Mais rien n'approche, et rien n'efface,  
Certain coup d'œil, certain souris.

III.

Pourquoi Paris fut-il épris  
De la beaut de son Helene?  
C'est qu'elle avoit, ainsi qu'Irene,  
Certain coup d'œil, certain souris.

IV.

Orphée aurait-il entrepris  
De descendre jusqu'aux enfers,  
S'il eut treuve, dans l'univers,  
Certain coup d'œil, certain souris?

V.

Pétrarque n'a roit point transmis  
Seu vers a la posterité,  
Si de Laure il n'eut célébré  
Certain coup d'œil, certain souris.

VI.

Quel poëte auroit jamais mis  
De l'harm n e d'un des vers,  
S'il n'e t point, l us des n s divers,  
Certain coup d'œil, certain souris?

VII.

La vertu n'a roit aucun prix,  
La beaut s roit sans attrait,  
Si l'on ne voyoit, sous leurs traits,  
Certain coup d'œil, certain souris.

VIII.

Et vous enfin, charmante Iris,  
N'aurez pu captiver mon cœur,  
Sans ce qu'offra de si ducteur  
Certain coup d'œil, certain souris.

The DOUBTFUL SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL.

I.

"H! why do I silently grieve,  
Or, passive, recline by the brook?  
Why the doubts of young Phillis believe,  
That Mira my cot has forsook?"

II.

Perhaps, when the evening's dew  
Has fall'n on the pasture and plun,  
The wandering fair I may view,  
And pleasure succeed for my pain.

III.

'Tis true, she has sense and pure wit,  
Each list'n'er to charm and sui pri  
And c'en stoics would freely admit  
They lustre receive—from her

#### IV.

My sheep now to covert have fled ;  
Bright Sol has to Thetis retir'd ;  
The owl too complains on the shed ;  
(This gloom how by lovers admir'd !)

#### V.

But I for the maiden will roam,  
O Luna, refulge till the day !  
If I bring the fair traveller home,  
Her smiles will my anguish repay.

#### VI.

Alas ! should my search be in vain,  
And Mira with Damon retire ;  
Adieu to the sweets of the plain,  
For, hope in my breast will expire.\*

Sudbury.

FAIRFIELD.

On the ART of restoring ANIMATION.

Addressed to Dr. HAWES.

" Nulla in re, homines propius accedunt ad  
" Deos, quam vitam hominibus *theriacis* suis  
" rescuscitando." Cic.

WHILE others sing of warlike deeds,  
Embattled squadrons ! — foaming  
 steeds ! —

Whose dreadful conflict, far and wide,  
Bours forth the sanguinary tide !  
With all those direful scenes of woe  
That people Pluto's realms below !  
While widow-s shrieks, and orphan-cries,  
Bemoan the haughty victor's prize ;

My muse abhors the bloody caß,  
And all the impious pomp of war ;  
With pity views those restless things,  
It's princes, heroes, conquerors, kings !

And bids attune the peaceful lyre  
To those whom healing-arts inspire,  
Who fan the embers of Promethean fire,

What victor claims such just renown,  
As he who earns the civic crown !\*  
Whose godlike office is to save  
The just, the virtuous, and the brave,  
To on off ! — pale victims to the Stygian wave !

T' unfold th' enliv'ning art divine  
Deserves a more than mortal shrine !  
It long lay hid in nature's laws,  
Till late she gave the key to HAWES ;†

When, seasons of the important trade,  
Humanity views the lifeless dead ;  
When, if *emancipator* *spark* remains,  
The genial flame he soon regains,  
And beam-felt joy rewards his *gentle*  
pains.

London, Feb. 29, 1782.

AMURAT & THEANA, ou Les AMANS IM-  
FORTUNES : continué de page 68.

#### XV.

O toi, ma Théana, ma plus chère espérance —  
O toi, que j'aimerais toujours —  
O toi, mes fideles amours —  
Pourquoi suis-je privé de ta douce présence !

#### XVI.

De mille attraits parée, un printemps de tes  
charmes,  
Lorsque l'amour alloit combler mes vœux ;  
Faut-il que loin de toi, par un sort malheureux,  
On me condamne à repandre des larmes !  
V. In discours ! — ce n'est fait — je ne la verrai  
plus —  
D'un désespoir affreux mon cœur est la  
victime —  
J'éprouve des tourmens qui ne sont dus qu'au  
crime.  
Mes plaisirs sont passés, mes beaux jours sont  
perdus.

#### XVII.

O lune, reine des ténèbres !  
Tandis qu'autour de toi mille spectres funèbres  
Viennent en voltigeant sous ces tristes lambris ;  
Tandis que la chouette, en flottant dans les  
ombres,  
Fait retentir partout les lamentables cris ;  
Arrête — que je puisse, errans dans ces lieux  
sombres,  
Me plaindre de mes maux, te raconter mon sort,  
Te dire ma douleur, & te la dire encor.

#### XVIII.

Je vous salue, ô scenes magnifiques,  
Cortège de la nuit, astres mélancoliques,  
Qui fuyez à l'aspect du jour !  
Tandis que mon esprit, plongé dans la tristesse,  
Médite sur les maux que lui cause l'amour,  
De vos feux palissans écoutez ma tendresse ;  
Régnez sur ce sombre jour.

\* The Roman reward for preserving the  
life of a citizen.

† One of the most active institutors of the  
Society, for the recovery of persons  
nearly dead by drowning, &c. By whose  
various efforts, the benevolent purposes of  
the Society have been greatly promoted, and  
the public much benefited. — At the close of  
the year on Animation, he lately declared  
his intention to give (at his own private ex-  
pense) Prize-Medals, for the two best dis-  
sertations on the following question :

" Are there any positive signs of the extinc-  
tion of human life independent of putrefaction ?  
If so — what are they ? or if there are not, is  
putrefaction a certain criterion of death ?"

" Before the end of September next, the  
dissertations are ordered to be left with Dr.  
Fothergill, F. R. S. in Harpur-street, whom he  
has appointed one of the arbitrators for deter-  
mining the prizes," as appears from a para-  
graph in the morning papers of December 21st.

† Alluding to the Society's very expressive  
motto, — "*Latens scintilla forsan*."

## XIX.

Funeste sort ! ta barbarie  
M'impose la plus dure loi !—  
Cette vallée, autrefois si chérie,  
N'est qu'un affreux désert pour moi.  
O Theana, fille accomplie,  
Puis-je vivre sans toi !

## XX.

Je le vois, l'intérêt dicta mes destinées :  
Sa balance a pesé, sans consulter mon cœur.  
En voulant disposer de mes jeunes années,  
Le perfide a coupé le fil de mon bonheur.

## XXI.

Le cœur d'un pere a-t-il donc pu s'éteindre ?—  
L'intérêt à ce point a-t-il pu l'endurcir !  
Pas une larme—non, pas même un seul soupir—  
Ah ! peut-être jamais il ne daigne me plaindre.

## XXII.

Dieu tout-puissant, qui faisois mon espoir,  
Amour, maître de la nature,  
Je reconnus ton souverain pouvoir,—  
Peux tu causer tous les maux que j'endure !

## XXIII.

Dis moi, dis moi, cher tyran de mon cœur,  
Où puis-je retrouver ma liberté chérie ?  
N'étoit-ce pas assez de me l'avoir ravie,  
Faut-il troubler encor ma paix de mon  
bonheur ?—  
Que vois-je ! O ciel ! C'est elle même !  
C'est Thana ! quel doux espoir !  
Je vole dans ses bras !—ah ! quel bonheur su-  
preme !  
M'est-il permis de la revoir ?

## XXIV.

Oui, cher amant ; oui, cesse de te plaindre—  
Revois l'objet qui t'a charmé—  
Dans ce moment, que ton cœur, ranimé,  
Puisse jouir sans se contredire !

## L O V E. — A SONNET.

By a modern Dramatic Writer.

**S**HEPHERD youths, and village maids,  
Listen to a shepherd's strain,  
Learn when love your hearts invades,  
How its truth to ascertain ;  
If what now you read you prove,  
*Then, and only then, you love !*

If in absence lone you grieve,  
Pine, and count the pensive hour,  
If no pleasures can relieve,  
Then doth love your peace devour ;  
If that grief you strive to hide,  
Feigning mirth, and forcing cheer,  
If a smile would seem to chide,  
Yet in chiding swell the tear ;  
Starting drops unerring prove,  
*Then, and only then, you love !*

When no more the song invites,  
Pipe, or dance upon the green,  
Dead to all the gay delights,  
Wout to charm the mind serene :  
If in these you take no part,  
Clos'd the ear, and fix'd the eye,  
If in crowds the vacant heart  
Heaves th' involuntary sigh ;  
Ceaseless sorrows sadly prove,  
*Then, and only then, you love !*

When the favour'd object's near,  
If your joy, beyond controul,  
Bids th' glitt'ning, trembling, tear,  
More than speak the raptur'd soul ;  
If the chance, though welcome, touch  
Thrills thro' ev'ry panting vein,  
If you cannot gaze too much,  
Wish, yet dread, to gaze again ;  
Stolen glances fondly prove,  
*Then, and only then, you love !*

When again the village sports  
With redoubled sweetness charm,  
Brighter all the known resorts,  
Deurer every soft alarm ;  
When th' moment's gliding by,  
New enjoyments daily rise ;  
When each joy is extasy,  
Shou'd with those you only prize ;  
Happy hours, though transient, prove,  
*Then you live ; for, then you love !*

## C A N T A.

Del Sig. FRANCESCO GASPARINI.

**N**E L dolce suol' di Cipro  
Ch' eterna Primavera in grembo,  
Dal sen' di Citerca volonne amore accoglie ;  
E poi che d' ogni fiore  
La vaghezza mirò, mirò le foglie,  
Fè sorgere *vezzoia*,  
Usando un bel' candor' col suo vermiglio,  
La Regina di fiori, appresso al Giglio.  
Vero Giglio, e bella Rosa,  
Sopre chiaro, e ruggiadosa  
L'alba, e il sol' nasce per te :  
Nel color' di vostre foglie,  
Fiori amabili, e' accoglie  
Dolce adoro, e' bianca fè.

Quindi del verde fielo  
Cola leggiadra mano ambo gli tolse ;  
Ed in quel' punto il seno  
Vidde della gentil vezzosa Clois ;  
In esso i fior' ripose,  
Unendo Gigli a Gigli, e Rose a Rose  
Un nodo più gentil'  
Nò, che non formerai,  
E non stringesti mai  
Due più bell' alme amor' :  
Degna di tua mercede  
Fù così bella fede,  
E sì pudico ardor'.

# MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

L O N D O N.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, Feb. 2.

AT the Court of St. James's, the 1st of February, 1782,

P R E S E N T,

The KING's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

SHERIFFS appointed by his Majesty in Council, for the year 1782, viz.

Berkshire, postponed.

Bedfordshire, Robert Thornton, of Moggerhanger, Esq;

Bucks, Jos. Jacque, of Tickford Park, Esq;

Cumberland, Wm. Dacre, of Kirkcintin, Esq;

Chester, Sir Peter Warburton, of Warburton, Bart.

Camb. and Hunt', Henry Poynter Standley, of Little Paxton, Esq;

Cornwall, John Coryton, of Crocaden, Esq;

Devonshire, Sir John William Pole, of Shute, Bart.

Dorsetshire, William Churchhill, of Henbury Esq;

Derbyshire, Richard Loe, of Lockoe, Esq;

Essex, William Dalby, of Walthamstow, Esq;

Gloucestershire, Charles Hayward, of Quedgley, Esq;

Hartfordshire, John Michie, of North Mimms, Esq;

Hertfordshire, Francis Wm. Thomas Bridges, of Tibberton, Esq;

Kent, Samuel Boys, of Hawkhurst, Esq;

Leicestershire, Sir John Palmer, of Carlton Curliu, Bart.

Lincolnshire, William Pennyman, of Little Ponton, Esq;

Monmouthshire, postponed.

Northumberland, Calverley Bewicke, of Close House, Esq;

Northamptonshire, Henry Sawbridge, of Daventry, Esq;

Notfolk, Henry Lee Warner, of Walsingham, Esq;

Nottinghamshire, John Litchfield, of Mansfield, Esq;

Oxfordshire, William Phillips, of Culham, Esq;

Rutlandshire, Tobias Hippley, of Humberston, Esq;

Shropshire, Charles Walcot, of Bitterley, Esq;

Somersetshire, James Ireland, of Brislington, Esq;

Staffordshire, Charles Tollet, of Betley, Esq;

Suffolk, William Middleton, of Crowfield, Esq;

Southampton, William Shirreff, of Old Alresford, Esq;

Surrey, Abraham Pitches, of Streatham, Esq;

Sussex, William Frankland, of Muntham, Esq;

Warwickshire, Rowland Farmer Oakover, of Olabury, Esq;

Worcestershire, Joseph Berwick, of Worcester, Esq;

Wiltshire, William Bowles, of Hele, Esq;

PROF. MAG.

Yorkshire, Sir John Ingilby, of Ripley, Bart.

S O U T H W A L E S.

Brecon, Joshua Morgan, of Llanelli, Esq;

Carmarthen, John Morgan, of Carmarthen, Esq;

Cardigan, Herbert Evans, of Low Mead, Esq;

Glamorgan, Thomas Mansell Talbot, of Margam, Esq;

Pembroke, Vaughan Thomas, of Posley, Esq;

Radnor, Thomas Beavan, of Skunlals, Esq;

N O R T H W A L E S.

Anglesey, Morgan Jones, of Skerries, Esq;

Carnarvon, Richard Pennant, of Penrhyn, Esq;

Denbigh, the Honourable Charles Finch, of Voylas.

Flint, the Honourable Thomas Fitzmaurice.

Merioneth, William Humphreys, of Maerdu, Esq;

Montgomeryshire, Henry Tracey, of Maesmaur, Esq;

AT the Court at St. James's, the 1st of February, 1782,

P R E S E N T,

The KING's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

His Majesty having been pleased to appoint the Lord Viscount Bulkeley, of the kingdom of Ireland, to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Carnarvon, his Lordship this day took the oaths appointed to be taken thereupon instead of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy.

Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1782.

Extract of a letter from Sir Henry Clinton to the Right Hon. Lord George Germain, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, dated New York, Dec. 11, 1781.

I HAVE the honour to inclose the copy of a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart to Earl Cornwallis, with its inclosures, dated September the 9th, the day after the action at Eutaw Spring.

Extract of a letter from Lieutenant Colonel Stewart to Earl Cornwallis, dated Eutaw, Sept. 9, 1781.

MY LORD,

WITH particular satisfaction I have the honour to inform your Lordship, that on the 8th instant I was attacked by the rebel General Greene with all the force he could collect in this province and North Carolina; and, after an obstinate engagement, which lasted near two hours, I totally defeated him, and took 2 six-pounders.

Soon after I had the honour of writing your Lordship from Thomson's, I received information of Greene's having moved with the rebel army towards Camden, and crossed the Wateree near that place; and, from the best intelligence I could collect, was on his march to Friday's Ferry on the Congaree.

The army under my command bring much in want of necessaries, and there being at the same

X

same



Same time a convoy with provisions for the march from Charles Town, which would have necessarily obliged me to make a detachment of at least 400 men (which at that time I could ill afford, the army being much weakened by sickness) to meet the convoy at Martin's, 56 miles from my camp; the distance being so great, a smaller effort was liable to fall by the enemy's cavalry, which are very numerous.

I therefore thought it advisable to retire by slow marches to the Eutaw, where I might have an opportunity of receiving my supplies, and disencumber myself of the sick, without risking my efforts, or suffer myself to be attacked at a disadvantage, should the enemy have crossed the Congarees.

Notwithstanding every exertion being made to gain intelligence of the enemy's situation, they rendered it impossible, by way-laying the by-paths and palisades through the different swamps; and even detained different flags of truce which I had sent on public business on both sides.

About six o'clock in the morning I received intelligence by two deserters, who left General Greene's camp the preceding evening about seven miles from this place; and, from their report, the rebel army consisted of near 4000 men, with a numerous body of cavalry, and four pieces of cannon.

In the mean time I received information by Major Coffin, whom I had previously detached with 140 infantry, and 50 cavalry, in order to gain intelligence of the enemy, that they appeared in force in his front, then about four miles from my camp.

Finding the enemy in force so near me, I determined to light them, as from their numerous cavalry a retreat seemed to me to be attended with dangerous consequences; I immediately formed the line of battle, with the right of the army to the Eutaw branch, and its left crossing the road leading to Roache's plantation, leaving a corps on a commanding situation to cover the Charles Town road, and to act occasionally as a reserve.

About nine o'clock the action began on the right, and soon after became general.

Knowing that the enemy were much superior in numbers, and at the same time finding that they attacked with their militia in front, induced me not to alter my position unless I saw a certain advantage to be gained by it; for, by moving forward I exposed both flanks of the army to the enemy's cavalry, which I saw ready formed to take that advantage, particularly on the left, which obliged me to move the reserve to support it.

By some unknown mistake the left of the line advanced, and drove their militia and North Carolinians before them; but unexpectedly finding the Virginian and Maryland lines ready formed, and at the same time receiving a heavy fire, occasioned some confusion. It was therefore necessary to retire a little distance, to an open field, in order to form,

which was instantly done, under cover of a heavy and well-directed fire, from a detachment of New York volunteers, under the command of Major Sheridan, whom I had previously ordered to take post in the house, to check the enemy should they attempt to pass it.

The action was renewed with great spirit; but I was sorry to find that a three-pounder, posted on the road leading to Roache's, had been disabled, and could not be brought off when the left of the line retired.

The right wing of the army being composed of the flank battalion, under the command of Major Majoribanks, having repulsed and drove every thing that attacked them, made a rapid move to the left, and attacked the enemy in flank; upon which they gave way in all quarters, leaving behind them two brass six-pounders, and upwards of 200 killed on the field of action, and 60 taken prisoners, amongst which is Colonel Washington; and, from every information, about 800 wounded, although they contrived to carry them off during the action. The enemy retired with great precipitation to a strong situation, about seven miles from the field of action, leaving their cavalry to cover their retreat. The glory of the day would have been more complete, had not the want of cavalry prevented me from taking the advantage, which the gallantry of my infantry threw in my way.

I omitted to inform your Lordship, in its proper place, of the army's having for some time been much in want of bread, there being no old corn nor mills near me. I was therefore under the necessity of sending out roving parties from each corps, under an officer, to collect potatoes, every morning at day-break; and, unfortunately, those of the flank battalion and buffs, having gone too far in front, fell into the enemy's hands before the action began, which not only weakened my line, but increased their number of prisoners.

Since the action, our time has been employed in taking care of the wounded; and, finding that the enemy have no intention to make a second attack, I have determined to cover the wounded as far as Monk's-corner with the army.

My particular thanks are due to Lieutenant-colonel Cruger, who commanded the front line, for his conduct and gallantry during the action; and to Lieutenant-colonel Allen, Majors Dawson, Stewart, Sheridan, and Coffin, and to Captains Kelly and Campbell, commanding the different corps and detachments; and every other officer and soldier fulfilled the separate duties of their stations with great gallantry: but to Major Majoribanks, and the flank battalion under his command, I think the honour of the day is greatly due. I warmest praise is due to Capt. Barry, Capt. Adjutant General, Major Brigade, Capt. Lieutenant Ranken, Assistant Quarter-Master General, and to Acting Major of Brigade, Roofback, for the great assistance they rendered me during the day.

I hope, my Lord, when it is considered such a handful of men, attacked by the united force of Generals Greene, Sumpter, Marion, Sumner, and Pickens, and the legions of Colonel Lee and Washington, driving them from the field of battle, and taking the only two six-pounders they had, deserve some merit.

• Inclosed is the return of the killed, wounded, and missing, of his Majesty's troops.

From the number of corps and detachments which appears to have been engaged, it may be supposed of a great size; but your Lordship will please to observe, that the army was much reduced by sickness, and otherwise. I hope your Lordship will excuse any inaccuracy that may be in this letter, as I have been a good deal indisposed by a wound which I received in my left elbow, which, though slight, from its situation, is troublesome. It will give me most singular pleasure, if my conduct meets with the approbation of his Majesty, that of your Lordship, and my country.

Return of the killed, wounded, and missing, in the army commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Alexander Stewart, in the action at Eutaw, Sept. 8, 1782.

Cavalry. 2 rank and file, killed; 1 commissioned officer, 1 sergeant, 8 rank and file, wounded; 18 rank and file, missing.

Flank battalion. 1 commissioned officer, 12 rank and file, killed; 2 commissioned officers, 5 sergeants, 2 drummers, 81 rank and file, wounded; 3 drummers, missing.

The Buffs. 1 commissioned officer, 1 sergeant, 1 drummer, 27 rank and file, killed; 1 commissioned officer, 3 sergeants, 74 rank and file, wounded; 1 commissioned officer, 2 sergeants, 1 drummer, 70 rank and file, missing.

63d regiment. 2 sergeants, 6 rank and file, killed; 3 commissioned officers, 1 sergeant, 33 rank and file, wounded; 2 commissioned officers, 20 rank and file, missing.

64th regiment. 2 sergeants, 10 rank and file, killed; 2 commissioned officers, 3 sergeants, 47 rank and file, wounded; 2 commissioned officers, 7 sergeants, 47 rank and file, missing.

Detachment of the 84th regiment. 6 rank and file, killed; 1 commissioned officer, 22 rank and file, wounded; 2 rank and file, missing.

York infantry. 3 rank and file, wounded; 2 drummers, 4 rank and file, missing.

New Jersey volunteers. 2 rank and file, killed; 2 commissioned officers, 3 sergeants, 1 rank and file, wounded; 3 rank and file, missing.

Detachment of Delancey's. 1 sergeant, 4 rank and file, killed; 1 sergeant, 8 rank and file, wounded; 1 commissioned officer, 5 sergeants, 1 drummer, 28 rank and file, missing.

Provincial light infantry. 3 rank and file, killed; 4 commissioned officers, 3 sergeants,

12 rank and file, wounded; 4 commissioned officers, 1 sergeant, 31 rank and file, missing.

Artillery with additional. 3 rank and file, killed; 4 ditto, wounded; 11 ditto, missing.

Total. 2 commissioned officers, 6 sergeants, 1 drummer, 75 rank and file, killed; 16 commissioned officers, 10 sergeants, 2 drummers, 313 rank and file, wounded; 10 commissioned officers, 15 sergeants, 8 drummers, 224 rank and file, missing.

Names of officers, killed, wounded, and missing.

Cavalry. Cornet Vanhorne, wounded.

Flank battalion. Lieut. Huckman, 19th regiment light infantry, killed; Lieut. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, 19th regiment, ditto; Lieutenant Ankette, 30th regiment ditto, wounded.

The Buffs. Lieut. Bukwith, killed; Hon. Major Leslie, wounded; Lieut. Douglas Hamilton missing, and prisoner.

63d regiment. Lieut. Campbell and Lloyd, and Ensign Murray, wounded; Capt. St. Leger, missing, wounded, and prisoner; Lieut. Beacroft missing, and prisoner.

64th regiment. Lieutenants Graham and Cowell, wounded; Ensign Laton, missing, wounded, and prisoner, since dead; Capt. Strong, missing, and prisoner.

48th regiment. Captain Robert Campbell, wounded.

New Jersey volunteers. Captain Barbarre, and Lieutenant Troup, wounded; Lieutenant Troup since dead.

1st battalion Delancey's. Lieutenant Cunningham, missing, and prisoner.

Provincial light infantry. Capt. Shaw, wounded, since dead; Capt. Bullock, 1 lieut. Cox, and Ensign Montgomery, wounded; Lieut. Evans, Ensigns Reed and Blaaw, Adjutant Murray, missing, and prisoners.

Staff. Capt. Barry, missing; wounded, and prisoner, Deputy-Adjutant-General.

(Signed) M. COXON, Major of Brigade.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, Feb. 9.

St. James's, Feb. 9. The King has been pleased to grant to the Right Honourable George Germain, (commonly called Lord George Germain,) and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, the dignity of Baron and Viscount of the kingdom of Great Britain, by the names, styles, and titles, of Baron Bolebrooke, in the county of Suffolk, and Viscount Sackville, of Drayton, in the county of Northampton.

The King has been pleased to order letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the kingdom of Ireland, containing a grant of the dignity of a Baronet of that kingdom to Benjamin Chapman, of St. Lucy, in the county of Westmeath, Esq; and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, with remainder to Sir Thomas Chapman, Knight, brother of the said Benjamin Chapman, Esq; and his heirs male.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, Feb. 12.

*St. James's, Feb. 11.* This day his Grace John Duke of Dorset was, by his Majesty's command, sworn of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and took his place at the Board accordingly.

His Majesty having been pleased to appoint the Right Hon. Wellbore Ellis to be one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, he was this day, by his Majesty's command, sworn one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State accordingly.

His Majesty in Council was this day pleased to appoint the following Sheriffs, viz. Berkshire. Charles Hatt, of Newhouse, Esq; Monmouthshire. Edw. Thomas, of Lanarth, Esq;

County of Southampton. Sir William Oglan-der, of the Isle of Wight, Bart. in the room of William Shirreff, of Old Alresford, Esq.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, Feb. 16.

*St. James's, Feb. 15.* It is this day ordered by his Majesty in Council, that an embargo be forthwith laid upon all ships and vessels laden, or to be laden, in any of the ports of the islands of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark, with beef, pork, or any sort of salted provisions; and that the said embargo do continue and remain upon such ships and vessels until farther order.

*War-Office, Feb. 16.* To be Colonel of the 71st regiment of foot, vice Simon Fraser, deceased, Colonel Thomas Stirling, of 42d foot.

To be Lieutenant-colonel commandant of the 2d battalion of the 71st regiment, (to be formed into a separate regiment, and called the second 71st regiment of foot,) Lieutenant-colonel Alexander Earl of Balmora, of 24th foot.

To be Lieutenant-colonel commandant of the 78th regiment of foot, vice Kenneth Earl of Seaforth, deceased, Lieutenant-colonel Thomas Frederic McKenzie Humberstone, of 100th foot.

To be Lieutenant in the said regiment, vice William Donkin, deceased, Ensign William Stuart.

To be Ensign in the said regiment, vice William Stuart, volunteer James Alexander Stuart.

To be Lieutenant in the said regiment, vice David Melville, deceased, Ensign Andrew Edmonstone.

To be Ensign in the said regiment, vice Andrew Edmonstone, volunteer William Whitlee.

To be Colonel of the 100th regiment of foot, vice Thomas Frederic McKenzie Humberstone, Colonel Hon. Thomas Bruce, of 65th foot.

To be Colonel of the 104th regiment of foot, to be formed out of independent companies, Major General Stuart Douglas, from the half-pay of the late 108th foot.

To be Aid-de-Camp to the King, vice Hon. Thomas Bruce, Lieutenant-colonel George Hotham.

To be Colonels in the Army.

Lieutenant-colonel David Dundas, Quartermaster-general in Ireland.

Lieutenant-colonel Adam Williamson, Deputy Adjutant-General.

To be Aid-de-Camp to the King, vice Thomas Stirling, Lieutenant-colonel Gerard Lake, of the 1st foot-guards.

*Feb. 4.* In the court of King's Bench, Lord Mansfield gave the unanimous opinion of all the Judges on the appeal from the adjudication of the high court of Admiralty, relative to the captures made on land on the 2d of Feb. 1781, by the forces under the command of Sir George Rodney and General Vaughan, at St. Eustatius, when the judgement and jurisdiction of the Admiralty were confirmed; and the rule to set aside their judgement was discharged. The opinion of the court took up near an hour and an half in deliberating. Judge Buller was absent on account of the death of his eldest son.

*Feb. 5.* They write from Liskeard, that on the 29th ult. the church of St. Stephen's in Brannell, near St. Austle, in Cornwall, was very much damaged by lightning. Almost the whole of the roof is destroyed; large stones were thrown over the houses in the village, but happily did no mischief to them. The church was a very fine edifice, and the damage done is supposed to exceed 1000l.

*7.* Yesterday afternoon a most tremendous disaster happened in the grove-room of the music-hall in Fishamble-street, Dublin. This room being appropriated for the assembling of the guild of cutlers, painter-stainers, and stationers, in order to consider of a proper person to represent that city in Parliament; at a moment when upwards of four hundred persons were crowded into it, attending to the harangues of the candidates, the floor suddenly gave way, and the whole company, excepting a few persons, fell with it to a depth of above 20 feet. The shrieks and groans of numbers of the company crushing each other, are not to be described. No person was killed, but many in a situation that made death desirable. Very few escaped without a violent bruise or contusion in some part or other. Alderman Warren, Mr. Hartley, and Mr. Pemberton, the three candidates, were all severely hurt.

The following requisition was delivered on the 6th instant, by Mr. Adams, the Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, at the Hague, to the President of the Assembly of their High Mightinesses:

"SIR,

"On the 4th of May I had the honour of a conference with the President of the Assembly of their High Mightinesses, in which I informed him, that I had received a commission from the United States of America, with full powers and instructions to propose and conclude a friendly and commercial treaty between the United States of America and the Provinces of the Netherlands. — In the said conference, I had the honour of demanding an audience of their High Mightinesses, for purpose of presenting my credential letters and my full powers. — The President assured me

that "he would impart all that I had said to their High Mightinesses, that the affair might be transmitted to the different members of the sovereignty of this country, to undergo their deliberations and decisions." I have not yet been honoured with an answer; and, on that account, I have now the honour of addressing myself to you, Sir, to demand of you, as I now do demand, a categorical answer, which I may transmit to Congress.

J. ADAMS."

10. Lord Falmouth was presented to his Majesty on his acceding to that title, at which time he delivered his Majesty the gold staff which his uncle carried, as being Captain of the Yeomen of the Guards.

His Majesty was pleased to appoint the Duke of Dorset Captain of the band of Yeomen, in the room of Lord Falmouth.

On the 24th ult. his Majesty the King of Prussia entered his 71st year, and that day was kept with the usual solemnity.

22. Came on before the Right Hon. Earl Mansfield, in the Court of King's Bench, a cause wherein Sir Richard Worsley, Bart. was Plaintiff, and ——— Bisset, Esq; Defendant. The action was brought to recover damages against the Defendant, for seducing the wife of the Plaintiff, and for committing the foul crime of Adultery with her, thereby depriving Sir Richard of those comforts a husband is entitled to expect, and which it was understood he would have enjoyed, had not the Defendant perpetrated the crime before-mentioned.

The Attorney-General, as Counsel for the Plaintiff, opened the cause, stating a variety of matter for the consideration of the Jury, but particularly the ingratitude of the Defendant, who, as the learned Counsel observed, had debauched the wife of his friend, a Gentleman to whose liberality and regard, he owed his commission as Captain in the Hants regiment of Militia, and who had not only received him into his family, with all the warmth of genuine friendship, but had, upon every occasion, shewn him the most disinterested marks of esteem and attention. After a very pointed and elegant exordium by Mr. Attorney-General, several witnesses were called to prove Lady Worsley's elopement some time ago from Lewes, in Sussex, with the Defendant; and the Master of the Royal Hotel, in Pall-Mall, together with his waiter, and one of the chamber-maids belonging to that house, were examined, who declared that the fugitives had arrived there in a post-chaise in the night, and that they had been several hours in bed together, previous to their departure. Mr. Bearcroft, as Counsel for the Defendant, willing to save the Court unnecessary trouble, frankly acknowledged, that he had no evidence

to controvert the fact; but in a very able speech contended, on the part of his client, that the Plaintiff was not entitled to exemplary damages, as he had not only acquiesced in the incontinence of his Lady, but in fact encouraged it. So extraordinary and unex-

pected a defence, naturally drew the attention of the Court, particularly on Lord Mansfield's observing, that where the husband is proved to have been party to the prostitution of his wife, he cannot be entitled to the verdict of his country.

To substantiate the defence made by the learned Counsel on the part of the Defendant, and also to shew the profligate conduct of the Lady, several of the sprightly men of the ton were examined, all of whom had, at different times, it was generally credited, been criminally acquainted with her Ladyship. The strict rules of justice necessary to be complied with on these occasions, reduced these right honourable gallants to a very awkward situation. They were subpoenaed to declare themselves guilty of adultery, and to acknowledge they had received favours from a Lady, which, as men of honour and delicacy, they were bound to conceal.

Lord De-rhurst was first called. He felt the disagreeable situation he stood in, and appealed to the learned Judge for his directions how to act. Lord Mansfield told him, he was bound not only to tell the truth, but the whole truth. Lord De-rhurst then declared, that he had been on a visit to Sir Richard Worsley's house in the Isle of Wight, and that in a conversation with Sir Richard, the Plaintiff observed, that Lady Worsley had been often tempted by young men of fashion, but in vain; at the same time saying, "If you wish to try her Ladyship, do it."—Again, Lord De-rhurst said, that he had the fortitude to visit Lady Worsley's chamber about four o'clock one morning, but that, as the Plaintiff would have it, Sir Richard caught him there, and immediately put the following important question to him—"De-rhurst, what brought you here?"—His Lordship immediately answered, My dear friend, "I have a strange custom of walking in my sleep.—This joke finished the matter, and the parties retired in great good humour. Lord De-rhurst was then asked, how long he remained at the house after this unlucky discovery.—He said about four days, to the best of his recollection; and that, during that time, he had made an appointment with the Lady, who met him in consequence at a village some miles from Southampton, unattended, and where he remained with her twenty-four hours. On Counsel asking his Lordship if he had any particular connexion with her Ladyship during that time, an amiable blush of modesty dyed his countenance. The gallant youth immediately appealed to the learned Judge, and begged to know if he was obliged to answer that question.—Lord Mansfield said, "by no means."—The opinion of the audience, however, was nem. con. for the crim. con. and here this witness closed his evidence.

Lord Peterborough was next examined: his figure impressed on the minds of the Jury a great probability of his being successful in the Lady's good opinion. As Quitam says in the farce, "Had he been seen knocking at the street-door, it would have been sufficient."

His

His Lordship, however, was relieved in his evidence, and said little more than that he had known the Lady.

The Marquis of Graham was the third evidence. In the course of which he spoke with uncommon modesty: we hope this truth is no libel on a man of fashion.—The fact is, he spoke very feelingly on the occasion; and some faucy auditors were ill-natured enough to say it was not surprising, as his Lordship had received favours from the Lady that had made a lasting impression.

The Hon. Mr. Wyndham was next sworn.—He acknowledged to have visited Lady Worsley. Counsel then asked him, if he had not received a ring from her Ladyship as a present?—He said he had. Was it a wedding-ring?—He could not tell that. Was it a plain ring?—Yes. Her Ladyship's ring closed this evidence.

Another witness was brought to prove the following very extraordinary whimsey, which entered Sir Richard's head one day at the bath at Maidstone, in Kent.—Lady Worsley, it seems, was bathing; during which time the Plaintiff and Defendant were in convulse on the out-side of the building. Sir Richard informed the Defendant, that Lady Worsley was beyond all doubt the finest proportioned woman in Europe; and, in case he wished to be convinced of the fact, he would assist Defendant in getting up to an aperture or window, through which he might see her, like Diana, bathing with her nymphs. The soldier immediately mounted on Sir Richard's shoulders, and by this means had an opportunity of fixing the amiable fair one in a state somewhat similar to Eve before her fall.—The attendant, on seeing Mars peep through the hole, cried out in a very audible voice,—"Lord, Madam, there's the Captain looking!—For shame, Sir!—Lord, Madam, what shall we do with the impudent man?"—Her Ladyship did not appear to be so agitated as Betty, but dressed herself with great composure, and then joined Sir Richard and the Captain, who were waiting for her Ladyship. The parties met with infinite good humour, and returned home laughing heartily at the whim.

A Doctor was afterwards sworn. This evidence proved, that he had attended her Ladyship in a situation too indelicate to mention in a public paper. He also declared, that immediately after he had received the subpoena to appear and give evidence at the trial then before the Court, he waited on her Ladyship, and requested she would not be displeased at his attending, as he would be obliged to tell all he knew. Upon which her Ladyship immediately answered, "Indeed, Sir, you have my permission so to sincerely: Nay more, I request you will make a point of attending, and declare every thing you know of me." This declaration discovered an uncommon affection for her present gallant, as it plainly meant—criminate me, as by that means you will save my lover from the effects of a heavy verdict. Some other evidences were brought,

all of whom established one fact beyond the possibility of a doubt, viz. that the Lady was right before her present connexion. We are sorry to add, that most of the auditors were highly displeased with the conduct of the Plaintiff, who seemed to have lost a due sense of his own rank, and the dignity of manhood.

After the several witnesses had closed their evidence, the learned and upright chief summed up the whole, with the utmost precision and impartiality. The Jurors then retired, and, after some consideration, brought in a verdict for the Plaintiff, to the damage of One Shilling—only.

#### DEATHS.

At the Deanry-house, in Dean's court, the Right Reverend Dr. Thomas Newton, Lord Bishop of Bristol, and Dean of St. Paul's.

The late Dr. Thomas Newton was elected Bishop of Bristol, and Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, upon the translation of Dr. Young to the See of Norwich, in the year 1761, and was elected Dean of St. Paul's on the 5th of October, 1768, in the room of his Grace the present Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. He was 78 years of age on New year's day last.—In Saville-row, Mrs. Howard, mother of Sir George Howard, K. B.—Mrs. Pilcher, wife of Edward Pilcher, Esq; of Rochester.—In Grosvenor-square, Master Charles Rich, son and heir of Sir Robert Rich, of Waverley Abbey, in the county of Surry, Bart.—In Cook's court, Samuel Grubb, Esq; of the Patent-office, aged 78 years.—David Patoun, M. D. physician in Glasgow.—At Colchester, John Peckham, Esq; of Nyton, in Sussex.—John Dodd, Esq; Member for Reading, in Wiltshire.—Lord Colvill, of Ochiltree: his Lordship had laid himself down, seemingly in good health, in order to take a nap, from which however he never more awoke.—In Downing-street, the Hon. Lieutenant General Fraser, after three days illness.—The Rev. Dr. Graham, of the county of Durham.—Benjamin Parker, Esq; at Wortham, near Diss, aged 103.—Michael Pearson, Esq; in Pilgrim-street, Newcastle upon Tyne. He served the office of high sheriff for the county of Northumberland, in the year 1769.—Mrs. Chetwynd, in Burlington-street.—Anthony James Keck, Esq; of Stoughton Grange.

#### BANKRUPTS.

Anthony Hall, late of Queen-street, Cheap-side, London, but now of the Borough of Southwark, Surry, linen-draper.

John Aikew, of Riddings, in the parish of Ulverston, Lancashire, dealer and chapman.

Stephen Robinson, of Liverpool, Lancashire, grocer.

John Butt, of Bishopsgate-street, London, butcher.

Paul Dupin, of the Strand, in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields, Middlesex, fishman.

William Gray, late of Sturton, in Nottinghamshire, now of Philip-lane, in the city of London, corn-dealer.

William London, of Trinity-lane, London, carpenter.

Benjamin Pooth, of Savage-gardens, London, merchant.

Samuel Pool, of Maddox-street, in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, Middlesex, haberdasher and milliner.

Richard Rapley, of Adam and Eve Court, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, printer.

William Birch, of Newman-street, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, coach-maker.

William Brown, Samuel Ingold, and Thomas Hall, of Aldersgate-street, in the city of London, chymurgers and copartners.

William Thomas, of the Strand, Middlesex, shop-feller and linen draper.

John Rant, of Shug-lane, in the parish of St. James, Westminster, Middlesex, rectifier of spirits.

Wacey Dunham, of Sedgeford, Norfolk, dealer and chympan.

William Myers the younger, late of Draughton, in the parish of S. Ipton, Yorkshire, lime-burner.

Roger Rogerfon, of Warrington, Lancashire, ironmonger.

Daniel Bendall, of Cam, Gloucestershire, clothier.

James Shields, now or late of Kingston-upon-Hull, inn-keeper and dealer in spirituous liquors.

Thomas Knott and William Burteft, both of King-street, Covent-garden, Middlesex, copartners and haberdashers.

George Harriott, of Union-row, near the Minories, in the city of London, slefman.

Edward Wirts, of Wansey, Oxfordshire, dealer and chapman.

Michael Winn Smith, of Foulsham, Norfolk, draper.

Henry Rogers, late of Bishopsgate-street, London, merchant.

Henry Halfall Lake, heretofore of Liverpool, but more late of Wavetree, Lancashire, money-scrivener.

Peter Milner, late of Leeds, Yorkshire,

Geatby, of Pedford-street, Covent-Middlesex, widow, embroiderer, and of Amblour.

mas Whittell, of Bunhill-row, in the parish of St. Luke, Middlesex, dealer and

am Roberts, of Hounslow, Middlesex, der.

d Jones, of the Borough of St. Alban, shire, inn-holder.

mas Douglass, of Old Elvet, near the Durham, stay-maker.

Needham, of Leather-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, Middlesex,

arver.

niah Brown, late of Witham, Essex, ce of Chelmsford, and now a prisoner in King's-bench prison, inn-holder.

y Claw, of the city of Bristol, baker.

Samuel Gill, formerly of London-street, and now of New's-head-court, Gracechurch-street, London, mariner.

Nathaniel Pierce, of the city of Exeter, merchant.

John Booth and John Clough, of Manchester, Lancashire, merchants and copartners.

William Willsea, of the city of Norwich, plumber and glazier.

Edmund Thomas Brown, late of Winchcomb, Gloucestershire, money scrivener.

John Pearson, of Lowhouse, in the parish of Egremont, Cumberland, dealer and chapman.

William Skirrow, of Lancaster, shopkeeper.

Thomas Allen and William Woodcock, of Thrumorton-street, in the city of London, hardwaremen and ironmongers, and copartners.

William Turner, formerly of Friday-street, Cheapside, in the city of London, (but now of Dextley, Kent,) linen-draper and warehouseman.

Edward Robson, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, Middlesex, cabinet-maker.

Thomas Corbett, of Much-Wenlock, Salop, tanner.

Francis Lawrence, of Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Middlesex, victualler.

John Crompton, of Kingston upon Hull, merchant.

Benjamin Burgon, of Doncaster, Yorkshire, upholster.

William Brown, of the city of Bristol, ironmonger.

John King, formerly of Love-lane, Aldermanbury, and late of Lamb's-conduit-street, Middlesex, merchant.

William Greatbach, of the parish of Stoke upon Trent, Staffordshire, potter.

Robert Dyke, late of Jernin-street, in the parish of St. James, Westminster, Middlesex, but now of Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, merchant.

Thomas Cole, of Lower Easton, in the parish of St. George, Gloucestershire, dealer.

Edward Parr, of the city of Coventry, grocer and saddler.

David Cadwallader, of Rhayader, Radnorshire, timber-merchant, carpenter, and victualler.

John Gauntlett, of Hanover-street, Portsmouth common, Hants, shoemaker and ship-keeper.

George Smith, of Upper Harley-street, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, but late of Madras, merchant.

Isaac Bispham, of Liverpool, Lancashire, grocer.

Samuel Glover, and Samuel Huxley, of Coleman-street, London, merchants and partners.

Joseph Deimer, late of Horseley-down, in the parish of St. John, Southwark, Surrey, stationer.

Thomas Topham, of the Borough of Leicester, hosier.



# THE European Magazine,

AND  
LONDON REVIEW;

CONTAINING THE  
LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,  
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE.

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

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## ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

We take the advice of Ebor in very good part; but he will be pleased to consider, that though by the alterations which he proposes, we might please him; yet there are other Correspondents who write with the same professions of regard to us, that advise to the contrary. We must endeavour to steer a middle course, and accommodate our publication to all. We have yielded to his solicitation for this month, in regard to the article of Music; and as it corresponded with the wishes of many others of our friends, have introduced a Map of the Island of St. Christopher's, which we are sorry that the recent misfortune makes so seasonable.

The pieces transmitted by Clio, came too late for the present month; we shall attend to the request which he makes in his card.

We wish Sophia Eliza R. had made her description of Contentment less abstruse. Poetry is not the waste for such intelligence.

The Centurion has desired us to do that as strangers which only can come with respect and benefit from the mouth of a friend, or of a tutor, to advise him on the propriety of publishing a volume of Essays. His acquaintance Horace, will give him a very sage counsel in his Essay on the Art of Poetry, and a very prudent one. We sincerely thank him for the Letters which he has submitted to our inspection, but they are too unfinished for the European Magazine, though not perhaps for the miscellaneous press.

The song intitled Lord Sackville's Promotion, is too political for our use.

The Lines of Eumenes, "written in the diffidence of modesty," will be inserted in our next.

The Reflections of King Hezekiah in his Sickness, revised by Mr. H. More, in our next.

Our valuable Correspondent Mater of Forty-Hill, demands our warmest thanks. The various pieces which he has sent us will be published as fast as possible; but he will see that for the purpose of variety, we must deprive ourselves of a part of the pleasure which we feel in obliging him.

The Anecdote from Bath, respecting the Highwayman, is not original.

L's poetical pieces came to hand, and we shall insert those fugitive trifles which have not previously made their appearance elsewhere.

The Letter of J. D. S. is more petulant than just. The Hive was originally declared to be intended as a receptacle for the flowing wit and humour of the month. We by no means pre-ferred that the Bon Mots, jeu d'Esprit, and Epigrams, inserted in that part of our publication, should be original.

We shall be very much indebted to our Correspondent W. for sending us the pieces of which he speaks.

B. R. must excuse us for not publishing his Letter. If we were to publish all the Letters of advice with which we have been honoured, we should have no room left for any other matter. His request however will be so far accomplished, as we mean occasionally to give beautiful Views, Landscapes, and Maps, instead of the Muse.

Several other Letters and Essays are under consideration.

Erratum in our List. For Miss Eliza Blown, author of George Bateman, read Miss Eliza Blower.

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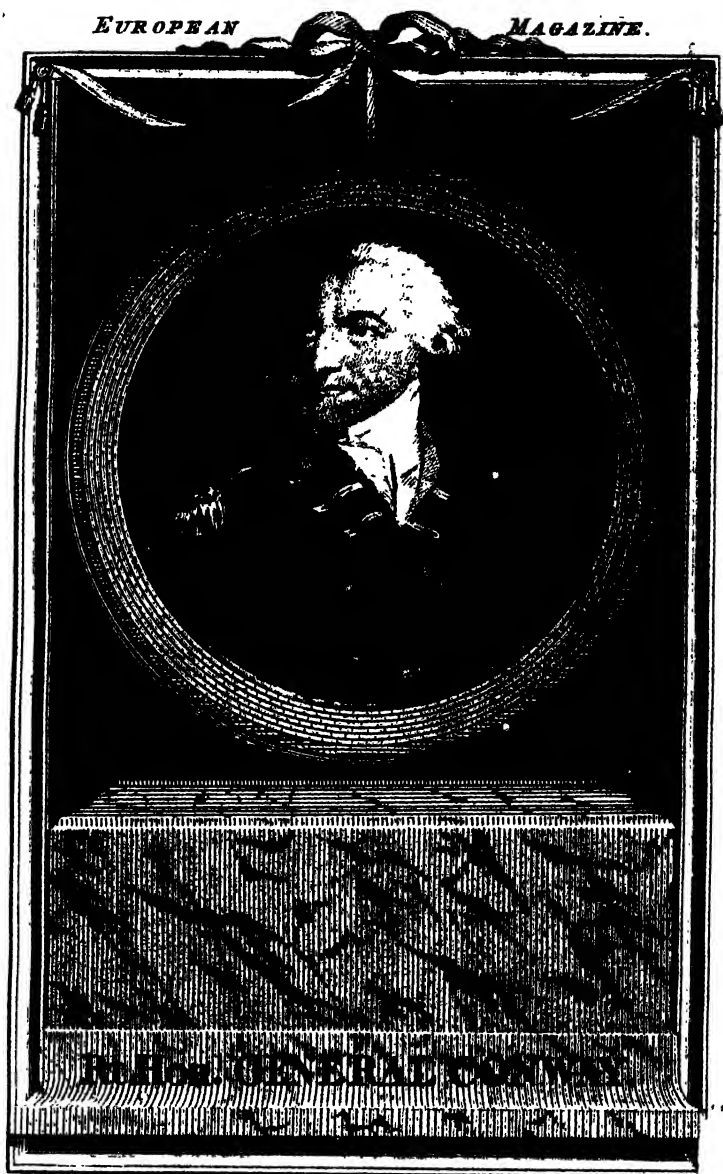
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EUROPEAN

MAGAZINE.



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*Northwood del.*

T H E

# EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

A N D

## LONDON REVIEW;

FOR MARCH, 1782.

**ANecdotes of the Life and Public Services of the Right Honourable HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY, General of His Majesty's Forces, Colonel of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, and Governor of the Island of Jersey. Embellished with a beautiful Portrait, taken from a whole length Picture, by Gainborough, in the Possession of his Grace the Duke of Argyll.**

**H**IS is the second son of the late Lord Conway, and brother to the present Earl of Hertford. In 1741 he was elected a member of the Irish parliament, for the county of Antrim; and in the same year was elected a member also in the British parliament for Higham Ferrers. He has been chosen member of the House of Commons in both kingdoms, in several Parliaments, though he is not an old man. In 1741 he was a captain-lieutenant in the guards, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In 1746 he was aid-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland. In 1749 he was appointed colonel of the 48th. In 1751, he was made colonel of the thirteenth regiment of dragoons, and resigned the 48th. And in 1759 colonel of the first regiment of dragoons. In 1756 he was made a major-general; in 1759 a lieutenant-general; and in 1772 a general. He was second in command under the Marquis of Granby in Germany, last war, and was in several actions, in which his acknowledged skill and bravery were the subjects of general encomium.

His civil appointments have been, one of the grooms of the bed-chamber to the late King, and to the present until April 1764, when he was removed both from

his regiment and the bed-chamber, for his conduct in Parliament, of which hereafter. The late Duke of Devonshire, as a mark of his esteem and veneration for his virtue and integrity, and as a small recompense for the loss which his virtue had occasioned, bequeathed him by his will five thousand pounds. In July 1765, he was appointed secretary of state in the administration of the Marquis of Rockingham, and in February 1766, brought in the bill for the repeal of the American stamp act; which healed all the disturbances at that time fomenting in America, and restored a perfect union between Great-Britain and the Colonies. Upon political grounds, and to support party views, this act of repeal has been reprobated; but experience has since shewn that the repeal was a right measure. The author of a late excellent pamphlet, entitled "A Letter to the Right Hon. Charles Jenkinson," thus speaks of it in page 46. "If a tax of three-pence per pound upon tea, was a matter worth resisting, and America could be brought to unite against that paltry sum, is it not more probable that the greater sum intended to have been levied by the stamp-act, would have excited the like resistance? There was

"wisdom in foreseeing the danger, and  
 "there was wisdom in preventing it. If  
 "the policy which dictated the repeal of  
 "the stamp-act, had been continued,  
 "Great-Britain and America would at  
 "this day have been a most happy, united,  
 "and flourishing people. By adhering  
 "to that policy in one case, and rejecting  
 "it in another, which was exactly similar,  
 "we have given it a *fair trial*; and may pronounce, what  
 "woeful experience will not now suffer to  
 "be called adulation, that the supporters  
 "of that policy were the truest friends  
 "to Great-Britain; to that union and reciprocity  
 "of interests, which gave dignity to our  
 "sovereign in the eyes of all the princes  
 "of Europe; and magnanimity to our councils  
 "by a thorough knowledge of the commercial  
 "fountains, from which our strength and  
 "resources flowed."

A little time after the appointment of  
 Lord Townshend, lord-lieutenant of Ireland  
 (1767) he succeeded his lordship as lieutenant-general  
 of the ordnance, and resigned his post of  
 Secretary of State. In February 1768, he  
 was appointed colonel of the fourth regiment  
 of dragoons. In October 1774, he was appointed  
 colonel of the Royal regiment of horse  
 guards, which had been commanded by the  
 late Marquis of Granby; and in 1772 he  
 was made governor of Jersey, upon the  
 death of the late Lord Albemarle. In  
 December 1747, he married the Countess  
 of Aylesbury, widow of the late Lord  
 Aylshurst, and sister to the present Duke  
 of Argyll.

In conformity to these principles, he  
 has uniformly opposed the hostile measures  
 against America. And whenever he has  
 thought it advisable to propose a  
 healing measure, he has never neglected  
 to seize the opportunity. His bill for  
 this purpose, which he offered to Parli-  
 ament in the year 1783, which, with the  
 debate upon it, are to be seen in the Parli-  
 amentary Register, vol. 17, page 630 to  
 670, would, if it had passed, it was uni-  
 versally thought, had the happy effect of  
 restoring peace between Great-Britain  
 and America. His late effort for the  
 same great and good purpose, it is ear-  
 nestly hoped by every friend to the pro-  
 sperity of the British empire, as it hath  
 met with a better fate in Parliament, will  
 meet with similar and deserved success  
 elsewhere. His endeavours for this laud-  
 able end, have ever been the ebullition of  
 the purest and most honourable motives,  
 —a sincere passion to serve his coun-

try, and a real sorrow for her misfor-  
 tunes.

Upon his dismissal from his civil and  
 military employments in 1764, which was  
 for his having voted against the then mi-  
 nisters, upon the great question on general  
 warrants, the Hon. Mr. Horace Wal-  
 pole wrote a very able tract in support of  
 his character and conduct, which was pub-  
 lished by Mr. Almon, in the year 1764.  
 The tract is not now to be met with, ex-  
 cept in the libraries of the curious; there-  
 fore we shall take the liberty of making a  
 few extracts from it. It was an answer  
 to a scurrilous pamphlet written by one  
 of the ministerial hirelings of the day  
 which was called an *Address* to the Public,  
 Mr. Walpole therefore entitled his tract,  
 "*A Counter Address*."

"General Conway has gone through a  
 regular course in his profession for seven  
 and twenty years (this was in 1764) has been  
 formed under those heroes, the Duke of  
 Cumberland and Prince Ferdinand, has  
 been engaged in six regular battles, besides  
 many smaller actions. Though eminently  
 distinguished for his gallant and indefatigable  
 behaviour by those illustrious princes, he  
 has never had the happiness of achieving  
 any actions of remarkable eclat, *alors*. The  
 author of these sheets has seen his solicitude  
 for employment in the field, his thirst for  
 service, but never knew him prefer himself  
 to the meanest officer in the army." Pages  
 6, and 7.

"The voice of the nation went along  
 with the conduct of Mr. Conway. They  
 were and are still of opinion, that general  
 warrants are radically and alarmingly dan-  
 gerous to liberty. They love the man who  
 was ready to sacrifice to the liberties of his  
 country those emoluments, which he had  
 obtained by defending it against its domestic  
 and foreign enemies: they regard him as a  
 martyr to their freedom, and his conscience." Page 15.

The ministerial writer having said,  
 "The army will not think themselves  
 aggrieved in this particular dismissal;  
 "the cause in which this general was en-  
 gaged related no way to their profes-  
 sion." Mr. Walpole answered this  
 passage as follows: "Since the beginning  
 of time, I believe no court cause was ever  
 worse defended. Whatever the ministers  
 are, the officers I am sure must be men  
 of very perplexed understandings if they  
 can for a moment be the dupes of such  
 puerilities. For what is his argument?  
 Officers cannot think themselves aggrieved,  
 if one of their corps loses his employ-  
 ment."

ployment for something not relating to his profession. Now the very reverse of this is true, and is an answer. They do think themselves aggrieved, because Gen. Conway was dismissed for nothing relating to his profession. They do think it hard that the rewards of years, of blood, of bravery, spent and exerted in the service of their king and country, should be of so precarious a tenure, that they are to be sacrificed to the vengeance of fretful and perplexed ministers." Page 23.

"His virtues as a man, a husband, a father, a subject, a senator, are unquestionable. His disinterestedness is conspicuous, his modesty most amiable, his attention to his profession laborious, his courage unquestionable." Page 25.

The General's conduct through the whole of the late administration has been strictly uniform, and he has maintained, with the most upright and steady voice, the principles which he originally held with respect to America; and the just popularity which he acquired on his moving the repeal of the stamp-act, he has preserved and improved by that virtuous desire which he has always expressed of healing the disturbances between the mother country and the colonies. The feelings of the people upon that occasion; their transports and their gratitude have never been so well described, as in the words of Mr. Burke—Speaking in the House of Commons, on American taxation, April 19, 1774, of that important occasion, he says:

"I remember, with a melancholy pleasure, the situation of the hon. gentleman who made the motion for the repeal; in that crisis when the whole trading interest of this empire, crammed into your lobbies with a trembling expectation, waited, almost to a winter's return of light, their fate from your resolutions. When at length you had determined in their favour, and your doors thrown open, shewed them the figure of their deliverer in the well-earned triumph of his important victory, from the whole of that grave multitude there arose an involuntary burst of gratitude and transport. They jumped upon him like children on a long absent father. They clung about him as captives about their redeemer. All England, all America joined to his applause. Nor did he seem insensible to the best of all earthly rewards, the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens. Hope elevated, and joy brightened his crest. I stood near him; and his face, to use the expression of the scripture of the first mar-

tyr, "his face was as if it had been the face of an angel." I do not know how others feel; but if I had stood in that situation, I never would have exchanged it for all that kings in their profusion could bestow."

If such was the respect in which this great character was held for his successful efforts at so early a period of our calamities, what must be the ungovernable joy, and what the reverence of his countrymen, when they see him, after a war of seven years of disaster and ignominy again become their deliverer, and snatch them from impending fate. If such was the applause which he gained in the year 1766, for being the means of quieting the disorders then fomenting in America; what must be the inordinate praise which every virtuous citizen must pour upon his head in the year 1782, when he has called his king and country to an honourable retreat from a disgraceful cause, and hath put a period to the phrenzy, the corruption, and existence of a system by which the state was hurrying on to dependence or dissolution! It is a height of fame to which men, whatever may be their virtue and talents, have seldom opportunities to mount, like General Conway, twice as the saviour of his native land. We view him as the mediator of peace between Britain and America; and upon this solid basis we see an administration established to which this country may look up, with confidence, for the deliverance of the state. His motion for putting an end to the American war, which he made on the 27th of February last, and gained by a decisive majority of nineteen in a division of four hundred and fifty-four members, gave the decisive shock to the reign of corrupt influence, and determined the fate of the ministry. They lingered with pain through one or two succeeding motions, but the energy of public virtue, animated by the power of necessity, maintained its ground, and forced them into the obscurity to which their rank and private fortunes in the country had properly destined them. We thank God an administration is now formed of men of such influence, rank, and ability, that we may expect to see a system of regularity and enterprise spring out of a chaos of corruption and impotence; and as they owe their establishment to the opinion and the virtue of the people, we trust they will themselves give it stability and vigour, by the influence of wisdom, ability, and success, as well as a constitutional attachment to that people from whom they have received their

th support. In this administration we see Gen. Conway appointed to the chief command of the armies of Great-Britain: beneath a man to distinguished for experience, and so elevated in mind, we may hope to see the service restored to that rank and dignity from which it has been

degraded by jobs, injurious and disgusting to the veteran soldier who has spent his life time in the field. Beneath the auspices of a Conway, we shall no more see clerks made colonels, nor t——rs invested with the uniform of a general, on the command of an army.

## THE MAN OF THE TOWN.

### Nº. II.

**T**HERE is a joyous exhilaration in the countenances and hearts of the lower classes of people, in their occasional festivals, that draw me forcibly to their society. A holiday comes to them with the brightness of good fortune, and as it gives a temporary cessation to care, it is celebrated with an avidity and vigour of enjoyment, which those in higher stations, with all their refinements and their wealth, however they may covet, can never experience. Mark the lads and lasses at Easter and Whitsuntide, get abroad with the honest determination to spend the day in merriment and pleasure, and you see the inspiration of Euphrosyne in their faces; a tide of warm extasy rushes into their veins: their red cheeks possess a more precipitant glow; their eyes sparkle in their sockets; and their hearts dance, throb, and palpitate in their breasts. They are too much elated to observe the grave deportment of working days; they laugh with boisterous mirth as they caper along the streets; each girl has her sweetheart under the arm; and, as they travel along, all their affections are abroad, and they seize on every object, both of admiration and ridicule, from which they can draw entertainment. See them join in the dance, and they toil with laborious vehemence: their steps are not faltered, indeed, either with the grace of Gallini, or the art of Noverre; but they have more nature than either of the two; and the wild luxury of their movements is superior both to the *entrechat* and the *pas grave*; superior to all the measured elegance of the most polite assembly. Hear this, ye gay and ye great, whose lives flow along in a successive series of unanimated splendor, and tame magnificence. Hear this discomfiting truth—with all your contrivances, your pomp and your luxury, your diamonds and your dissipations, you cannot command pleasures so rich, nor taste of enjoyments so pure, as the simple festivity, and the ingenuous mirth, of the open-hearted sons

and daughters of nature, who break once in a quarter of a year from the restraints of situation, to enter into the pastimes and fatigues of a holiday. Yours is all artificial entertainment; the dull contrivance of French *traiteurs*; creatures whose ideas of amusement are confined to magnificence, and who estimate the value of a fete in proportion as it boldly flies from the economy of life, and the limits of nature. To provide for the heart, to ingratiate the soul in the festivity, to give it the fervor of animation, and the extacies of mental harmony, are talks to which the polished fancy of Frenchmen cannot descend. The simple workings of nature are to be found at the wake, the harvest home, the hop, and the bridal; but not in the glittering scene where every glance is to be performed by rule, and every motion be guided by etiquette; where the very fingers must be arranged according to method, and where even the flap of the coat must not presume to hang contre *propriété*. Deluded mortals! and thus you call fashion. To fashion then you sacrifice the freedom, the feelings, and the felicities of the heart. With what enviable superiority may the vulgar look down upon you, who, without your opportunities, have twenty times your gratifications! If they have not your wealth, they may be pleased that they have not your refinements; and, in a comparison of riches, they will be found more than your equals: for they inherit the most valuable possession of their ancestors—the nature and the simplicity—while you have only the titles and the dress.

On St. David's day, my bosom friend George Fairford called at my chambers, and, with a boisterous mandate, ordered me instantly to set off for Lambeth, to spend the day and the night among the hot-blooded Welchmen. "We shall have," says he, "a world of entertainment, for the girls have the prettiest red cheeks and round faces in the world; and,

on this day, they are as wild and as venturous as the goats upon their mountains."

I begged of him to moderate his stile a little, and consider that there was some danger in dashing, without prudence, into a scene so riotous and so irritable as a Welch meeting. This caution was dictated by my knowledge of Fairford's temper. He is a young fellow of the finest notions with respect to honour; generous, open, and elegant in his manners; but so much the slave of gallantry, that his whole life is a series of criminal intrigue. In the gratification of his sensual appetite he has lost all dominion over himself, and he is hurried along by the tyranny of his passion to the neglect of every virtuous and laudable pursuit. Engage him in the most important concern, and a wench, with the mere perquisites of a white petticoat and a ruddy cheek, will draw him from your side. As he walks along the streets he is constantly in a state of amorous drunkenness: He discovers beauties in every girl that he meets, and he seizes on every opportunity of recommending himself to their favour. It is to him a matter of the most perfect indifference what their rank in life may be, what their complexion, what their dress, or what their pretensions. The conquest over his heart is more than half completed by the weakness of his own nature, and there need but few attractions to make up the rest. The familiarity of our dispositions hath engaged us in the intimacy of friendship; for, like George, I am rather too much given to intrigue, though I am not so easily and so ridiculously beset. I have selection in my amours, and can only be incited to love by the tenderness and the elegance of the female mind. George pursues it as his chief good; I fly to it among the other engagements of life, from which to derive entertainment and delight. My friendship for George, however, induces me frequently to attend him in his excursions, for he is so liable to engage himself in quarrels about the girls, that were it not for the cautious management of his acquaintances, he would be rudgeiled, or suot at, every week in his life. I sincerely wished to go with him to the merry meeting of the ancient Britons, but I thought it necessary to admonish him against the levity of his temper, in a scene where every voracious glance would be construed into rudeness, and jealousy would be followed up a box on the ear. It was in vain I argued; for in the midst of my lecture, George, who was standing at a

window, saw a couple of tight Welch lasses tripping through the square; and, with a shout of transports, he snatched his hat and cane, and sprung down stairs. I admired, laughed at, and lamented his propensity. It had its origin in the warmth of an honest nature; but its violence was unbecoming, as well as dangerous. I followed him as fast as possible, and, with some difficulty, overtook him in close conversation with the two girls. We had not walked the length of a street before the carriage of Sir George W—— came by, in which were his amiable daughters. We were discovered in familiar chat with the two country wenches, and the ladies, in the playful triumph of the discovery, put their heads alternately out at the window, to enjoy a titter at our expence. They had not, however, the pleasure to see us in confusion or embarrassment. We seemed to be perfectly satisfied with our promenade, and George had even the impudence to link the girl that was next to him under the arm.

We arrived at the place of our destination—one of the taverns at Lambeth, where we found several hundreds of both sexes assembled, each with the emblem of the leek, which was decorated with all the gaudy ornaments that awkward fancy could supply. I never in any life saw a number of girls so generally handsome as those met together in these rooms. There is among the daughters of the mountains a regularity of features, and a glow of health, which gives the finest invitation to their enamoured swains. It is the result of that simplicity of manners, and regularity of life, which still preserves its influence in these mountains and vales, to which the manly race of our forefathers, in the proud freedom of their minds, were fond to retire, in preference to the luxurious slavery which they might have inherited in the more profuse parts of the kingdom. We see in the robust countenance of the limbs of these sons of St. David, the vigour of body which damped the steady enterprise of invading Romans in our ancient fathers. We see in the winning smiles and the glowing cheeks of these daughters of the same Saint, the fascinating beauty of those British damsels, who were the pride and admiration of our men. We entered into the transports of the scene with the most perfect association, and by the familiarity of our address we reconciled them to the intrusion of strangers, who, by their appearance, they might suspect to come rather from uncivil curiosity, than the desire of sharing in their



their mirth. I could not help envying them the vigour of their delight, the lustiness of their joy, so superior to the splendid tedium of the scenes which I generally frequent. This was a festival which came but once a year; and when it came, it brought a whole people together. It brought together their old affections, their friendships, their loves, their native manners, and their peculiar habits. They were in this meeting freed from the restraint which lay upon them in common life, where they were forced to accommodate themselves to the temper and manners of a people foreign to their own. They had broken from the irksomeness of business, and they were come at last to the enjoyment of an occasion, for which they had looked and prepared for a month before. Is not this then likely to be a scene of purer enjoyment, and more ingenuous rapture, than all the contrived feasts of faded appetite? It was in truth a scene of riotous transport. Every sense, every fibre of the frame, was engaged, and the feet danced in unison with the palpitations of the heart. We did not go there with the cold and invidious design of screwing ourselves up apart from the company, in order to make little selfish observations on their peculiarities. We went to trace the powers and the workings of nature on character, undepraved by refinement; and noor must that wretched man's consolation have been, who found it in criticisms instead of participation. As to George, his intoxication rose into a sensual phrenzy: he spoke, moved, and acted, in a delirium of desire. His eyes sparkled, his pulses beat, his heart throbbled, and by the absolute madness of his brain, he ingratiated himself so thoroughly into the confidence of the men, and the love of the girls, that they believed him to be as true an ancient Briton as the wildest Taffy in the room; and nothing but his name was a bar to the royalty of his progenitors. I knew, however, that this gleam of sunshine would be transitory. George's unruly passion always intervenes, not frequently to blast but to disturb his happiness. He pitched in particular on a most beautiful girl, who was engaged with a little Welch partner in the country dance; and,

without seeming either to mind or care for the jealousy which he might inspire in the hot blood of his rival, who had at least the claim of possession in his favour, he chatted with the girl at every interval in the dance, and at last actually prevailed on her to acknowledge him as an old acquaintance, and to promise to leave her partner for him. The little Welchman saw the discourse with a good deal of pain, and as the familiarity increased, took the liberty of telling her, that it was now ten o'clock at night, and they must think of going, as he had promised her relations to see her safe home. George caught the favourable moment, and told him, "that she was an old acquaintance of his, and as he lived in the same neighbourhood, he would see her safe home." The Welchman's eyes sparkled with heat. "In the same neighbourhood! Splut, Sir, tell me then where he does live, and I'll believe you." This was a question for which George was totally unprepared; but he took refuge in that which a man generally flies to when he is in the wrong—to a passion. "Sdeath, Sir, do you presume to doubt my assertion? Ask your partner herself if I do not live in the same street with her." "Why, sure, Murdoch." says the girl, "you know that he lives in Bloombury—I have known him a long time." The Welchman was dissatisfied, and swore that he would not be tricked. The room was in an uproar; the lads and lasses crowded around them; George was for kicking him down stairs, and it was at least half an hour before the little Welchman was pacified. He then slung out of the room, and left George in possession of the girl. Harmony in five minutes was perfectly restored, and we continued dancing, drinking, romping, and singing, till three o'clock in the morning. I never left a scene of entertainment with more regret in my life, for I never partook of a scene of more hearty enjoyment. It shewed me the elevation of the human mind, when unfettered with those cruel decorums which our servile imitation of foreign manners have introduced to the extinction of that bold humour, and manly exhilaration, which is natural to the climate of Britain.

#### On the ORIGIN of RELIGION.

**I**T hath given rise to a considerable controversy among the learned, to determine—whether or not there are any innate ideas in the human mind. On which

side truth lies I shall not enquire observe, that if there be any such knowledge, it is not unfair to set it off as an object to be religion. For that

never so perverted, as to be void of all notions of this matter. The most barbarous people we ever heard of, as well as the most polished and civilized, have a certain attachment, however small, to some species thereof. Some things there must be, which make impressions of a particular nature upon the mind of the savage, as even draws from him respect and fear, notwithstanding his rudeness and inhumanity. Mr. Locke has adduced quotations from several travellers, to prove, that there are nations, who have no idea of religion, nor a name to denote any superior existence. Others, and I imagine with justice, have differed from this opinion, and concluded, that though we should traverse the habitable parts of the known world, we should find none of the human species, but had some fixed sentiments, with respect to religion, though perhaps not only dark and mystical, but also inconsistent with reason, and contradictory to common sense.

All the religions to which human nature would be inclined, without supernatural aid, may be reduced to two kinds;—viz. monotheistical and polytheistical. Though the monotheistical was the first, seeing Adam had it by immediate revelation from God; yet mankind, when left to themselves, that is, when drowned in ignorance and superstition, having perverted the dictates of right reason, and without any certain knowledge of the Supreme Being, naturally run into polytheism. Refinement by degrees introduces monotheism, whereas the generality of men, without the advantages of the arts and sciences, would all be polytheists.

All the religions of the world, except that of the Jews were polytheistical: and what other cause can be assigned for their not being so too; unless, that it thus pleased the Deity to chuse them for his favourite people, and to give them frequent manifestations of his will by his servants, peculiarly by Moses. The polished states of Greece and Rome, where learning flourished to the highest degree, where all the train of moral virtues were respected and esteemed; where every thing noble, and praise-worthy, met with the most universal applause; and the performers of such actions, with the most distinguished rewards; even these were polytheistical, and that to an excess. If we consider their great and illustrious men, what is still more, their fables, which have been, are, and still continue to be, the wonder and admiration of ages; we will find them, if not entirely devoted to,

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yet strongly tinged with polytheism. This may suffice to convince us, that though learning hath a great influence on the minds and manners of men, yet that there is something of a higher nature requisite, to give the human heart, any just notions of religion.

But to return more particularly to the subject—even the Jews themselves, notwithstanding the advantages they had over other nations, by means of the Mosaic dispensation, gave too evident proofs, of their propensity to polytheism. Their frequently falling into the idolatry of the neighbouring nations, and their being so warmly attached to their wicked customs and practices; plainly discover the natural bent of their inclinations.

Mankind in a rude state are led to imagine that whatever hurts or injures them, does it with design. This must be explained: for had they conceived, that every thing in the world was directed and superintended, by an Infinite Being, they would have been right: but their absurd notion was; that the things themselves, which injured them, acted with design. Their imperfect understandings, could not go beyond what their senses comprehended. Wherefore having no right notion of the Deity; and observing, that certain things injured them, they rested here, and concluded them designing agents. Hence the origin of that custom among the ancients, of forming courts of judicature, for the trial of inanimate objects, by which they apprehended they had been wronged. For instance, we read of an ox, by which a man had been accidentally killed, being brought to its trial—and having been convicted, was sentenced with all the solemnity and formality attending the death of a criminal. According to its sentence it was stoned.

Thus the smallest, or even the most ordinary things in life, were looked upon as beings fully possessed of intelligence and design; and their actions considered in every respect, as such. Had but the rustling of the wind chanced to drive down any small stone upon them, from a tree they might be walking under, they imputed the casualty to the stone, and believed that it could have acted otherwise, had it been agreeable to itself.

In the early periods of society, when their knowledge in natural objects was but small, whatever events they could not account for, they ascribed to the agency of some invisible power. Again, whatever object was considered enough to attract men's attention, either by its beauty or utility,

utility, was of course referred to some deity. At that time we are not to suppose they much understood the origin of fountains, or the nature of vegetation; therefore according to them every oak had its Druid; every fountain had its Nereid. Corn was attributed to the liberality of Ceres—wine to the bounty of Bacchus—the horse to Neptune—and the olive to Minerva. Nothing they enjoyed, but what some god bestowed—nothing in nature, but what was reckoned under the direction and tutelage of some particular divinity.

Men of different dispositions were supposed to live under the protection of different gods. A warrior was the favourite of Mars; an archer of Apollo; a sailor of Neptune; a hunter of Diana—and to the eternal disgrace of their religion, a man of low desires and immoral practices, was the particular favourite of Venus.

All the passions, all the operations of the mind, they reduced to the form of external objects. For what the ideas cannot fully comprehend, or what they conceive but indistinctly and obscurely, the fancy naturally moulds into that form which is most familiar and best known to us. To confirm the truth of this observation, we need only reflect, even among civilized nations, how often, when in the dark, we take a brush for a man; and when we are expecting any particular friend, we fancy that every person we see at a distance resembles him, because the imagination at such a crisis, dwells upon him alone.

For this reason, or one similar, the rude and ignorant, imagine they see a human face, in the sun and moon, and form the several spots therein into distinct features. Hence they, from credulity, the mother of superstition, apprehend they see armies engaging in the northern lights, not only because nothing is seen there with distinction, but because they are wholly unacquainted with that phenomenon of nature.

Human forms in those uncultivated ages, were the objects which were the most familiar to them, so often passing under their observation. And as their deities were invisible, their fertile imagination reduced them to such ideal shapes, as they were conversant with. Thus bodies and affections were given their gods, like unto men. Homer's deities are not only represented with bodies; but with all the variety of passions and desires peculiar to men, the meanest, and most unusual, not excepted. Superior power, was the sole attribute, whereby they were known and distinguished.

Having now in some measure discovered the origin of religion among the ancients: I shall next consider the two chief branches of which it consisted. The first was to know the particular god, that determined the enterprise they were undertaking: and the second was, Whether the favour of the deity they invoked, was obtained or not? ••••• But this shall be the subject of my next essay.

FIDELIO.

### THE MAN-MILLINER,

Containing an Account of the Fashions, Fêtes, Intrigues, and Scandal of the Month.

Addressed to the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

**A**MIDST the variety of your new publications, you'll pardon me, Messieurs Editors, if I remark a deficiency positively essential to the *ban ton*, and 'pon honour, I think there is not one of your whole body calculated to supply it. You have your literature, your criticisms, your biography, your sciences, and your adventures; but where is the soul of fashion; where is your flane of the world of intrigue and gallantry; where the gay, mad, intoxicating manners of the west-end of the town; where the dear, delightful scandal, the marriage-making, and the marriage-breaking; where the elopements and divorces past, present, and to come; where in short is the *world*, the *world*, ye

grave tenants of dusky book-closets? Without fashion you may toil to eternity in vain—you may wear your night-gowns and slippers,—seclude yourselves from society—and inveigh against the pleasures which, pardon me, you may not have the power to enjoy—and at the end of the year you may find that though history, politics, and sciences, are very good things for the head, they are very bad things for the pocket. In short, gentlemen, you must polish yourselves—you must furnish your old swords, if ever you had any, or rather you must buy new ones if you can afford it; and if not it is no matter, you will be able to change your dress, often, by not paying for it; and you must enter into

into the lists of gallantry, extravagance, and fashion, with an honest determination to be brilliant at the expence of your triflesmen. But sur l'honneur, I am wrong. I correct myself—you never would be able to brush away the ingenious regards to truth and honour which the study of letters, as you say, infills into the breast. You never could condescend to smile in the face of a taylor whom you designed to ruin. You could not sit at your ease in a chariot which you had hired on a job.—You would blush at the sparkling of a diamond on your finger for which you had not paid your jeweller. Oh! the unobtruding modesty of literary virtue! It is true? Are these the sentiments which you collect from the folios of ancient times, or the twelves and twenty-fours of the present day? If they are—I wish you joy in the unenvied inheritance of your feelings and your solitude, and while you never appear abroad but in sheets, give me leave to address the gay, the fluttering, the fanciful and the splendored of all ranks.

There never was any one so admirably calculated as myself to become the *traiteur* of the public in this respect. I am, Messieurs Editors a Man-Milliner at your service. I am one of those little fluttering beings, who in this elegant metropolis, are able to make a livelihood without the horrid possession of lusty sinews, or of manly strength.—I have no envy in my nature at those masculine animals who take delight in the din of arms, or the drudgery of battles. While they employ themselves in maiming and disfiguring the human form, I busy myself in the invention of ornaments to its beauty; and I have the most dexterous fingers in the universe, at the framing of a sword knot; though they always shake and quiver when they come in contact with the cold iron of which the instrument is made. I am a happy creature, for every body loves me, on account of my gentleness, and proficiency in the art of tattling. My house is the resort of all the ladies of distinction, and for that reason of all the gentlemen too.—The ladies stand in no fear of me; and the beaux are not jealous. I am the confidant of both—and am constantly employed to hand the billet-doux, and make the assignation, in doing which all my ambition consists in displaying the elegant whiteness of my hand, and the dimpling prettiness of my cheek. These then are my qualifications. You in your grave wisdoms may despise them; but with all your literary pride, these qua-

lifications are superior to your own; for they enable me to keep my chaise, and my country retreat. Nay, enable me to take an annual jaunt to Paris, and to frequent every public place of amusement from the Devonshire gala to the Pantheon masquerade. A propos of the Devonshire gala: it is the whole topic of conversation—every creature is loud in the rapturous enumeration of the brilliancies and the agremens of that earthly paradise; and as I have in my introduction to your acquaintance gone so much at length, I shall confine myself for the present month to a description of that new and most superb fête.

The Duchess of Devonshire, who is undoubtedly the most magnificent, as well as the most accomplished female in the metropolis, determined upon this occasion to call in the aid of the most elegant and fanciful artists in the kingdom, that she might give an entertainment, in which, by a bold and beautiful flight, art should shew its superiority to nature. Novellieski of the Opera House was appointed to paint the festoons, the trophies, and the various deceptions. M. Rebecca painted the chiaro obscuras;—and I was employed to display my taste in the display of decorations in the style and trappings of the furniture. I struck out a most captivating novelty. From the center of the ceiling hung an elegant chrysal luster of sixteen lights, suspended on a pendant of wreathed flowers and artificial foliage. An octagon of lustres of a smaller magnitude were hung at equal distances, in a corresponding manner, and the whole connected by festoons of foliage and flowers. The pannels were relieved, a cross-hatched-work of blue upon a white ground. The frieze of the cornice was enriched in all its length, by festoons and drops of roses. At a proportionable distance were eight carved branches, each supporting a basket of roses, from whence sprung a pyramid of wax candles, and the whole presented a beautiful awning to the whole room. All this was done by the fertility of my genius, aided by the happy invention of a pretty Irish girl. Do you think, Messieurs Editors, that you could have shewn equal address to the business? I profess to you, 'pon my honour, that there was not an article of decoration in the whole room, which did not deviate, with the most chaste delicacy, from the rules of nature; with much more ease and naïveté, even than the excursions of your grave worships, the pedants of science.

ence, when you pretend to give the traits of that world with which you are unacquainted.

The company began to assemble about twelve; "midnight was the signal."—And so admirably were they entertained that they did not separate till between eight and nine in the morning. The company was served with such order and ease, that although there were more than five hundred of the first persons of distinction in the empire, there was neither confusion or embarrassment; and at seven and eight in the morning, the attendance was as good, and the viands as plentiful as at the beginning. Let me say that this was peculiarly pleasant; for in general, with the best disposition to accommodate the guests, we find that the effects of hospitality are destroyed by the want of management.—I never saw a scene of such various luxury, and such continued delight in my life. I have not language to describe it. His Royal Highness danced with the eldest Lady Waldegrave.—In the morning a whimsical circumstance happened.—A lady of the first rank, overcome with the heat of the rooms, threw aside one of the window curtain—when Voila

la bagatelle—a couple were made apparent to the whole assembly; but it was nothing—"it was only an adjustment of a star and garter.—Honi soit qui mal y pense."—Such a blaze of beauty I never saw in my life. It was a constellation of brilliants of a water and magnitude which I believe no other cluster in Europe could display. The dresses were in general white; the Dauphin's blush, les yeux de l'Empereur, the Carmelite; the head-dresses chiefly consisted of artificial flowers and braided wheat-ears, fastened on with brilliants.—The breast-bows were for the greatest part of pearl and gold.—Towards six in the morning a groupe of young ladies and gentleman seated themselves to sing catches and glees. Upon the whole, the gala afforded the finest proof of the munificence and taste of the noble donors. The company departed between the hours of eight and nine in the morning; but as to the scandal that took place—the characters that were <sup>all</sup> lost—or the marriages that were made—shall they not be written, with your leave Messieurs Editors, in the future numbers of the European Magazine.

*Corrections of our Account of the Life of the Count O'Rourke.*

**I**N the course of the month application has been made to us to correct some errors in the history of the Count O'Rourke, which we do with pleasure, as they come to us properly testified. The Count did not come to London in the 25th year of his age, nor receive the rudiments of his military education in the Guards. He says that he entered into the regiment of Royal Scotch, in the service of France, in his 20th year, and he continued in that service till the year 1758. The Polish ambassador, the Count tells us, had no lady with whom he could have an intrigue.—The Count's acquaintance was not with a French Marchioness but with the Duchess of D— a lady of the first family in France, who through the imprudence of her husband had been reduced to very great distress, although she was entitled to an ample estate subject to various incumbrances; her husband having been imprisoned for life on account of his misconduct. The Count, touched with her distress became surety to some of her creditors to the amount of 2600*l*. Some time afterwards when some of the mortgages affecting her estate were discharged, her creditors applied for payment of the

debt for which the Count was bound, she refused to pay, and a law-suit commenced, to which the Count was made a party, and the Duchess was cast. It concluded to the honour of the Count as he acted in support of the fair creditor. The Count was not introduced to the King's late ministers by the late Lord Conyngham; but by the Marquis de Noailles; and that his offers to raise a body of three thousand Roman Catholics in Ireland were not treated with disrespect, the following letters from those ministers will testify; which therefore he has given us the permission to publish.

Pall-Mall, April 3, 1779.

Sir,

"As I had no commands to transmit to you from his Majesty, and as the nature of your proposals did not fall within my department, I did not think it necessary to give an immediate answer to your letter of the 28th January last, but having delayed acknowledging it at that time, hurry of business has ever since hindered me from doing it. I hope, therefore, you will excuse me, flattering myself at the same time you will do me the justice to believe, that I should have been happy

happy to have had it in my power, to oblige an officer of your distinguished merit and reputation, and of having an opportunity of shewing you that I am with great regard,

Sir, your most obedient,  
most humble servant,  
Count O'Rourke. GEO. GERMAIN."

Lord Amherst presents his compliments to Count O'Rourke, and has the honour to acquaint him that he this day laid before the King the Count's letter, wherein he proposes to raise four thousand troops in Ireland; his Majesty was pleased to receive the Count's proposal very graciously, but said, he had no intention at present to raise any other men in that kingdom than those already ordered.

Whitehall, 20th of May 1779.

"Sir,

"I am very sensible of the mark of attention you are pleased to shew me, as well as the very candid manner in which you have communicated to me the offer you made of raising men in Ireland, and the letters which have passed between you & his Majesty's ministers upon the subject.

"The department in which I have the honour to serve the King gives me neither voice nor weight in the councils of this country, and I have therefore nothing but private wishes to express upon such occasions, and as such, I have always lamented that gentlemen of your birth and abilities, should have been obliged to draw that sword with so much credit and reputation in foreign services, which they would have employed with so much benefit and advantage to their own country.

I have the honour to be, Sir,  
your most obedient, and  
Grosvenor-Street, most humble servant,  
June 7, 1779. HERTFORD."

Whitehall, 23d July, 1779.

Sir,

"I have received the honour of your letter: It is quite out of my department to recommend any person to the King for a pension. Such recommendations more properly belong to Lord North, or the Secretary of State.

"I have acquainted Mr. Bath, whom you recommend for the Surgeoncy of a regiment, that all the Surgeons of regiments are proposed to me by Mr. Adair, and that unless he comes recommended by him, I cannot assist him in his wishes, to become a military Surgeon.

I have the honour to be,  
Sir, your most obedient,  
Count O'Rourke, humble servant  
No. 64, Newman-Street. - AMHERST.

Lord Hillsborough presents his compliments to Count O'Rourke, and has the honour to acquaint him that he has duly received the copy of Lord North's correspondence, which the Count took the trouble to inclose to him, and as it appears to relate intirely to matters out of Lord Hillsborough's department, does not trouble the Count with any observations upon it.

St. James, 28th December, 1780.

We thank the Count for assisting us in the correction of the above mistakes; our design in the first publication was to do him honour, as a man who in the spirit of martial adventure, had acquired such importance and distinction in the military field of Europe. We conclude with mentioning an additional anecdote much to his praise. Some time ago he published an Essay on Tactics, the profits of which he generously bestowed on the Asylum.

# GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION of BACHELOR'S ISLAND.

*When Hymen's Torch glows in the married Breast,  
All wandering Passions are at Rest;  
In constant Love we every Pleasure find,  
And every Solace in a female Mind.*

NORWICH VERSES.

SIR,

A Correspondent of your's having taken it into his head, to send you what he calls "A Geographical Description of the Isle of Matrimony," your impartiality will oblige you to insert the following, as a retort for so unjustifiable an attack on the married state.

Bachelor's Island is situated on the burning sands of the Deserts of Folly, where

even the savage inhabitants of the forest seldom venture to tread. It is bounded on the East, by the Regions of Affectation, Vanity, and Deceit; on the North, by the Territories of Fear and Cowardice; on the South, by the burning Zone of Remorse, Disease, and Death; and on the West, by the Dead Lake of Oblivion. Hence it is easily to be supposed, that the air of this island

island is sultry, thervating, and pestiferous; exposed to perpetual scenes of storm, hurricane, and tempest; and its climate, like the minds of its inhabitants, is never settled for an hour. The spring of Bachelor's Island totally differs from that of any other I have hitherto read of, as that is here the season of the most pernicious heat, and in which the generality of its inhabitants are possessed with a kind of madness the most destructive to themselves, the most injurious to every civilized country, and the most subversive of unguarded innocence. Those, who weather out the spring, and live to see the summer, though they lose a great degree of their madness, yet in that season they become artful, hypocritical, and treacherous. Their winter is truly despicable indeed, since, among all nations upon earth, you cannot express your contempt of a man more pointedly than by calling him an *old bachelor*—a thing that lives only for itself—a thing that has no social harmony in its soul—a thing that cares for nobody, and whom nobody regards—a thing that like a musk-room, delights in bogs and morasses, but hates the generous warmth of the noon-day sun. Though the natives of this miserable island make those of the Isle of *Matrimony* the constant object of their ridicule, yet there have been numberless instances of their stealing from their own Island into that of *Matrimony*, where they have prevailed on some good-natured easy creatures to become their wives and reformers; after their constitutions have been nearly ruined in their former miserable abodes; for, in the Isle of *Matrimony*, though clouds

now and then gather over it, yet they serve only to render the remainder of the day more brilliant and cheerful. In Bachelor's Island love is a thing much talked of, but totally unknown to them; and they are hated and despised, robbed and plundered, by the objects of their miserable embraces. If cards are the usual diversions of the people on the Island of *Matrimony*, they are considered only as an amusement; but, on Bachelor's Island, they are productive of the most shocking vices, such as the grossest scenes of drunkenness and debauchery, the total ruin of their private fortunes; and even murder itself sometimes is the consequence. How many have quitted this island and fled to that they so much despised, in order to repair their ruined fortunes, by seeking a rich and amiable partner? Bachelor's Isle is a mere desert, incapable of producing any thing but nettles, thorns, and briars: here are no bleating lambs to please the eye of innocence; here no doves cherish their young, nor does the useful fawn bound over their barren plains; but wolves, tigers, and crocodiles, are here seen in abundance. Here are neither wife nor children to weep over the ashes of the deceased; but owls hoot, ravens croak, and the reptiles of the earth crawl over their graves. In short, of all animals that ever nature produced, an old bachelor must be the most contemptible: he lives a useless being on the earth, dies without having answered the end of his creation, in opposition to the mandate of his great maker, and is at last consigned even to oblivion.

J.



THE HIVE. A COLLECTION of SCRAPS.

Exercet sub sole labor—

— et in medium quaesita reponit. VIRG.

BAGATELLE.

Every hour a pleasure tells—

What is thought, but nurse to sorrow?

He, that wishes to be wise,

Lives to-day, and works to-morrow.

The

THE CONTENTS of an OLD MAN'S  
MEMORANDUM-BOOK.

**A**RE we not all fools for winding up our watches at night and not in the morning? Custom would conform herself to any regular time; and he who now and then goes drowsily to bed, or even drunk, never rises so.

**N**egligence sometimes suffers a child to grow up left-handed. But why are we all to be only right-handed? The right hand was made stronger and more convenient by habit, not by our Creator. The wisest of God's creatures suffer habits, when they have two arms, to confine them almost totally to the use of one. Let us copy the skilful fencing-master, and teach our children the use of both arms indiscriminately. Cases may be put, in which the left arm, which now seems to be fixed to the body only for the sake of uniformity, may save the wearer's life.

**E**very man, in the moment of deep thought, is addicted to some particular action. Swift used to roll up a slip of paper with his finger and thumb. Many people have contracted habits of this sort which are ungraceful, some even habits of indecency.

**I**s your child a son? Give him a marked Christian name, if you can do it without disagreeable singularity. John, Thomas, William, &c. may confuse him with servants; while a Christian name, not so common, may serve to mark him, even when his surname is so common as Lloyd, Jones or Smith.

**I**s your child a daughter? Do not christen her from Novels and romances. Louise and Clementine may betray her into situations of which Elizabeth and Mary never dream. Shakespeare thanked God his name was liable to no pun. Let an old man be thankful that he did not give his daughter a name which sentimental writers would prefer to weave into a novel, or to "hitch in a rhyme."

**W**hen you accept a friend, stay to answer his questions and don't be in the same hurry that he is; or you will both ask the same question, and neither of you will receive an answer.

**L**isten to the two gentlemen who have met at the corner of yonder street. One says, "How do you do? I am very glad to see you." How do you all do at home?

The other says, "How do you do? I am very glad to see you. How do you all do at home? &c. &c." Guard against this.

By the way, "How do you do," however idiomatic it may be, is a very uncouth phrase.

**W**hen you come or find yourself coming full butt, as it is called against another person, you endeavour to get out of his way. Let an old man advise you not to do so. Stand still. He will endeavour to get out of your way, and, by your standing still, will effect it. If you both endeavour to get by at the same time, as there are but two sides, it is an even wager you run against each other.

**O**nce I got a bloody nose and spoiled a new coat, by encountering a hair-dresser thus in St. Paul's Church-yard. Another time I was almost killed by getting out of a smuggler's way on the Suffex road. Now, if I am on horseback, I ride straight forward; if I am on foot I stand stock still; by which precautions I have not been knocked down these thirty years.

**I**f you have occasion to travel frequently to one place, take all the cross-roads and endeavour to find out the nearest way—but when you make a journey for once and no more, keep the high-road—for though it may be the longest way, you will get sooner to your destination.

[We propose occasionally, in the future numbers of our publication, to dip into this Old Gentleman's memorandum-book.]

**T**he following is the Inscription which is ordered to be engraved upon the Monument now erecting in Guildhall by order of the Court of Common-Council, to the memory of that very able and disinterested Statesman, the late Earl of Chatham.

"In grateful acknowledgment to the Supreme Disposer of events, who intending to advance this nation, for such time as to his wisdom seemed good, to an high pitch of prosperity and glory, by unanimity at home; by confidence and reputation abroad; by alliances wisely chosen and faithfully observed; by colonies united and protected by decisive victories by sea and land; by conquests made by arms and generosity in every part of the globe; by commerce for the first time united with, and made to flourish by war; was pleased to raise up, as the principal instrument in the memorable work,

WILLIAM PITT.

"The



"The Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Council, mindful of the benefits which the City of London received in her ample share in the general prosperity, have erected to the memory of this eminent Statesman and powerful Orator, this Monument in her Guildhall; that her citizens may never meet for the transaction of their affairs, without being reminded that the means by which Providence raises a nation to greatness, are the virtues infused into great men: and that to withhold from those virtues, either of the living or the dead, the tribute of esteem and veneration, is to deny themselves the means of happiness and honour.

"This distinguished person, for the services rendered to King George the Second and to King George the Third, was created

#### EARL OF CHATHAM.

"The British nation honoured his Memory with a public funeral and a public Monument amongst her illustrious men in Westminster-Abbey."

#### ANECDOTE OF LITERATURE.

A New Encyclopedia is about to be published at Paris. It is to consist of twenty-six different Dictionaries.—Each Art and Science being to be treated separately. Some of the most eminent Masters of the Academy of Sciences are engaged in this undertaking.

An Epitaph, on the Wife of Edward Greenwood, in a Church-Yard, in Devonshire.

O death, O death, thou hast cut down  
The fairest *Greenwood* in all the town;  
Her virtue and good qualities are such  
She was worthy to marry a lord or a judge,  
Yet such was her condescension & humility  
She chose to marry me a Doctor of divinity.

For which heroic act she stands confess'd  
Above all women, the phoenix of her sex:  
And, like that bird, one young she did beget,  
That she might not leave her friends disconsolate.

My grief for her, alas, is so sore  
I can only write two lines more.  
For this and every other good woman's sake  
Never let a blither be put on a lying-in woman's back.—

Written under a Picture of *APOLLO*  
crowning *MERIT*.

*MERIT*, if thou art blest with riches,  
For God's sake buy a pair of breeches,  
And, give them to thy naked brother,  
For one good turn deserves another.

Part of the Prayer of a Scotch Parson on  
a former dismission of a Ministry.

*THERE's* sic a dirdum, and a din,  
Sic turning out, sic turning in:  
Gude Lord we kenna what to do,  
No yet whilk hand to turn us to!

A monumental inscription. To the memory of a very dear Friend, who died abroad, in the service of his country.

Tho' friendship would thy fame rehearse,  
Let me alone thy name revere,  
No Flattery stains this humble verse,  
" My grief is like my friend—sincere."  
*Temple, Jan. 10. 1731. W.*

Ayez la bonté de publier dans votre Magazine les deux pieces suivantes, que j'ai composées exprès pour le defendre contre les attaques de ceux qui ont voulu déroger à son merite.

#### EPIGRAMME.

*ELISE* à de l'esprit, *Elise* à des talens;  
Du moins se plait elle à le répéter aux gens.  
Voulés vous, *Elise*, me porter à le croire?  
Parlé peu; parlé moins; vous aurés plus de gloire.

#### AUTRE.

*D'UN* fat voulés vous avoir le portrait?  
Quatre syllabes vont vous le dépeindre.  
D'impertinence prene's un extrait,  
D'un sot orgueil, qui ne peut se contraindre.  
Ajoutés encore une bonne dose?  
Et depeur que rien ne manque à la chose,  
D'un rimeur joignés les prétentions,  
D'un sot esprit les efforts, les tourmens  
Pour trouver d'un rien les dimensions.  
Voilà l'homme! pendés moi, si je mène.

Vers pour mettre au bas du Portrait de  
*M. Shéridan.*

*FAVORI* d'*Apollon*, et chéri des neuf  
sœurs,  
Bon ami, sincère, généreux, bienfaisant  
Que peut il desirer pour prétendre aux  
honneurs?  
Il lui suffit d'avoir le nom de *Shéridan*.

• The EFFECTS of SENSIBILITY on FOUR different TEMPERs.

[Finely displayed in the Engraving annexed.]

(Translated from the FRENCH.)

*Non omnes pariter tanta infortunia terrent.*

A Celebrated artist of Paris chose the affecting story of M. de Condaire, for a painting which he afterwards exhibited in the academy, and sold to the Duc de Choiseul for an immense sum. That melancholy story was at the time the tenant of every breast. The misfortunes and gallantry of Condaire; his enterprise in the field, and patience in the prison, endeared, while it exalted his name. It is not by any means necessary for us to give an account of the unhappy man: the recital would hurt the feeling and the tender bosom; and to no other do we wish to address this subject. The painter chose the moment for his story, when the messenger had brought to the prison the warrant for his immediate execution. His beautiful wife had just burst into the cell, and with her daughters, clung around him, with all the affecting torture of passionate despair. He lay with his head reclined, worn out, and enfeebled by his tedious confinement, and by the sufferings of a mind full of all the affections of the husband and the parent. It was a shock to his feelings, which he was not prepared to encounter, when his family rushed into the place. He was listening with composed resignation to the venerable priest who stood near him, and who poured into his breast the balm of pious consolation. The gaoler was unlocking his fetters, and the executioner was preparing the cord. In this critical instant, it was, that his wretched family procured admission. He strove to start from his seat—alas! he was unable.—His infirmities—his feelings overwhelmed him, and he sunk in an agony of mental torture. His wife and daughters clasped him in their arms—they clung around him,—and the whole groupe remained insensible and motionless for a time. They recovered, but to a sense of their misery, Condaire was a man full of the intrepidity of his species; but the scene was too much for the powers of humanity. His whole frame was agitated, and without the aid of voice or tears, by which he might give utterance to his grief, he was totally convulsed with a fever both of the heart and the brain. The others were more vehement, but less disturbed.

EUROP. MAG.

Their sorrow was clamorous. It found relief in its passage from the breast, but their loud and violent lamentations excited the most afflicting compassion. At length Condaire recovered from his oppression, and held them alternately to his bosom. "Go," says he, "and may the guardian of the unfortunate smooth your passage through life, that you may not feel the want of the unhappy man who is now about to suffer an undeserved death. Remember our former happiness—Live as we were accustomed to live; but, oh, forget my fate—You will meet with many miseries—with many disasters, in this cruel and unfeeling world—Do not add to them, if you can avoid it, the torture of reflection on this calamity." "Oh, heavens! and must we part," exclaimed the miserable wife, springing into his arms; "infamous laws! tyrannical government! is this the protection which you give to men that fight the battles of their country!" "Do not blame the laws," replied Condaire; "if I had been left to the laws, or to the government, my innocence would have saved me. No—I am doomed to this untimely fate by the little tyranny of a provincial lord. If the monarch had been made acquainted with my case, I should be free. He has Bourbon royalty in his bosom." As he said this, he seemed to feel an emanation of soul, and a conscious triumph, in having had the honour to fight beneath the banners of the grand monarch. The magistrate interrupted the melancholy scene, and ordered the parties to be separated by force. Tears, intreaties, prayers were fruitless. He felt for their emotions, but the duties of his office must be discharged. The women were dragged from the room, and Condaire was led to his fate.

This scene the artist worked, as we have said, into a most beautiful picture. He expressed the subject, and represented the story with force and delicacy. The grave, but striking grief of the man was caught with great truth; and the turbulent passions of the wife and daughters were equally touched. He preserved all the pathetic meaning of the occasion of this distress, by introducing the priest and the

A a

officers

officers of justice. While the relations are taking leave of the unhappy man, they are preparing the instruments of his execution. When the picture was finished—and while it yet remained on the artist's easel—four gentlemen of different tempers, and of different countries, came to view it. An Englishman, a Swiss, a Frenchman and a German. They were drawn to the place by the Frenchman, who said that he had been informed of the painter's being employed on this affecting subject, and he was anxious to see the performance. They attended him without scruple; the picture was exhibited; the effect which it produced on them we have endeavoured to display. It was an epitome of human nature; the several passions of the company came into play, and the quality of their own hearts became as visible as the story of Condaire.

The Englishman, an open, thoughtless, and indifferent fellow, who loved his bottle and his bird, without caring for the calamities which he did not know, threw his heavy body on a chair, that he might at least have as little trouble as need be in the business.

He looked at it with a good deal of happy composure, and instead of entering into the distress of the picture, made himself very happy with the execution. An indifferent Englishman always does this; he seizes ever upon that part of a thing which is calculated to give him pleasure; at least it was so in the present instance. The subject was distressing, but the workmanship was fine. "Ay! very well," says the Englishman, "very well. Yes! it is devilish well done indeed."

The Swiss was grown old in the accumulation of riches, which his heart forbid him to enjoy. He had not been destitute of affections, but they were warped and deadened, that their energy was lost, and the creeping passion of avarice now occupied his whole soul. He viewed the picture with a great deal of calm precaution; examined it with careful scruple, and finding the whole strikingly great and pathetic, a gleam of sensibility shot into his face, but it was suddenly overtaken and checked by the natural impulse. His features resumed their contraction; his heart its fastidiousness; and the observation which he made upon it, was this:—"Very fine to be sure! but what an immense sum of money it must have cost!"

The Frenchman was of a very different disposition. He had a heart of the most

amiable tenderness; open to the finest impressions of sensibility, and possessed of affections easily to be awakened, and to be soothed into the softest moods of sympathy. He was the soul of compassion; and under the agitation of feelings aching to the sense, he would cry like an infant. He entered into the very heart of the picture. The distresses which it so finely represented, seized on all the strings of his frame. Passion was superior to understanding. He was not at liberty to perceive that the sorrow was artificial; or that the scene might be imagined. It was real—Condaire was alive—was before him—for his feelings told him so. He stood for some minutes in the most agonizing rapture. He felt such exalted distress; such noble interest in the story before him, that while he melted into tears he preserved all the dignity of his nature. "Oh, heavens!" he exclaimed, "what a scene for the heart of sensibility!—what luxury of woe might he not here enjoy! Unfortunate Condaire!—Unhappy mourners! alas! how unavailing are your tears!" And in saying this, the big drops were coursing one another down his own cheek.

The German was a man of turbulent passions, ferocious, in his manners, and inimical to all those softnesses in the male character, which gives it an approach to feminine gentleness. He had passed his life in the study of arms, and he had all the violent emotions of a soldier. His was a heart for rough deeds, and for raging sentiments. He never would wait for the slow decisions of judgment, but being the creature of impetuous sensation, he acted on the impulses of the moment. He was sometimes wrong, but he was frequently in the right. In the present instance, he viewed the picture with considerable tumult of mind, and seeing an old soldier in such circumstances—so surrounded—so oppressed—he burst at once into a paroxysm of rage—no passion but that of anger and resentment was aroused, and the comment which he made upon it, was a loud vociferation, and a menace to the tyrannical author of Condaire's persecution. "May I perish without honour, and die unlamented," exclaimed the German, "If I do not revenge the death of this unfortunate man."

The Englishman could not help bursting into a laugh. "There is no man," says he, "fonder of fighting the dead than the German. Harkoe, my friend," says he, "do you not know that the tyrant of Coudair is now dead?"

The

• The German viewed him from beneath his brows, with fullen dissatisfaction.

"Who," says the Swiss, "will in these days be so lavish of his money as to purchase this painting? How expensive it must be!"

"How exquisitely pathetic!" says the Frenchman.

"What a villain this same magistrate must have been!" says the German.

"What a devilish fine fellow," says the Englishman, "must the painter be! I must get acquainted with him."

"Why?" says the Frenchman.

"That I may carry him to England and make his fortune."

In this manner did the conversation continue. The Swiss hugging himself at his want of those expensive feelings, which he saw the others possessed of—The German cursing the authors of the scene—The Frenchman praising the picture without thinking of the painter—and the Englishman praising the painter, without caring a farthing for the picture.

During all this time, the artist from an adjoining room, was sketching the features, attitudes, and expression of the groupe, by which, in a most beautiful painting, he traced the effects of sensibility on their several tempers, and which we have endeavoured, we hope with success, to copy.

A Brief Historical Account of the Institution of the most noble Order of Bucks, as it has been collected from Traditional Accounts and Records of Antiquity, now remaining in the City of Bagdell, which is the same as the ancient Babylon, the original and once flourishing Seat of the most Noble Order, and transmitted from thence by a British Buck resident in those parts.

**N**IMROD was the great founder of the order, he was great grand son of Noah; for Nimrod was the son of Chus, who was the son of Cham or Ham, who was the son of Noah.

Now the earth after the flood having been divided between the three sons of Noah, it fell to the lot of Ham to be possessed of Egypt, all Afric, a great part of Syria, Arabia, Babylonia and Assyria; likewise divers other countries, the right of which came by descent to his grandson NIMROD.

The ignorance of those days having shut up from the people the knowledge of polite arts and the valuable advantages of a social life they rather chose to dwell in caves and frequent the woods alone (or in small parties) where they were frequently devoured by wild beasts which abounded in those parts, than to form themselves into civil society, or enter into mutual bonds of friendship for the support and service of each other.

This being with regret perceived by Nimrod, who was desirous to civilize and make social that ancient people, and make the land flourish which was the seat of his inheritance, he endeavoured by every art to persuade them into their own security and happiness, but with little success, till by his application to hunting, and his great excellence in that art, he gained the admiration and esteem of the people, and by a peculiar epithet was called by them, "*A mighty hunter before the Lord*," and they were frequently prevailed on to accompany him in his sports as they found their own

security in it, from the vast number of wild beasts he daily killed, which had before destroyed many of them. By this means they began to be more sociable, and to shake off, by degrees, their former rusticity.

Now it was, that Nimrod first established this most noble order, and with that the first and great empire of the world, called the Babylonian empire: This happened according to the best accounts, about the year of the world 1814 or 2190 years before christianity. What greatly conduced to establish the order, was a circumstance which tradition relates as follows.

Nimrod having found out the use of the grape, invented the making that noble wine dignified by the ancients with the name of *nectar*, and feigned by them to have been drank by the gods. He happened one day to lead the people a more than ordinary chase, and they were fatigued with the toils of their sports. Nimrod, to relieve them, introduced his most excellent wine, which they had no sooner tasted, than their spirits became exhilarated, they forgot their former toil, and passed the evening with cheerfulness and jollity, which gave them an idea of the pleasures of society; a pleasure to which till then they had been strangers to.

From hence it is that the ancients filed Nimrod the god of wine and cheerfulness, under the denomination of *Bacchus*, or more properly *Barrchus*. *Bar* signifying a son, and Nimrod was the son of *Chus*, and it agrees with the antient account of their *Bacchus* in other particulars; for they

feign *Bacchus* to be descended from *Jupiter*, and *Nimrod's* great grandfather was called *Jupiter Ammon*. Besides the most ancient name of *Bacchus* was *Zagreus*, which signified a strong hunter, answerable to the epithet given to *Nimrod*. *Bacchus* was also feigned to be born at *Nisa* in Arabia, and *Nimrod* is well known to have been an Arabian.

However this be, the people having once tasted the pleasures of a social life, resolved, under the direction of *Nimrod*, to form themselves into a society, and set apart times for festivity and merriment.

Therefore *Nimrod*, to encourage them in their resolution, set apart to each man a portion of land, and instructed them in the art of culture and management of the grape, reserving to himself a yearly stipend called a *quit rent*, as a testimony of their allegiance to him. This custom of giving the *Bucks estates* is therefore still kept up, though now it is merely nominal.

*Nimrod* also instructed them in the more civil arts of architecture and design. They built that ancient and magnificent structure the *TOWER OF BABEL*, as a grand lodge to entertain the Order in. But the most material instructions he gave them were a few sententious principles as mementos, which he laid down as a foundation stone for that political structure he was then erecting, which would make them more lasting and of greater extent, than the *Tower of Babel*; which principles were what are now the standing mottoes of the Order, viz.

*Unanimity is the strength of society,  
Be merry and wise,  
Freedom with innocence,  
Industry produces wealth.*

He caused these mottoes to be inscribed on the principal parts of that great tower, since the destruction whereof many stones have been found, with the inscription entire in the ancient Syriac character.

Upon these principles he rested secure in government, well knowing that while they subsisted among his people, all the nations of the earth could never prevail against him; and he called them *Bar Chus's*, or sons of *Chus*, (as they were his adopted brothers) which by the corruption of the word, the common fate of languages, and probably for the sake of brevity, has deviated into the name of *Bucks*, though some will have it that *Buck* was the original name, as it is significant of that noble exercise which was the first occasion of the institution.

That the above principles should be invariably observed he instituted officers to

each society, from among those which he had before (in consideration of their merit) distinguished by certain denominations according to their different employs in their hunting exercise, *rangers, foresters, and keepers*. One of the society he chose annually to preside as a *GRAND* or *Chief Buck*, in each respective company, who was to chuse a sufficient number of *deputies* to preside in his absence, and also a number of *foresters* to be of his council, proportioned to the largeness of each society, and gave them a power to make such rules and orders from time to time as they should see necessary, (consistent with the above named general principles) and also for the better promoting good fellowship, freedom of conversation, innocent mirth, and every social virtue as good companions. The people being informed by public proclamation, they all bowed and said

*We obey.*

From these civil societies *Nimrod* chose the most eminent to be of his council in matters political, and they framed the system of government by which the *Babylonian*, and after that the other great empires of the world were governed. So that the *Bucks* are not only the most ancient, but the most noble of all societies, as it was the original foundation of all distinction, and productive of every blessing that mortals can enjoy.

During the reign of *Nimrod* and his successors, down to the reign of *Tonos Concaleros*, by the *Greeks* and *Romans* called *Sardanapalus*, the thirtieth in succession of the *Babylonian* and *Assyrian* Emperors, the Order flourished in its greatest dignity and splendor, and as the people increased, was transplanted into all the then known parts of the world. Most of the monarchs and great men that have ever lived, have been of this order; but by the destruction of that Prince, (through his degeneracy from buck principles) and with him, of that noble empire, by *Arbaces* the governor of *Media*, and by the progressive conquests and government of the *Persians*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, *Parthians*, *Saracens*, *Persian Sophies*, and *Caliphs*, the order has been in a fluctuating and itinerant state and gone hand in hand with the fate of kingdoms, states, and times; for it is remarkable of the order, that as good sense and good manners, friendship and fidelity, were ever the criterion of *Bucks*, so in what kingdom, state, or time so ever they flourished, those valuable qualities infused themselves into that people among whom they were.

As to the *Bucks* first setting foot in Britain,

Britain, 'tis said that Julius Cæsar having made conquest of the eastern parts, (as well as Britain) was the first that transplanted them from thence into this kingdom, but others assert that *British Bucks* were of a much more ancient date, though undoubtedly he encreased their number.

Since Julius Cæsar, though the like fate that, from Sardanapulis, caused its peregrination into different countries, has at some times obscured the splendor of the order in Britain, yet it has never been totally extinguished, but seems at present to be drawing to its original lustre, as there are now in London the following lodges,

Babylonian,	Macedonian,
Assyrian,	Arthurian,
Euphrates,	Arabian,
Hellepont,	Mecklenburgh,
Brunswick,	Agriculturian,
European,	

of what is called the United Order: They are held on different nights in the week, by which means the Bucks of one lodge have an opportunity of visiting the rest. Once a year it is customary for each society to pay a grand visit to a sister lodge, at which time the Grand and his officers go in their regalia and make a splendid appearance.

In each lodge the Grand is assisted by a

council of twelve or more, that meet as often as the Grand thinks fit for the welfare of the lodge, and any grievance they have to alledge, or motion to make for the good of the order is presented to the grand quarterly committee, consisting of the Noble Grands, Noble Bucks, and their deputies of every lodge, who hear, redress and determine all matters laid before them, a copy of the proceedings of which committee is signed by the grand secretary, and sent to all the lodges of the united order.

Besides the lodges above mentioned, there are three very respectable societies of Bucks (though not of the united order), the one is called the *Mother Lodge*, and held at the Castle, Moorgate;—the Pewter Platter Lodge held in Cross-street, Hatton Garden;—and the royal Hanoverian Lodge at the Horn Tavern, Doctors Commons.

The making of a Buck is 5s. 6d. and when he attends the lodge he spends 1 s. 2 d. but there is no fine for non attendance, and only 6 d. per annum paid to the society as quit rent for the estate of 500 l. per year, which the grand Buck makes a present of to every new made brother, and of which he is ordered to take possession as soon as he can.

#### THE FOUNTAIN OF THE STREAMS: A Northern Descriptive Allegory.

IN the middle of one of the Western Isles of Scotland stands a lofty mountain; the brow of which the inhabitants of one side behold illumined by the first dawn of ruddy morn: those on the other side see it gilded by the last lingering beams of departing day. On the summit of this mountain a crystal spring issues from the cleft of a rock; at the foot of which it is received in a large irregular basin, the rude but magnificent workmanship of nature. From this basin different rivulets have their rise; one of the most remarkable flows down the eastern, another down the western side of the mountain, watering each their respective vallies in their course to the ocean. At the foot of that side of the mountain that faces the rising sun, a Culdee\* had fixed his residence, in a gloomy cave formed in the bottom of a rock. He was a missionary from the church of Rome, which was then in its infancy: and he had been very successful in making converts on that side

of the island. At the entrance of his cave a reservoir, hewn out of stone, contained part of the waters of the brook; where, by his pious orisons and proper ceremonies, they were converted into *holy waters*; and had, as usual, many miraculous powers attributed to them.

The inhabitants on the other side of the island still adhered to the ancient mythological mysteries, which the Roman invaders of Britain had found means to propagate amongst them. And let it not startle the inhabitant of a more luxurious climate, when he is told, that even in this region the goddess of love had a temple erected to her. Though it rose not with the elegance of attic architecture, nor contained altars smoking with frankincense; yet her walls were hung with the votive chaplet, and her shrines ornamented with festoons of roses, and with all the earliest produce of their spring. She was addressed as the goddess of general animation, and diffuser of the universal vivifying

\* So the first propagators of christianity were called in these countries.

vivifying principle. The western stream was here diverted from its channel, and led into different apartments round the portico of the temple; where were made conveniences for bathing; part of their religious rites, as well as simple luxury. The different uses that the waters were put to gave rise to a kind of polemical contention between the two parties, concerning their essence and respective qualities and excellences. On the one side, from the Culdee's cell all the thunders of the Vatican were mimicked, in denouncing anathemas against those that polluted themselves by washing in the baths of the temple; which were pronounced to be fraught with destruction, and productive of the most dreadful judgments. The votaries of the smiling goddess, in their turn, derided the superstitious folly of those, who imagined their crimes were washed away by a sprinkling from the sanctified well.

A third stream full and copious as the former, silent and unobserved, stole from the same fountain, till it flowed in a silver rill down the side of the mountain; and, meandering to the shore, untintured by superstitious rites, and unpolluted by the mysteries of sensuality, gave life and gladness to the vallies through which it run. The breezes that flew over its surface,

were doubly fragrant and refreshing; the flowers that nodded over its brink, were observed to wear a livelier bloom; the swains loved to pipe on its banks; and the nymph to hear love tales whispered in the groves that it furrounded.

#### CHILDREN OF SENSIBILITY,

To you this tale is dedicated!—Had the warm tide of affections, which bears you to such a fervour of devotion at the tabernacle received a different direction,—votaries of pleasure,—you would have sacrificed with equal ardor at the shrine of the Cyprian deity. Had the same generous current been led by the hand of reason and judgment to whatever is truly useful and elegant,—it would have been the source of every social bliss and mental refinement. It is the same warmth of imagination, sensibility of heart, and luxuriance of fancy, by different modes of education, or some other accidental circumstances directed to different objects, that gives to the same mind such different characters. Thus the fountain of the streams may be the same; but 'tis the different channels through which they flow that give their names and complexions to the rivers.

*Lincolnshire,  
March 1, 1782.*

ZOROASTER.

### The T R I U M P H of B E A U T Y,

(Continued from Page 13.)

**B**EING thus successfully introduced into this religious sanctuary, my immediate pursuit was to select a proper victim; the superior attractions of a young lady, called Cecilia, in the bloom of youth and beauty, adorned with the loves and the graces, ingrossed my sole attention. Her apartment was adjoining to mine; an intimacy soon took place, and her heart spoke the genuine language of the most tender amity. In fact, we loved each other, but with different feelings; her's flowed from a pure and unaffected friendship, mine from an impetuous passion, which sought to triumph over honour, principle and sentiment.

This was indeed the first impulse of a real attachment; and this attachment was greatly augmented by a retreat from the world, and all its fashionable dissipations. In contemplating this all accomplished and elegant woman, I became a new creature; and at that moment felt the deepest re-

morse for my past follies, and the infamy of my proceedings. I began to know and set a just value on the reciprocal union of two virtuous and susceptible hearts; I even sighed after the happy period when I was to begin the career of a refined sensibility.

"Can I have the savage cruelty to seduce this artless, affectionate, and unguarded innocent? Can I bring the blush of sullied purity on the bewitching cheek of her, who has not as yet even the suspicion of artifice or perfidy?" To my shame be it said, that this was the first time in all my life, I ever felt the least compunction, in betraying the woman who listened to my addresses: but I passionately loved Cecilia, and therefore, could not think of abandoning an object, who was mistress of my affections. My feelings however took the lead of my reasoning faculties; for our interviews became so interesting, ardent, and inexpressibly seductive, that I no longer thought of any other measures,

than

than such as lead on to ruin and sensuality.

One night (a night ever horrible to my remembrance, a night which ought to be effaced from the annals of time!) being in the apartment of Cecilia, she poured into my bosom, the effusions which sprang from a joy of having placed her esteem on an object worthy of unbounded confidence. Unhappy maid! Little did she dream of her cherishing a serpent in her breast, who was dooming her to a rapid and inevitable destruction.

The progress of our intimacy was at last carried to such a degree of familiarity, that she innocently proposed our sleeping together: this proposition crowned my most sanguine wishes, and I dared to carry my audacity to the consummation of the blackest crime, even in the asylum of protected virtue.

The clock struck two—I tiptoed to Cecilia's chamber, who was glad to see me; and although I considered myself as the last of villains, I did not tremble to ensnare the best and most lovely of her sex! Like the blood-thirsty tyger watching his destined prey, I panted for the moment to erect my triumph upon her credulity, and eternal infamy! Sleep at last took possession of her whole soul—the wish'd for moment was arrived.

A taper at the father end of the room threw a feeble light on the alcove, in which lay for the last time the tranquil Cecilia; this light, faint as it was, disclosed to my longing eyes, a multitude of charms. O what a fascinating spectacle is that of beauty and innocence in the arms of sleep! Unhappily I was too great a slave to my passions to revere the temple of chastity; I saw nothing but what served to inflame my senses, my eyes rioted in forbidden pleasures,—my burning kisses lighted up new fires in the bosom of this angelic maid—this discovery bereft me of every consideration—and heaven was witness to my criminal delights.

The lost Cecilia beheld me with amazement, terror and distraction—I with difficulty stifled her cries against her brutal ravisher—I threw myself at her feet, and conjured her to look upon me as an unhappy mortal,—an unhappy mortal, whose audacity had but too justly incurred her hatred and indignation. “Who,” said I, “could behold such ravishing attractions, and not pant to possess them? Let me conjure you to make the avowal of your passion; and if the words of the most tender and devoted of lovers can efface the crime dictated by the acuteness of his feelings, suf-

fer me to add, that heaven condemns this tyranny exercised on susceptible hearts: break then the chain imposed by ignorance, prejudice, and cruelty—in a speedy flight I shall become less culpable in your eyes—embrace the fortune of your adorer—this is to follow the sweet invitation of nature, and the sure road to future happiness. Let us fly these prison walls—let us fly to the land of liberty, where—

“Cease, vile seducer, said the distracted Cecilia, this pitiful harangue inspires me with that contempt which I have for your person and sentiments—think rather to finish the abominable work, by not suffering me to live, after you have robbed me of what is dearer than life itself.”

Tears sparkling with the fire of indignation ran trickling down her animated cheeks, and her stifled sighs announced the extreme agitation of her mind. She seemed to struggle against the most visible despair: she remained for some minutes in the profoundest reverie; at last a more than human courage brightened up in her countenance.

“The crime is consummated, said she, (endeavouring to conceal the horror I had inspired) haste, take me from the spot which is now become insupportable.”

At these words, joy and ravishment took place to that stupor of astonishment into which I was before plunged. Without losing an instant of time, I ran back to my chamber, dressed myself in the cloaths of my sex, and adopting every precaution which prudence suggested, I effected our escape in the most perfect security.

We had, however, scarce lost sight of the convent, than Cecilia drew back, and with a countenance expressive of anger, and the smiles of ineffable contempt—

“Villain, do you think so meanly of me then, as to suppose, that I should abandon myself to my assassin? If these feeble arms cannot punish my insulted honour, heaven is my avenger, nor shall I implore that aid in vain.” These words were scarce uttered, than she fled from me with amazing swiftness.

I was petrified—nay, for some time I remained motionless as a statue; but the moment I recovered from my surprise, I followed her steps; which redoubled her speed, till she had reached a river then in view. Without a moment's hesitation, without turning her head, without uttering a single word, she plunged into the rapid stream, and instantly disappeared.

[To be concluded in our next.]

A VIEW



## A VIEW OF THE EIDOPHUSIKON.

**T**HIS new species of painting hath most justly attracted the attention of the cognoscenti, as one of the most remarkable inventions in the art, and one of the most valuable, that ever was made. The abilities of M. de Louthembourg, as a scene and landscape painter, were well known; it remained for him to prove, by this celebrated performance, that he was also a philosopher of the most penetrating kind, who eyed all the works of nature, and that with an observation so keen and curious, as to enable him to imitate, with the most perfect truth, her operations and phenomena. His invention consists in the fine management and union of detached pieces of canvas, all tending to the display of one subject. As a common painting expresses its subject in one point of view, and moment of time; his canvas, by means of this happy connection of detached pieces, shew the most beautiful transitions, and copy the gradual workings of nature in her most important scenes. The pictures have been described in the periodical prints; all but those which he has lately introduced, and which, therefore, we shall shortly describe.

The first scene represents a sea port in Italy; from the sky, we find it is a night scene; but in a few minutes, the dawn appears, and the sun beams slope upwards from that point of the horizon, where the sky and sea seem blended. The increasing light shows the port and shipping more plain; but at the same time, displays one of those thick fogs, frequent at the rising of the summer sun. As the sun rises, the parts of the picture are more and more enlightened, till at last the sun gains the meridian.

The second scene displays the great cataract of Niagara, in North America. From the top of the fall the river is beheld diminishing to an inconceivable distance; the cataract tumbles down with several obstructions, over all which it rolls, and is met near the bottom by the spungy foam it raises; whilst on the right hand, a torrent bursts, with rushing noise, and joins the foam beneath.

The third picture is a perfect contrast to the first. In that the progression was from darkness to light; in this, it is from light to darkness. That displayed the rising, this, the setting sun. The scene is taken from the low land, between the town and castle of Dover. The setting sun shines watry through the blue, and in its decline,

borders the lower parts of the clouds with red, and casts a glow on the old walls of the castle. As it descends farther, the colour of that glow changes, and the superior clouds, that were white before, are now all illumined and skirted with a brilliant purple. This twilight gradually recedes, and leaves the whole landscape one blue and grave scene of evening.

The fourth scene is as admirable in its kind. The whole heavens are dark, but from the top of a light tower, a beacon of naked fire casts its reflection on the rolling waves and faintly shews a rocky coast; at length, a pale light silvers the fleecy clouds, and begins to play upon the curling billows. The dashing of the surges on the rocks is distinctly heard, as are the gusts of wind that ruffle the surface of the water. Light is perceived to increase, and the moon rises. The humid clouds flow round and beneath her, and the contrasted lights of the fire and the moon, rival each other in their pleasing effects. A third light is introduced: a water spout rises from the sea, pierces the air, and joins the clouds, casting its bright blue reflection, whilst the continual suction and ascent of the waters, is seen within this translucent phenomenon. The moon at last triumphs over the other lights, and takes general possession of the scene.

The fifth scene closes the grand climax. It borrows not its light from the rising or setting sun, nor derives its splendor from the moon. It is a sight, which only the genius of Louthembourg could reach.

It is a view of the Miltonic Hell, clothed in all its terrors. The artist hath given shape and body to the imaginations of the immortal bard, and presents to the wrapt and astonished sense, the fiery lake bounded by burning hills. He follows closely the description of the poet. Belzebub and Moloch, rise from the horrid lake, and Pandemonium appears gradually to rise, illumined with all the grandeur bestowed by Milton, and even with additional properties, for serpents twine around the storic pillars, and the intense red changes to a transparent white, expressing thereby the effect of fire upon metal. Thousands of Demons are then seen to rise, and the whole brightens into a scene of magnificent horror. The lightning exhibits all the varied and vivid flashes of the natural phenomenon, and the thunder includes every vibration of air, and shock of element which is often in its prototype, strikes.

strikes terror and admiration on the mind.

Such are the pictures which this artist has introduced for the purpose of displaying the efficacy of his moving canvases in the representation of nature. These reigns a harmony in all the movements which completes the deception—There is no harsh, irregular, or hasty transition—the progressions are uniform, and have the slowness and constancy of the operations which they imitate.

# ANECDOTES OF MR. DE LOUTHERBOURG.

Philip James de Louthembourg, was born in the city of Strasbourg, the capital of Alsace, in the circle of the Upper Rhine, in the year 1740. His family was originally of Poland, where his ancestors had been ennobled by king Sigismund, whose letters of nobility bear date at Warsaw, A. D. 1564; but when the Protestant Reformation began to spread in that kingdom, about the year 1537, one branch of the family dissented from the church of Rome, and retired, to avoid impending persecution, into Switzerland, where it continued, till Mr. de Louthembourg's father, being appointed principal painter to the Prince of Hanaw Darmstadt, he removed to Strasbourg.

As Mr. de Louthembourg's father was a painter of eminence (having been a disciple of Largillier, the celebrated portrait-painter) it was natural to suppose he would have brought up his son to that profession, however that was not the case, his parents were divided in their destination of their child's future occupation. The one, designed he should be an engineer, and the other insisted on his being bred a Lutheran minister. The difference of the two professions, was, indeed very great, but till that should be decided, it was resolved he should receive an education that should fit him for either. For this purpose he was entered into the university of Strasbourg; where he studied mathematics to qualify him for an engineer, and philosophy, languages, and theology to enable him to take orders.

It is frequently seen that the intentions of parents for the establishment of their children, are frustrated, especially when the inclinations of the child are not consulted. So was it in the case of young Philip. His genius led him to painting, and though he had made a rapid progress in mathematics and theology, particularly in the deepest and most abstruse points of

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mystics, yet he snatched every opportunity to prosecute his favourite study; and as he was strongly attached to chemistry, he found, by following the principles of nature, a method of preparing and blending his colours, unknown to other artists, by which they were rendered more vivid and durable, as one component part did not destroy the effect of the other. Thus qualified by genius, learning and industry, he quitted Strasbourg, and went to Paris, where he became a disciple of the great Carlo Vanloo.

Mr. de Louthembourg, by keeping an attentive eye on nature, soon rose to excellence. He struck out a new manner peculiar to himself, for he scorned to be a servile imitator of the manner of any master however excellent. He adopted the beauties of Vanloo without copying his defects. His outline became free, his drawing correct, and his colouring rich. In a word he gained the height of eminence so early in life, that the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, broke through a fundamental law, in his favour, by electing him an academician in the year 1762, at the age of twenty-two, when that law forbade any one from being a member, till turned of thirty. Indeed he anticipated age by merit, and though younger in years than the *letter* of the law prescribed, he was more mature in art, than the *spirit* of it required, and he now stands the twenty-eighth in seniority of the fifty-nine academicians: and five years after (A. D. 1767) he was admitted a member of the Academy of Marcellis.

But although Mr. de Louthembourg had attained to a celebrity, which few, if any, have acquired at his years, he had too much good sense to imagine he had gained the summit of perfection. He quitted Paris, and visited those parts of Germany, Switzerland and Italy, where he could observe the most perfect works of art, or the most picturesque views of nature. He did not confine his pencil to portraits, landscapes, battles, still life, or sea pieces, but excelled in each, so as to dispute the palm with those artists who have been deservedly eminent in either particular line. In all those pursuits he followed nature alone, who in return for the homage he paid to her, crowned him with her choicest graces.

About the year 1771, he came to England, where his fame had arrived. He was soon particularly distinguished by Mr. Garrick, who engaged him as a superintendent of the scenery and machinery at the Theatre.

B b

Theatre

Theatre Royal in Drury Lane; which office he constantly executed in such a stile and manner, as to almost realize fancy, and add to the illusion of the drama. His other works, seen in the several exhibitions, and in the cabinets of royalty and nobility, have stamped his merit with a currency that can never fail. Yet though all applauded, Mr. de Louthembourg was not satisfied himself. He resolved to add motion to resemblance. He knew that the most exquisite painting represented only one moment of time of action, and though we might justly admire the representation of the foaming surge, the rolling ship, the gliding water, or the running steed; yet however well the action was depicted, the heightened look soon perceived the object to be at rest, and the deception lasted no longer than the first glance. He therefore planned a series of moving pictures, which should unite the painter and the mechanic; by giving natural motion to accurate resemblance. These were first exhibited last year under the appellation of *Eidophusicon*, or a *Representation of Nature*. Every person of taste in this metropolis beheld it with admiration. The moving pictures in the panopticon, and sundry other pieces of clock-work; the transparencies of the stage; the Italian and Chinese shadows, had all pleased in their times, but when Mr. de Louthembourg's works were seen, all which had preceded them were deemed as chaotic assemblages of warring elements, which his creative genius first reduced to lucid order.

As it required some time between each scene at the Eidophusicon to remove the machinery; and substitute the change;

that time, though short, seemed tedious to the audience. Mr. de Louthembourg, therefore, found it necessary to fill up that vacuity, which he did by introducing vocal and instrumental music between the scenes. Thus every moment had its amusement, and the public were satisfied.—But—O wonderful to relate! This very addition rendered Mr. de Louthembourg obnoxious to some certain magistrates; whose conduct on that occasion we suppress out of tenderness to them. A hearing on this subject came on in the Westminster Guildhall, where, other magistrates, who scorned to use the power an almost obsolete statute had given them over what was never foreseen when that law was made, refused to make the commission of the peace, a declaration of war against the fine arts, and a license was granted.

On the 10th of November last, his Majesty, who had been frequent witness of Mr. de Louthembourg's excellence, honoured him with a diploma, constituting him one of the royal Academy of Arts. He was admitted an academician accordingly, and elected one of the council, and a visitor.

The public character of Mr. de Louthembourg is already fully established, but it will still bear an addition with those who know, that he is as amiable in private life. That though of acknowledged eminence as an artist, he is far from being opiniated; but outwardly free from that arrogance which too often accompanies superior talents: he is strictly just in his dealing, and agreeable in his conversation. So that in him we find happily blended the scholar, the artist, and the gentleman.

## THE HISTORY OF KITTY WELLS,

### A TRUE STORY,

(Continued from page 93, and concluded.)

HE made up to her, without the embarrassment of ceremony, and with that familiar expression in his countenance which was calculated to reconcile her to the impudence of his intrusion.—“Pray, my dear (says he) will you give me leave to conduct you to the end of your journey?” There are moments in which the heart is easily beset. Let the reader imagine the situation of the forlorn and simple girl. She was in a state of mind favourable to surprise, and alas! but too favourable to the deluges of gallantry. She

turned to the young fellow, on this address, and in the pure ingenuousness of distress, burst into tears. “Heavens! my good girl, (says the gentleman) what ails you? Are you unhappy, and can I be of service to you?” Kitty told him, with much discomposure, that she had not a friend in the world, and hardly an acquaintance,—that she was in search of a father whom she had not seen for many years,—and of whose existence she was ignorant,—and that she was going to Eltham and did not know a spot of the way.

—This

—This account of herself, so singular and pathetic, at once roused his suspicions, his curiosity, and his feelings. He knew the town well enough to be on his guard against the lures of the hacknied, and he was aware that artifice might be dignified with the semblance of simplicity. At the same time he was anxious to discover the truth of what he told him, from an earnest desire to assist her if the sorrow was real; for he mixed benevolence with gallantry; and though he was heartily disposed to debase her if innocent, he was as well inclined to protect her if friendless. He soothed her with the most endearing condescensions, and intreated her to step in somewhere, that he might be able to inquire if the coaches for Eltham were gone out, or that he might provide for her in some way or another. She made no hesitation, and he carried her into the Rummer tavern, one of those convenient houses where intrigues, in whatever place they may be begun, are generally concluded. He called for a bottle of wine, and heard from Kitty the particulars of her story, as we have related them. The romantic fate of her mother—and the very lamentable situation of the girl herself, made him take a peculiar interest in her affairs. He determined with glowing and honest generosity, to shield her from all the difficulties to which she was exposed: But while he was thus to guard her from others, he made a reservation in favour of himself. He no longer doubted her sincerity. Nature was in her face; she had testimonies of truth in her features and behaviour which could not be feigned, and which he could not mistake. But this was not enough to deter him from an attempt on her virtue. He was the slave of passion. His habits had given such an ascendancy to his desires over reason, morality, and honour, that he was constantly in the pursuit of objects of intrigue; and a mind not by nature vicious, was rendered so by indulgence. He attacked her with all the violence of ungovernable appetite. He promised her immense sums—threw his purse upon the table—and used every art that desire or gallantry could invent to procure her compliance:—But Kitty resisted him with the native dignity of innocence. She broke from his arms—reproached him with the baseness of insulting an unprotected woman, whom misfortune and not error had put into his power; and overwhelmed with grief and fatigue, she burst into a flood of tears. The hurry of her spirits increased the invitation of her looks.

The blooming health that flushed in her cheeks received a deeper tincture: and the blood which seemed to be too copious for its channels, was warmed into a more rapid course. The gentleman was agonized with passion, but he was checked by the commanding influence of modesty. He then endeavoured to calm her tumults—he spoke to her with the most gentle and compassionate tone—and assured her that he would not dare to offend her more. She was hushed into confidence, and for a few minutes they conversed on the means of her going down to Eltham that night. The waiter was sent to know if there was any coach to go that road; he returned and informed them, that none would go before eight o'clock the next morning. This disappointment threw poor Kitty into the most excruciating state of mind: He seized on this circumstance as a new ground of hope; and under the tyranny of his erratic passion, he again importuned her to make him happy. She now started up, and in her simple but honest resentment of his behaviour, pulled out of her pocket her whole treasure—a few, very few remaining shillings, a nutmeg grater, and a thimble: From this she took and threw a shilling on the table to pay her share of the reckoning, “that she might not (she said) be under the smallest obligation to such a villain.” He could not avoid smiling at her simplicity; but it concluded his prospects, and his hopes of seduction were now converted into the most fervent wishes to protect her. He again with much difficulty, and many asseverations, reconciled her to her seat; and he procured her promise that she would take up her abode for that night in the tavern where they were, and in the care of the landlady, to whom he would speak, and in the morning he would take a ride with her down to Eltham, and assist her in the search of her father. If they failed, he promised her upon his honour, that he would provide for and protect her till they could look out for a genteel service, and he would not harbour the most distant intention against her. With these assurances she appeared to be satisfied. It was now between three and four o'clock. It was the first day of the meeting of parliament, and he was a member of the lower house. This gay, unprincipled rake, was a man to whom a part of the constituent body of the nation trusted their rights, and with all this foible or vice in his nature, he was a valuable because an independent representative. He promised to return by eight in the evening, and after

giving orders to the house to supply her with whatever she might want, and in-treating her to compose herself and remain in the confidence of his protection, he left her. The poor unfortunate girl having had the experience of his un-governable temper, and justly fearing that he might renew his outrages when he had her again in his power, flew from the house on the instant of his departure. With a sorrowful heart she walked along the Strand, and down Fleet-street; at the bottom of which she was perfectly bewil-dered, and stood crying in the middle of the street: She was however directed across Blackfriars bridge; but by the time that she had wandered up as far as the obelisk it was dark—a very heavy shower came on, and she was wetted to the skin. She asked her way at the turnpike, to Eit-ham. The people were struck with her misfortunes; and an old man after ex-amin-ing her very closely, procured her a lodg-ing for the night at the house of a washerwoman in the neighbourhood. The gentleman who had left her in the Bagnio returned according to his promise at eight o'clock, and on being told by the waiter that she had left the house immediately after him, flew into a vehement passion, and swore that they wished to secrete her. In truth he believed so, and with all his debauchery he was exceedingly anxious to save her from their mischievous designs.

He searched the whole house, and was only convinced from their patience while he did this, that the girl had gone away. The next morning he rode down to Eit-ham, and just as he was turning into the village he came up with Kitty, who had set off on foot at a very early hour, and had made her way to the place without any further accident. The meeting occa-sioned considerable apprehension on the part of Kitty, but he dispelled her fears by the openness and respect of his beha-viour. The whole day was spent in seek-ing for her father, whose obscurity eluded their search, and it was by mere good for-tune that he traced him at last to a mis-erable hedge alehouse, drinking his pint of beer with some of his fellow-labourers. The father and daughter met one another with an honest joy, and the young fel-low who but the day before did every thing in his power to ruin her peace of mind, now felt the most exquisite sen-sations on her recovery of a natural guar-dian, and he took the most generous in-terest in her welfare. He forced upon the father a twenty pound bank note, with which he might provide comfortably for Kitty's maintenance; and within a fort-night he procured her a service in the fam-ily of a most amiable aunt, to whom he communicated the story, and where Kitty now resides;

P.

#### For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A short Account of the Origin, Progress and present State of the Unitas Fratrum, or United Brethren, usually denominated Moravians,—interspersed with Anecdotes of their most celebrated preachers.—Being the second of a series of Essays on the religious Sects and Societies of the Metropolis.

**I**F the limits of this publication would admit of a full history of the Moravian brethren, the materials we are possessed of would enable us to lay before our readers a most curious narrative of missions and persecutions; but these are so num-erous and extensive that we must content ourselves with mentioning a very few of them.

One reason for placing the Moravians in the present order is, the intimate con-nection they have had on various occa-sions with the Methodists, of whom we spoke in the last number.

The society, which is the object of our present attention, was formed about the year 1453, by some respectable citizens of Prague, united with several of the gay and learned men of that and other

places. They set themselves up as ene-mies to superfluous ceremony, and friends to the ancient and pure worship of the church. They refused the holy Com-munion to such as had not been properly prepared to receive it. They were cen-sured by the consistory for these proceed-ings and forbid to preach or administer the sacrament. In this predicament they were advised to improve themselves ac-cording to their consciences in a private manner, which they adopted. *Rokysan* who had, at first, countenanced their con-duct, being elected king of Bohemia, conceived himself in consequence thereof bound by his coronation oath to persecute them as Heretics. They suffered im-prisonment, racks, and tortures, with an uncommon fortitude and patience, re-solving

solving to make no resistance, but by prayer and reasonable remonstrances. An order was issued to drive them from the country, and oblige them to seek shelter in woods and mountains, where they set about the choice of ministers and formation of their church. In this situation they continued under various fortune: They negotiated with the Lutheran reformers and their successors; and soon spread themselves in Russia and Poland: but persecution again reviving they were dispersed in the year 1627. Such is the imperfect outline of what they style their ancient history.—We shall now proceed to give a brief sketch of their more modern fate and transactions.

About the year 1701 this sect began to appear again; and proceeding by slow degrees, at the instance of Christian David, a carpenter, much respected among them, emigrated from Moravia in 1722, and went to Hutterberg, a place presented them by their celebrated patron Count Zinzendorf. The father of this nobleman had before left Austria on account of his religion; and the son, who seemed to inherit his spirit, resolved, so early as his tenth year, to take upon him the sacred function; but was prevented as yet from pursuing his inclination. The sanction of this nobleman, and the decline of persecution in consequence of the increase of knowledge, contributed to render the situation and fortune of the modern Moravians more favorable than that of the ancient. Their numbers augmented, and they agreed to statutes for the regulation of their doctrines and moral conduct. The various negotiations that took place between this people and different courts, churches, and divines; as well as their several embassies, missions, and commissions, are too numerous to be stated in this place; we shall therefore proceed to shew how they came acquainted with this country. In our last number the voyages of Mr. Wesley, and Mr. Whitfield, to America, for the purpose of giving religious instruction to the unenlightened Indians were mentioned. Here too the Moravians had sent missionaries with the same views. The similarity of their avocations produced intimacy and friendship. Each party asserted the insufficiency of man's own endeavours, and that the true evangelical foundation, and only way of salvation, was through the merits and sufferings of the Saviour. For a time they assisted each other in the sacred office, and the brethren at the instance of the Methodists

visited England: but Mr. Wesley differing with them on a point of discipline, and their refusal of Mr. Whitfield's doctrine of reprobation, occasioned them to form separate societies. Their preaching in Yorkshire, in Scotland, at London, and various parts of England, was countenanced and found profitable by many respectable characters of serious dispositions. The Methodists being at first viewed as disturbers of the church, the Moravians took pains to shew that they were not of that sect. Much opposition was however made to them, and many accusations laid at their door: but by judicious defences, good manners, and sober conversation, the more liberal and informed part of the people were brought over to their side; and acts of parliament were made to excuse them from taking oaths and bearing arms in America and Great-Britain. They now pursued their worship at their chapels in White's-Alley and Fetter-Lane with great success; and have continued to do so without interruption or complaint.

This society being of a reclusive nature in many respects, has occasioned a variety of suspicions that have ripened in weak minds to a conviction of error and criminality. Their love of privacy has been attributed to a traitorous, and immoral disposition. Each of these charges has been sufficiently refuted; but the latter has left the firmer impression, owing to the warmth and extravagance of fancy peculiar to some of their former preachers and writers, whose expressions amounted to grossness and indecency. These practices have latterly been reprobated, and a more suitable style adopted. They are now joined by many respectable characters, and heard with pleasure by persons of different opinions. Those that enjoy their acquaintance, or live in their neighbourhood, represent them as a very peaceable and friendly people.—Of their present preachers we have but little knowledge. We have heard with considerable satisfaction, a Mr. LaTrobe, who performs the duty on Sunday mornings at the meeting in Fetter-Lane. His prayers and discourses are delivered extempore; his voice is powerful and attractive; his thoughts manly, pious, and moderate; and his language nervous, polished, and eloquent. To these requisites he adds affability of manners, and an unimpeached character; virtues which, by the force of example, are eminently transfused among his followers.

As a proof of their humanity and prudence we mention the establishment of what they emphatically call Oeconomy-Houses, at their different settlements, for

instructing the ignorant in religious truths, for the information and protection of youth and innocence, and particularly for the preservation of female virtue.

#### Description of the famous SALT MINES at WILLISKA, in POLAND.

THERE are mines of salt in Hungary, Catalonia, and many other parts of Europe, but the greatest in the world is that at Williska in Poland, from which a great part of the continent is supplied. Williska is a small town not far from Cracon, and the mine has been worked ever since the year 1551, when it was accidentally found in digging for a well. There are eight openings or descents into this mine, six in the field, and two in the town itself, which are most used for letting down the workmen, and taking up the salt; the others being mostly used for letting in wood and other necessaries.

The openings are five square, and about four feet wide; they are lined throughout with timber, and at the top of each there is a large wheel with a rope as thick as a cable, by which things are let down and drawn up: it is worked by a horse. When a stranger has the curiosity to see these works, he must descend by one of these holes; he is first to put on a miner's coat over his cloaths, and then being led to the mouth of the hole by a miner, who serves for a guide, the miner fastens a smaller rope to the large one, and ties it about himself, he sits in this, and taking the stranger in his lap, he gives the sign to be let down. When several go down together, the custom is, that when the first is let down about three yards, the wheel stops, and another miner takes another rope, ties himself, takes another in his lap, and descends about three yards further; the wheel then stops for another pair, and so on till the whole company are seated, then the wheel is again worked, and the whole string of adventurers are let down together. It is no uncommon thing for forty people to go down in this manner. When the wheel is finally set a-going it never stops till they are all down; but the descent is very slow and gradual, and it is a very uncomfortable time, while they all recollect that their lives depend upon the goodness of the rope. They are carried down a narrow and dark well to the depth of six hundred feet perpendicular, this is in reality an immense depth, but the terror and tediousness of the descent makes it appear to most people vastly more than it is. As soon as the first miner touches

the ground at the bottom, he slips out of the rope and sets his companion upon his legs, and the rope continues descending till all the rest do the same.

The place where they are set down here is perfectly dark, but the miners strike fire and light a small lamp, by means of which (each taking the stranger he has care of by the arm) they lead them through a number of strange passages and meanders, all descending lower and lower, till they come to certain ladders by which they descend an immense depth, and this through passages perfectly dark. The damp, cold, and darkness of these places, and the horror of being so many yards under ground, generally makes strangers heartily repent before they get thither; but when at bottom they are well rewarded for their pains, by a sight that could never have been expected after so much horror.

At the bottom of the last ladder the stranger is received in a small dark cavern, walled up perfectly close on all sides. To increase the terror of the scene, it is usual for the guide to pretend the utmost terror on the apprehension of his lamp going out, declaring they must perish in the mazes of the mine if it did. When arrived in this dreary chamber, he puts out his light, as if by accident, and after much cant catches the stranger by the hand and drags him through a narrow creek into the body of the mine, when there bursts at once upon his view, a world, the lustre of which is scarce to be imagined. It is a spacious plain, containing a whole people, a kind of subterraneous republic, with houses, carriages, roads, &c. This is wholly scooped out of one vast bed of salt, which is all a hard rock, as bright and glittering as crystal, and the whole space before him is formed of lofty arched vaults, supported by columns of salt, and roofed and floored with the same, so that the columns and indeed the whole fabric, seems composed of the purest crystal.

They have many public lights in this place continually burning for the general use, and the blaze of those reflected from every part of the mine, gives a more glittering prospect than any thing above ground can possibly exhibit. Were this

the whole beauty of the spot it were sufficient to attract our wonder; but this is but a small part. The salt (though generally clear and bright as crystal) is in some places tinged with all the colours of precious stones, as blue, yellow, purple, and green; there are numerous columns wholly composed of these kinds, and they look like masses of rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and sapphires, darting a radiance which the eye can hardly bear, and which has given many people occasion to compare it to the supposed magnificence of heaven.

Besides the variety of forms of these vaults, tables, arches, and columns, which are formed as they dig out the salt for the purpose of keeping up the roof, there are vast variety of others, grotesque and finely figured, the work of nature, and these are generally of the purest and brightest salt.

The roofs of the arches are in many places full of salt, hanging pendant from the top in the form of icicles, and having all the hues and colours of the rainbow; the walks are covered with various congelations of the same kind, and the very floors, when not too much trodden and battered, are covered with globules of the same sort of beautiful materials.

In various parts of this spacious plain stand the huts of the miners and families, some standing single and others in clusters like villages. They have very little communication with the world above ground, and many hundreds of people are born and live all their lives here.

Through the midst of this plain lies the great road to the mouth of the mine. This road is always filled with carriages loaded with masses of salt out of the farther part of the mine, and carrying them

to the place where the rope belonging to the wheel receives them: the drivers of these carriages are all merry and singing, and the salt looks like a load of gems. The horses kept here are a very great number, and when once let down, they never see the day-light again; but some of the men take frequent occasions of going up and breathing the fresh air. The instruments principally used by the miners are pick-axes, hammers, and chisels; with these they dig out the salt in forms of huge cylinders, each of many hundred-weight. This is found the most convenient method of getting them out of the mine, and as soon as got above ground, they are broken into smaller pieces, and sent to the mills, where they are ground to powder. The finest sort of the salt is frequently cut into tows, and often passes for real crystal. This hard kind makes a great part of the floor of the mine, and what is most surprising of all in the whole place is, that there runs constantly over this, and through a large part of the mine, a spring of fresh water, sufficient to supply the inhabitants and their horses, so that they need not have any from above ground. The horses usually grow blind after they have been some little time in the mine, but they do as well for service afterwards as before. After admiring the wonders of this amazing place, it is no very comfortable remembrance to the stranger, that he is to go back again through the same dismal way he came, and indeed the journey is not much better than the prospect; the only means of getting up is by the rope, and little more ceremony is used in the journey than in the drawing up of a piece of salt.

#### Description of the Island of St. Christophers.

*(With a correct whole sheet Map.)*

THE importance of the island was acknowledged by the most indifferent member of the community when it was lately attacked, and in danger of being ravished from our hands. The very signal service performed to their country by the fleet under the command of Sir Samuel Hood, in rescuing this island from the invading enemy, has induced us at the request of many of our friends, to insert the annexed map of the island, which will considerably tend to illustrate the Gazette account of the operations of the English and French squadrons, which our readers will find in the chronicle of the present

St. Christophers or St. Kitts, is the principal of the Caribbees, which gave birth to all the English and French colonies in America. Both nations arrived there on the same day in 1625. They shared the island between them, signed a perpetual neutrality, and entered into a mutual engagement to assist each other against their common enemy the Spaniards, who for a century past had invaded or disturbed the two hemispheres. But jealousy soon divided those whom interest had united. The French grew envious of the prosperous labours of the English; who, on their side, could not patiently bear that an idle neighbour, whose only employment was

hunting



hunting and gallantry, should be trying to rob them of their wives. This reciprocal uneasiness soon created quarrels, war, and devastations, though neither of the parties aimed at conquest. These were only domestic animosities, in which governments took no part. Concerns of greater importance having kindled a war between the two mother-countries in 1666, St. Christophers became a scene of carnage for half a century. The weaker being compelled to evacuate the colony, soon entered it again with a reinforcement, both to revenge their defeat, and to repair their losses. This long contest, in which both parties alternately had the advantage, was terminated by the total expulsion of the French in 1702; and the peace of Utrecht cut off all their hopes of ever returning thither.

This was no great sacrifice at that time, for a people who had never exerted themselves otherwise in that colony, than in hunting and carrying on war. Their population amounted but to 667 white people of all ages and both sexes; 29 free blacks, and 653 slaves. All their herds consisted only of 265 head of horned cattle, and 157 horses. They cultivated nothing but a little cotton and indigo, and had but one single sugar plantation.

Though the English had for a long time made a greater advantage of this island, yet they did not immediately reap all the benefit they might have done from having the sole possession of it.

This conquest was for a long time a prey to rapacious governors, who sold the lands for their own profit, or gave them away to their creatures; though they could warrant the duration of the sale, or grant, only during the term of their administration. The parliament of England at length remedied this evil, by ordering, that all lands should be put up to auction, and the purchase-money paid into the public coffers. After this prudent regulation, the new plantations were as well cultivated as the old ones.

The whole of the island may be about fourteen leagues in circuit, its length being about five, and the breadth one league and a half, except towards the south, where it is narrowed into an isthmus, which joins it to a head land about one league long, and half a league broad. It contains in the whole about sixty-eight square miles. The centre of the island is taken up by a great number of high and barren mountains, intersected by rocky precipices almost impassable: In many places of which issue hot springs. Mount

Misery, which seems to be a decayed Volcano, whose head is in the clouds, is the highest of all these mountains; its perpendicular height being 3211 feet.—At a little distance it bears the resemblance of a man carrying another on his back. The assemblage of these mountains makes St. Kitts appear to those who approach by sea, like one huge mountain covered with wood, but they find as they come near that the coast grows easier. Agreeable, neat, and commodious habitations, adorned with avenues, fountains, and groves, are dispersed over the plains. The taste for rural life, which the English have retained more than any other civilized nation in Europe, prevails in the highest degree at St. Christophers. They never had the least occasion to form themselves into small societies in order to pass away the time; and if the French had not left there a small town, where their manners are preserved, they would still be unacquainted with that kind of social life, which is productive of more altercations than pleasures; which is kept up by gallantry, and terminates in debauchery, which begins with convivial joys, and ends in the quarrels of gaming. Instead of this image of union, which is in fact, only a beginning of discord, the English planters live by themselves, but live happy; their soul and countenance as serene as the clear sky, under which they breathe a pure and wholesome air. In the midst of their plantations, and surrounded with their slaves, whom they certainly govern with paternal tenderness, since they inspire them with generous, and sometimes heroic sentiments.

It is unluckily subject to hurricanes as well as earthquakes. In August 1772 they experienced a most dreadful storm, which did immense damage; but the violence of the late hurricane did not extend to them.

They have two considerable towns in the island, the principal of which is Basseterre, formerly the capital of the French part. The other is called Sandy Point, and always belonged to the English.

Calculators differ very much in their accounts of the population of this island; some make the whole number of its inhabitants only amount to 7000 whites, and 20,000 blacks; others make them 10,000 whites, and 30,000 blacks; however it is certain, that it is one of the islands belonging to the English, where there is the least disproportion between the masters and slaves. In 1770 the exportations of this island amounted to above 449,000*l.* sterling, in sugar, molasses, and rum, and near 800*l.* for cotton.

THE  
LONDON REVIEW,  
AND  
LITERARY JOURNAL.

*Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.*

*Disquisitions on several Subjects.* London. Doddsley, 18mo. 3s.

OF these Disquisitions some are metaphysical; others moral and political. The metaphysical, are those on the chain of universal being: on the nature of time; on the analogy between things material and intellectual; and on rational christianity. That on *the nature of time* appears to us to be the most ingenious of these, and the most interesting. The author proves, beyond all doubt to a philosophical mind that TIME is absolutely nothing, and merely a shadow or phantom created by our own imaginations, which cannot view the scene in which we act a part, with one glance of our eye; but in succession, the only source of our idea of time, and as through a *camera obscura*. Hence are deduced, many important consequences relative to the duration of pain, and animal life; some of which explain, in the author's opinion, and vindicate the ways of God to men, as revealed in the sacred scriptures. Having proved that time is merely a notion, derived from the succession of ideas, the Author from his reasoning, draws the following conclusions.

1st. If time be no more than the succession of ideas and actions, however these may be accelerated or retarded, time will be just the same; that is, neither longer or shorter, provided the same ideas and actions succeed one another, as far, I mean, as it relates to beings so thinking and acting. For instance, were the earth and the celestial bodies, to perform the same revolutions in one day, which they now perform in a whole year, and were all the ideas, actions, and lives of mankind hastened on in the same proportion, the period of our lives would not be in the least

shortened; but that day would be exactly equal to the present year; if in the space of seventy or eighty of these days a man was born, educated, and grown up, had exercised a profession, had seen his children come to maturity, his grand-children succeed them, and, during this period had had all his ideas and actions, all his enjoyments and sufferings, accelerated in the same proportion, he would not only seem to himself, and to all who lived in the same state with him, and measured time by the same standard, to have lived as long, but actually and in fact would have lived as long as one who resides on this globe as great a number of our present years.

2dly. This being the case, it follows, that the life of every man must be longer or shorter, in proportion to the number of his thoughts and actions: for was it possible for a man to think and act as much in an hour as in a year, that hour, as far as it related to him, would not only seem, but actually become a year. On the other hand, was it possible for a man totally to abstain from thinking and acting for an hour, or a year, time, with regard to him, for that period, would have no existence; or, could he keep one idea fixed in his mind, and continue one single act during the same space, time, which is a succession only of ideas and actions, must be equally annihilated: whether these ideas and actions are exercised on great or little occasions, whether they are productive of pleasing or painful sensations with regard to this purpose, their effects will be the same: neither their importance or consequences will add any thing to time, but their numbers and clarity most undoubtedly

edly will. Our lives therefore, when diversified with a variety of objects, and busied in a multiplicity of pursuits, though perhaps less happy, will certainly be longer, than when doled away in sloth, inactivity, and apathy.

"3dly. From hence it is evident that we can form no judgment of the duration of the lives, enjoyments, and sufferings of other animals, with the progression of whose ideas we are totally unacquainted, and who may be framed in that respect, as well as in many others, so widely differently from ourselves. The gaudy butterfly that flutters in the sunshine but for a few months, may live as long as the stupid tortoise, that breathes for a century; the insect that survives not one diurnal revolution of the sun, may, for any thing we know, enjoy an age of happiness; and the miserable horse that appears to suffer the drudgery of ten or twenty years, may finish his laborious task in as many months, days, or hours.

"4thly. For the like reasons we can judge but very imperfectly of what are real evils in the universal system, whilst we remain in this temporal state of existence, in which all things are exhibited to us by scraps, one after the other: for these detached portions, which viewed separately, seem but misshapen blotches, may to beings, who in an eternal state, see past, present, and future, all delineated on one canvas, appear as well disposed shades, necessary to render perfect the whole most beautiful landscape. Nay, even pain, that taken singly, is so pungent and disagreeable a potion, when thrown into the cup of universal happiness, may perhaps add to it a flavour, which without this infusion, it could not have acquired.

"5thly. If time has itself no existence, it can never put an end to the existence of any thing else; and this seems no inconclusive argument for the immortality of the soul: for if any thing is, and no cause appears to us why it should cease to be, we can have no good reason to believe, that it will not continue. Whatever has no connection with time must be eternal. Now the only property of the soul which we are acquainted, is thought, which bears no relation to time; whence it is reasonable to suppose, that the soul itself is equally unconnected with it, and consequently eternal. Even in material beings we see continual mutations, but can perceive no symptoms of annihilation; and therefore we have surely less cause to suspect it in immaterial: from whence I am inclined to think, that the

essences of all things eternal, that is, unrelative to time, and that it is only our manner of perceiving them, that causes them to appear temporal to us; past, present, and future, being not inherent in their natures, but only in our progressive mode of perception.

"6thly. From what has been said, we may perceive into what amazing absurdities many of our ablest divines and metaphysicians have plunged, in their investigations of eternity, for making which their receipt is usually this: they take of time a sufficient quantity, and chopping it in small pieces, they dispose them in imaginary lengths, which they distinguish by the names of minutes, hours, days, years, and ages: then feeling in their own minds a power of multiplying these as often as they think fit, they heap millions upon millions; and finding this power to be a machine, that may be worked backwards and forwards with equal facility, they extend their line both ways, and so then eternity is completed and fit for use; they then divide it in the middle, and out of single eternity they make two, as they term them, *a parte ante* and *a parte post*; each of which having one end, may be drawn out like a juggler's ribband, as long as they please. The contradictions so manifest in this system sufficiently declares its falshood; for in adopting it we must acknowledge, that each half of this eternity is equal to the whole; that in each the number of the days cannot exceed that of the months, be more numerous than the years, they being all alike infinite; that whether it commenced yesterday, or ten thousand years since, the length of its duration must be the same; for the length depends not on the beginning, but on the end, but that cannot be different where there is no end at all: The absurdity of all these propositions is too glaring to stand in need of any refutation; for it is evident, that whatever contains parts, length, or numbers, can never be infinite; whatever had a beginning must have an end, because beginning and ending are the modes of temporary existence; what has no end could have no beginning, because both are equally inconsistent with eternity. In truth, all these absurdities arise from applying to eternity our ideas of time, which, being two modes of existence intirely different, bear not the least relation to each other: time is in its nature finite and successive; eternity infinite and instantaneous; and therefore their properties are no more applicable to each other than those of sounds; and we can no

more

more form eternity out of time, than by mixing red, blue, and green, we can compose an anthem or an opera.

Fourthly. From hence appears the necessity in our considerations on these subjects, of keeping our ideas of these two modes of existence intirely and constantly distinct, as they themselves are in nature; by which means we shall presently sweep away many of these theological and metaphysical cobwebs, which now incumber and discharge our most learned libraries; and cut short many impertinent enquiries concerning the creation of the universe, God's foreknowledge and predestination, the pre-existent and future state of souls, the injustice of eternal punishments, and the sleep of the soul; with numberless others of the same kind, all derived from injudiciously blending and confounding these two kinds of existence together, and applying notions and expressions to one which can only with propriety belong to the other."

In the disquisition on the chain of universal being, the author shews that "The divine artificer is that gradation of being that connects the world, constantly unites the highest degree, of the qualities of each inferior order, to the lowest degree of the same qualities belonging to the order next above it." Whence he infers, that this gradation must rise a great deal higher than we can trace or follow it.

The analogy between things material and intellectual is a curious subject. Perhaps matter and mind run into one another, and are subject to the same laws. Dr. Heylen, a platonic divine, has many ingenious thoughts on this subject, which is also greatly illustrated by many rays of light that shine through the crack in the *pericranium* of *Jacob Behmen*. Lord Bacon too often hints, though not directly at this subject. We shall give one instance of this from the *Argumentis Scientiarum*. Most moralists point out our duty and our obligations to fulfill it: but alas! they are very defective in teaching how we may be enabled to perform it, Lord Bacon, as might be expected from his superior genius, insists much on this topic, which he calls the georgics or agriculture of the mind: and on this subject he directs men to wear off evil habits, by giving in to their contraries, as we make straight a crooked stick by bending it backwards into a contrary inclination. This subject is by no means exhausted. It is indeed almost entire. It were to be wished that this author would go on with it. It is only such subtle and fine geniuses that are as all fit for it.

In the disquisition on rational christianity, as in his other writings, the author endeavours to exalt the human understanding to the comprehension of the sublime doctrines of the gospel, rather than to reduce those doctrines to the low standard of human reason. He endeavours to prove in the essay before us that we lived in a pre-existent state; and that this world is as it were a house of correction or a penitential house, where they are purified by discipline from evil habits and inclinations. This theory of a *metempsychosis* was early maintained by the author in an ingenious essay in the world. Now undoubtedly this theory serves to account for many mysterious steps, if we may say so, in the divine conduct, that are not otherwise easily explicable. But as this doctrine can never be believed but by very few, if by any, it is evident that this author's reasoning, however ingenious, in this as in other instances, by setting the defence of christianity on an untenable post, must injure the cause he professes to maintain. The disquisition on a pre-existent state is a ground work for that on rational christianity.

The disquisition on cruelty to inferior animals, is so intersting, and of generous a tendency, that we warmly recommend it to all for the entertainment of the humane, and the correction of the cruel.

As to the disquisitions on government and civil liberty, we have only time to say that the author is no republican; and that he thinks christianity the best religious establishment that ever existed or can exist.

N. B. These disquisitions are connected together by a chain which unites them in one whole. They naturally rise one out of another.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

The author of these disquisitions is Soame Jennings, Esq; one of the lords of trade and plantation. Amidst the din of war and the bustle of politics, a few exalted geniuses, as Mr. Harris, Mr. Sibson, Mr. Jennings, &c. have cultivated the sciences with glory to themselves, and entertainment at least to others. It is remarkable that the lords of trade are all authors; a circumstance that gave birth to a facetious digression of Mr. Burke, who in a speech in parliament considered the board of trade, in the present situation of public affairs, in the light of an academy or a seminary of learning.

It is said that Mr. Jennings in his youth, incited by that ardour of passion which usually accompanies high genius, tasted deeply of every kind of pleasure; and that he was a member of societies little restrained in their speech or actions by a regard to general opinions, however sanctified by religious establishments. The profligacy of Lord S—h and Mr. W—s, who belonged to those societies, is proverbial: but it does not appear that Mr. Jennings's integrity or honour have ever been called in question. Perhaps

the curiosity of an inquisitive mind, rather than a similarity of sentiments or manners, led him to join those nocturnal assemblies of men, who undoubtedly possessed a very considerable share of learning as well as natural capacity. This same principle of curiosity, it is said, leads Mr. Jennings to be present in disguise, at every execution at Tyburn. He is now far advanced in the vale of years, in which his philosophical turn of mind will naturally furnish at once entertainment and consolation.

*Miscellaneous Tracts. By the Rev. Arthur O'Leary. Keating. Octavo. 6s.*

THESE Tracts, containing six in number, were published separately in Ireland, in the course of the last two years. This truly pious and liberal Roman Catholic stood forward the advocate of the violated rights of his species, and himself labouring under all the restrictions of oppressive statutes, pleaded for the freedom of the human mind. He thus explains his design.

"In the course of this work I intend to make Toleration a citizen of the world instead of confining it to one kingdom or province. I am not an able, neither am I a partial advocate. I plead for the Protestant in France, and for the Jew in Lisbon, as well as for the Catholic in Ireland. In future ages, should fanaticism attempt to re-establish her destructive empire, and crying out with the frantic queen, "exoriare aliquis ex ossibus nostris," summon the furies to spring from her embers, which I attempt to disperse and deprive of their noxious heat, let this votive offering, hung up in the temple of the order of the monks of St. Patrick, announce to posterity, that in seventeen hundred and eighty-one, the liberal-minded of all denominations in Ireland, were reconciled, maugre the odious distinctions which the laws uphold; and that these very laws, enacted before we were born, but not the dispositions of the people, are the only sources of our misfortunes."

But the author does not confine himself, in these tracts, to the subject of toleration. The first is entitled "A defence of the divinity of Christ, and the immortality of the soul, in a series of letters to the author of a work, entitled *Thoughts on Nature and Religion*."—In this essay Mr. O'Leary

treats his opponent with great civility, but he argues with the dignity of truth, and the delusive allegories with which the deistical performance is charged, he entertains with pleasantry as the only answer which they merit. The fashionable philosophy of the day, which teaches that brutes are equal to the human species in every thing but shape and organs, he speaks of in the following manner.

"Since you believe them of the same nature with yourselves, why do you not arraign the cruelty of the magistrates, under whose eyes so many murders are daily committed on your brethren? For if man and the brute be of the same nature, why should brutes be killed with impunity, whilst the assassin is doomed to the gibbet? The question may seem childish, yet your refined philosophy is humbly requested to give a solid answer. Your catechism can illustrate the subject."

"THE FREETHINKER'S CATECHISM; faithfully collected from some of the most celebrated Freethinkers of this age.

Question. Who made man?

Answer. Nothing.

Q. How did he come into the world?

A. He sprung out of the earth spontaneously as a mushroom.\*

Q. The souls of men and brutes, are they of the same nature?

A. Yes.†

Q. What difference, then, is there between man and brute?

A. Man is a more multiplied animal, with hands and flexible fingers. The paws and feet of other animals are covered, at the extremities, with a horny substance; or terminate in claws and talons‡.

\* Voltaire on the population of America.

† Servetus of Cork.

‡ Helvetius, *livre de l'esprit*, p. 233.

Q. Our superiority over the brute creation, in arts, sciences, modesty, civilization, is, then, owing to our hands and fingers, not to any innate principles of reason?

A. Doubtless.

Q. But the apes, whose paws are much like ours, why have they not made the same progress?

A. Apes live on fruits; and being like children in perpetual motion, they are not susceptible of that *enqui* or wearisomeness to which we are liable\*.

Q. Is there any virtue in worshipping God, in loving our father, in serving our country, in relieving the distressed?

A. No.

Q. In what light, then, are we to consider virtue?

A. Cry out with Brutus: "O vertu, tu n'es qu'un vain nom!"—O virtue thou art but an empty sound!

"Lo the refined system introduced by these great oracles of human wisdom. If the cannibals who eat their aged parents, ever learn to read, they will find their justification in your catechism."

The second essay is entitled "Loyalty asserted, or the new test oath vindicated, and proved by the principles of the canon and civil laws, and the authority of the most eminent writers, with an inquiry into the Pope's disposing power, and the groundless claims of the Stuarts."—In this tract Mr. O'Leary, with most clear and intelligible argument, vindicates the test oath, proposed by the late act of parliament, and warmly recommends to the people of his own communion to embrace it, as the evidence of their loyalty to their king, and attachment to their country.

The third tract is "An address to the common people of the Roman Catholic religion, concerning the apprehended French invasion."—This very patriotic appeal came from the hand of Mr. O'Leary at the time when the combined fleets of France and Spain were parading on the British coast, and when it was apprehended that they would make a descent on Ireland, in the hopes of stirring the Roman Catholics against the established government. At this moment this worthy man addressed them in so pathetic a manner; in language at once so plain and persuasive, that he merits the thanks of every good citizen, whatever may be his religious opinions.

His fourth and fifth tracts are, "Re-

marks on the letter of the Reverend John Wesley, concerning the civil principles of Roman Catholics—and his defence of the Protestant Association."—Mr. Wesley in the heat of intolerance published a letter in which he brought against the Roman Catholics many severe charges, and among others that it was a principle of their religion "not to keep faith with heretics." Mr. O'Leary's observations on this letter are temperate and calm. He refutes the various charges by proofs drawn from the authorities of their church, and asserts the freedom of the Roman Catholic, in every thing which regards the civil rights of man. He denies that the Pope has authority over their consciences, or that he can impose upon them new doctrines of religion.—They acknowledge him as the first pilot to steer the vessel, but they have a compass by which he must direct his course. Any deviation from the laws of God, the rights of nature, or the faith of their fathers, would be the fatal rock on which the Pope himself would split.—This is the liberal explication of a priest; and in language thus free and manly he rescues the people of his communion from the fetters with which the ignorant and illiberal would convince us they are bound.—In these remarks he is justly severe on the violence that were committed in England and Scotland, in the year 1780, and he speaks with cheerful exultation of the harmony which reigns among the people of Ireland, and which he considers as the prelude to general toleration, and to the repeal of those oppressive statutes by which he says "our land is uncultivated, our country a desert. Our natives are forced into the service of foreign kings, storming towns, and in the very heat of slaughter, tempering Irish courage with Irish mercy." The disposition to harmony is already in the heart; and there requires nothing but the tolerating hand of the legislature, to spread its benefits over the land.

The sixth tract is an "Essay on toleration, or his plea for freedom of conscience." This is a most valuable essay. The reasoning is solid and persuasive, and the whole tenor and tendency beams with the warmest liberality and good will to man.

These are the sentiments of a Christian. How truly amiable and virtuous it is in moments of public distemper, and apprehended rage, for the disciples of Christ

\* Helvetius, livre de l'esprit, p. 3.

thus to endeavour to reconcile jarring opinions, to quiet the spirit of intolerance, and bring men to agree, whatever may be their forms of worship, in a common system of mental charity, kindness, and brotherhood.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

The Rev. Arthur O'Leary is a native of Ireland, and a regular clergyman of the Church of Rome, of the order of St. Francis. Having previously received a competent knowledge of grammar, to fit him for the more sublime studies, he departed for the Continent in the year 1747, to perfect himself in that education, which the laws had refused to him in his native country. When he had completed his studies, and taken orders, he was employed as chaplain to a regiment in the service of the prince, whose dominions had afforded him a literary asylum, but resisting the solicitations of the minister of state to engage the subjects of these realms in the service of the king his master, he thereby, not only incurred his displeasure, but endangered the forfeiture of his pension. His natural affection for his native country, and unbounded attachment to its interests, induced him to resign his chaplainship, and return to Ireland. The usual place of his residence is Cork, where, through the munificence of the more opulent sort of his communion, he has built himself a small, but decent chapel.

The fugitive pieces, of which the above is a collection, originated in the following circumstances: Some few years ago, the work was published in Cork, which bore the title of *Thoughts on nature and religion*: its author was a Scottish physician, under the signature of Michael Servetus. Mr. O'Leary perceiving that no one attempted to refute a work of so evil a tendency, applied to Dr. Man, Bishop of Cork, for permission to answer it. The Bishop, at that time unacquainted with Mr. O'Leary's person and character, naturally enquired who he was; he answered "a divine of the church of Rome, at your Lordship's service." The Bishop, after a short pause, replied, that as the clergy of the church of Rome were equally orthodox in those points, with those of the church of England, he had not only his hearty assent, but his assistance if necessary; on which Mr. O'Leary very respectfully refused, and shortly after his defence of

the divinity of Christ, and the immortality of the soul, made its appearance, to the general satisfaction of every denomination of Christians. It is said, that his antagonist felt so sensibly, as well the force of Mr. O'Leary's reasoning, as the poignancy of his wit, that it occasioned his dissolution, which happened shortly after.

When the parliament of Ireland framed a test oath for the Roman Catholics of that kingdom, many scrupulous persons of that body, as well of the clergy as laity, refused (on account of some perplex and obscure passages) to take it. Upon this Mr. O'Leary published the above vindication of the oath, in which he explained its seeming intricacies and difficulties, so much to the satisfaction of the recalcitrant Catholics, that they unanimously, and to a man cheerfully subscribed to it, as the rest of their brethren had done before. The occasion of his address to the common people of the Roman Catholics in Ireland, we have already mentioned. The causes that gave birth to his fourth and fifth pieces in this collection, are already so well known, that it is needless to make any observations upon them.

The object of the last, viz. The essay on toleration, is as we have said, to induce Christians of every denomination, to sheath the sword of religious persecution, into the scabbard of Christian charity; and to restore to man, his too long usurped right, and unalienable privilege, of freely choosing a religion for himself.

The work was published in its present form in Dublin last summer; its reputation and reception there, will best appear from the late debates in the House of Commons of Ireland, on the Roman Catholic bills, on the question whether regular clergy, or Friars should be included in participating of the privileges of the seculars\*.

"Sir Lucius O'Brian did not approve of the regulars: though his candour must acknowledge that many amongst them, have displayed great abilities. Ganganelli †, and the Rev. Dr. Arthur O'Leary, are distinguished among the Franciscans; and many great men have been produced in the Benedictine order.

Mr. Grattan said, he could not hear the name of Father O'Leary mentioned, without paying him that tribute of acknowledgement, so justly due to his merit. At the time this very man lay under the censure of the law, which in his own country

\* See a Dublin paper entitled the *Freeman's Journal*, of March 2d.

† The late Pope, Clement XIV.

made him subject to transportation or death, from religious distinctions. At a time when a prince of his own religion, threatened this country with an invasion, this respectable character took up his pen unsolicited, and without a motive, but that of real patriotism, to urge his own communion to a disposition for peace, and to support the law which sentenced him to transportation. A man of learning, a philosopher, a Franciscan, did the most eminent service to his country; in the time of its greatest danger. He brought out a publication, that would do honour to the most celebrated name. The whole kingdom must bear witness to its effects, by the reception they gave it; poor in every thing but genius and philosophy; he had no property at stake; no family to fear for; but descending from the contemplation of wisdom, and abandoning the ornaments of faucey, he humanely undertook the task, of conveying duty and instruction to the lowest class of the people. If I did not know him to be a Christian clergyman, by his works I should suppose him to be a philosopher of the Augustine age.

Mr. St. George declared, notwithstanding his determined opposition to the regulars, he would, for the sake of one exalted character of their body be tolerant to the rest.

Mr. Yelverton said he was proud to call such a man as Dr. O'Leary his particular friend; his works might be placed

on a footing with the most celebrated writers of the age; they originated from the urbanity of the heart, because unattached to worldly affairs, he could have none but the purest motives of rendering service to his country: he had not imbibed every sentiment of toleration, before he knew Father O'Leary; he should be proud to adopt sentiments of toleration from him; he should yield to the sense of the committee with respect to the limitation of the regulars, because, he believed no invitation which could be held out, would bring over another O'Leary."

These are not the only honours which this pious and worthy man has received. A society of the nobles and gentlemen, composed of the greatest orators and writers in Ireland, have formed themselves into a most respectable society, entitled, 'The order of the Monks of St. Patrick.' The nature and intention of this society is the guardianship of the constitution of their country, and the preservation of the rights of man. This order, with great propriety, invited Mr. O'Leary to become a member, and in gratitude for the honour, he has dedicated the present work to them. Lord George Gordon, in one of his speeches in the House of Commons, read extracts from his answer to Mr. Wesley, and made many observations upon him, the facetiousness of which could not compensate for their illiberality.

*Observations on the Scottish Dialect, &c. by John Sinclair, Esq. M. P. Cadell. 4s. Octavo.*

THE introduction is the only part of this work which can afford to an English reader any entertainment, we extract from it the following observations on the origin of the Scottish dialect.

"The Scotch language is acknowledged to be a dialect of the Saxon or old English, with some trifling variations. Indeed the two languages originally were so nearly the same, that the principal differences at present between them, are owing to the Scotch having retained many words and phrases which have fallen into disuse among the English. At first, it seems

difficult to account for the introduction of a country where the Erse or Gaelic was spoken; a language not a little celebrated for its strength and beauty. It must strike every one as an uncommon circumstance, that the language of England should prevail in a state, the members of which had a rooted enmity to the English name: and some authors have thought it necessary to account for so singular a phenomenon, by endeavouring to trace a remote connection between the Scots and the English, even in the forests of Germany\*.

Others, however, are satisfied with char-

\* "Nay, they (the Scots) might even bring the language they speak (namely the broad Scotch) out of Germany. For Tacitus tells us the Æthii, a people of German Scythia, a little to the north of Brandenburg, spoke a language that came nearer to the British, though they followed the customs and habits of the Suevians. Now we know from Ptolemy and Tacitus, that the Angles or English were Suevians; which makes it more than probable, that the English and Scots were neighbours in Germany before they dwelt together in Britain." Frey's Essay on the English Tongue, 3d Edit. p. 118.



rying their researches as far back as the year 858, when the Saxons, under the conduct of Olbrieth and Ella, subdued the southern provinces of Scotland, expelled the ancient possessors, and settled there with their adherents. It is certain that Lothian, which included the country from the Firth of Forth to the Tweed, was for many years inhabited by Saxons, and governed by the ancient monarchs of Northumberland. The inhabitants of that country, though afterwards subdued by the Scots, retained the manners and language of their progenitors: and when Edinburgh, the principal city of Lothian, became the capital of Scotland, a dialect of the Saxon, the language of that province, gradually spread itself from the metropolis of the kingdom to its most northern extremities.

To this we may add, that many Saxons settled in Scotland under the auspices of Malcolm Caenmore, and fled thither from William the Norman's tyranny and oppression\*. And as that country, even in later ages, was always a secure asylum to such of the English as thought themselves injured by their own monarchs, it became the usual place of their retreat. From them many of the first families now in Scotland derive their origin; whose example and influence could not fail to render the English language more generally adopted.

It ought also to be observed, that it is very natural for an inferior kingdom to imitate the manners and language of a wealthier and more powerful neighbour; a circumstance still more to be expected when both nations came to be governed by the same King, who seldom visited Scotland, and who would not offend the prejudices of his new subjects, by permitting any other language to be made use of at his court, than that of England.

During the reign of James the first, the Scotch and English dialects, so far as we can judge by comparing the language of the writers who flourished at that time, were not so dissimilar as they are at present. Time, however, and commerce,

joined to the efforts of many ingenious men, have since introduced various alterations and improvements into the English language, which, from ignorance, inattention, or national prejudices, have not always penetrated into the north. But the time, it is hoped, will soon arrive, when a difference so obvious to the meanest capacity, shall no longer exist between two countries by nature so intimately connected. In garb, in manners, in government, we are the same; and if the same language were spoken on both sides of the Tweed, some small diversity in our laws and ecclesiastical establishments excepted, no striking mark of distinction would remain between the sons of England and Caledonia."

The importance of purity of style may be urged from a topic which this author has not touched upon, and which is more important than any he has mentioned. It is purity of style alone that makes books in any language go down to posterity. Words that are barbarous and provincial, or the court phrases of the day soon become absolutely unintelligible.

As to the utility of this performance, which is its only object; it may indeed enable a North Briton to correct some Scotticisms; but the greater number of those which it points out, are so palpably obvious, that no person who aims at purity of style is in any danger of falling into them.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

The author of this work is John Sinclair, Esq; of Ulpsler, and, as he tells us himself in the title page, a member of parliament. He is a gentleman of an independent fortune of the county of Caithness, at the northern extremity of this island, the *ultima Thule* of the antients. It is this county that Mr. Sinclair represents in parliament. He studied at Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Oxford; and was farther improved by travelling, as most gentlemen of Scotland do in the continent of Eu-

\* "The Normans having thus settled themselves in England, Prince Edgar, with his mother and two sisters, and such of the English nobility as adhered to him, could not endure the insolence of the Normans, withdrew themselves into Scotland, and Malcolm, the third of that name, having married Margaret, the elder of the two sisters, the Scottish court, by reason of the Queen and the many English that were with her, began to speak English. Moreover, many of the English nobility and gentry that now came to Scotland, were, by the benevolence of the King, so preferred in one condition or other, that they there settling themselves, their offspring have since spread themselves into sundry very noble families, which are yet unto this day, there remaining, and by their surnames to be discerned." Vertegui's *Relat. of Decayed Intell.* p. 193, 195, and 196.

rope. He is a great reader of books. The classical and spirited speech which he made in the House of Commons last session of parliament, and which did him greater honour than the work does which we have now reviewed, was a proof of a just antiently taste. Mr. Sinclair's monarchical principles, early appeared in a speech he made in the speculative society in Edinburgh; but he is by no means servile in his mind; nor would he in his parliamentary conduct be guided by the too common and profligate principle of corruption. In the late struggle of parties he acted with decision and firmness. He resisted all the attempts that were

made to bind him to the ministry, and in the last close division he did not vote. He acknowledges that he was obliged to the late Sir John Henderson's papers, for a part of his materials for the present publication. That gentleman, when at Oxford, had the same publication in view, and made some progress. Mr. Sinclair is possessed of these papers. We are given to understand that he turns his thoughts to subjects of finance and taxation, and that he designs to make his next appearance in the literary world on that ground, where, as a member of parliament, he may most usefully employ his talents and time.

*Essays addressed to Young Married Women.*

*By Mrs. Griffith. 12mo. Cadell 2s. 6d.*

THE subject of this performance is truly important to the welfare of society, and it is peculiarly interesting at the present period, when the social ties, owing to the viciousness of fashion, are daily losing some of their influence. The authoress is a writer who has long and successfully contributed to the public entertainment; and when we learn from herself that she has passed thirty years of her life in uninterrupted happiness in the marriage state, we shall not hesitate to acknowledge, but that she may be deemed qualified to speak with authority on this most momentous of all earthly engagements—an engagement from which the happiness or misery of the greater part of mankind is to be derived.

In the course of this work Mrs. Griffith has given her sentiments to young married women on the following points: religion, conjugal affection, temper, neatness, domestic amusement, friendship, parental and filial affection, and economy. She has treated these subjects with the delicacy of her sex, and if she has not produced many new observations, she has, at least, afforded a pleasing dress to old and revered maxims, such as deserve to be universally known, frequently inculcated, and implicitly obeyed.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHORESS.

Mrs. Griffith is a lady who has devoted her pen to the best purposes—the promotion of virtue, and the support of her family. She is of Welsh extraction, and bore the same name before she married as she has done since. Her husband, Mr. Richard Griffith, who is also an author, is

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a gentleman of a good family in Ireland; his literary character, however, does not stand so high as that of his wife.

She has been long known to the literary world, though only at first casually introduced to its notice by *The Letters of Henry and Frances*, which contained the genuine correspondence between her and her husband before their marriage; and for some years after, not written for the press, but published at the particular request of the late amiable Countess of Corke, who was one of her friends. This was at first kept secret, on account of certain family reasons, as may be gathered from some of the letters. This entertaining collection has passed through five editions; two in Ireland, where the authors then lived, and three in London: The late duke of Bedford, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, happening to meet with these letters by chance, was so struck with them, that he sought out Henry, and conferred a parent employment upon him, of considerable value, without any other interest or recommendation to his favour: The Duchess of Bedford made a handsome present to Frances at the same time.

Her next publication was *The Memoirs of N. non De L'Enclos*, collected from different authors, digested and translated from the French, with her letters to St. Evremont and the Marquis De Sevigné; which Mrs. G. has interspersed with a good deal of ingenious writing, and original matter of her own, and illustrated with notes, observations, and comments. The life of a female libertine, and a dissertation on the topic of gallantry, of which this work consists, were hazardous subjects for a woman of character to treat

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if; but she conducted herself through these difficulties with just regard to her own dignity.

Her next work was a dramatic poem, called *Amara*, founded upon a fable told in the *Adventurer*, which she improved by the addition of several characters, and enriched with stile, moral, and sentiment.

To these succeeded three novels, published at different times, *The Delicate Distress*, *History of Lady Barton*, and *The Story of Lady Juliana Harby*, which have been all much applauded. The fables are interesting, the incidents natural, the characters strongly marked and well distinguished. They have been all translated into French, but without preserving their stile or elegance.

In the intervals of these works, this lady produced three comedies, *The Platonic Wife*, *The Double Mistake*, and *The School for Rakes*, which were all favourably received by the public. She also brought out another piece at Covent Garden after these, called, *A Wife in the Right*, which failed the first night, and which she ascribed in the preface to the fault of Mr. Colman.

She brought out a fifth play lately, at Drury Lane, intitled, *The Times*, which had merit, and moderate success.

But the last, except the piece here commented upon, and the most valuable of all this lady's works, is her *Morality of Shakespeare's Drama illustrated*, which reflects equal honour upon her heart and her understanding.

The celebrated writer of the political letters signed *Junius*, in his attack on the late Duke of Bedford, gave a public challenge to any client of his Grave, to stand forth and vouch for any one instance of his liberality towards the relief of indigence, or the reward of merit. Upon which, this lady's innate gratitude getting the better of her natural timidity, she bravely entered the lists against this celebrated writer, and, among other compliments to the generous patron of her family, publickly related the story above mentioned.

Of late years her employment of the press has been less frequent than it used to be, owing, as it is said, to the generosity and piety of her son, who having acquired a considerable fortune in the East Indies, has been grateful enough to share it with his parents, and place them in a state of independence. So laudable an instance of duty and filial regard cannot be too much praised.

*The Young Philosopher, or the Natural Son. A Dramatic Novel. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. 12mo. Bowen.*

THE writer of this novel has very successfully painted the embarrassments of a young philosopher, amidst the temptations of the world, and the passions of the heart. He yields to the violence of a warm but erratic connection, to which he is induced by the scheme of a titled debauchee, aided by the fascinating charms of a woman, who, in the scenes of promiscuous gallantry, retained a mind fraught with the finest notions of purity and honour. From this amour he broke on his discovery of the plan that had been formed, and, after much adventure, vicissitude, and experience, in Europe and America, he discovers his father and is united to the woman of his heart; and where, in all his wanderings and travels, he never ceased to reverence. The author has interspersed his history with observations, which show his intimate acquaintance with the human heart. If his stile was more polished, and the dialogues more concise, we should be better pleased. But the fable is drawn with a strict regard to the rules of the dramatic novel. The plan is well laid out, and the interest is conducted

to the denouement with an able and judicious pen.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

This novel is the production of Mr. Seally, a gentleman who is about the age of 35, and a native of the county of Somerset. He received his first rudiments of classical learning at the grammar-school in Bristol, with a view to the church. But his uncle and patron dying while he was a minor, and his father having violent objections to the idea of a poor curate, wished him to turn his thoughts to the law.

He served some part of his clerkship, but his aversion to that study was such, that, by consent of parties, his articles were cancelled. Business, therefore, being his designation, he was put under the celebrated Mr. Pockethwayte, whose rigid principles and conduct were so little liked, that, by the private assistance of his mother, he commenced the lazy gentleman, the author, and dramatic censor. Her death cutting off his principal resources, he

he seriously began to think of turning his talents to profit. Previously, however, to this unexpected incident, in an excursion to Manchester, he was on the point of possessing an accomplished young lady, with a fortune of 40,000l. He was overtaken in their elopement by the father at Worcester, where he lost both his mistress and prospect. The young lady was hurried into Scotland, where, about twelve months after, she fell a victim to her attachment. The lover, inconsolable for his loss, gave himself up to solitude, and the deepest melancholy. By the pressing solicitation of his friends, he again returned to the capital, and was united to a character so opposite to his own, as to poison his health, happiness, and pursuits. He was at last advised to go into the south of France, where he had a speedy recovery. On his return to Paris, he was introduced to some of the first literary characters; from thence he made the tour of Italy, and at Rome was chosen a member of that celebrated academy called the Arcades.

His introduction was by the eulogium on Corilla, who was, a few years since,

crowned the poetess of Italy\*. He began his literary career by a number of fugitive pieces of poetry, scattered up and down in the magazines and public prints. He afterwards wrote, for a length of time, a political paper, under the signature of Britannicus. He also conducted for several years the universal Museum, the Freeholder's Magazine, and was concerned in that of the St. James's, published by Lloyd. He is also the author of dramatic strictures, and a great number of novels. His Calisto and Emira, and Favourite of Fortune, are well known upon the continent, through the medium of a translation. He has likewise, in the French language, published several essays, moral tales, and other pieces, in the *Mercur de France*: Two volumes of moral tales, two volumes of belles lettres, (which he dedicated, by permission, to the *Princesse Royal*) bear his name; with several other works on different branches of education. And, if we are not misinformed, he has also an opera in great forwardness for one of our theatres.

*Travelling Anecdotes through various Parts of Europe.* Vol. I., Debrett. 8vo. 4s.

IN perusing this volume of anecdotes, we cannot avoid the remembrance of the traveller in the Carnival of Venice. We see our author determined to commence author, and acknowledging in the paucity of subject, that he has heightened his facts to make them no doubt more uncommon, and this he justifies by an observation, that a sketch from mere nature would be naked and unworthy of regard, and that therefore the artist must give his canvas some finishing touches of skill and fancy in the closet. Having thus warned his readers against the danger of believing a word that he says, he tells us, "That in shewing part of his work to a friend, an imitation of Sterne was buzzed in his ear—he denies the charge—and as he disclaims all endeavours to imitate, so he hopes the public will see no reason to accuse him of stealing for his inimitable work." We agree with him that he has not stolen from Yorick. We wish for the occasional entertainment of his readers that he had. The public will judge whether the following extract deserves the name of an imitation.

"For Brussels—the day drizzling rain, the mechanic's story true, and con-

firmed at the inn—Uncertain whether the judge had read Puffendorf—The Count horribly thoughtful—myself indisposed with my old, inteparable hypochondriacal companion; and beset, I believe, with every devil in the Pandemonium catalogue.—Falderaldia, tal deraldia—It is beyond the art of Dr. C—, and the flesh brush, to relieve me—I am incurable;—It is a falsity—I was never in a better humour in my life, from the following incident—A fig for Doctor C—, and his flannels,

"A broad shouldered, and fat, chubby faced postillion, who sat next to us, broke the string of his breeches waist-band—the bumping motion of the horse hindered him from setting all to rights again; so calling to his companion to stop he attempted to alight.—The hind flap of the coat of the German postillions is generally turned back in a military manner, with a hook and eye;—this was the case with our postillion, who, partly from this circumstance, found himself embarrassed—for it was in vain to attempt turning his leg over the saddle, with his breeches in one hand, and his long whip in the other, without running the hazard of losing his

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\* If we mistake not, this eulogium was published at Rome about the year 1774.

disgrace bare to the eyes of the world.— However, he made the experiment, and his failure raised the *vis vitæ* in me and the Count, by producing a loud explosion of laughter.

In this first volume the author has got as far in his journey through Europe as

Aix-la-Chapelle. It is yet an undecided point whether he will pursue it further, or rest where he is: He may meditate on his favourite topics of antiquity with as much pleasure to himself and advantage to his readers in an easy chair, as in a crazy barouche.

*An Abridgment of the Holy Scriptures, by W. Sellon. Rivington. 12mo.*

**I**T is impossible to ascertain the unhappy effects of that disgusting manner of introducing young persons into the beginnings of religious knowledge which almost universally prevails. The study of divine Revelation is imposed on them as a task, and reading portions of the scriptures is generally made a part of their daily employment, without any regard to connection of doctrines, succession of facts, or any thing else, that has the least pretension to harmony or regularity. No wonder therefore, that children are driven from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Revelations, without collecting one mite of the riches they might treasure up in their progress, if their guides did not abandon them to the prejudices they inevitably contract against Revelation, in their painful pilgrimage through scripture.

The root of the mischief is, that the instructors themselves have neither spirit nor activity to emancipate their own minds from an irrational manner of studying writings of the first importance, to the present and future happiness of men. The author of the work before us, infinitely to the advantage of the rising generation, has prepared a method of rendering this important branch of instruction not only easy, but delightful. He communicates to his readers the principal parts of scripture-history, in a style equally remarkable for elegance and simplicity. His reflections on every part are expressed in a strain of unaffected piety. He has used reason in a manner worthy of that excellent gift, by making it the handmaid of pure religion. We think ourselves intirely safe from risking the good opinion of our readers of all sentiments and descriptions, in earnestly recommending this excellent publication, to every one who considers the education of youth of importance to the happiness of society.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

The Rev. William Sellon, to whom the public is indebted for the above production, is one of those very few in his

profession, whose popular applause has neither been diminished by time, nor eclipsed by the superior ability of contemporaries. Some, by a forcible, but improper utterance, have gained the temporary approbation of the undiscerning multitude, but *our author*, by that solemnity of manner which the importance of religious instruction requires—that distinctness and propriety of expression—that justness of emphasis—elegance of action, and other qualifications necessary to complete the orator, which the Greeks and Romans cultivated with the greatest care, and for which they have been so justly praised, has for near thirty years sustained a most distinguished character as a preacher. His compositions delivered from the pulpit, are formed after the most perfect model, and shew, that their author possesses great penetration and vigour of sentiment? his subjects are in general, such as tend rather to reform the heart, than to perplex the understanding.

When, by the followers of Whitfield and others, subordination in the church at first was broken; when every man that pleased became a teacher of *strange doctrines*, he beheld with concern the growing evil, and as a lover of order, successfully opposed their tenets, and now, as often as Polemical topics are the subject of his discourse, he treats them with that singular clearness, which, while it captivates the attention, fails not to convince the mind. But Mr. Sellon's opposition to the methodists has not been confined to the pulpit. They have encroached upon his rights, and, contrary to the solemn engagements into which they entered at their ordination, men have been found to perform the duties of the clerical office in his parish, in opposition to his will. Disliking their proceedings, he entered a caveat against them. His opponents endeavoured to shelter themselves under the wings of Lady Huntington's peerage, but this covert was insufficient, nor could it screen them from the penalty of the law. By his firmness, he has proved himself as successful an opposer of their innovations as parochial

parochial rights, as of their doctrines; and at length has forced them to seek a subterfuge, in pretending to dissent from those modes, or rather forms of worship, which, as long as it was conducive to their interest, they warmly approved.

If from public we follow him into private life, we can affirm, without fearing the imputation of partiality, that, as a husband, a parent, and a friend, he is en-

titled to the warmest commendation; for being a stranger to that gloom with which superstition and fanaticism are commonly attended, he may be truly said to be a cheerful christian, who lives a happy proof of the sincerity of his own faith, and demonstrates by his whole conduct, the practicability of that amiable system of religion, which he so warmly and persuasively recommend to others.

*Sermons on various Subjects. By John Dupre, M. A. Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Cadell. 2vo. 6s. bound.*

**I**F the publication of sermons could reform the world, how virtuous a kingdom were Old England? Millions and millions of excellent discourses have been published, but apparently without great success, for men are as bad as ever they were. Nevertheless this circumstance ought not to discourage, and in fact it does not

discourage the pious endeavours of Divines, who frequently oblige the public by most excellent sermons. Certainly clergymen are better employed thus, than in factious politics.

Mr. Dupre's sermons are written with elegance, and breathe a spirit of liberality as well as of charity and piety.

*Poems by the Rev. Thomas Penrose, late Rector of Beckington and Standerwick, Somersetshire. Walter. 3s. 6d.*

**T**HESE poems possess a very great share of beauty. The versification is easy,—the sentiments natural,—the images are frequently bold and never unnatural. They have that style and quality which most of our modern pieces are described to possess,—a current flow of harmony which a man with a small degree of poetical talent, must acquire on perusing the works of the English muse. The fabric of verse is now so finished and familiar, that however lame and naked the productions of a modern poet may be, they will hardly be harsh or dissonant. When a master of composition creates and fixes a tune, it is not difficult for an indifferent musician to copy it. We find in the poems before us various imitations of Gray, Mason, Swift, and Collins.—To imitate originals so various, and to do it with grace requires genius, and we think Mr. Penrose intitled to this praise. His imitation of Collins' ode on the passions, in an ode descriptive of the various effects of madness has great merit. Our readers will have an opportunity of judging of his style and poetry from the following extract.

**A TALE**,—founded on an incident at St. Vincent's Rocks, 1779.

High on the cliff's tremendous side,  
That frowning hangs o'er Avon's tide,

Three lasses chanc'd to stray;  
To pluck the casual flow'rets bent,  
Regardless of the rough ascent,  
They wound their dangerous way.

Till slowly mounted to the height,  
They turn'd their view in wild affright,  
And shudd'ring mark'd the steep:  
Oh then, what grief bedew'd each eye,  
To think one slip, one step awry,  
Might plunge them in the deep.

A priest, whom soft emotions press  
To succour damsels in distress,  
That instant trod the shore:  
With happy strength and steady pace  
Safe to the rock's time-moulder'd base  
Each trembling nymph he bore.

Learn then this truth;—the careless hour  
May seek a gay, but treacherous flower,  
Whose honey turns to gall:  
While the kind parson's timely aid  
May rescue many a tott'ring maid,  
And—save from many a fall.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Andrews, the editor of the present volume of poems, in his introduction, gives the reader anecdotes of the author, Mr Penrose, for the truth of which he is responsible. We lay them before the public on the confidence of his name.

He

"He was the son of the Reverend Mr. Penrose, Rector of Newbury, Berks; a man of high character and abilities, descended from an ancient Cornish family, beloved and respected by all who knew him; Mr. Penrose, jun. being intended for the church, pursued his studies with success, at Christ Church, Oxon, until the summer of 1762, when his eager turn to the naval and military line overpowering his attachment to his real interest, he left his college, and embarked in the unfortunate expedition against Novo-Colonia, in South-America, under the command of Captain Macnamara.

The issue was fatal.—The Clive (the largest vessel) was burnt.—And though the Ambuscade escaped (on board of which Mr. Penrose, acting as Lieutenant of Marines was wounded) yet the hardships which he afterwards sustained in a prize sloop, in which he was stationed, utterly ruined his constitution. Returning to England with ample testimonials of his gallantry and good behaviour, he finished, at Hestford college, Oxon, his course of studies; and, having taken orders, accepted the curacy of Newbury, the income of which, by the voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, was considerably augmented. After he had continued in that station about nine years, it seemed as if the clouds of disappointment, which had hitherto overshadowed his prospects and tinged his poetical essays with gloom, were clearing

away; for he was then presented by a friend, who knew his worth, and honoured his abilities, to a living worth near 500 l. per. annum. It came however too late; for the state of Mr. Penrose's health was now such as left little hope, except in the assistance of the waters of Bristol. Thither he went, and there he died, in 1779, aged 36 years. In 1768, he married Miss Mary Slodcock, of Newbury, by whom he had one child, Thomas, now on the foundation of Winton college.

Mr. Penrose was respected for his extensive erudition, admired for his eloquence, and equally beloved and esteemed for his social qualities.—By the poor, towards whom he was liberal to his utmost ability, he was venerated to the highest degree. In oratory and composition his talents were great.—His pencil was ready as his pen, and on subjects of humour had uncommon merit. To his poetical abilities, the public by their reception of his *fighths of fancy*, &c. have given a favourable testimony. To sum up the whole, his figure and address were as pleasing as his mind was ornamented.

Such was Mr. Penrose; to whose memory I pay this just and willing tribute, and to whom I consider it as an honour to be related.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.  
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.

J. P. ANDREWS."

*The Christian, a Poem, in four Books.* By Charles Crawford, Esq. 8vo. Doddsley, White, and Fielding:

IN this sceptical age it is not common for private gentlemen to employ their pens in the support of christianity. Mr. Crawford, however, is earnest to take this method of distinguishing himself. To his poem there is prefixed a large preface or introduction, in which he lays before his reader some of the proofs of the truth of christianity. From the fulfilment of the prophecies, he draws a strong argument against deists and infidels. He examines with care the prophecy about the dispersion of the Jews; the prophecy of Daniel concerning the Messiah; and the prophecies that relate to popery. Having discussed these subjects, he treats upon the resurrection of Christ, and considers it as a most important proof of christianity. In the course of his reasonings he endeavours to refute the objections of sceptical writers; and he every where expresses the

firmest belief in the doctrines of the christian religion.

The poem itself is conformable to the preface or introduction. In the first book he endeavours to shew the vanity of philosophy, and the disservice it had done to society. He extols the principles of christianity as far superior to the doctrines of the schools; and he expresses their efficacy in restraining and subduing the dangerous passions of ambition, lust, pride, avarice and revenge. The subject of the second book is the character and conduct of Christ. In the third book the principal events in the life of Christ are described. In the fourth and last book the author relates the destruction of Jerusalem, and passing from that theme, he endeavours to paint the letter and spirit of the gospel and to derail the promises which it gives of a glorious triumph over death.

In the design of his poem we perceive little ingenuity; and its execution is certainly very profane and feeble. The author is not qualified to excel in poetry. He has no stores and richness of invention; he is unacquainted even with the mechanism of verse; and he touches not the lyre with any skill or passion. He appears to be a very pious christian; but he has no pretensions of any kind to be a poet. It is fit, however, that we afford a specimen of his poem; and we shall extract for this purpose part of the exordium of his first book,

“ No more by vain philosophy misled,  
From erring reason or from fancy bred;  
Vague and desultory, no more the mind,  
In ancient schools conviction roams to find;  
But in its aim determin'd, and without

The Sophist's cavil, or the Sceptic's doubt,  
Upon the Gospel sits as a rock,  
Where fears depress not, nor afflictions  
shock.

Which of personal comfort can impart,  
In boundless measure, to the troubled heart;  
For Hope, that soars on more than eagle's  
wings,

Above this vale of tears, these paltry  
things,

That all around us give themselves to fight;  
Above the sun, and his expanded light;  
O'er all these fading things that dares to  
rise,

Seeks life immortal, and affects the skies;  
Proceeds from this; which reason cannot  
deem,

A cunning fable or an empty dream;  
But it will seem, will prove, as we descant,  
Clear as a sun-beam, firm as adamant.

*An Epistle to Dr. Falconer. By Philip Thicknesse, Esq.*

THIS being in great measure a local and temporary publication, calculated chiefly for the meridian of Bath, where both the opponents that are engaged in the dispute reside; we should scarce include it in our review of the present month, which abounds in matter, did we not design to make it the introduction to some interesting memoirs of the author, who having for many years been an object of public notoriety, has been described by different people, at different times, in a very different manner. Governed however by uniform impartiality and justice, we shall offer an account of Mr. Thicknesse, which leans neither to the right hand nor to the left.

ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Philip Thicknesse then, the author of the above fugitive pamphlet, wherein is displayed much dexterity and acumen, is of a very antient and honourable family. The root of the tree was at Balterly Hall in Staffordshire, but the family of the Thicknesses is better known in that country by the name of *Thickens*. Our author is a younger branch. It is singular, that a Ralph Thicknesse of Balterly, was slain at Bloar Heath fighting under a Lord Audley, a title which the eldest son of our author at this time enjoys, in consequence of his marriage with Lady Elizabeth Touchet, his late wife. Mr. Thicknesse's father was rector of Farlinghoe in Northamptonshire, and enjoyed a living by the gift of John Egleson, his uncle. He

left eight sons and two daughters. Of the sons only two are living, namely, our author and the late high master of St. Paul's school, a gentleman to whose learning, temper and good sense, several illustrious persons who now figure in the most exalted stations acknowledge their obligations. Our author was for some time under the care of the erudite Dr. Friend at Westminster school, but becoming delighted with General Oglethorp's plan for settling the new colony of Jersey, he went over there at the age of fourteen, and had a certain portion of land assigned him, but finding a regiment was to be raised to serve in that colony, he returned to England, and by the favour of Sir Robert Walpole's son Edward, obtained a pair of colours in the new-raised Jersey regiment, and before the end of the first week is said to have been advanced to the rank of lieutenant in an independent company raising at Jamaica, and our author was one of the most conspicuous of those who assisted at the reduction of the wild negroes on that island; as he at that time commanded a detachment of the independents which Admiral Vernon borrowed of Governor Trelawny, for the affair of Porto Bello. Hearing that ten new regiments were raising, Mr. Thicknesse returned home again; and in the year 1740, obtained a company in what was then called a marine regiment of foot, so that he was a captain before he had attained the age of twenty-one, and served on board the fleet during the war forty-five. It was about this period he married the only daughter of



of a reputed rich French refugee at Southampton, but by whom it appears he got nothing but children, notwithstanding the reputation of her wealth. This lady dying of what was then called the Pelhard fore throat, our author in the year 1749 married the sister of Lord Catehaven, about a year after which he was appointed governor of Land Guard Fort, which he commanded during the whole of the late war, and for a number of years; and, as it appears, very much to the satisfaction of those under his command. During Mr. Thicknesse's government of Land Guard Fort, a very unfortunate dispute arose between him and a noble Peer relative to military duty. This contest ended, as most contests do, in a great expense to both parties, and in three months imprisonment of our author in the King's Bench Prison, for publishing a *libel* on the noble Peer. The reports pro and con of this affair are various, and have been differently represented, but as Mr. T. and his antagonist are now said to live in perfect amity, we will not risk the possibility of opening old wounds, which we hope are not only skinned over, but healed for ever. Mr. Thicknesse had not been six months out of his *civil* confinement before he found himself under a *military* arrest, and was tried at the Horse-guards on eighty heavy charges, against which he defended himself so stoutly that we remember to have heard Mr. Counsellor Walker declare, the arguments of the defendant would have done credit to the most able barrister, and it was that defence which made that gentleman decline giving that assistance which Mr. Thicknesse solicited. Our author however was neither shot, broke, or suspended; but returned in honour to his former command: Yet being much hurt by these repeated attacks upon his purse and person, he obtained leave, by favour of Lord Rockingham, to sell his government, after which he went abroad. To this incident perhaps we owe the entertainment derived from his travels, which are interspersed with a variety of that kind of matter which always affords pleasure in the perusal. He is a man of a strong understanding which was cultivated by men rather than books. He has read the latter only as an amusement, but the former must have been his study, for he is a perfect adept in every chapter, and is now turning over the last leaves in the volume of human experience. His temper is animated, irritable and impetuous. He has perhaps too quick a sensibility both of right and wrong; his

enemies have interpreted this in the worst way, and he has been called malignant, quarrelsome, and overbearing; but as those who know any thing of him, cannot but have found him as impatient and eager of doing a kindness as he ever could be of resenting an injury, or what he fancied such, and on the least proper concession as willing to pardon as to punish, and to own himself wrong as to insist on his being right; there is nothing more certain than that it is the same quickness or perhaps *foreness* of mind that governs him in both cases; and this, as in the present instance, much oftener proceeds from a generous than a sordid disposition. Our author's generosity is unbounded, and if one half of his life is occupied with local altercation, or in clearing up circumstances which appear to him offensive and worthy his resentment, the other half is taken up in the most earnest endeavours to do real service to those who want it. To want assistance is, with Mr. T. a recommendation sufficient to command it, to which add, he is one of the most convivial and entertaining companions of his age, well stored with anecdotes, and possessing much easy and genuine humour in his manner of relating them.

Mr. Thicknesse, as a writer, has furnished the public with a favourable opinion from various specimens. His style has never been studied, nor has he tormented himself on any former author, but carelessly of composition, and following on all occasions the bias of his own fancy and sentiments, he has given us the effusions of his own head and heart as opportunity and a subject united. There is a mixture of drollery, humour, pleasantry and keen remark, with a thousand lucky hits in each performance; and he never makes any affected display of wisdom and elegance to which many authors, who make writing and travelling more of a *profession*, make larger pretensions with less reason.

We purposely avoid deciding upon the merits or demerits of those productions of our author which were written to defend or attack; but his other writings may be seen in the subsequent list.

*Observations on the Manners and Customs of the French Nation.*

*Useful Hints to those who make the Tour of France.*

*Midavijry Analyzed.*

*A Treatise on the Art of Decyphering, and of Writing in Cypher, with an Hieroglyphic Alphabet.*

*A Year's Journey through France and part of Spain,—which will at least immortalize*

mortalize his horse, and poor Jocho his position.

The Gentleman's Guide in his Tour through France, has been imputed to our author, but we believe without foundation. We have more reason to give him credit for the information and ingenuity of a periodical paper under the signature of the *Wanderer*, and if, as is reported, he again quits this kingdom, we hope he will let the public know how he goes on, either in the above character, or some other, by which we can recognize our old acquaintance. A man of enterprize like

Mr. Thicknesse, whose life has been strongly marked by singular vicissitudes, and who has lived much amongst the first people, and has a talent to derive advantage from such commerce, must ever be an agreeable traveller, to whatever country he passes, and of course, his observations on such country will be worth communicating. The wife of this gentleman is likewise literary, and has lately published, with success, the *Lives of the learned Ladies of France*. At some future day we hope to consider the merits of Mrs. Thicknesse more particularly.

*Sacred Dramas, chiefly intended for young Persons: The Subjects taken from the Bible. To which is added Sensibility, a Poem. 8vo. Cadell. 4s.*

IT is well observed by Dr. Johnson, in his life of Cowley, and we have felt the force of the remark in perusing the present work, "That sacred history" has "been always read with submissive reverence, and an imagination overawed and controlled. We have been accustomed to acquiesce in the nakedness and simplicity of the authentic narrative, and to repose on its veracity with such humble confidence as suppresses curiosity. We go with the historian as he goes, and stop with him when he stops. All amplification is frivolous and vain; all addition to that which is already sufficient for the purposes of religion, seems not only useless, but in some degree profane."

Impressed with the truth and justice of the above observation, we acknowledge to have read the *Dramas* before us, which are four in number, with less satisfaction than we have received from other of the works of this ingenious author, who by the name subscribed to the dedication, appears to be Miss Hannah More, a lady sufficiently eminent in the literary world to claim attention for whatever she communicates to the public.

In an advertisement prefixed, she says, "Nothing can be more simple and inartificial than the plans of the following *Dramas*. In the construction of them I have seldom ventured to introduce any persons of my own creation; still less did I imagine myself at liberty to invent circumstances. I reflected with awe, that the place whereon I stood, was holy ground. All the latitude I permitted myself, was, to make such persons as I selected, act under such circumstances as I found, and express such sentiments as in my humble judgment

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ment appeared not unnatural to their situations."

In this declaration there appears so much modesty, that we cannot but censure with reluctance, what we are unable to approve.

At the conclusion of the volume is added, a poetical epistle addressed to Mrs. Boscawen, entitled *SENSIBILITY*; which we are pleased to be able to speak of with more approbation than the other pieces. It displays a considerable portion of that quality which gives name to the poem, and shews the writer in a very amiable point of view, as an individual. Her candour, friendship, gratitude, and taste, are eminently conspicuous in several parts of the poem. As a specimen, we shall transcribe what she has written concerning her friend Mr. Garrick, who takes him for all in all, we shall not soon look on his like again.

"Say can the boasted powers of wit and song,  
Of life one pang remove; one hour prolong?  
Presumptuous hope! which daily truths  
decide;

For you, alas! have wept—and GARRICK dy'd;

Ne'er shall my heart his lov'd remembrance lose,

Guide, critic, guardian, glory of my muse!  
Oh shades of Hampton! witness as I mourn,  
Cou'd wit or song elude his destin'd urn?

Thou living virtue still your haunts endears;  
Yet buried worth shall justify my tears!

GARRICK! those pow'rs which form a friend were thine;

And let me add with pride, that friend was mine:

With pride! at once the vain emotion's fled;  
Far other thoughts are sacred to the dead.  
Who now with spirit keen, yet judgment cool,

E c

Th

Th' unequal wand'rings of my muse shall  
rule?

Whole partial praise my worthless verse  
ensure?

For candour smil'd when GARRICK wou'd  
endure.

If harsher critics were compell'd to blame,  
I gain'd in friendship, what I lost is same;  
And friendship's soothing smiles can well  
repay

What critic rigour justly takes away.  
With keen acumen how his piercing eye  
The fault conceal'd from vulgar view wou'd  
spy!

While with a gen'rous warmth he strove to  
hide,

Nay vindicate, the fault his judgment spied.  
So pleas'd, could he detect a happy line,  
'That he wou'd fancy merit ev'n in mine.  
Oh gen'rous error, when by friendship bred!  
His praises flatter'd me, but not misled.

"No narrow views cou'd bound his  
lib'ral mind;

His friend was man, his party human kind,  
Agreed in this, opposing statesmen strove  
Who most should gain his praise, or court  
his love.

His worth all hearts as to one centre drew;  
Thus Tully's Atticus, was Caesar's too.

"His wit so keen, it never mis'd its end;  
So blameless too, it never lost a friend;  
So chaste, that modesty ne'er learn'd to fear,  
So pure, religion might unwounded hear.

"How his quick mind, strong powers,  
and ardent heart,  
Impoverish'd nature, and exhausted art,  
A brighter hard record, a deathless muse!—  
But I his talents in his virtue lose:  
Great parts are nature's gift; but that he  
shone

Wife, moral, good and virtuous—was his  
own.

Tho' time his silent hand across has stole,  
Soft'ning the tints of sorrow on the soul;  
The deep impression long my heart shall fill,  
And every mellow'd trace be perfect still.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

Miss More is a native of the city of  
Bristol, and for some time superintended  
the education of young ladies at a board-  
ing school, which she kept there. The first  
efforts of her genius were shewn in a Pa-  
storal written for the performance of her  
pupils, and some Prologues and Epilogues  
spoken by the actors who performed at  
Bristol in the summer season. At length  
she aspired to the higher species of the  
Drama, and wrote a Tragedy on the sub-  
ject of Regulus, which was performed at  
Bath a few times, but long after its pub-  
lication. To this piece Mr. Garrick wrote  
an Epilogue, and probably at this time  
she became acquainted with that gentle-  
man and his family. By his assistance,  
and under his patronage, she produced the  
Tragedy of *Percy*, acted at Covent Garden  
with success. She has since brought out  
another Tragedy called *The Fatal Falsi-  
hood*, which drew her into an altercation  
with Mrs. Cowley, who insinuated, we  
think with reason, that she had pilfered  
from a play, then in manuscript, written  
by her. Since the death of Mr. Garrick,  
Miss More has resided with his widow,  
who has conceived a friendship for her,  
equally honourable and advantageous to  
either party.

*Facts and their Consequences, submitted to the Consideration of the Public at large, but more particularly to that of the Finance Ministers, and of those who are or mean to become Creditors to the State. By John, Earl of Stair. Stockdale, 1s.*

THE noble author in this pamphlet  
states, in a calculation made from the  
records of parliament, and the estimates  
of the service, that on a supposition of a  
peace being concluded in 1783, the an-  
nual charge on the public, exclusive of  
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the plan lately held out by the ministry of  
a war of posts, and says, that if by agree-  
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The present Earl of Stair succeeded to  
the title in 1769, upon the death of  
William Crichton, Earl of Dumfries and  
Stair, who, in consequence of the mar-  
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of Dumfries in her own right, as Wil-  
liam Dalrymple, eldest son to the Earl of  
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son; but upon his death without issue, the  
titles separated to the other branches of  
the respective families.

In 1770 the Earl of Stair was elected one of the Sixteen Peers of Scotland, in the room of the Duke of Argyll, who died in that year.

In 1773 and 1774, when intemperate measures were passing against America, his Lordship gave them an early opposition in the House of Lords. He presented the petition of William Bollen, Esq; agent for Massachusetts, against them; and never failed upon all great occasions, to shew his disapprobation of every measure, which appeared calculated to provoke hostilities with America. This conduct prevented his election to the representation of the Scotch peerage in 1774.

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"Sir,                      Cathart, Oct. 4, 1774.

"I am to thank you for your letter of the 29th of September, and likewise for

a pamphlet you sent me formerly. My conduct in parliament in these unhappy American matters, deserves not the acknowledgments the late council of the province of Massachusetts-bay are pleased to honour it with; all I can pretend to is a sincere affection to both countries; (whose interests, if rightly understood, are; and ever must be, the same) with little ability, and still less power to be of service to either. Great and repeated provocations have drawn down corrections; too precipitate, I think; perhaps too harsh; but we must look forward, and hope, that, through the mediation of men of temper, and of disinterested principles, conciliatory measures will be fallen on. To be in any manner instrumental to which, is my warmest wish. STAIR."

The indecent conduct of the ministry in contriving that the Earl should lose his seat in the Upper House, merely because he dared to act for himself, has been justly reprobated. It has raised his Lordship's character among his countrymen, who, whatever may be their obsequience to ministers, feel the degradation of their nobility, who have hardly left the forms, much less the freedom of election.

*Letters addressed to the Admiralty on the naval and commercial Interests of this Kingdom.*  
By Lieutenant Tomlinson. Debrett. 15.

IN these letters Mr. Tomlinson addresses the Lords of the Admiralty, in regard to a proposal which he has made of the most valuable nature to his country, and which however they may have approved, it appears they have not properly encouraged. They state, that he has, after much tedious and expensive application; found out a method of building capital ships of war with unexampled celerity; and he pledges himself by the most solemn assertions, that the ships, thus speedily built, shall endure for thirty years in better condition, than those now built by the most approved methods for ten. The Admiralty Board have referred him to the Navy Board, and from the one to the other Mr. Tomlinson has been shuffled, without receiving any encouragement to communicate a plan, the practicability of which it was the duty of the commissioners to try. Notwithstanding the difficulties he has met with, and the little prospect that there was of these official servants of the public ever attending to the proposal, which offered so much to the strength of this country, he has published

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His friend was man, his party human kind,  
Agreed in this, opposing statesmen strove  
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His worth all hearts as to one centre drew;  
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"His wit too keen, it never mis'd its end;  
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equipped a formidable squadron, on board of which were embarked 18,000 troops and 400 pieces of heavy artillery, Lieutenant Tomlinson at a considerable expence and with the hazard of his life discovered and communicated to the British ministry their destination, when all their other efforts had failed, and neither the Ambassador at Madrid, nor any of their confidential correspondents could penetrate into the secret.—Having accidentally met with the copy of a memorial presented by him to the Earl of Suffolk in 1777, we find that being employed in a cutter on the coast of Essex in 1771, he discovered a passage to a most valuable harbour that was supposed to have been choaked up with sands; he drew a sketch of the coast, described the harbour with the adjacent shoals, and explained the advantages of a harbour, so singularly formed for laying up of the King's ships, as it was free from worms; but, for what reason we know not, his remarks have never been improved for the public benefit. It also appears, by the same memorial, that in 1771, the Lieutenant gave such information to the Earl of Rochford, relative to our Baltic trade, as induced his Majesty's ministers to form a new treaty of commerce with Russia, in which Dantzick was included, and so anxious were ministry for this treaty, that though the communication was made but in July, the treaty was concluded in the November following. From these services much permanent benefit has been derived to the

public, but not a particle to the worthy and indefatigable man, who at much risk to his life in one instance, and great expence in all, has thus so honourably employed himself for the public good.—In 1770 he regulated the impress at Harwich, where he raised a considerable number of seamen, by means so gentle and inoppressive that he had the thanks of the inhabitants of the borough: but being deeply affected with the distresses occasioned by this method of recruiting the navy, he framed a plan by which he proposed to raise men without the aid of this unconstitutional violence. It received the approbation of professional gentlemen, among whom were the most distinguished characters in the service, and when a motion was made upon it in the House of Commons by the Hon. Temple Luttrell, addresses were presented in its recommendation, from merchants, traders and owners of ships; and it was supported by every independent member in the house, but it was thrown out by the then overbearing influence of the crown.—Since the year 1775 he has been engaged in framing, digesting and proving by experiments both in philosophy and mechanics, which he proposes in the letters now published for building ships of war with more expedition. In this we understand that he has impaired his health, and injured his fortune, without having been any others ways importunate for its adoption, than as it would be advantageous to the state.

*Some Account of an intended Publication of the Statutes, on a Plan entirely new, By Herbert Croft, Esq. Barrister at Law. 4to. Brooke. 1s.*

WE consider this performance as the idea of an ingenious visionary, who never will be able to carry his scheme into execution. Montesquieu has some where observed, that the multiplicity of the English laws is the price this nation pays for its liberty, and the notion of simplifying and bringing them down to the comprehension of the multitude, we fear will be ever impracticable. Similar to the present proposal, was the plan offered to the public by Dr. Burn, at the end of his justice of peace, though that author doubted both the possibility of its execution as well as its expediency, and indeed when we see the additions and explanations which have been made to the militia laws since they were reduced into one, we are apt to despair of ever having a perfect system of statute law, by which we may square our conduct.

The nature or extent of the reward which Mr Croft expects from his Majesty or the public, are not very apparent in the proposal, and indeed we think it would have been better for him to have finished some one of the several divisions of his proposed code, what an opinion might be formed of his abilities for the undertaking. If he is able to execute his plan with any degree of credit, we shall think him entitled to all the encouragement which so great a benefactor to his country has a right to look for and demand.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Croft, is the son of a gentleman who has a place in the six clerks office, and he informs us himself in the preface work, that he is but just past his thirtieth year.

year. He practices at the bar, and in the intervals of leisure from professional studies, has employed himself in a variety of literary pursuits, in some of which he has been successful. The first work we are acquainted with was a periodical publication called *The Literary Fly*, which was soon discontinued. He has since published *Love and Madness*, in which the account of Chatterton is entitled to so much praise, that we wish to see it printed, detached from the rest of the performance. He is likewise the author of

a Pamphlet on the Riots, a good imitation of Dr. Johnson in the *Life of Young*, and is suspected to have been the writer of several other pieces, some of them not much to his reputation. He is married to a lady of a good fortune, and has an estate in Essex, in which county, at some of the general meetings, he has shewn himself a warm adherent of the late ministry, whose defence he has been often observed to undertake with more zeal than discretion.

*Poems by the Rev. William Bagshaw Stevens, M. A.* 4to. Portal. 2s. 6d.

THESE poems are four in number, and are probably the productions of a young writer, who possesses more fancy than judgment. The first of them, which is the longest, is intitled *Retirement*, and contains the rhapsody of a person called Eugenio, who in a solitary retreat

“—smarting with the wrongs,  
“And sated with the vanities of life,”  
inveighs in a loose, desultory, and unconnected manner, against the vices and follies of the present times, until he discovers a ship ‘long deemed in ocean sunk,’ which presents its treasures to him, on the arrival of which he returns to his former pursuits, and

“With all the eagerness of untried youth,  
“And careless of lost loves and venal friends,  
“Yet once more with the gay and busy world  
“Plung’d in the waves of passion and of care.”

The execution of this work is not much superior to the plan of it. The other poems have about the same degree of merit. They may be read without disgust; but will scarce excite the slightest wish to remember a single line of them.

*Lucinda, or the Self-devoted Daughter.* Hookham.

A High wrought tale, written in imitation of the manner of Rousseau, and its author may boast some touches of the pathetic, that would not have disgraced his great master. But most of the incidents are too much in the style of the mediocre French novelists, to please an English reader well acquainted with the writings of his own countrymen, who have excelled in this species of composition. The story is rather trite. For we have seen several French romances founded upon the same basis. We wish the author, in his endeavours to excite our terrors, had not so successively painted such scenes of horror as every human breast must turn from with disgust and detestation. In respect to the language, it

is chaste, correct, and perspicuous, and would have been more elegant, had it been less laboured.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

This novel is attributed to Mr. Thomas Manti, formerly major of a brigade in America, where he was in the late war ten years. His family resides in Hampshire, where he has a brother, a clergyman. Besides the following novel, of which he is also the author, he wrote the *History of the late war in America; Tactics*, 2 volumes; and is now publishing by subscription—*Essays on the Study of History*, and on the *Constitution of the principal states of Europe*.

*Siege of Aubigny.* Hookham.

THIS little novel is a literal translation of *Clemence D'Entraques*, ou *Le Siege D'Aubigny*, a tale from Le

*Decameron Francois* par M. D'Ussieux. The outlines of this tale are strikingly interesting. But through want of observa-  
tion



tion and character, which should be the dross of novel incident, while we applaud his choice of the subject, we must condemn his negligence in not bestowing that dexterity which every naked tale necessarily requires. The sentiments are more he-

roic than pleasing. They arouse the mind more than they charm the heart. The language is characterized in our observations on the foregoing novel, which is attributed to the same author.

*Antha, a Sentimental Novel, in a Series of Letters.* 2 vols. Hookham.

**T**HIS novel is, as the title imports, a novel of the sentimental kind. Indeed there is no attempt at either wit or humour. But it affords proof that the writer possesses a sensibility of heart which must make her a pleasing female character. The lovers of this sort of writing may find some entertainment in the perusal of these volumes. The incidents would have been more striking, had they been less domestic. The language is rather easy than correct; and the sentiments are, a greater compliment to the feelings, than the observations are to the genius of their authors. Although we perceive no striking excellence, we are not offended with any material impro-

piety. Time may probably render our authors more deserving of our praise, as we learn that they are yet very young.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHORS.

The above volumes are assigned to the pens of Miss Nugent and Miss Taylor, residents at Twickenham. The latter lady is niece to Mrs. Milward, milliner at Twickenham. Miss Nugent is sister to a Mr. Edward Nugent, in the East-India service. From the dedication of the *Indiscreet Marriage*, written by the same authors, we find their ages then, which was the year 1778, did not together make thirty.

### THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

#### PROLOGUE

To the New Comedy of WHICH IS  
THE MAN?

Written by Mr. BATH.

Spoken at the end of the Prelude, by Mr.  
LAW LUTWIS, in the character of a  
Military Author.

**C**ALL'D forth Thalia's standard to display,  
And here maintain her sov'reign  
comic sway,  
As chief—I'll reconnoitre well the ground,  
To learn what hostile lines are drawn  
around!

[*Surveys the House with a glass.*]

That's not a dark defile in yonder glade!—  
For should it prove a treach'rous ambush-  
cade,

No *passing* miners have I here in pay,  
To sap their works, or turn their covert-  
way;

No mercenary band, who have been wont  
To hack and hew, like pioneers in front!

With flying shells our engineer shall try  
That well-mann'd battlement, which  
towers so high!

[*Pointing to the Upper Gallery.*]

Beneath our point blank-shot will surely  
reach,

And in yon half-moon batt'ry make a breach.  
[*To the Second Gallery.*]

Those lovely brawls that adorn  
the field,  
To nature's gentle summons soon must  
yield; [*Side Boxes, &c.*]  
This post advanc'd the picket-guard to  
keep;  
And that reserve, who are entrench'd  
chin-deep,  
We hope to carry by a bold exertion,  
At least amuse, with some well-plann'd  
diversion! [*To the Pit.*]  
My troops are veterans:—it has been their  
lot

To form in front of service hissing hot;  
Who, when their ranks are gall'd, or put  
to flight,

Are sure to rally, and renew the fight,  
Unless—and then no right dragoons scous  
flecter—

Their powder fails for want of true salt-  
petre!

Our plan's avow'd; it is from this firm  
station

To gain the heights of public approbation!

#### PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. KING,

To the New Comedy of VARIETY.  
Written by R. TICKELL, Esq.

AMID the rivals of contending trade;  
That court Variety's successive aid,

Two neighbouring *hayes* most exert their  
cares,

To deck with novelty their *patent* wares:  
Both in their turns your generous cus-  
tom gain,

For both a powerful company maintain,

In Covent-garden, and at Drury-lane.

What emulation fires this rival pair!

*Variety*, their everlasting care—

What choice assortments each presents to  
view!

New furbish'd *remnants*, now *whole pieces*  
new,

And now *old patterns*, by the scissars skill,  
Slic'd into safety like a cut Bank-bill.

Here all the *satin* of Circassia shines,

Or homely *stuff* with Scotch *plaid*  
combines.

There *chequer'd* Harlequin's fair virtue  
calls

To Negro nymphs, in *linsy wolsy shawls*;  
*Chiclaws* and *Tictaws* a'll the town entice—

True Eastern splendor!—" *nothing but*  
*full price*."

'Till good old Lun rebukes the haughty  
boast,

Stalks from his tomb, and sinks a *half-*  
*price* ghoul.

What then to justly win this precious  
name,

What true variety now sues for fame?

Let your own judgment fix our author's  
plea—

To *that* we trust to-night's *Variety*.

No *fool's* ring paragraph our muse can boast,

To slip young laurels in the *Morning Post*;

Or call the seedling puffs, at random let,

To thrive transplanted in the *Noon Gazette*.

Such bankrupt tricks let false ambition  
play,

And live on *paper-cred't* day by day;

*Variety* disdains to trull her cause

To selfish flattery, or to bought applause.

What says the town?—do more—re-  
form enough—

That *Brussels Gazette* stop the prompter's  
puff.

The Prompter's eye, 'n a fine phrenzy fit,

Glances from pit to box, from box to pit;

And as his fancy bod'ies forth whole rows

Of absent belles, and visionary beaux,

His fertile pen affits the ideal vapours,

And gives them local fixture in the papers.

There the *bird* troops of adulation glow,

Resplendent crowds the teeming house  
of *flow*;

Repeat, bursts attend each scene through-  
out,

And the play closes with a general shout.

But this *saturnian* currency is past—

The drafts on fame must be disgrac'd at  
last.

In wit, as wealth, for treasure or applause,  
True genuine credit is the public cause—  
The laws of taste at least shall still be  
free—

Assert them kindly—for *Variety*.

On Saturday night the 16th of March, a  
new farce, written by Mr. O'Keefe, en-  
titled the *POSITIVE MAN*, was per-  
formed at Covent-garden Theatre.

#### CHARACTERS.

<i>Sir Toby Tacit,</i>	- Mr. Quick.
<i>Rupe,</i>	- Mr. Edwin.
<i>Captain Bellcamp,</i>	- Mr. Whitefield.
<i>Luke,</i>	- Mr. Booth.
<i>Grog,</i>	- Mr. Lewis.
<i>Stern,</i>	- Mr. Fearon.
<i>Cabot,</i>	- Mrs. Kennedy.
<i>Dolphin,</i>	- Mr. Darley.
<i>Hoa spirit,</i>	- Mr. Bates.
<i>Other sailors,</i>	{ Messrs. Jones, Willson, &c.
<i>Maurice,</i>	- Mr. Eslin.
<i>Lady Tacit,</i>	- Mrs. Webb.
<i>Cornelia,</i>	- Mrs. Martyr.
<i>Florimel,</i>	- Mrs. Levingham.
<i>Nancy,</i>	- Mrs. Willson.

Sir Toby Tacit, the *Positive Man*, who  
piques himself on the idea of the most de-  
termined resolution and firmness of cha-  
racter, but whose judgment veers with  
every new opinion he hears, particularly  
of his wife, whom he thinks he governs  
with the most manly steadiness, has con-  
tracted his daughter Cornelia to Rupe,  
the son of an East-Indian, who on the cre-  
dit of his wealth assumes the character of a  
fine gentleman, to which he has no other  
pretensions than the most ridiculous fop-  
pery and extravagance. He has selected  
a very singular companion for such a cha-  
racter in Grog, a seaman, who had made  
his fortune in the East Indies under Ru-  
pee's father, but still retains the rough,  
open honesty, with the vulgar manners and  
attachments of a common foremast man.  
He and Rupee are represented as alter-  
nately engaged in the highest scenes of  
fashionable expence, and in the convivial  
pleasures which Grog selects in the re-  
gions of Wapping and Rotherhithe.  
Cornelia has a favoured lover in Captain  
Bellcamp, and Florimel his sister, in con-  
cert with Cornelia, forms a scheme to re-  
move the pretensions of Rupee. A let-  
ter, signed Tom Tell Truth, is addressed  
to him, in which he is informed that Cor-  
nelia will be an improper wife for a man  
of honour, as she admits a lover into her  
chamber, and points out the means of de-  
tection. Florimel, in the dress of a smart-  
young Captain, personates this lover;  
Rupe

Kupee is placed as a concealed witness of her admission, and congratulates his escape from such an union, whilst Sir Toby, who considers his daughter's reputation as ruined, is happy to dispose of her to Captain Bellicamp.

On the first night some exceptions were taken at parts of the piece, but on the second representation such judicious alterations were made, that, could we suppose it possible that an author would put himself in so much danger, we should be tempted to suspect Mr. O'Keefe suffered his farce to appear first in an under-written state, in order the better to set off his ability as a corrector of his own works.

The following is the Prologue spoken in the character of Lingo, and written by Mr. Colman.

# PROLOGUE to the POSITIVE MAN,.

Spoken by Mr. EDWIN.

ONCE more before you, Lingo, Sirs, you see!

His lesson now—the positive degree.

Comparativè, what's our Author's head?

Weigh it! 'twill prove superlativè—lead.

Malus, melior, pissimus—in brief, Nominativè, he is call'd—'O Thief!

I am not the first person, the second, nor third,

Who in this school of nonsense his nonsense has heard;

Noun adjective stuff, that alone could not stand,

Without a noun substantive Fiddle at hand!

But now without music he thinks to stand neuter,

And that Farce, tho' imperfect, may please you in future.

O you! to whom Poets must ever surrender!

Beauties, wits, of the masculine and feminine gender!

Ye plurals, a singular art who can teach, And make actors and authors learn all parts of speech,

For once lay by the rod, and your flogging decline!

That what we mean for gerunds may not prove supine!

—Perhaps I'm too wise, and too larned good folks!

So a truce with our science, a truce with our jokes!

And in good sober sadness one word let me say:

Do but think that the school-boys have broke up to-day;

Forgive them their frolics, and laugh at their play!

In th' imperative mood, should you view the Bard's face,

His present tense proves the accusative case;

But should you be dative of favour,—like Lingo,

Your active voice passive will cheer him and Lingo.

## T H E A T R I C A L R E G I S T E R,

From FEBRUARY 28, to MARCH 22, 1782.

### DRURY LANE.

- Feb. 28 Variety and Comus.
- Mar. 2 Ditto and the Divorce.
- 4 Ditto and Robinson Crusoe.
- 5 Ditto and Gentle Shepherd.
- 7 Ditto and the Maid of the Oaks.
- 9 Ditto and the Gentle Shepherd.
- 11 Ditto and Robinson Crusoe.
- 12 Oroonoko and Gentle Shepherd.
- 14 Beggar's Opera and Lun's Ghost.
- 16 Braganza and Comus.
- 17 The Way to keep Him and the Critic.
- 18 School for Scan. and the Divorce.
- 20 The Foundling and the Alchymist.
- 22 School for Scandal and Maid of the Oaks.

### COVENT GARDEN.

- Which is the Man and Choice of Harlg.
- Ditto and Ditto.
- Ditto and Ditto.
- Man of the World and Tom Thumb.
- Which is the Man and Choice of Harlg.
- Ditto and Ditto.
- Ditto and Ditto.
- Ditto and Ditto.
- Distress'd Mother and Tom Thumb.
- Man of the World and the Positive Man.
- Mourning Bride and Dragon of Wantley.
- Double Dealer and the Rehearsal.
- Macbeth and the Positive Man.
- Which is the Man and the Positive Man.

S U M

SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the PROCEEDINGS in the Two Houses  
PARLIAMENT, continued from page 141.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

FEBRUARY 18.

**M**ARQUIS of Carmarthen. A noble Lord under the condemnation of a sentence of a court martial, had, agreeable to his anticipation a few days before, been created a Peer, and had taken his seat. He wished to enquire into this prostitution of dignity, and whether it did not reflect disgrace upon the peerage. After repeating his former argument, his Lordship made the same motion as before.

Lord Abingdon seconded it.

Lord Sackville wished ardently for a review of his conduct, particularly the sentence of the court martial. That sentence was when the spirit of party ran high against him. He was the object of popular prejudice; he was run at by faction. He had demanded the trial on himself. But the marquis had added to the sentence what was no part of it. He had dragged into the question the *opinion* of a *man* upon the decision of the court martial. He meant the orders. I stand here, says he, in virtue of an exertion of the royal prerogative in my favour. The honour which I enjoy came to me unsolicited. In 1765 I was called from obscurity to an important situation in the state, which I considered as a virtual cancelling of the sentence of the court martial. The honour I have received, it does not belong to this house to dispute. Of this point his Majesty is the sole judge, and to call his right in question, is to infringe upon the royal prerogative.

Lord Derby. Had the noble Lord done any thing to repair his injury? He had ruined the country by the American war. He was the only bankrupt character in England who could be found to undertake it. He had complained of the orders which he had called the *opinion* of a *man*, being dragged into the present question. That *man* was the late King, in whose reign and under a wise administration, this country was raised to the highest point of human greatness.

Lord Walsingham. The decision of the court martial was no ground for the house to proceed upon.

Duke of Richmond. From Edward III. to Henry VII. Peers were never made but by consent of parliament. It was of the utmost consequence to keep the peerage free from taint and impurity.

He was present at the battle of Minden. He was summoned as a witness, but not called. If he had, he should have spoken to a matter of peculiar importance, which was, to time. The question was asked of all the witnesses, but they could not answer it. He had his watch in his hand the whole time, and he could have said to a certainty, that after the orders were delivered, the engagement continued for an hour and a half and no cavalry came up, although the distance was only a mile. The noble Lord had said the orders were contradictory. They appeared to him perfectly explicit. The noble Lord's admission to the council board in 1765, could not cancel the sentence of the court martial; that admission was a mere appendage of the post he was called to, and which post was assigned him as a reward for the support he had given to the great constitutional question on general warrants. In a very short time he opposed those ministers who had thus favoured him. He opposed the repeal of the stamp act; and accepted the office of Secretary of State to conquer America, by which America had been lost. The loss of America was to be ascribed to the noble Lord. Disaster, calamity and disgrace constantly pursued his measures.

Lord Stormont. It was the prerogative of the crown to create peers. He would go no farther back than the revolution, when the constitution was settled. There was no limit to the royal prerogative but legal disability. No exception was taken to the noble Lord when made a privy counsellor in 1765, nor when made Secretary of State in 1775, and there was less occasion now upon his being created a Peer. There was no incompetency, no legal disability shewn, and Sir Robert Walpole had been created a Peer after being expelled the House of Commons.

Lord Shelburne. The creation of Peers does not belong separately to the King. It is a matter of state. It was not necessary to be a lawyer or an antiquarian, to know that in the creation of Peers the prerogative is limited. There were instances wherein the Lords had interfered in the exercise of this prerogative. In the articles of impeachment against the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Oxford,

and several occasions. The message of George the first, on the peerage bill, was a direct acknowledgement of the rights of the house.

Lord Denbigh. The case of Lord Oxford was a hardship upon that nobleman, and those whom he made Peers.

### P R O T E S T.

*Die Lunæ 18<sup>o</sup> Februariæ 1782,*

Moved to resolve,

"That it is highly reprehensible in any person to advise the crown to exercise its indisputable right of creating a Peer in favour of a person labouring under the heavy censure of a court martial, viz.

'This court, upon due consideration of the whole matter before them, is of opinion, that Lord *George Sackville* is guilty of having disobeyed the orders of Prince *Edward of Brunswick*, whom he was by his commission and instructions directed to obey as commander in chief, according to the rules of war: and it is the farther opinion of this court, that the said Lord *George Sackville* is, and he is hereby adjudged unfit to serve his Majesty in any military capacity whatever.'

'Which sentence his Majesty has been pleased to confirm.

'And public orders given out in consequence thereof.

'It is his Majesty's pleasure, that the above sentence be given out in public

'orders, that officers, being convinced, that neither high birth nor great employments can shelter offences of such a nature; and, that seeing they are subject to censures much worse than death, to a man who has any sense of honour, they may avoid the fatal consequence arising from disobedience of orders.'

Which being objected to—after a long debate, it was resolved in the negative;

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Not Contents 81 Proxies 12 Total 93

### D I S S E N T I E N T,

"Because we cannot look upon the raising to the Peerage a person to be circumstanced, in any other light, than as a measure fatal to the interests, as well as the glory of the crown, and to the dignity of this house, insulting to the memory of the late sovereign, and likewise to every surviving branch of the illustrious house of Brunswick; repugnant to every principle of military discipline, and directly contrary to the maintenance of that house, which has for ages been the glorious characteristic of the British nation, and which, as far as can depend on us, we find ourselves called upon, not more by duty than inclination, to transmit pure and unshuffled to posterity."

OSBORNE,	DERBY,
RUTLAND,	EGREMONT,
PEMBROKE,	DEVONSHIRE,
GRAVEN,	ABINGDON,
CHATHAM,	

## H O U S E O F C O M M O N S.

### FEBRUARY 20

**M**R. Fox renewed his motion, That it appears to this House, that there has been a great mismanagement in his Majesty's naval affairs in the year 1781. The arguments were nearly the same as before. The motion was now made in the House, before it was in the Committee.

Lord Nugent was against the motion. He wished for unanimity.

General Conway. The motion is founded in truth. From the highest pitch of greatness we were fallen into perfect contempt. Every demand ministers had made, both of men and money, had been complied with. Unanimity could not do more. It was not a question, whether Lord Sandwich should lose his place, but whether the public interest should be sacrificed to continue him in office. All the national misfortunes and disgraces were owing to the mismanagement of the navy. Every body was convinced of it. He had,

as Governor of Jersey, applied for a small naval force to be occasionally stationed off that island. It would have prevented the late invasion of it. A large fleet of French trading vessels, under the convoy of a single frigate, and often, of only a cutter, would frequently anchor within sight of the island, and remain there twenty-four hours.

Lord Mulgrave. The House ought to be consistent with the Committee. Though nominally different, they were individually the same. The Committee had acquitted Lord Sandwich upon the same question, the House could do no less. He repeated the same arguments he had used in the Committee.

Sir Horace Mann. The strength of the navy had not been exerted to its utmost. He could not, with an honest face, go to his constituents, if he voted against the motion.

Hon.

Hon. W. Pitt. The flight of Admiral Daib, from the combined fleets, would be for ever a stain upon this country. The admiralty had intelligence of, and time sufficient, to counteract M. de Grasse's design in going to the Chesapeake, to co-operate with Gen. Washington. It was shameful to continue that man in office, who had been the author of these, and many more disgraces.

Lord Advocate. The motion implied charges. No charges had been proved. He could not vote for the whole, when not a part had been made out. He was not one of those persons who would hang his father, or his son; though, Lord Sandwich, he thanked God, was not his father. Captain Adam Duncan had declared to him, that it would have been impolitic to have ordered Sir George Rodney's ships to have joined Admiral Kempenfelt, because, if those ships had been crippled, the plan of Sir George's voyage must have been frustrated.

Lord Howe. There was a shameful encroachment in the naval estimates, and according to that encroachment, was the diminution of the navy. When Admiral Kempenfelt failed, there were three more ships ready at Spithead, and several more at different ports. They were victualled. No reason had been given for not adding them to Admiral Kempenfelt's squadron.

Mr. Dunning. The learned lord (Lord Advocate) with the ingenuity which distinguished his character, was ashamed to own Lord Sandwich for a father. Was strongly in favour of the motion, and was certain, could he dive into the hearts of men, every gentleman present was of the same opinion.

Admiral Kepple. Captain Adam Duncan was a man of too much honour to speak a double tale. In a conversation he had had with captain Duncan, he had declared the very reverse of what the Lord Advocate had said for him. Captain Duncan had too much honour to carry a double face. Sir George Rodney wrote home, that the St. Eustatius fleet was to be met with in lat. 40. 30. After the fleet was taken, the Admiralty sent a frigate to cruise in lat. 48. 30. to order what was left to come North about.

Mr. Hill. Many facts had been produced of mismanagement by the Admiralty, and not contradicted by the Ministry. Therefore, must vote for the motion. The language of both sides the house he had attended to. The ministerial party had frequently ascribed the calamities of the country to the party out of place; and

that party ascribed them to those in place. Perhaps faction and party on both sides had done injury; but in regulating his own conduct, he must look to that which was the most able and upright of the two—he had made the decision in favour of the movers and supporters of the present question. Their reasonings and foresight had been verified, by experience, in every instance, and it was but justice to give credit to those men who had uniformly opposed those measures which had brought us into our present condition. He had been a supporter of government; he wished to be so; he was so in this instance.

Sir W. Dolben. Must admit there had been misconduct and mismanagement in the naval department; but did not think that Lord Sandwich ought to be dismissed.

Mr. T. Pitt. The mismanagement being proved and admitted, it was the duty of the Commons to punish, which they might do, by an address to the King, to remove Lord Sandwich.

Mr. Taylor. All our misfortunes originated in the mismanagement of the navy. It was unjust to screen the man who had been the author of all our disgraces and divisions.

The House divided, for the question 217. Against it 236.

## FEBRUARY 22.

General Conway moved for an address to the King, desiring his Majesty would discontinue the American war. In support of his motion, he said, he should not state the progress of the war, the large supplies which had been granted; the unfortunate application of those supplies; all these were too fatally known, and felt already; neither should he take notice of the inhuman, cruel, and uncharacteristical manner, the war had been carried on, such as burning towns, ravaging countries, destroying commerce, &c. &c. all of these were of equal notoriety. He meant therefore to draw the attention of the House, not to what had happened, but to what may happen, if something very speedy and effectual was not done.

What therefore he meant to propose was, an application to his majesty not to prosecute the war any longer on the continent of America by force, but to endeavour, by such methods, as may best conciliate that country so as to establish a permanent peace. This was the substance of his proposition. We had now a new Secretary of State for the American department, and though in point of years he

could not call him a young man, he had that appellation in office; he trusted, therefore, as all other methods which had been hitherto used for subjugating America were found to be ineffectual, the idea might be totally dropped, and a liberal ground opened for peace.

He hoped on this ground he need not press the Right Hon. Secretary, nor the rest of the House, to a sympathy of opinion with him, when it was considered what this country has suffered, and was every hour suffering in consequence of the American war; when taxes multiplied to an almost indefinite description, when commerce languished, and persons of every rank were groaning under burthens which they were no longer able to bear.

He begged the House to consider, that they had then 76,000 men upon paper in America; that the pay of each soldier, considering all expenses attending the distance, &c. amounted to at least 70*l.* per man; that this, with the other concomitant expenses, made the whole so enormous, that he was free to say not only this, but no country on earth, could support it: he asked then, what must be the consequence of prosecuting the war any farther? Why, a renunciation of it very shortly, perhaps upon such terms as may be most disgraceful to this nation. Another motive he had for pressing the subject on the House at that time was, an information he had from respectable authority, that now was the proper period for consultation with America, and there were persons not very distant from us, who were authorized to treat with administration upon this subject. This, he said, he had upon good information, and further, that some of his Majesty's ministers already knew this fact: he hoped, therefore, that this would strengthen his proposition.

He called God to witness in a most solemn manner, that he had no views of any other kind in his motion, than a real love of his country. He called upon the Secretary of State, to acquaint the House in what mode the American war was to be carried on, and what hopes there now were of better success than formerly. He read his motion, which was substantiated as follows:

"That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, that he would be graciously pleased not to prosecute the war upon the continent of America, which was found to be impracticable, any longer by force, relying upon his Majesty's gracious declaration of conciliation, and assuring his

Majesty of the zeal and support which he would receive from his faithful Commons, on so necessary and salutary an occasion."

Lord John Cavendish seconded the motion. He called the House to a recollection of the state of the nation at the breaking out of the war; and touched upon the several miscarriages, which, year after year, succeeded to the present era. Here, his lordship observed, *experience*, the common standard for all prudent men to go by, should acquaint us of the impracticability of subduing a country which hitherto had baffled, not only all the deliberations of the cabinet, but all the operations of the field. Was there any person in Great-Britain, he asked, who could say he had not been affected by the war with America? Perhaps, some few gentlemen in that House, might say, they had not; but they are not to shelter themselves long in this idea. When it had sufficiently weighed down the subordinate ranks in life the evil would spread to them, from thence to the higher orders of the state, nor would Majesty itself escape it—for sure, continues his lordship, the power and riches of a King are the welfare and happiness of his subjects—without this, Majesty is of no avail, and with this, power, dignity, and all the attributes of a Crown are combined.—For these reasons, he was for the motion.

Right Hon. Welbore Ellis begged the House to recollect, that on the first breaking out of this war, he was one of those who was uniformly of opinion, of the impracticability of subduing that country by mere force; he was of the same opinion then, and he would as willingly adopt the olive-branch as any one gentleman at the other side of the House; but then the mode as well as the practicability of that mode was another question, which ought to be weighed with great wisdom and great maturity. We had met with heavy miscarriages, and the taxes of the nation were such as leaned hard upon all classes of people; for these, and many other reasons therefore, no doubt a peace with America was very advisable.

But the present motion stated, that the war was *impracticable*. This was telling our enemies, that we could no longer carry it on, and therefore wished for peace; now, I would ask any honourable gentleman, whether that moment is a time to make peace? Surely, not. He thought the application of Parliament to the King was unconstitutional, as it was mixing the *legislative* with the *executive* powers, and taking away from Ministers, as servants of

the Crown, their proper office and authority. The consequence of this would produce confusion and disorder; besides, the object it meant to effect would be defeated.

In respect to the mode of carrying on the war, which was so repeatedly asked for both by the Hon. General and the Noble Lord, he should answer generally (for he would not pledge himself to speak particularly) that the estimates of the army for the current year would best answer that question; the honourable gentleman would there find by implication at least that the mode of the war had been altered, and every attention paid to lighten the expences of the nation, at the same time to apply those expences in such a manner as best suited times and circumstances. So far he could acquaint the House, and he hoped the success of the variations of the mode in conducting the war, would be such as would produce a better peace than any brought about through the operation of the present question.

He was called to his present office, unsought for and unsolicited on his side; he therefore undertook it, not with a certainty of being able to accomplish all his wishes, but with an ardent and zealous endeavour to do the best for his country that his poor abilities and experience could effect.

He therefore hoped the House would trust the conduct of the war in those hands wherein it had been entrusted by the constitution; and as they had hitherto conducted it, he hoped they would bring it soon to a prosperous issue.

Mr. Burke said, he expected to hear from a *new* Minister of the Cabinet *new* measures; but sorry he was to find otherwise; the *insect* was the same when it crawled upon the leaves, as now that it had thrown off its skin, and blazed out in all the splendour of a butterfly—its doctrines were the same when it had fat sang rolled up in its woolly coat, as now that it expanded its golden wings to the sun-beams.

Having pursued this metaphor so as to gain the laugh of all sides of the House, Mr. Burke adverted more particularly to the speech of the Secretary; and, which he said was saying no more than that Parliament were not the proper judges whether peace or war was necessary; they were only called upon to trust to his Majesty's Ministers for doing every thing for the nation that was possible to be done. On this he desired the House to consider what his Majesty's Ministers had done for the country, and what they were likely

to do. They had first ~~not~~ to pay in the created the American war; and ~~in~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~might~~ <sup>might</sup> them, and them only, all the miscarriages of that war, and all the taxes which have been laid on the people had originated. He therefore appealed to the House, what degree of trust, what degree of confidence could they place in them? To rely on either the integrity or abilities of such men, after such proofs, would be as disgraceful as foolish; it would be telling the world what kind of men ye were yourselves, and stamping your own characters with every degree of weakness and corruption; but he would not think thus meanly of the House; on the contrary, he looked for the salvation of the country at their hands.

Mr. Adam said, the question did not avert to that great extent in which he had treated it—it applied only to address the King not to continue the American war by force, and relying on his Majesty's former expressions for conciliation.

In the first part of this proposition, he was of opinion Parliament was not the proper medium through which the application ought to be made.

The proper mode to carry the present proposition in form was, to address his Majesty to remove the present Ministry from their offices, and to place other men in their room. Considering the question in this light, he was of opinion the House would see the impropriety of acceding to it. He appealed to the House likewise, what was the period, generally speaking, for suing for peace? Was it by laying down the sword, and withdrawing our armies from acting? Did we ever prosecute this measure in our wars with France or Spain, or Holland, or any other nation we were ever engaged with? If then we have upon no other occasion practised this method with any other nation, why should we adopt it with America? Is there any thing more singular in this war than in any other, for which we should abandon so general and leading a principle in politics? He finally begged the House would recollect what absurdities the proposition, as it then stood, would involve the army in America in, by the words *not to continue the war with force*, as by them no movement could be made, no attack commenced, however favourable the opportunity; we were to slacken every endeavour, and wait the issue of a peace upon such terms as the Americans would prescribe us.

Mr. C. Turner mentioned that the people of England, especially the poorer sort, were



could not call him  
that appeared  
from the  
pure patriotism

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to support themselves.  
That he differed from those  
who were glad to fast as they could  
to support themselves.  
That he differed from those  
who were glad to fast as they could  
to support themselves.  
That he differed from those  
who were glad to fast as they could  
to support themselves.

Colonel Barré moved, before they proceeded any further on a subject of such importance, that the petition from the city of Bristol lying on their table might be read, which being complied with, he said, the many burthens and grievous oppressions which it was stated that great trading town laboured under by this destructive and pernicious American war, were not peculiar to it: they were common to the whole kingdom; he was confident the city of London had similar sentiments with regard to the war, and the reason that their table was not loaded from all parts with petitions of the like nature with that just read, was, that the nation did not look up to Parliament with that respect which formerly they were wont to do; they had fallen into contempt in the eyes of the public; and that, and that alone was the cause, that complaints of the distresses, heavy burthens and intolerable hardships which the nation endures, did not pour in from every quarter. An honourable gentleman has said, this mode of addressing the Crown is unprecedented. Good God! Sir, the situation of our country is unprecedented; and is this a time, when the nation is verging on absolute ruin, to search for precedents to warrant us in those measures, which may avert that destruction? From what has fallen from the new Secretary of State, I can plainly perceive that the same wretched argument and folly which has hitherto promoted and carried on the accursed war, still influences the conduct of Ministers.

Mr. Jenkinson said, he was no soldier, though Secretary at War; yet he had made himself master of what was understood by a war of posts; and he thought a war of posts the most proper and most likely of proving successful in America; it meant to keep those posts we had gained, and as opportunity suited to take others.

Mr. Fox said he was happy to find, on a late occasion, 219 honest, independent men. If the people would only consider the vast number of contractors and placemen, that unworthily and unjustly had seats in that House, they must consider, that a majority of 19 for a Minister, was, in fact, a minority, as the voice of the peo-

ple were undoubtedly against him. He was glad to find that he had discovered who that evil spirit was that conducted all our mischiefs, it was a person that was higher than the noble lord in the blue ribbon; that the noble lord was only his puppet, and acted as he was told.

Lord North said, it was surprising that he should so often be called upon for his opinion, and told to speak out, when he was again told he would not be believed; the war, he said, was necessary, and must be continued; he undoubtedly mentioned, at the first of the sessions, that the war was not meant to be carried on in that extensive manner it had been; it certainly was not; it was meant to be carried on in a mere defensive manner; but as Sir H. Clinton had desired to be recalled, and Lord Cornwallis, who was next in command, was a prisoner, the command would devolve on a foreigner; therefore it was thought proper to send Sir Guy Carleton.

Mr. W. Pitt urged the necessity of putting a speedy end to the war. It had been remarked in the debate by the new Secretary, that to make peace with the Americans, you must make them feel the calamities of war. Surely we ought to pay some respect to the calamities of our constituents at home; they, he would be bound to say, felt all the calamities of war.

Mr. Powys moved, that the Journals of the House on the 6th of February, 1775, be read, which was done, shewing the address to his Majesty to prosecute the American war; he then argued that it was now necessary for the House to agree to the present motion, as they perceived that the war was no longer practicable.

Mr. Rigby said, he undoubtedly was of opinion some time back, that the American war was a just one; he still continued to think so; but he was also of opinion, that the complexion of the times had altered, and that it was no longer practicable to pursue it; yet he should vote against the present motion, (although he wished for peace) as it interfered with the executive power, and left Ministers in a situation not knowing what to do.

The House divided,

Ayes - 103

Noes, - 194

Majority for carrying on }  
the American war only } 1

FEBRUARY 25.

Lord North opened his budget. He began with the navy, stating the ordinary

Ordinary and extraordinaries to amount to

	£.	s.	d.
	8,563,000	12	9
Army —	7,424,000	0	0
Ordnance —	1,600,000	0	0
Exchequer Bills	4,400,000	0	0
Disbursements in the			
Tunds —	474,529	9	7½
Ditto in the Coinage	813,000	0	0
Laud and Malt —	400,000	0	0
Expences attending the			
Museum, computed			
at —	3,000	0	0
American Civil Govern-			
ment —	14,000	0	0
African Ports —	13,000	0	0
Roads and Bridges in			
Scotland —	5,000	0	0
Repairs of Newgate	10,000	0	0
Levant Company —	8,600	0	0
American Soldiers —	68,439	0	0
Somerset House —	25,000	0	0
Saltpetre —	50,000	0	0
Expences paid Duncan			
Campbell, for the			
convicts —	11,719	0	0

Making in all the sum of — 23,886,288 9 4½

His lordship commented on the several articles, and compared them with the similar articles of last year; most of those his lordship called *miscellaneous articles* which were he said, principally made by computation. He next adverted to the other part of the budget called the loan, or the sum to be borrowed for the ensuing year, which, in the whole, he said, would amount to 13,500,000l.

The terms of the loan were as follows:

100 at 3 per cent. valued at	51	0	0
50 at 4 per cent. valued at	67	33	10
17s. 6d. long annuities, valued			
at 15 10 —	13	11	3
Profit on tickets —		0	18 9

Total £ 102 0 0

Having thus concluded the *arithmetical* part of this account, in which his lordship only stated the *bonus* to be 2 per cent. he spoke more generally to the subject. He said, that there were two modes of raising the annual supplies, that of an open subscription at the Bank with a deposit, or receiving letters at the Treasury for certain sums subscribed for, and then apportioning those sums to the several subscribers. The first, he said, though he did not entirely reprobate, but, on the contrary, saw much faults in, yet in times of war it was not so practicable, or so safe, as many men

may subscribe, incompetent to pay in the remainder, by which government might be clogged and embarrassed.

The other method, he said, had been a method adopted last year, the year before, and some years back; but this was so subject to distrust and jealousy, in supposing one more favoured than another, that he could not think of following the same mode this year; and he trusted the House would very readily think with him in this particular, after the load of obloquy and calumny that was cast upon him, because all could not be satisfied.

He confessed the terms of the loan last year, were too much, but that arose entirely from unforeseen events; and such was the spirit of the public in consequence of the money got by that loan, that instead of eleven hundred letters of application last year, this year he had near two thousand five hundred, with such sums annexed to them as would raise 76 millions. He confessed, that perhaps the whole of the subscribers were not competent to bring all that money to market, taking it upon a supposition, that by asking double what they wanted, they might only get half; but he believed a great part of them, from the respectability of their names, were fully competent to the sums demanded.

To steer therefore, as free from censure as possible in the present loan, he had received applications from two respectable bodies of people, and, weighing the different terms which each had separately proposed, he had adopted that which was most advantageous to the nation, and he hoped the House would concur in that opinion, when, taking the stock at a very reasonable valuation, the *bonus* or *donour* did not exceed 2 per cent. On this ground he said he by no means meant to deceive the House; a great number of gentlemen knew the fact as well as himself, which was, that the 3 per cents on Saturday (the 23d) were at about 54 7-8ths per cent. and that they were only stated in the loan at 51 per cent.—that on that day he heard they were still lower, not more than 54 5-8ths per cent.—that the lottery tickets were valued at 13l. 2s. 6d. which was rather high, and would be productive to government—that the 4 per cents were only stated at 67 per cent. so that upon the whole he hoped the house would think them such as was, in the mercantile phrase, a good bargain; he assured them it was the best he could get, using the best methods he could to obtain it.

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[The taxes he put off till the 4th of March, and they were afterwards put off till the 11th.]

FEBRUARY 27.

General Conway renewed his motion respecting the American war. Petitions which had been presented from the cities of London and Bristol against that war, he desired might be read. The petition from the city of London had been just presented, which he said confirmed him more than ever of the necessity of putting an end to that war. The traders of the first transatlanticity in the world had petitioned against the war, and they undoubtedly were the best judges of its effects: he was confident that the intention of his motion of Friday last, was misunderstood, otherwise gentlemen must from conviction have agreed to it. He had been told in a former debate, that his motion was dark and obscure. He begged to know on what points: he flattered himself that it was totally understood, for it had called up two gentlemen of the first abilities in that House (Rigby and the Lord Advocate) who had publicly confessed their former errors, and, like St. Paul, had been free to declare their conversion; yet he was astonished to find those very gentlemen vote against his question. They put him in mind of another passage in Holy Writ which he was not so well acquainted with as he ought to be, which was, "That cloven tongues defended upon the people, and they spoke double." He was confident there had been cloven tongues in that House, or the many reports that had been spread abroad, were totally false; for you could not go into a coffee-house in any part of the town, but the universal cry was against the American war; and it was but a few days ago, that young officer asked him, what could be the meaning, that certain Members of Parliament in the House voted one way, and out of the House spoke another. He had heard the Minister talk of a war of posts, he himself, as a military man, could never find out, that our war in America was, or could be any thing else than a war of posts, from the situation of the country. What was that great General's (Washington's) whole system, since the first of the accursed war, than a war of posts; but there were different ways of conducting those wars of posts; the one was to keep such posts as you thought useful and necessary for some great purposes; another was to occasionally fall forth, if attacked, or opportunity offered, and take ad-

vantage of your enemy and gain new posts; and a third name given to this diabolical war, was what his honourable friend (Mr. Ellis) had started on Friday, but which he could scarce think him serious in, that there was no such thing as an American war, it was a French war in America. If it was a French war in America, undoubtedly were were doing a most impolitic thing to fight France at arm's length, where she could with about five thousand troops, which did not cost her annually more than forty pounds per man, encounter us, who were at the expence of paying for seventy-three thousand men, at full one hundred pounds per annum each: but there appears to him a fourth kind of war, at which nature shuddered, he meant an Indian war; for he was well assured that a new place had been appointed, which he could scarce think, in times like the present, was meant as a *snare* that was, "*Inspector of Indian Affairs.*" In the name of God, what could be the motive of Ministers, that they wished to drive every spark of love, every tie of the Americans, whom he would still call brethren (for so they certainly were) from us? Did we suppose that by the infernal plan of desolation, burning, ravaging, slaughtering, and ravishing of these oppressed people, that we could ever make them love us? Certainly not, they undoubtedly felt the calamities of war, and would wish for peace; but could any man think that a nation once famed for its honour and humanity, could so far lose sight of itself, as to employ savages to butcher innocent, inoffensive men! No, it was a conduct of that kind that made us, not as a noble Lord (Mulgrave) had mentioned in a former debate, the glory and envy of every nation, but had made us the ridicule and contempt of every power upon earth; this he did not speak merely on his own opinion, but on those of gentlemen who had lately travelled, and heard the sentiments of others. An honourable gentleman (Sir H. Mann) in last Friday's debate had declared, that lately on the Continent he had been in company where it was asked what country he was, and on being told he was an Englishman, they all sneered and turned up their noses; but afterwards, in another company, it was whispered he was an American, and he was carressed by every one. Such was the opinion formed of us, owing to our despicable measures. The Americans, he had been credibly informed, wished for a peace, and would willingly treat for one, could they put any dependence in the faith of Ministers; but was it pos-

able for any people to be weak enough to trust to men that were continually shifting their ground so, as our present ministers were, calling the war one day a war of posts, another a defensive war, and at last the French American war? He would not contend about mere words; for a rose to be sure, called by any other name, would smell full as sweet as if called by its proper name; and on that head he would let them have the fragrant smell of the word American.

Many gentlemen in the course of the former debate had denied the right of Parliament to interfere with the Crown, whose prerogative it was to make peace or war; but would any gentleman now tell him so, if they did, he would prove to them, that from the time of Edward the Third, to the present reign, the Commons have always interfered, and gave their advice to the crown, in matters similar to the present. He read many extracts from history which proved his assertion, and which he desired the noble Lord in the Blue Ribbon and his attendants would attend to, for he did not suppose they had time to read such voluminous works; their favourite book of study was the Red book, the book that contained the names of the *Saints* that were embalmed, the men that were among the *elect*; if they had not time to read history, let them read "Debrett's Remembrancer of Public Events," there they would find the truth of his assertions.

In the opening of the Budget a hint was thrown out, that there had been offers for peace; he wished to know what those offers were, and why they were rejected. A great northern power he understood had offered to become a mediator, and lend her endeavours to bring about a general peace, but that our ministers, by some proud or haughty terms, had prevented it. He begged gentlemen would attend to the motion he was going to make, which did not in the least interfere with the executive government; it was as follows:

Resolved, "That it is the opinion of this House, that a further continuance of an offensive war in America, for the purpose of subduing, by force, the revolted Colonies, is totally impracticable, inasmuch as it weakens that force which we ought to employ against our European enemies, and which is contrary to his Majesty's declaration in his most gracious Speech from the Throne, where he expresses a wish to restore peace and tranquillity."

EUROP. MAG.

Lord Vilebress, A Member of Council, in motion, he said, from a thorough conviction that it was conformable to the wishes of the people.

Sir C. Bunbury declared his hearty assent to the motion, as it would in his opinion be an opening for a reconciliation with America, which he never could expect from the present Ministers; for as soon might you expect vigilance from a deaf muffled, as safety from the present men in power.

Mr. T. Pitt said, he knew that the motion on the 27th, had been understood by several gentlemen. Ministers had complained that it was not constitutional for parliament to interfere with the executive power: but the present motion was strictly constitutional. Had the present motion said, withdraw your troops, it would have been an interference with the executive power; but he would have Ministers always remember, that the present hour afforded a prospect of peace, and what the next would do no man could tell; the formidable equipments our enemies were making, threatened some great blow, and if the present opportunity was let slip, America might be so united by compulsion to France, that it would be impossible to make a separate peace.

Alderman Newnham declared that from the first moment of the American war, to the present time, he had been an enemy to it, not only from conviction that it was attended with every ruinous consequence to this country, but that subduing them by force was impracticable. If the petitions that had been presented against it were not enough to have convinced him, he must have been thoroughly sensible, that the wish of the public was against it, for on Saturday last (the 28th of February) every person he met looked dark on him, owing to the report getting abroad, that by his absence the former question was lost, and that owing to his going away the American war was to be continued. He was happy in an opportunity of declaring his utter abhorrence to the war, and as he had lived, so he was confident he should die firm in opinion, that it was ruinous and destructive to this nation.

Sir Horace Mann owned, that as the first outcrier of the American war he was an advocate for it, and a firm supporter of the minister, yet he was happy to declare that he had, as the honourable gentleman who made the motion, had said of two others, seen his error, and had been converted. And his conversion arose from a chain of facts that no person could dispute.

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pute; he was now as thoroughly convinced in his own mind; and by the unanimous voice of his constituents, that the war was no longer practicable, but dangerous, ruinous, and expensive; that we were already encumbered with a debt of near 800 million, which required annually near 14 million to pay its interest, and how we were to go on with such an expence he could not foresee.

Lord North. The term of making the American war a war of posts, had been fathered on him, with what justice he would leave the house to judge.—He had been frequently accused of excelling all others in the art of deceit; he denied it to be true, for he always had spoke out the exact sentiments of his mind. He had at first declared himself a friend to the American war, and was sure it was practicable; he was not alone in that opinion, for the house had frequently concurred with him. But when he found the voice of the people, and the voice of parliament, so much against it, he had openly avowed, that it was not meant to be carried on as usual; that it would, for the future, be conducted upon a different plan; that no troops to renegade those captured at York-Town, were intended to be sent; nor would an internal continental war be continued. The present motion was as obscure as the former: it said put an end to the war, but did not say how. Much had been said, in every debate, of the American independence. He could, by no means, see they were the least independent, for they had, by their new alliance, become as much dependent on France as they formerly were on England, and without half the prospect of advantage. The universal cry was, there must be a change of men, for there is no dependence to be put in the word of the minister. Why, in the name of God then, did they not move for such a change? The holding the high office he did, was not a most desirable object to him, nor did he think it was a material object to the public; but while his Majesty pleased to trust it to him, he would always discharge his duty faithfully. If there was an address to remove the present ministry, he would directly go to his Majesty with the seals, and say, Sir, I have served you faithfully, if not ably; I have served you diligently, if not successfully; and as it is the wish of the public that I should be removed, I resign with cheerfulness, for a minister, like Cæsar's wife, ought not to be even suspected.

The Attorney-General wished for a

truce with America, and to repeal some late acts of parliament, in order to open the communication and trade between the two countries. In order to digest a plan of this sort he moved "that the present debate be adjourned for a fortnight."

Mr. William Pitt said, he did not believe there was one gentleman now unconvinced of the propriety and necessity of that motion. It was moved to adjourn the present question, in order to bring on one for a truce, thereby hoping to convert a few from their determined purpose, into a desultory vote, which, like all their former promises, would end in deception and disappointment. The house could place no confidence in his Majesty's ministers. Was there a promise that they had not falsified? Was there a plan in which they had agreed? Did any two Ministers that sat on the treasury bench, agree in any one specific doctrine that they ever broached? No, there was an incessant variation, a shuffling and trifling in their whole conduct.

Mr. Dunning ridiculed the arguments of Lord North as the most absurd and unintelligible that he had ever heard. It was very singular that the noble Lord, after making propositions of his particular desire to be explicit, should have entertained the house with such an incomprehensible harangue; of which he could only say that he did not understand a syllable. The noble Lord had said that he was superior to duplicity, perhaps so, and he had taken a curious means of preserving himself from the imputation of duplicity. Duplicity was charged to the man who first said one thing, and afterwards endeavoured to give another meaning to it; but surely he could not be charged with speaking double, who had not laid either one thing or another. With respect to the truce proposed by the learned gentleman, he could not help viewing it as a miserable stratagem, to bring over, at the most, three or four undetermined voices, who might be willing to support ministry if they would, in any shape, agree to get rid of the American war. He argued with great earnestness for the necessity of coming to the motion made by the Right Hon. General. It was temperate—it was conclusive, and by this the house would secure themselves and their country against the consequences of that shuffling system which no promise could bind, nor experience reform.

The Lord Advocate spoke in support of the Attorney-general's motion, which he said, was the best, the most moderate,

and the only method which the house, in the present circumstances, could take, for bringing back America to her former habits of intimacy with this country.

Mr. Fox reprobated what he called the paltry stratagems to which ministers were reduced, in the last moments perhaps of their existence, to gain a short week; or, a day of breath.

Mr. Hill, in a most laughable vein of ridicule and satire, reprobated the system of his Majesty's ministers. He said, they might each be entitled a Don Quixote; the American war was their Dulcinea del Toboso. Mr. Secretary Ellis was the Rosinante, and he would, no doubt be, in a short time, raised up to the stall in which his predecessor now was ranged; where, perhaps, a sword, found in the fields of Minden, would be laid across his chest to be dubbed a knight. He owned he was educated in Tory-tory principles; but he could not support the present system.

Sir W. Dolben said, on the 27th he had voted for the motion, and as he intended this evening to vote against it, although the two were in substance the same, he should give his reasons to the house for so doing. The Attorney General had, in the course of his speech, mentioned an intention of bringing in a bill for a truce with America, which, in his opinion, was by far the best mode offered, he should therefore be for rejecting the present question, and for adopting that preferred.

Mr. T. Townshend arraigned, with the utmost severity, the consistency of the honourable Baronet, who, in the course of a few days, gave two different votes on the same question.

Mr. Powys spoke with feeling and lamentation at the conduct of Sir W. Dolben; as a friend he must regret, but as a member of parliament he must abhor his behaviour.

Sir F. Norton spoke also with astonishment at Sir W. Dolben's conduct; no change of affairs could warrant any such alteration of sentiment. The truce proposed by the learned gentlemen, by no means precluded the Baronet from giving his assent to this motion, as in fact this question was a preliminary to a truce, or, to what was much more substantial, to a ~~conclusion~~ peace.

Mr. Sheridan, in a most admirable piece of satire, ridiculed the strange conduct of a man, who was the representative of one of our universities, and who, from his erudition and character, was supposed

to have an influence on country gentlemen.

Sir George Elliot declared, that he now saw that the nation, the house of commons, and the ministers, had been for a long time in the wrong; and he could no longer, with justice to his constituents, support their measures.

At half past one o'clock the house divided on the Attorney General's motion for adjournment, when the numbers were;

Noes	234
Ayes	215

Majority against the ministry } NINETEEN.

After which, the main question was put and agreed to.

#### FEBRUARY 28.

The Attorney General (Mr. Wallace) moved for leave to bring in a bill to establish peace with America. He said he did this in consequence of the motion of last night. Mr. Attorney's motion was amended with ordering that a committee be appointed to prepare a bill for the establishment of peace with America.

#### MARCH 4.

The Speaker read the King's answer to the address of the house, presented in consequence of the resolution on the 27th of last month, which was as follows:

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"There are no objects nearer to my heart, than the ease, happiness and prosperity of my people. You may be assured that in pursuance to your advice, I shall take such measures as shall appear to me to be most conducive to the restoration of harmony between Great-Britain and the revolted colonies, so essential to the prosperity of both; and that my efforts shall be directed in the most effectual manner against our European enemies, until such peace can be obtained as shall consist with the interests and permanent welfare of my kingdoms."

General Conway moved that the thanks of the house be given to his Majesty for this answer; though he said he was not perfectly satisfied with it, but the motion was usual and therefore it passed nem. con.

General Conway stood up again and said, that as the ministers had declared on the 27th that the resolution proposed on that day was not sufficiently explicit. In order, therefore, to put the matter beyond all doubt, he should move to make it highly criminal in any minister to pur-

use the war with America for the purpose of reducing that country to obedience by force. He further justified the intended motion, by reminding the house that though in the course of the debate of Wednesday last, several gentlemen had opposed his motion as not sufficiently explicit, no one of them had proposed words to cure that defect, had the charge been founded; and that in all the debates on the subject, not one syllable had been said by ministers to two very material suggestions thrown out by him, and which appeared to him to be of the first importance. These were, first, That he had good reason to believe, there was at this time in America, a strong propensity, and a sincere inclination, to make peace with the mother country. The second; that there were not far distant from that house, certain persons empowered by congress to treat for peace. In addition to these, the General said, he had heard that conditions of a new treaty between France and America were talked of. If therefore an opportunity was to be seized for Great-Britain's making a truce, or agreeing upon a cessation of arms with America, this was in his mind not only the most favourable opportunity, but the most necessary opportunity for proceeding without delay, and in the most effectual manner to come to such an agreement. At present, he was pretty sure there was no bar whatever to impede the effecting a truce; but in a short time, for the reason he had stated, the attempt might be impracticable. For these reasons, he moved the following resolution, "It being the opinion of this house, that the farther prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North-America, for the purpose of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force, will be the means of weakening the efforts of this country against her European enemies, tends, under the present circumstances, dangerously to increase the mutual enmity so fatal to the interests both of Great-Britain and America, and by preventing an happy reconciliation with that country, to frustrate the earnest desire graciously expressed by his Majesty to restore the blessings of public tranquillity; and his Majesty having been graciously pleased to declare, that there were no objects nearer his heart, than the ease, happiness and prosperity of his people, and to assure this house, that in pursuance of their advice, he should take such measures, as should appear to him to be most conducive to the restoration of harmony between Great-Britain and the revolted colonies, so essential to the prof-

perity of both: and that his efforts should be directed in the most effectual manner against our European enemies, until such a peace can be obtained, as shall consist with the interest and permanent welfare of his kingdoms."

Resolved, "That whoever shall be hereafter concerned in advising, or by any means attempting the further prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North-America, for the purpose of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force, are by this house, declared enemies of their country, and shall be considered and treated as enemies of their country ought to be treated, &c. &c."

Lord Ashburp seconded the motion.

Lord North said, he saw no necessity whatever for the present motion. It was deeply impressed on his mind, that the minister who should dare to disobey the sense of parliament, was guilty of a crime of the most heinous nature; yet he thought, when parliament took upon itself to direct ministers as to their future conduct, it was necessary that their directions should be as explicit, as free from doubt, and a possibility of misconception, as the most precise use of words could render them; because, when the sense of parliament was known, ministers stood without excuse, and were certainly highly criminal, if they did not strictly obey those directions which parliament had thought proper to give. A majority, therefore, having decided against his opinion, he felt himself bound to consider the declaration of that majority as the declaration of parliament, and to obey it implicitly. But there were words in the present motion which struck him as not sufficiently clear and precise. Were ministers to understand any thing by the present motion, or by that which had been voted on Wednesday last, other than that they were to hold perpetually in their view, that it was the sense of parliament to make peace with America, as soon as possible, and to seize the earliest opportunity that might offer for that purpose? Were they to consider themselves as bound to act in this manner; and that, by so doing, they would comply with the voice of that house.—On a cry from the other side of the house, of No! No! No! His lordship declared, that his reason for putting those questions was, his desire to be informed what was the sense of parliament, in order that by understanding correctly what the sense of the house was, he, or future ministers, might be enabled to pay it implicit obedience.

# P O E T R Y.

VERSES written by DEAN SWIFT, on  
DOCTOR DELANE'S Country Seat, called  
Dellville.

WOULD you that Dellville I describe,  
Believe me, friend, I will not gibe;  
For who would be satirical  
Upon a thing so very small—  
You scarce upon the borders enter,  
But you are at the very center;  
A single crow can make it night;  
When o'er your farm he takes his flight:  
Yet in this narrow compass we  
Observe a vast variety—  
Both walks, wall, meadows, and parterres,  
Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,  
And hills and dales, and woods and fields;  
And hay and graze, and corn it yields:  
All to your market brought so cheap in,  
Without the moving or the reaping.  
A razor, though to say't I'm loth,  
Would shave you and your meadows both.  
Though small the farm, yet here's a house  
Full large to entertain a—mouse;  
But where a cat is dreaded more  
Than savage Caledonian boar:  
For if 'tis enter'd by a rat,  
There is no room to bring a cat.  
A little rivulet seems to steal  
Down through a thing you call a dale,  
Like tears a-down a wrinkled cheek,  
Or rain along a blade of leek:  
Yet this you call your *sweet meander*,  
Which might be sucked up by a gander,  
Could it but force its restless bill  
To scoop the channel of the rill:  
I'm sure you'd make a mighty clutter,  
Was it as big as city gutter.  
Next come I to your kitchen garden,  
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;  
And in this garden is a walk,  
No bigger than a taylor's chalk,  
Thus I compute what space is in it,  
A snail creeps round it in a minute;  
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze  
Up through a tuft you call your trees;  
And once a year a single rose  
Peeps from the bud, but never blows:  
In vain then you expect its bloom,  
It cannot blow for want of room.  
In short, in all your boasted feat,  
There's nothing but YOURSELF that's GREAT.

TRANSLATION of the FRENCH SONNET in  
our last.

LOVE, my dear Iris, list beguiler;  
'Tis nature whispers thus to youth:  
And often we repeat the truth  
In certain glances, certain smiles,

Whoever sees, enchanting smiles,  
That dazzling beauty, darting glances;  
But nought can equal, nor efface,  
Thy certain glances, certain smiles.

From Asia why to Grecian isles  
Did Paris follow Helen's charms?  
Because she used those fatal smiles,  
Those certain glances, certain smiles.

Would Orpheus, through so many toils,  
To hell have ever roam'd, if he  
Had been so blest on earth to see  
These certain glances, certain smiles?

Fond Petrarch's literary piles,  
Rais'd to his Laura's deathless fame;  
What else inspir'd, but to proclaim,  
Her certain glances, certain smiles.

At once the poet's song it spoils  
Deprive him of his darling theme,  
And leave him nought to sing or dream,  
Of certain glances, certain smiles.

So beauty loses all her wiles,  
And virtue her attractions too;  
Unless they to their votaries shew,  
With certain glances, certain smiles.

My Iris lastly still beguiles  
This fluttering captivated heart;  
And by the same engaging art,  
Of certain glances, certain smiles.

END.

## CHANDSON.

I.

QUI peut s'assurer un moment  
D'avoir le coeur de sa bergère?  
Elle promet à la légère,  
Et se dedit le même instant.

II.

Rien de plus trompeur que l'espoir,  
Qu'elle vous donne en vous voyant;  
Rien de moins sûr que son serment,  
Dès qu'elle cesse de vous voir.

III.

Au caprice toujours soumis,  
L'inconstance est son élément,  
Son plaisir est le changement,  
La diversité se dévise.

IV. Réponse.



## IV.

Esclave de la vanité,  
N'aimant que la flatterie,  
Et le ton de cajolerie,  
Elle ignore la vérité.

## V.

La mode est son unique étude,  
La parure son passe-temps ;  
La toilette ou quelque roman,  
De l'art lui font une habitude.

## VI.

Se taire servit un tourment :  
Elle dit tout ce qu'elle pense,  
Soit qu'elle plaise, ou qu'elle offense,  
Tout lui devient indifférent.

## VII.

Je conclus donc de ce tableau,  
Que pour aimer une coquette,  
Il faut avoir pu de la tête,  
Et s'être bûché le cerveau.

The following elegant Latin Epitaph is inserted by the particular Desire of a Correspondent.

**HENRICUS TOLCHER**, Armiger,  
Plimuthi, anno 1779, vitâ sanctus suâ ;  
Præclarus oppidi his Præfectus :  
Natus anno libe-  
tatis nostræ recuperatæ a  
*Gulielmo Tertio*,  
*Georgio Tertio*, regi nostro augustissimo, vixit  
Notus huic incrat  
Ingenium, nec malum, nec parvum ;  
Sed varium et versatile ; huc et illuc fluitans,  
Sæpe dubiæ horæ pendulum.  
Solentia vixit hic omnia ;  
Sed res, per saxa, per imbres, per labores, partas  
Eheu ! neglexit ?  
Et quod nuper speravi, sedulo repetivisti.  
Mune erectâ mente civilibus omnino deditus  
Officiis,  
Festinans, agilis,  
Multa et præclara minans :  
Nunc, in alia subito delapsus præcepta,  
Domesticæ, oriolus, [mere.  
Composuit et condidit quæ non curavit æpro  
In arduis mentem servans æquam,  
In secundis non elatus, in dubiis non tardus,  
In angustis fronte minime rugosâ ;  
Cautus, castus, verecundus,  
Honesti semper tenax.  
Hilaris, si adesset comes eodem prognatus ovo ;  
Tristis, si quis ex adverso diceret :  
Castigator, remorderet.  
Domi parvus, at foris benignus,  
Amicis fidelissimus.  
In oculis, per noctem, sub frigido Jove,  
Ad visendum quemcumque coluit,  
Quaraginta licet ab urbe lapides distantem,  
Surgeret,  
Et consumpto sile, amici argentique oblitus,  
Rediret æmphanus ;  
Et suræ esset spontis, sui valde profusus,  
In ipis hæc itineribus,

Antiquas emendo statuas insaniret,  
Et quanquam citharæ studio non deditus,  
Emeret citharam.  
Deo, unde vita et vitæ bona, confusus est ;  
Nihil maius suadere potuit religio.  
Et quanquam in verba nullius Magistri additus  
Mores erant in tuto.  
Miro quodam modo in juventute cautus,  
Ne advertebaletudinis et senectutis,  
Præsidia consumerebantur :  
Sic lecto suo, aut casu, aut morbo,  
Affixus nunquam ;  
Nunquam, solaris curis, inebriatus,  
Nunquam, nisi in foro et coram iustis, jurans ;  
Gulae nullo modo deditus,  
Cibi parvus, vini parcissimus,  
Post annis  
Plus decem ultra et octoginta, [nera,  
Spiratum iussit vitæ inter naturæ ponens mu-  
sing moris mem, sine corporis dolore,  
Mentis adhuc sanæ compos, satur uti conviva,  
Hinc migravit.

F. G.

VRSSES addressed to a Friend, just leaving a favourite Retirement, previous to settling abroad.

(Written in the close of Winter.)

**F**RE yet your footsteps quit the place  
Your presence long hath dign'd to grace,  
With softening eye and heart deplore  
The careless scenes, your own no more.—  
When vernal clouds their influence shower,  
Disclose the bud, and rear the flower,  
Who to von leasing gale will come  
Where the rash primrose loves to bloom,  
And fondly seek, with heedful tread,  
The forward flower's downy head :  
Or, when the violet leaves the ground,  
Scen, the perfume pure breathing sound ?  
The garden tribes that gladder grow,  
While cherish'd by your fostering view,  
No more resume their wonted hues ;  
No more their wonted sweets diffuse !  
Who first will 'spy the swallow's wing ?  
Or hear the cuckoo greet the spring ?  
Unmark't shall then th' assiduous dove,  
With rustling plumage, urge his love !  
Unnoted, tho' in lengthen'd strain,  
The bashful nightingale complain !  
The bleating group of new-born lambs,  
That frisk around their pasturing dams,  
No more allure the passing eye ;  
O! shorn, invoke your sympathy !  
Who little's now will launtering stay  
Where buxom rustics tend their hay,  
And o'er the field survey advance  
The wavy vapour quivering dance ?  
Or, sunk supine with musing eyes,  
Enjoy the hum of noon-day flies ;  
Or watch the bee from bell to bell,  
Where flecker's fox-gloves edge the dell !  
Or, mid the sultry heat, reclin'd  
Beneath the poplar, woo the wind ;  
While, to the lightest air that strays,  
Each leaf its hoary side displays ?

Who, drawn by Nature's varying face,  
 O'er heav'n the spreading tempest trace?  
 Or, in the rear of sunny rain,  
 Admire the bright bow's gorgeous train,  
 Till all its glowing tints decay,  
 And the dimm'd vision melts away?  
 Who now surmount the upland's height,  
 When morning beams her blushing light,  
 To view the gossamer pearl'd with dew,  
 That tremulous shoots each mingling hue?  
 Or mark the clouds in limeries gay,  
 Precede the radiant orb of day?  
 Who, when his amplest course is run,  
 Willful pursue the sinking fun?  
 To common eyes he vainly shines,  
 Unheeded rises or declines!  
 Afloat their brows, the golden ray  
 In vain th' empurpled hills display.  
 Steep sidelong woods, with farms between;  
 Dark hedge-row elms, with meadows green;  
 The white church, peeping half thro' trees;  
 Slopes waving corn, as wills the breeze;  
 The poding bean-field, strip'd with balks;  
 The hurled sheep-cote; hoof-trod walks;  
 The road that winds athwart the down;  
 The skirting furze-brake; fellow-brown;  
 The winnow's scarcely-circling vane;  
 The villager's returning wain;  
 The western window's crimson blaze,  
 That stares obtrusive on the gaze;  
 The eager beaver's echoing lay,  
 Far from her calf compell'd to go;  
 The thrush's wild melodious lay,  
 That bids farewell to parting day;  
 The cottage smoke that straight ascends;  
 The labourer blithe that homeward bends;  
 The gathering fumes that lightly stir  
 O'er the clear brook's unjimpled brim;  
 The plank and rail that bridge the stream;  
 The rising full-moon's amber gleam——  
 No more the onward foot beguile,  
 While pollards rude protect the stile.  
 Whose look now scans the dusky sphere,  
 To note each kindling star appear?  
 Who now the flushing dawn describe,  
 That upward streams o'er northern skies?  
 Or the wan meteor's lurid light,  
 That, headlong glancing, mocks the sight?  
 In the dank lane who now require  
 The glow-worm's ineff'ctual fire?  
 Or catch the bells from distant vale,  
 That load by fits the freshening gale,  
 Till startled from the rustling spray,  
 The moping owl re-wings her way?  
 When Autumn fear the copse invades,  
 No more you haunt the woodland glades  
 To eye the change on ev'ry bough;  
 Or eddying leaf descending slow;  
 Or peering squirrel nimbly glean  
 Each nut, that hung before unseen;  
 Or sitting down from thistle born;  
 Or gleaning what the crowds the thorn,  
 Whence oft in flocks observers old  
 Portend the length of winter's cold,  
 Wak'd by the rattle's redoubting sound,  
 When spangling-hoar-frost crisps the ground,  
 No more forego bewildering sleep  
 To climb with health yon airy steep.

When deepening frowns approach the plain,  
 The birds no more their voices obtain;  
 The redbreast hovering round your door,  
 No more his stated meal implores.  
 Where all that needed, found relief,  
 No tearful eye laments their grief;  
 No lenient hand dispels their pain;  
 Fainting they sue, yet sue in vain.  
 But tho' the scenes you now deplore  
 With heart and eye, be your's no more  
 Tho' ev'ry long-known object seem  
 Unreal, as the morning's dream,  
 You still with retrospective glance,  
 Or rapt in some poetic trance,  
 At will may ev'ry charm renew;  
 Each smiling prospect still review:  
 Thro' memory's power and fancy's aid,  
 The pictured phantoms ne'er shall fade.  
 And, oh! where'er your footsteps roam,  
 Where'er you fix your future home;  
 May joys attend'ng crown the past,  
 And heaven's blest mansion be your last!

S. H.

## AMURAT and THEANA.

### XXV.

"Vois, en ce moment, dans mes yeux  
 "Les pleurs que verse une douce allégresse:  
 "C'est l'espérance d'être heureux,  
 "C'est le tribut d'un cœur rempli de sa ten-  
 "dresse.  
 "Mais—tu gémis—ton œil se mouille encore  
 "Ah! je n'entens que trop ce douloureux  
 "langage:  
 "Et dans ces pleurs qui baignent ton visage  
 "J'ai lu l'arrêt de notre sort."

### XXVI.

Combien, hélas! le destin est funeste  
 A ces amans infortunés!  
 Pour le bonheur ils étoient destinés:  
 L'espérance fuit; la douleur reste.

### XXVII.

O maudit or! qui fais leur déplaisir,  
 Puisse tu, pur jamais, te fondre & s'engloutir  
 Dans le sein entr'ouvert de la terre profonde  
 D'où tu sortis pour le malheur du monde.

### XXVIII.

Le cœur de Théana vivement alarmé  
 De son amant voit la langueur mortelle;  
 Elle la sent. Hélas! s'écrie elle,  
 "Cher Amurat, mon bien aimé,  
 "Ne m'abandonne point dans ma douleur  
 "cruselle;  
 "Puisque tu m'as donné ta foi,  
 "Tu ne dois vivre que pour moi;  
 "Jusqu'à la mort je te serai fidèle.

### XXIX.

"Ah! chère Théana, dit-il, en ce moment,  
 "Rien ne pourra jamais braver ma confiance;  
 "De mon pèr et du sort je brave la puissance;  
 "Tu règneras toujours sur le plus tendre amant.  
 "Mais

" Mais l'histoire a tantôt été effacée—  
 " On me défend, hélas ! de chanter.  
 " J'emploie en vain la prière et les larmes ;  
 " C'est pour jamais qu'on veut nous séparer.

### XXX.

" Charmant espoir trésor de ma pensée,  
 " Douce félicité passée,  
 " Tu disposes en un moment !  
 " Ah ! sans doute le cœur qui brisa notre  
 " chaîne  
 " Est plus dur que le diamant—  
 " O funeste décret ! tu causes notre peine ;  
 " Tu trouble nos plaisirs.  
 " Le souvenir cheri des plus tendres délices  
 " Me fais souffrir mille supplices :  
 " Mes desirs innocens sont changés en soupirs."  
 (La suite au Numero IV.)

### A New Song, called, The ROYAL STAG HUNT.

**H**ARK away ! the loud horn calls—To  
 Windsor repair !  
 What a splendid appearance of Royalists there !  
 Not vulgar the game, nor the sportmen plebeian  
 For the stag and great Caesar unite in our game.  
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

O'erst souls hither bend, and ye small ones  
 retire ;  
 Now our theme is sublimed with poetical fire ;  
 Now, indeed, should the muse give her Pegasus  
 breath,  
 When the monarch thus pants to be in at the  
 death ?

Derry down, &c.

See, yonder, with generous ardor he flies,  
 Fancy stretches her wings, and the enemy dies ;  
 Like an arrow he seems from the bow of  
 Apollo,  
 And distances all—who respectfully follow.  
 Derry down, &c.

Now spreads the arch forester, swelling with  
 pride,  
 And fearless encounters the clamorous tide ;  
 While its toam he increases, he laughs at its  
 roar,  
 And rears his warm crest on the opposite shore.  
 Derry down, &c.

Now reluctant Bocephalus urges the foe ;  
 But that element small veneration you know,  
 Enamelled for great Canute and all his de-  
 scendants,  
 And destined to be ranked with their sneaking  
 dependants.

Derry down, &c.

Father Tharnes his grave aspect incontinent  
 shows,  
 Father infelix, swelling, with anger he glows,

And, while the hot monarch pants after the  
 game,  
 Overwhelms him at once with cold water and  
 flame.

Derry down, &c.

What shouts and what murmurs prevail 'n the  
 throng,  
 Might sound inharmonious related in song ;  
 But their zeal to save Caesar eternally sound,  
 While the rover in safety sweeps over the ground.  
 Derry down, &c.

What tho' sad mischance interrupted he chase,  
 And our hero unhorsed in such pitiful case,  
 Dependence ne'er sullies a prosperous reign,  
 And success shall attend him—another cam-  
 paign.

Derry down, &c.

J. D.

### A U R A and A L E X I S.

**F**AR distant from the busy train  
 A beauteous pair reside,  
 She fairer nymph on all the plains,  
 And he the shepherd's pride.

On Aura, blooming health bestows  
 Charms unimpr'd by art,  
 Her cheek, like mod'et roses, glows  
 To captivate the heart.

The lilies, in her bosom plac'd,  
 Forget their native bed ;  
 And snow-drops, by that bosom grac'd,  
 A new-born sweetness shed.

Alexis, oft in soft-tun'd lays,  
 His Aura's virtues sings ;  
 The neighboring forest with her praise  
 In answering echoes rings.

At noon, beside the gurgling stream,  
 She hears his rapt tale,  
 Or listens to his love-sick theme,  
 In some sequester'd vale.

Thus blest, and blessing each they dwell,  
 With virtuous passion burn'd ;  
 And with an heart-felt rapture felt  
 That virtuous flame return'd.

But, ah ! how fleeting are our joys,  
 How subject to decay ;  
 Corroded by unseen alloys,  
 They, transient, pass away.

Near Aura's cot a mansion stood,  
 And rear'd its lofty head  
 Amidst the cloud-aspiring wood,  
 Which far its branches spread.

Alonzo, of a noble race,  
 Possess'd this stately pile ;  
 A youth, adorn'd with every grace  
 That might the heart beguile.

[ To be continued. ]

MONTHLY.

# MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, March 12, 1782.

**T**HIS morning Captain Henry Edwin Stanhope, late of his Majesty's ship the *Ruffel*, arrived here from Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart. with a letter to Mr. Stephens, dated Basse-Terre Road, the 7th of last month, of which the following is an extract:

The design of the Count de Grasse was most undoubtedly against Barbadoes, could he have got to windward; but, failing of that, owing to strong easterly winds, and a lee current, he bent his course to this island.

The moment his views were made known to me, I quitted Carlisle Bay, and got off English Harbour, with all the haste in my power; where I could only hear of a formidable attack being made upon St. Christopher's, without any certain information either of the enemy's sea or land force. I anchored in St. John's Road, and the Prudent having joined me, I sailed on the 23d in the evening with 22 sail of the line, and was close off the south east end of Nevis at day-light next morning, when I directed the Squadron to be formed in order of battle, with a design of attacking the enemy at anchor, if I saw it practicable to any advantage; but the signal for the line a-head was no sooner thrown out, than Rear-Admiral Drake made that for speaking with me, and brought to; I did the same, and soon learnt he only repeated the signal of the *Alfred* in the rear; and that that ship had run on board the *Nymph*, and almost cut her asunder. It was reported to me, each had received so much damage as to be unable to keep the sea. I immediately ordered a survey on both, and was happy to find the *Alfred* could be put in a state for present service in the course of the day and following night; but that the *Nymph* could not. I therefore shifted the troops she had on board, to another frigate, and ordered her to English Harbour, where she arrived safe. This misfortune to the *Alfred*, obliged me to remove her from being the leading ship, into the center of my line, and to place the *St. Alban*'s in her room. That morning the look-out frigate a-head fell in with and took a very large King's cutter, of 16 six-pounders, but seven months old, and commanded by a Knight of Malta: She is named *L'Espion*; she came from Martinique about thirty hours before, and was full of shells and other ordnance stores. In the afternoon the Count de Grasse quitted this Road, and kept a few miles to leeward of me the whole night.

At day-light we plainly discovered 33 sail of the enemy's ships, 29 of which of two decks formed in a line a-head. I made every appearance of an attack, which threw the Count de Grasse a little from the shore; and as I thought I had a fair prospect of gaining the anchorage he left, and well knowing it was the only chance I had of saving the island, if it was to

be saved, I pushed for it, and succeeded, by having my rear and part of the center engaged.

The enemy gave a preference to Commodore Affleck; but he kept up so noble a fire, and was so supported by his seconds, Captain Cornwallis and Lord Robert Manners, that the loss and damage sustained in those ships were very trifling, and they very much preserved the other ships in the rear. The Prudent had the misfortune to have her wheel shot to pieces the first broadside, which occasioned her loss to exceed that of any other ship.

Would the event of a battle have determined the fate of the island, I would, without hesitation, have attacked the enemy, from my knowledge how much was to be expected from an English Squadron, commanded by men, amongst whom is no other contention than who should be most forward in rendering services to his King and country: Herein I placed the utmost confidence, and should not, I fully trust, have been disappointed.

I anchored his Majesty's Squadron in a close line a-head; but Commodore Affleck having acquainted me that the *Bedford* had driven off the Bank, I ordered her into the van.

Next morning, about eight o'clock, I was attacked from van to rear, with the whole force of the enemy (29 sail) for nearly two hours, without having the least visible impression made upon my line. The French ships then wore, and stood off again, and in the afternoon began a second attack upon my center and rear, with no better success than before: Since which the Count de Grasse has kept at a safe distance. Many of the French ships must have suffered very considerably, and the *Ville de Paris* was upon the heel all the next day, covering her shot holes.

By information from the shore, the French ships have sent to St. Eustatius upwards of 1000 wounded men.

I think my situation perfectly secure here against the enemy's present force, superior as it is; and am happy to find, by a letter I have received from Governor Shirley, that Brimstone Hill, to which his excellency retired, is in the most perfect security. I have not a thought of moving, and think the Count de Grasse will not venture to attack me again, unless he should attempt something by fire vessels, which I am prepared against as much as possible: If, therefore, Brimstone Hill can hold out, which I have not a doubt of, the Marquis de Bouillie, (who landed with 8000 men upon the island) as well as the Count de Grasse, will, I think, be glad to retire. When I sent an officer to Brimstone Hill, he was accompanied by one from General Prescott, (who embarked with the 28th regiment, and two companies of the 13th, from Antigua, at my request, knowing well Brimstone Hill, and every part of the island) who brought the following message from that brave old soldier General Fraser: "That as

H h

" 32

"he had taken the trouble to come with troops to his assistance, he should doubtless be glad of the honour of seeing him; but that he was in no want of him or his troops."

Upon my being made acquainted with this spirited message from General Frazer, I proposed to General Prescott his taking a post on shore in the vicinity of Basse-Terre, and offered to land two battalions of marines, of 700 each, rank and file, with the 69th regiment, which, with the twenty-eighth regiment, and the two companies of the 13th, would make a body of 2400 men: His answer was, He did not think it practicable to maintain a post, but was sanguine in his wishes to be put on shore, with his Antigua troops and the 69th regiment. They were accordingly landed on the 28th, immediately got into action, and drove the enemy with considerable loss. He remained on shore all night, and next morning the Marquis de Bouillie appeared at the head of upwards of 4000 men; but not caring to attack General Prescott, on a hill he possessed just to the eastward of Frigate Bay, where he landed, led his troops back to his encampment under Brimstone Hill: And as it then appeared to me, that no solid purpose could be answered by the continuance of our troops on shore, I submitted it to the General's consideration, whether it would not be advisable to reembark, and he readily concurring, all were taken off that evening without the loss of a man. The General had about forty killed and wounded in his skirmish with the Irish brigade.

General Skeene landed with the 69th regiment, and had his full share in putting the enemy to the rout.

All communication being now cut off with Brimstone Hill, I thought it expedient, as did the General also, to send him and the Antigua troops back, and they sailed in the Convert and Fortune on the 1st instant.

On that day the Tiphonie joined me, and I propose shall return to England with an account of the situation of things here, which I think of importance their Lordships should know.

I send the copy of my line of battle, and an account of the killed and wounded. I have much pleasure in telling you his Majesty's ships under my command are very immaterially injured in their masts and yards, perfectly healthy, and the people in the highest spirits.

The Count de Gasse appears one day with 32 two-decked ships (the whole of the present force in this country) and another with only 29, so that I imagine two or three are constantly watering at Old Road.

The following are copies of Sir Samuel Hood's line of battle, and of his accounts of the number of officers and men killed and wounded in each of the ships under his command.

**LINE of BATTLE.**  
The St. Alban's to lead on the starboard, and the America on the larboard tack.

#### DIVISION.

Francis Samuel Drake, Esq; Rear Admiral of the Blue, &c.

St. Alban's, (3d rate) Capt. Inglis, 64 guns, 500 men.

Alcide (ditto) Capt. Thompson, 74 guns, 600 men.

Intrepid (ditto) Capt. Molloy, 64 guns, 500 men.

Torbay (ditto) Capt. Gidoin, 74 guns, 600 men.

Princessa (ditto) Rear Admiral Drake, Captain Knatchbull, 70 guns, 577 men. Eurydice frigate to repeat.

Prince George (2d rate) Capt. Williams, 96 guns, 750 men.

Ajax (3d ditto) Capt. Charrington, 74 guns, 550 men. La Nymphe.

Shrewsbury (3d rate) Capt. Knight, 74 guns, 600 men. Gros Ilet schooner.

Invincible (ditto) Capt. Saxton, 74 guns, 600 men.

#### DIVISION.

Sir Samuel Hood, Bart. Rear Admiral of the Blue, &c.

Barfleur (2d rate) Sir Samuel Hood, Bart. Capt. Hood, 90 guns, 767 men. Champion to repeat.

Monarch (3d ditto) Capt. Reynolds, 74 guns, 600 men.

Belliqueux (3d ditto) Right Hon. Lord Cranston, 64 guns, 500 men. Expedition schooner.

Centaur (3d ditto) Capt. Inglefield, 74 guns, 650 men.

Alfred (ditto) Capt. Bayne, 74 guns, 600 men.

#### DIVISION.

Edmund Affleck, Esq; Commodore, &c.

Russel (3d rate) Capt. Stanhope, 74 guns, 600 men.

Resolution (ditto) Right Hon. Lord Robert Manners, 74 guns, 600 men.

Bedford (ditto) Commodore Affleck, Capt. Graves, 74 guns, 617 men. Solcby to repeat.

Canada (ditto) Hon. William Cornwallis, 74 guns, 600 men.

Prudent (ditto) Capt. Barclay, 64 guns, 500 men. Sybil.

Montagu (ditto) Capt. Bowen, 74 guns, 600 men.

America (ditto) Capt. Thompson, 64 guns, 500 men.

All accidental frigates to be to windward of the centre division.

Given under my hand, on board his Majesty's ship Barfleur, at sea, Jan. 24, 1782.

SAM. HOOD.

Return of killed and wounded on board his Majesty's ship, under-mentioned, in action with the French fleet on the 25th and 26th of January, 1782.

Ships names.		Killed.	Wounded.
St. Alban's,	—	0	0
Alcide,	—	2	4
		Intrepid	

Intrepid,	—	—	2	0
Torbay,	—	—	0	0
Princess,	—	—	2	4
Prince George,	—	—	1	3
Ajax,	—	—	1	12
Prince William,	—	—	0	3
Shrewsbury,	—	—	3	7
Invincible,	—	—	0	2
Barfleur,	—	—	9	24
Monarch,	—	—	2	2
Belliqueux,	—	—	5	7
Centaur,	—	—	0	12
Alfred,	—	—	2	20
Ruffel,	—	—	8	29
Resolution,	—	—	5	11
Bedford,	—	—	2	15
Canada,	—	—	1	12
Prudent,	—	—	18	36
Montagu,	—	—	7	23
America,	—	—	1	17
Champion,	—	—	1	1
Total			72	244

## Officers killed.

Mr. Charles Martin, Master of the Resolution.  
Mr. John Chartes, Master of the Prudent.

## Officers wounded.

Lieutenant Elliott, of the Ajax.  
Lieutenant Forster, of Marines, Centaur.  
Lieutenant Patey, of the Montagu.  
Mr. Raven, Master of the Montagu.  
Captain Strickland, of Marines, Prudent.  
Lieutenant Griffiths, of Marines, Prudent.

S. A. M. HOOD.

Return of killed and wounded of his Majesty's 69th regiment, on the 28th of January, 1782.  
Killed. Capt. Ross, 1 serjeant, 6 rank and file.

Wounded. Capt. Cunningham, lieutenants Brown and Clark, ensign Chambers, 1 serjeant, 21 rank and file.

S. A. M. HOOD.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, March 26.

Copy of a letter from the Honourable General Murray, Governor of Minorca, to the Earl of Hillsborough, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. Received by Captain Don, March 19.

Minorca, February 16, 1782.

My Lord,

I have the honour to acquaint your Lordship, that Fort St. Philip's was surrendered to his Catholic Majesty the 5th instant. The capitulation accompanies this. I flatter myself that all Europe will agree the brave garrison shewed uncommon heroism, and that thirst for glory, which has ever distinguished the troops of my Royal Master. Our necessary guards required four hundred and fifteen men, the night before the capitulation; the whole number able to carry arms, amounted to six hundred and sixty only, of course there were none for pique, and a defect of one hundred and

seventy to relieve the guards, as is evident by the returns. The most inveterate scurvy which I believe ever has infected mortals, reduced us to this situation. The reports of the faculty fully explain the dreadful havoc it made, and that three days further obstinacy on my part, must have inevitably destroyed the brave remains of this garrison, as they declare there was no remedy for the men in the hospitals, but vegetables; and that of the six hundred and sixty able to do duty, five hundred and sixty were actually tainted with the scurvy, and, in all likelihood, would be in the hospitals in four days time. Such was the uncommon spirit of the King's soldiers, that they concealed their disorders and inability, rather than go into the hospitals. Several men died on guard, after having stood sentry; their fate was not discovered till called upon for the relief, when it came to their turn to mount again. Perhaps a more noble, nor a more tragical scene, was never exhibited than that of the march of the garrison of St. Philip's through the Spanish and French armies. It consisted of no more than six hundred old decrepid soldiers, two hundred seamen, one hundred and twenty of the royal artillery; twenty Corsicans, and twenty-five Greeks, Turks, Moors, Jews, &c. The two armies were drawn up in two lines, the battalions, fronting each other, forming a way for us to march through. They consisted of fourteen thousand men, and reached from the glacis to George-Town, where our battalions laid down their arms, declaring they had surrendered to God alone, having the consolation to know, the victors could not plume themselves in taking an hospital. Such was the distressing figures of our men, that many of the Spanish and French troops are said to have shed tears as they passed them; the Duke de Crillon and the Baron de Falkenhayn declare it is true.—I cannot aver this, but think it was very natural: For my own part, I felt no uneasiness on this occasion but that which proceeded from the miserable disorder which threatened us with destruction. Thanks to the Almighty, my apprehensions are now abated; the humanity of the Duke de Crillon (whose heart was most sensibly touched by the misfortunes of such brave men) has gone even beyond my wishes in providing every thing which can contribute to our recovery. The Spanish as well as the French surgeons attend our hospitals. We are greatly indebted to the Baron de Falkenhayn, who commands the French troops. We owe infinite obligations to the Count de Crillon; they can never be forgot by any of us. I hope this young man never will command an army against my sovereign, for his military talents are as conspicuous as the goodness of his heart.

Lists of the killed and wounded, with the number of our guns which were destroyed by the enemy's battering artillery, which consisted of 109 pieces of cannon and 36 mortars, are enclosed. I shall wait here until I see the last man of my noble garrison safely and commodi-

H h 2 outly

ously embarked. If my accompanying them in a transport to England could be of the smallest service to any of them, I would cheerfully go with them by sea; but as I can be of no further use to them after they are on board ship, I trust his Majesty will approve of my going to Leghorn to bring home with me my wife and my children, who fled to Italy the evening of the day the Spanish army landed on the island.

My Aid de Camp, Captain Don, will have the honor to present this letter to your Lordship; he is well acquainted with the most minute circumstances relative to the siege, is an intelligent, distinguished officer, and is furnished with copies of all the papers I have, which he will lay before your Lordship, if requisite.

The Captains Savage, Boothby, and Don, of the 51st regiment, Lieutenant Mercier, of ditto, Lieutenant Botticher of Goldacher's regiment, and Lieutenant Douglas the engineer, are exchanged for the officers we made prisoners at Cape Mola.

Colonel Pringle and his nephew Lieutenant Pringle are to be left hostages until the transports return agreeable to the capitulation.

I have the honour to be, with great truth and regard,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient  
And humble servant,

J. A. MURRAY.

P. S. It would be unjust and ungrateful was I not to declare, that from the beginning to the last hour of the siege, the officers and men of the royal regiment of artillery, and likewise the seamen, distinguished themselves: I believe the world cannot produce more expert gunners and bombardiers than those who served at this siege, and I am sure the sailors shewed uncommon zeal. It is necessary likewise to declare, that garrison was never nourished with better salt provisions of all kinds than we had sent to us from England; fresh vegetables we could not have, but we had plenty of peas, good bread and rice, with currants and raisins; and left in the fort six months full allowance of all kinds, although a magazine, containing six months more, was burnt by the enemy's shells.

J. A. MURRAY.

Articles of Capitulation agreed upon by his Excellency General Murray, and his Excellency the Duc de Crillon, dated Mahon, February 4, 1782.

Article I. As his Excellency the Duke de Crillon, by the express orders of his sovereign, cannot receive the garrison but as prisoners of war, his Excellency the Honourable Lieutenant General James Murray consents to surrender the garrison agreeable to the Duke de Crillon's instructions from his court; but he expects the Duke de Crillon will allow the garrison to march out of it with all the honours of war, as he has required in the second article of that sent to the Duke, which is by no means

incompatible with his Excellency's instructions, and will tend more to his glory, for certainly no troops ever gave greater proofs of heroism than this poor worn-out garrison of St. Philip's Castle, who have defended themselves almost to the last man.

Answer. The garrison shall be prisoners of war; but in consideration of the constancy and valour which General Murray and his men have shewn in their brave defence, they shall be permitted to go out with their arms shouldered, drums beating, lighted matches, and colours flying, till having marched through the midst of the army, they shall lay down their arms and colours; and moreover, being desirous of giving a proof of my high esteem for the General, he shall be allowed a covered boat.

Art. II. General Murray desires the garrison may be allowed to return to England, prisoners of war, in transports furnished by the King of Spain, but paid for by the King of England; and that the troops shall be victualled, while they remain on the island, till the transports are got ready for them, and during their passage to Great Britain, out of the stores of the garrison, at the same allowance for each man they have been accustomed to receive; the troops of the garrison are likewise to be allowed to take their bedding with them into the transports.

Answer. Granted.

Art. III. That the Corsicans, Greeks, &c. are to be transported to Leghorn, and likewise victualled out of the stores of the garrison at the usual allowance: the transports at the expence of England.

Answer. Granted.

Art. IV. That the General thinks that the officers should follow the fate of their men, and therefore will not permit any officer to go home by land, but those whose health requires it. That his own will not admit of a long sea-voyage, and therefore he hopes the Duke de Crillon will allow him and his suite to go to Marseilles, and from thence to England, for which purpose he has the King of France's passport.

Answer. Granted.

Art. V. That the Duke de Crillon may depend upon it, the garrison of Fort St. Philip's shall not serve during the war, unless they are regularly exchanged, or a cartel settled betwixt the belligerent powers, which may liberate them from the obligations of not serving during the war.

Answer. The confidence which I have in the honour of all the officers of the garrison of St. Philip, does not suffer me to doubt of their keeping their promise not to serve against Spain and her allies, until they have been exchanged by Spain, either man for man, or by means of a cartel, in case any should be established by their Catholic and Britanick Majesties, for the officers shall be prisoners of war on their parole of honour, given in writing under their hands; with regard to the soldiers, a list of their names must be made out, their officers shall explain

to them the obligation they have contracted of not serving during the war, or till they have been exchanged, and shall warn them of the penalty of death they will be punished with, if guilty of breaking the obligation.

Art. VI. That the Duke de Crillon's known humanity leaves General Murray no doubt that his Excellency will be happy to allow vegetables, and every possible refreshment, to be bought in the markets of the island, which can contribute to the recovery of the sick of the garrison.

Answer. Granted.

Art. VII. That he has as little doubt that his Excellency's generosity will not admit of allowing the officers, soldiers, and artificers of the garrison, to be plundered of their baggage, and mal-treated by the besieging army; for which purpose he proposes to put the Duke de Crillon immediately in possession of Marlboro', Charles Fort, Queen's Redoubt, and the Kane Lunette.

Answer. Granted.

Art. VIII. That the English garrison shall remain possessed of the other out-works till the day they embark; and that no insults may be offered them by the Spanish soldiers.

Answer. The whole garrison shall early tomorrow morning quit the place, to be conducted to Alcot, where they shall remain till they are embarked, and every attention shall be paid to them, which their defence and valour deserve.

Art. IX. Hostages to be delivered on both sides for the faithful performance of the preceding articles.

Answer. In consequence of the 2d and 3d preceding articles, which treat of the transports that are to be furnished by Spain, his Excellency General Murray shall name some principal officers, who shall remain as hostages till the return of the said transports.

Mahon, February 6, 1782.

(Signed)

(Signed)

Ja. Murray. B. B. Duque de Crillon.  
Le Baron de Falkenhayen,  
Mar. de Camp. Comm.  
les Troupes Françoises.  
Felix Buch.  
El Marq. de Casa Cagigal.  
Dn. Orazio Borghese.  
El Comde de Alfontes.

Return of the killed and wounded during the siege of Fort St. Philip's; from the 19th of August, 1781, to the 4th of Feb. 1782, inclusive.

Killed. 2 officers, 3 serjeants, 54 rank and file. Total 59.

Wounded. 15 officers, 10 serjeants, 124 rank and file. Total 149.

#### K I L L E D.

Marine Corps. Lieutenants Davis and Crew.

#### W O U N D E D.

51st regiment. Colonel Pringle, Capt. Savage,  
Lieutenants Fuller and Hull, Ensign Naper,  
ditto, Capt. Muet,

Goldacker's. Lieut. Botticher.

Royal Artillery. Captain Fade, Lieutenants Irwin and Woodward.

Engineers. Lieutenants D'Arcy and Johnston.  
Marine Corps. Captain Harman, Lieutenant Hodges.

Corricans. Captain Colle.

GEO. DON, Adj. Gen.

Hospital, St. Philip's Castle, Feb. 2, 1782.

S I R,

From the extraordinary increase of the sick in the garrison, and the little progress we make in reducing that evil, we judge it necessary, both on account of the public service, as well as our own credit, to inform your Excellency, that the prevailing disease, the scurvy, amongst the troops, is got to such an alarming height as seems to us to admit of no remedy in our present situation: Every means has been tried to palliate this formidable malady, but the daily, and we may say, the hourly falling down of the men, baffles all our endeavours. The different returns of the sick will shew your Excellency the truth of this assertion; we are sorry to add, that it does not appear to us that any one now in the hospital will be able to do the smallest duty under the present circumstances, where no vegetable food is to be had, or free air.

We have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) Geo. Monro, Physician-General.  
William Fellows, Surgeon-General.  
D. McNeill, Surgeon to the Naval Hospital.

B. J. Grimschell, Surgeon P. Earnest's.

Rabille, Goldacker's.

S. Ford, Royal Artillery.

Jas. Hall, 51st Regiment.

To his Excellency the Governor.

Return of the scorbutic men (in the four regiments) now doing duty in the Garrison of St. Philip's Feb. 3, 1782.

Corps.	Number of Men.	
51st regiment	—	120
61st ditto	—	112
Prince Ernest's 2d battalion	—	153
Goldacker's	—	176
	Total	560

Returns made by the Commanding Officers of the Four Regiments, of the number of men doing duty in each, of the number they furnish daily for guard, and of the number deficient for one relief.

St. Philip's, Feb. 1, 1782.

Reg.	No. of men doing duty.	No. for Guard.	No. deficient for one relief.
51st	158	86	74
61st	177	104	27
Pr. Ernest's 2d battalion	184	106	28
Goldacker's ditto	247	229	11
Total	766	525	80

N. B. From



N. B. From the 1st instant to the 3d, 106 men were carried to the hospitals, so there only remained doing duty 660.

Admiralty-Office, March 26, 1782.

Captain Everitt, late of his Majesty's ship *Solebay*, arrived this morning at this office, with dispatches to Mr. Stephens from Rear Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart. of which the following are extracts:

*Barfleur*, at Sea, Feb. 22, 1782.

From the very strong assurances Governor Shirley gave me of Brimstone Hill being in a state of the most perfect security, and, from the spirited and encouraging message sent by General Frazer to General Prescott on the 24th of last month, I had not the smallest doubt of relieving the island, after I got possession of the enemy's anchorage at Basseterre Road; and the Governor having expressed a wish for an able sea officer and a few seamen, I sent Capt. Curgenven and Lieut. Hare (late of the *Solebay*) who were eager volunteers, with 30 men in two boats, to endeavour to throw them into the garrison in the night. The oars were muffled, and every precaution used that not the least noise should be made to give an alarm; but upon putting the boats sterns to the shore, volley after volley of musquetry were fired at them; and they were obliged to return. Two nights after, the man I first sent upon the Hill, and who Captain Curgenven took with him, thought he could make his way alone to the garrison; he made the trial in a small canoe, but was forced to return, having been fired at from every part he attempted to land. On the same evening Lieut. Fayhie, of the *Russel*, was put on shore in Red Flag Bay, on the north side of the island: Mr. Fayhie, knowing every accessible path to the hill, was sanguine in his hopes of being able to reach the garrison; but, after waiting two nights, found it impossible, and returned.

Upon the signal's being made from the hill, on the 8th, that the enemy's batteries had been successful in damaging the works and buildings, that the garrison was reduced, and short of ordnance stores, I was eager to make further trials to get an officer upon the hill; and Captain Curgenven again offering his service, as well as Captain Bourne of the *Marines*, I sent them away that evening in a small boat, towed by another near the place they expected to land; and after being on shore about ten minutes, Captain Curgenven returned and ordered the boats on board; but neither succeeded in reaching the garrison, and both were made prisoners in different places.

About the time these officers left the *Barfleur*, Lieutenant Fayhie was again landed on the north side of the island, being desirous of making another trial; but as he is not yet returned, and I have heard nothing from him, I conclude he was taken prisoner.

I was extremely desirous of getting an officer into the garrison, just to say, I was very confident the Count de Grassé was weary of his

situation; and as the Marquis de Bouille was destroying every fort and magazine at Basseterre, and blew up their very foundations, I was persuaded he despaired of success, and that if the hill could hold out ten days longer, the island must be saved.

But I am much concerned to say, that Capt. Robinson, of the 15th regiment, in the evening of the 13th, came on board the *Barfleur* to enquire for General Prescott, being charged with a letter for him from Governor Shirley and General Frazer, acquainting him of their having surrendered the garrison to the arms of the French King that morning.

The information I got from Captain Robinson is as follows: That he was sent from Monsieur St. Simon at seven in the evening of the 12th to propose a cessation of arms: At the same hour another officer was sent on the same errand to the Marquis de Bouille; and so eager was the Marquis to get possession of the hill, that he granted all that was asked, and the terms were agreed to at his (Capt. Robinson's) return to the garrison at midnight. I enquired if no article was stipulated for my being made acquainted with the state of the garrison before the surrender took place; and to my very great surprize was answered in the negative.

On the 14th the enemy's fleet anchored off Nevis, consisting of the *Ville de Paris*, six ships of 80 guns, twenty-three of 74, and four of 64; one 64 was at Old Road, and another at Sandy Point. The Triumphant and Brave had joined from Europe.

Under this situation of things I had no longer any business in Basseterre Road, especially as the enemy were preparing to get guns and mortars upon a height that would annoy the ships in the van: and I left it that night, unperceived I imagine, as not one of the enemy's ships was to be seen in the morning.

With so vast a superiority against me, I had nothing left to do but to endeavour to join Sir George Rodney as fast as I was able; and as it was of very great importance to the King's service that I should carry his Majesty's Squadron to him in as perfect a state as possible, I judged it necessary, in order that every ship should be under sail as nearly as possible at the same moment, for the better preserving a compact body, to give directions for the Squadron to cut, in which Rear-Admiral Drake most readily concurred, and thought highly expedient from the expectation there was of our being attacked; the enemy's ships being not more than five miles from us, and their lights very distinctly seen.

Except Governor Shirley's letter, and the message General Prescott's officer brought from General Frazer of the 24th of last month, I never heard a syllable from Brimstone Hill, or from any one person in the island; and what is still more extraordinary to tell, the garrison in all probability could not have been reduced but for the 8 brass twenty-four pound cannon, a thirteen inch brass mortars, 1500 shells, and 6000 twenty-four pound cannon balls, the enemy found at the foot of the hill, which govern-  
ment

vernment had sent out, and which the inhabitants of the island, would not give a proper assistance for getting up. For the enemy's ship with the shells was sunk, and it was with difficulty more than four or five of a day could be fished up; and L'Espion, in which were all the shells could be got from Martinique, was taken by one of my advanced frigates, close under Nevis, in the morning I first appeared off the island.

I understood the terms of the surrender have been founded on the articles of capitulation agreed upon at the reduction of Dominique. This is all I am able to tell you for their Lordship's information: And I am far from meaning, in the most distant manner, to suggest that the garrison could have held out a single day longer, as I am told the works and buildings were a heap of ruins, and that no further defence could be made with the least probable prospect of success.

I anchored his Majesty's Squadron in St. John's Road on the 19th, after sun-set; failed again this noon to seek Sir G. Rodney at Barbadoes, and get a supply of water. The Fortunatee and Pegasus, which I left to watch the French fleet, have this instant joined, and report, that 36 sail of the line quitted Basse-Terre Road yesterday morning, with upwards of 50 sail of brigs, sloops and schooners, and decered for Martinique.

Extract of another letter from Sir Samuel Hood, also dated February 22, 1782.

JUST as I was getting under sail from St. John's Road, I received the enclosed paper from Captain Day, of his Majesty's sloop Surprise.

Surprise, Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, February 12, 1782.

SIR,  
LIEUTENANT Thomas Edgar arrived here the 11th, at five in the afternoon, giving an account that a French Squadron had entered the river Demarara; and that our ships were gone up to Fort Island. He was charged with dispatches from Captain Tahourden which he has destroyed, but has delivered me a journal of his proceedings.

I am, &c.

GEO. DAY.

To Sir Samuel Hood, &c. &c.

Extract from the Journals transmitted in the letter afore-mentioned.

Friday the 1st of February, about two o'clock in the afternoon, a Mr. Bocke; a Dutchman, informed me, that Demarara had capitulated on Thursday the 31st, about three in the afternoon.

[The description of the Island of St. Christopher's at page 187 of this number, was printed off before the melancholy advice arrived of the capture of that valuable island; which will account for our speaking only of the attack of the French fleet, and the gallant management of Admiral Hood.]

The Court of Madrid have lately published a list of their Military forces now on foot, which they estimate to amount in the whole to 94,900 effective men. Horse-guards 8400. National Infantry, 3960. Irish Brigade, 2400. Italian and Swift troops, 11,000. Seven regiments Guarda Costas, 7700. Battalions of Militia, 21,600. Sixteen Regiments of Cavalry, 8400. Dragoons, 6000. Fusiliers, 1200. Invalids, 6500. Detached Volunteer Corps of Grenada, Castile, and Andalusia, 8900.

An officer of the Bonetta sloop, who had charge of the loyal refugees after the surrender of York and Gloucester posts, in Virginia, and had been accused of not treating them humanely, was tried by a Court Martial at Portsmouth on the 12th Instant, and most honourably acquitted; by the evidence it appeared, that he had taken more than 300 refugees on board, and treated them with every possible mark of tenderness and humanity.

Extract of a letter from York, March 19.

"Tuesday last the high wind blew down the venerable remains of Kirkham Abbey, near Malton; and also a great part of the gable-end of the office of the Prerogative Court in the Minister-yard in this city, which unfortunately falling upon a farmer's wife and her horse, who were passing at that instant, the latter had one of his fore-legs broken, and was otherwise so much bruised, that he was obliged to be killed: The woman, who was covered with the rubbish, happily escaped with her limbs whole, though greatly hurt, and is now out of danger.

#### CIRCUIT INTELLIGENCE.

At Chelmsford. William Darling Guest was capitally convicted.

At Oxford. Thomas Turner and George Chambers, for a highway robbery near Henley upon Thames, received sentence of death, as did Benj. Danter, for stealing a mare, and William Pratt, for robbing Ruth Grant on the highway, between Woodstock and Kiddington. Turner is left for execution, but the three others were reprieved.

At Winchester. Ten prisoners were capitally convicted, viz. Thomas Parrot, for robbing Thomas Chalcraft on the highway, near Wickham, of sixpence in silver, and other coin. Peter Ryley and Edward Ryley, for shooting at Arthur Wolf, in the parish of Bedhampton, with intent to kill him. Robert Arlett and Solomon Arlett, for stealing two horses, the property of John Curtis, of Tadley. Isaac Lamb and William Eastman, for divers highway robberies near Winchester. John Allen, for stealing a sheep in the parish of Froyle, the property of Robert Silvester. Michael Sculley, for ravishing Charlotte Updale, of Farcham, And Richard Fuller, for burglariously entering the shop of John Ellis, of Alverstoke, and stealing several pieces of foreign coin, &c.

John Hill, for the murder of Peter Lloyd, at Portsea; William Mercer, for the murder of William Durham, at Portsmouth; and William

**William Bye**, for the murder of Friday Smith, near Andover, were found guilty of manslaughter, and burnt in the hand.

At Maidstone. **June Whiting**, for murdering a child of seven years old. **Thomas Spencer**, **Thomasine Allen**, **George Draper**, **Charles Draper**, **John Carter**, **Joseph Davis**, **Richard Kilhall**, and **Richard Knight**, for divers highway robberies. **Matthew Whittle**, for maliciously maiming a horse. **William Webb**, for stealing of liquors. **Lewis Lalliman**, removed from Newgate, charged with having broken the condition of his Majesty's pardon. And **Mark Horn**, for privately stealing, were all capitally convicted. **Spencer**, **Whittle**, **Allen**, **Webb**, **Lalliman**, **Horn**, and **Knight**, were reprieved.

At Dorchester. **John Shepherd**, for a highway robbery, and **Thomas Vardy**, alias **Farvis**, for hog-stealing, were capitally convicted.

At Worcester. **Catharine Higgs**, for the wilful murder of her own daughter, about two years old, by drowning her in a pond near the Bell Inn, in the parish of Bellbroughton, was capitally convicted, and immediately received judgment of death, and was executed. **Charles Williams**, and **John Davies**, for burglaries, and **George Wincehurst**, for house-breaking, received sentence of death, but were afterwards reprieved.

At Lincoln. **Jonathan Barnett**, for stealing a mare; **Edward Johnson**, for forgery; and **Matthew Dennis**, for stealing a horse; were capitally convicted.

At Reading. **Anne Gregory**, for house-breaking; and **John Duff**, for stealing a writing-box and pocket-book, containing a Bath and Somersetshire bank bill of five guineas, were both capitally convicted; and both reprieved.

At York. **Charlotte Smyth**, for a burglary; **Benjamin Stringer**, for stealing a cow; **Joseph Hallas** and **Thomas Kay**, for stealing cloth from the tenters in the night-time, received sentence of death.

At the Assize at Kingston in Surrey, before Mr. Justice Ashurst and a special jury, on the *nisi prius* side, a cause wherein a gentleman of Battersea and his wife were plaintiffs, and a clergyman defendant. The action was brought for defamatory words spoken by the defendant against the plaintiffs, charging them with keeping a disorderly house. It appeared that the gentleman was churchwarden of the parish, and at a meeting to prevent nuisances, the defendant said that he and his wife ought to be presented, for they kept a disorderly house. This declaration was proved to be published at many subsequent times. This cause had been tried before, and judgment set aside by error in the proceedings, which had put the plaintiffs to a great expence. The jury gave a verdict

of 350l. damages, and all costs of the action. On the crown side, it proved a maiden assize.

## CHANGE of the MINISTRY.

March 28th.

In consequence of the declaration of Lord North, that his Majesty had resolved to make a change in the various departments of the State, several negotiations took place, the issue of which was the following new arrangement. It embraces all the parties who previously formed the opposition, and will be a most powerful administration in its extensive influence and respect in the country.

Marquis of Rockingham to be First Lord of the Treasury.

Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Earl of Shelburne, and the Honourable Charles James Fox, Secretaries of State; the third Secretaryship to be abolished.

Lord Camden, President of the Council.

Admiral Keppel, First Lord of the Admiralty.

Duke of Grafton, Lord Privy Seal.

General Conway, Commander in Chief of the Forces.

Duke of Richmond, Master General of the Ordnance.

Lord Thurlow, to continue Chancellor.

Mr. Dunning, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a peerage.

Mr. T. Townshend, Secretary at War.

Mr. Edmund Burke, Paymaster of the Forces.

Right Hon. Isaac Barré, Treasurer of the Navy.

Sir George Yonge, Bart. Vice Treasurer of Ireland.

Lord Viscount Althorpe, Mr. Frederick Montagu, and Mr. James Grenville, Lords of the Treasury.

Admiral Hugh Pigot, Lord Viscount Duncannon, Hon. John Townshend, and Mr. Richard Hopkins, Lords of the Admiralty.

Sir Fletcher Norton, a Peer by the title and title of Baron Grantley, of Grantley, in Yorkshire.

Mr. Brindley Sheridan, Under Secretary of State for the Northern Department.

Other promotions are talked of, but as we cannot mention them with certainty, we think it prudent to be silent. In the proceedings of Parliament, the causes which brought about this entire change will be particularly specified.

[On account of the length of the Gazette, and other important matter, we are under the necessity of postponing the list of Marriages, Bankrupts, Deaths, and the Price of Grain, &c. to the next month.]









from a Painting in the Possession of the Earl of Stamford.

*Engraved May 1798. by J. Fielding, after another Rem. J. Small given him, & J. De Brett, Presumably.*

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# THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

AND  
LONDON REVIEW;  
FOR APRIL, 1782.

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ANECDOTES of His EXCELLENCY the DUKE of PORTLAND, LORD  
LIEUTENANT of the Kingdom of IRELAND, embellished with a beautiful  
Engraving taken from a Painting of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Powl, in the  
Possession of the Right Hon. the Earl of Stamford.

**W**ILLIAM Henry Cavendish Bessborough, the present Duke of Portland, was born on the 14th of April 1738, and succeeded his father, the late Duke, in May 1762. In 1761, he was elected member for Wobley. In July 1763, he was appointed Lord Chamberlain, in the room of Lord Gower, which office his Grace resigned upon the change of the ministers in 1766. His Grace has always been a steady supporter of the interests and liberties of the people and the honour of the nation, in all the great questions which have been agitated in parliament, during the present reign. His uniformity of conduct and principle, brought upon his Grace a peculiar severity from some of the late ministry. They made a grant in 1767, of his estate in Cumberland, to Sir James Lowther, to serve the purpose of an election, in hopes thereby of preventing two gentlemen, (Mr. Carver and Mr. Fletcher) who were friends to the Duke, and consequently enemies to the ministry, being elected members for the county of Cumberland, at the approaching general election, which was in 1768. The fact was alarming, and the design was so manifest, that the whole count, resented it, and returned the Duke of Portland's friends. The following is a short recital of this case.

Towards the end of December 1767, a grant was made from the Treasury to Sir James Lowther, of an extensive and valuable estate, known by the name of Inglewood Forest, being part of the manor of Penrith, in Cumberland, and also a grant of the Soccage of Carlisle, which had been given by King William the Third, to the last Duke of Portland, and which had remained in the possession of that noble family ever since. The nature of this whole proceeding, the vindictive subtilty of its original suggestion, the refined and quibbling explanations of the common rules of picturesque possession, and the technical wiles of legal chicanery made use of throughout, to bar the Duke from supporting his title and exposing the illegality and injustice of the whole business, seem so exactly correspondent with that insidious malevolence, and dangerous character of a person who has always been considered as the instrument and agent of a late departed junto, that there remains scarce a doubt of his being, if not the first adviser, at least the secret manager and director of this glaring act of oppression: nor was Lord North (who had been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer a little time before) in his turn, backward to contribute his share of that bustling dis-



plicity and clumsy prevarication, which, with unblushing countenance he has so frequently and fully displayed in the great assembly of the nation. The Board of Treasury had referred to the Surveyor General of Crown Lands, Sir James Lowther's memorial, praying a lease of the premises in question. The Surveyor General returned in his report to that board, (though no lawyer) a positive opinion on a very intricate point of law, and of himself declared (if we can possibly believe that this officer could hazard such a declaration, without previous consultation with, and private directions from superior authority) that the premises were not comprized in the grant from King William to the Duke of Portland, but were still invested in the crown; and recommended to their Lordships to grant the lease demanded, at a very inconsiderable reserved rent. The Duke's agents were refused permission to examine the rolls and authorities on which the Surveyor had founded his report: On application to the Treasury, however, for an order to the Surveyor for such permission, the Duke received a promise of such order, he even paid the usual fees for drawing it up, yet he could never obtain it: at the Treasury, he was told it had been sent to the Surveyor's Office: at the Surveyor's Office the receipt of it was denied; yet the Surveyor had before that time actually received it, and in answer to it, had remonstrated to the Treasury against allowing the inspection of any writings, which relate to any dispute of the rights of the crown. But these circumstances were not known to the Duke till some time afterwards. The report of the Surveyor, and every step of the Treasury, was enveloped in, at dark and silent secrecy which generally accompanies the conscious perpetration of deliberate injustice.

In the interim, the Duke's agents, in obedience to a letter from the Treasury received in October, by which he was directed to prepare his title, and which contained a promise that nothing should be decided concerning it, till such title had been stated, and maturely considered; were busily employed in their researches through a train of grants, precedents, and other records; and were in daily expectation of the promised permission to inspect the Surveyor's papers, in order to complete it; but while they were deeply engaged in this laborious investigation, and expecting the above-mentioned order, the Duke, to his infinite surprise, received another letter from the Treasury, dated

the 22d of December, informing him, that the grants were passed and the leases signed. This was precisely ten days after Lord North had taken his seat at the Treasury Board. A caveat had before been entered at the Exchequer, to stop the progress of the grant; and when, in consequence of this caveat, the same Lord North, (*aliisque et idem*) was prayed to withhold affixing the Exchequer Seal, the only ceremonial wanting to give it validity, he replied, that he had received directions to affix the Seal instantaneously, and that as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was *ex officio* compelled to obey all orders from the Treasury. The Treasury had before declared themselves compelled to proceed according to the Surveyor's report, and the Surveyor's report was in all probability the result of private instruction. Thus in a matter of property, which in its consequences might affect the rights of the whole kingdom, a frivolous pretence of official compulsion was now first made, in defiance of the settled rules of equity and justice, and in violation of all the sacred ties of faith and confidence amongst mankind.

On the 20th of November 1771, this great cause was tried before the Barons of the Exchequer in Westminster Hall, whether the grant to Sir James Lowther, of the forest of Inglewood, was legal? Mr. Wedderburne, (now Lord Loughborough) was principal council for the ministry, and Mr. Charlow, (now Lord Chancellor) was principal council for the Duke of Portland. When, after a long trial, the grant was found invalid, upon the statute of the first of Anne, which says, "That upon every grant, &c. there shall be reserved a rent, not less than the third part of the clear yearly value of such manor, &c. as shall be contained in such grant." The quit rent reserved in this grant was only 13s. 4d. for the whole forest of Inglewood, which was adjudged by the court, to be inadequate to the third proportion.

The Duke continued, with his usual ardour, consistency and spirit, to oppose the ministers upon every measure which tended to abridge the liberties of the people, or diminish the limits of the empire. This conduct has secured to him great popularity of character, the esteem of every friend to the constitution, and the applause of every admirer of public virtue.

Upon the change of the ministers in 1782, his Grace was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The critical situation of the affairs of that kingdom, required a person

son of his Grace's character. The author of a pamphlet just published, entitled *The Revolutions of 1782, impartially considered*, written "on occasion of this last change of ministers, says in page 32, "Ireland will treat with the present ministers. The amiable manners, wise principles, and hereditary purity of the Duke of Portland, seem like the former William of the house of Orange, to be destined to restore the happiness and lustre of Ireland. To his virtue and good sense, supported by the wisdom and energy of the ministers at home, we may hope for the recovery and deliverance of our sister kingdom."

His Excellency has already entered with spirit on his government. The Gazette of the 20th instant, gives the following account of his landing and reception in Ireland.

Dublin-Castle, April 14.

"The Duke of Portland, who embarked at Holyhead last night, arrived safe in this harbour this morning. His Grace was received at landing by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Commons of the city of Dublin. The four forces in garrison lined the streets through which his Grace, attended by a squadron of dragoons, proceeded to the castle; and the council having met at three o'clock, his Grace was introduced in form to Lord Carlisle, who received him sitting under the canopy of state in the presence chamber, from whence a procession was made to the council chamber, where his Grace's commission was read, and the oaths administered to him; after which his Grace, having received the sword from Lord Carlisle, the great guns in his Majesty's Phoenix Park were fired,

and answered by the regiments on duty, which were drawn up in the College Green. His Grace then repaired to the presence-chamber, where he received the compliments of the nobility, and other persons of distinction, upon his safe arrival to take upon him the government of this kingdom.

On Monday the 15th the House of Commons met, when his Excellency was pleased to send down by the Hon. Hely Hutchinson, as his own secretary, the Hon. Col. Fitzpatrick, was not yet a member of the House, a most gracious message, assuring the House of the solicitude of his Majesty to quiet their discontents, and recommending to them to take them into their most serious consideration: This message produced the effect which it was calculated to do on a well-affected people; confidence and satisfaction. Mr. Grattan, in one of the finest speeches that ever was made in any parliament, congratulated his country on their having a Viceroy who was so distinguished a friend to the liberties of man; and the House in their address, stated with firmness, the rights which they expected: thus opening the negotiation for a permanent settlement of their constitution, for which the Duke was sent among them.

His Grace married, in Nov. 1766, Lady Dorothy, sister to the present Duke of Devonshire, and has issue several children. The Marquis of Titchfield, his Grace's eldest son, was born in June 1768. Lord Edward Bentinck, his Grace's brother, is member for the county of Nottingham. His Grace has two sisters, viz. Lady Elizabeth, married to Lord Weymouth, and Lady Henrietta to the Earl of Stamford.

Letter from the Earl of Buchan to his Brother, the Hon. Thomas Erskine, Counsellor at Law; on the Subject of Education.

HAVING had a considerable share in the instruction of your youth, it is natural enough for me to be proud of my success, in the department to which the little piece I now present to you, relates.

You have a son also, my dear Thomas, in whom I am much interested, and whose education, I foresee, from your constant occupation in the line of your profession, you will be obliged to devolve upon others.

I am willing to take any charge of him in that respect you are disposed to assign to me, and if the distance does not interfere, I should wish to see him found-

ed in classical elements at our excellent public grammar school at Edinburgh.

I have visited that school frequently, not only on public days, when the boys are always prepared to make their best appearances, but on other days, when I was not expected, and have always come away with the highest satisfaction.

It hath always been my opinion, that, next to a well poised, and well administered government, a virtuous institution of youth, is the most effectual method of giving efficacy to the laws, and prosperity to the state.

Indeed, I might well have given it the

first place, if I had not made the art of government so much my study, as to foresee the practicability of a system of government being arranged, so as to produce the effect desired, without the interposition of the legislative power, or the invasion of the sacred right of domestic authority.

The short address to the learned Rector, and the young gentlemen of his class, in the High School of this city, which I now present to you, were intended as an antidote to the prevailing decline of gymnastic exercises, classical erudition, and public sentiment, which seem to aim at the root of public as well as private virtue, and to threaten the destruction of that well marked character, those manly and vigorous exertions, which formerly carried the Scots and English to the highest pitch of national energy and glory.

The formation of a brave, well organized, and good citizen, ought to begin indeed from his first origin; for it is impossible that the spawn of enervated luxury can grow into any thing that can be fit for great occasions. The mind cannot act in a feeble body for the great and energetic purposes of society. Nerves, but not the nerves of modern tone, are supereminently required, and you must make your pupil a man, before you can think of making him good or great.

The next step towards the preparation of the man of my system, is the exposure of his body to the greatest possible number of harmless excitements; and his mind, through that only medium, to the greatest possible number of elementary impressions, whereby the first is strengthened, and the latter informed experimentally with nature and sentiment. I would have my pupil nursed by a robust, sensible, talkative mother, if he has one, and if not, by a nurse chosen for such qualities. He ought to walk without help, if he is properly trained, in his earliest infancy, and by exposure to various little accidents, he will gather acquaintance with all the objects that are about him, be able to keep himself out of the way of mischief, and to help himself on a great many little occasions.

It is the want of institution which occasions the despicable helplessness of our modern noblesse. Accustomed from the cradle to do every thing by proxy, they assume this privilege of peevishness throughout the whole of their existence; they cannot buckle their own shoes, shave their beards, put on their cloaths, act in their own business, keep their own accounts, clear their own debts, or even be at the

pains to continue their own families: All is to be done by proxy, all through the media of valets, friezurs, gentlemen of the chamber, attorneys, chaplains, or stout Irishmen.

Children educated in crowded hospitals, where, from their number, and the mercenary unconcernedness of their attendants, they are not excited by various objects and events, or by the novelty and variety of consideration, are in general powerless, helpless, and dull in their conceptions.

The faculties of the mind, as well as of the body, become paralytic by disuse. The ear is provided with muscles of erection, and I have known individuals who could pick up their ears like an ass; but almost all of us have lost this faculty by early ligature, or by disuse.

My next maxim, relating to education, is, that it should be suited to the climate, government, and religion of the country, and to the probable situation of the individual in that country.

After the years of infancy, therefore, my pupil is gradually formed by his nurture to the general scope of his future life; without permitting, however, any extraordinary marks of genius to escape unnoticed, whereby his parents or guardians may be enabled to regulate the quantity and quality of his intellectual food.

If he is the child of a great nobleman, and solitary in the family, let his father generously take the charge of two or three children of his friends or neighbours of the same age, and put them under the tuition of a gentleman fit at once to perform the part of a father, a friend, and a preceptor; for it is with concern that I am obliged to remark, that men of our condition, who have the gifts of fortune, and have not been bred, like us, in the school of adversity, have seldom any thing but wealth to fit them for those important functions.

My pupils, thus situated, are to appear constantly at the family table, or in the public rooms at meals. They are to be encouraged in the shapeliest and most critical attention to the virtues, oddities, and awkwardnesses of each other, and to excite and improve each other by innocent and gay exercises of this sort, so that their capacities may be continually strengthened: For wit, humour, and sterling good sense, consist in little more than a conception, more or less rapid, of the minute and characteristic relations of things, expressed with more or less gaiety, contrast, velocity,

ty, or correctness. As my pupils advanced, I would have them sent to public schools, but under the same eye and tuition, and that private should be judiciously mixed with public education, so as to do no more than to hold up as it were the chins of my pupils till their feet touched the ground.

I would have them taught to labour by themselves; I would have them inspired by the love of virtuous fame, and the admiration of illustrious characters.

I would rather see the tear standing in their eyes, when they read or recited the stories of the death of Brains, Cato, Helvidius Priscus, Aruleus Rustus, Thrasea Patus, and of Arria, than melting with the fictitious and enervating sorrow

of a late novel, or gazing at the ridiculous immensity of a fairy tale. I would have them trained to an uncontaminated appetite for truth, exercising itself in the careful collection of intricate but useful information, and to fear nothing so much as to be outdone by their class-fellows.

This mode of education I would continue, accompanying it with the manly exercises of wrestling and the chase, until their bodies and their minds were fully invigorated.

They should not leave the schools till fifteen, nor the colleges until twenty-one; and four years more I would allot for the study of politics, the belles lettres, beaux arts, and to foreign travel.

(To be continued)

## A L I T E R A R Y C H A L L E N G E.

The following letter is handed about in the polite circles at Edinburgh. It is understood to be a very generous, but very resolute call upon Dr. Robertson, to defend what he has written to the prejudice of the honour of Mary Queen of Scots. It is from Dr. Stuart, the author of a book just published, containing the history of Scotland, from the establishment of the Reformation, till the death of Queen Mary. Dr. Robertson contends, that Mary was concerned in the death of her husband, and was in love with the Earl of Bothwell; Dr. Stuart is of an opposite opinion, and asserts the honour of the Scottish Queen; and the diversity of their sentiments upon these capital points, gives a tinge to their respective histories. The ground for the encounter is marked out; the subject is a beautiful Queen; and the Judges are appointed. If Dr. Robertson enters the lists, and is successful, he will acquire new reputation. If he refuses to enter the lists, or enters them and is defeated, he will lose many laurels. This dispute will probably be an æra in the history of Scottish literature.

A Copy of a Letter from Dr. Stuart to James Cummyng, Esq. Secretary of the Antiquarian Society at Edinburgh.

Sir,

I Beg to have the honour of transmitting to you, for the library of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh, a copy of my History of Scotland, from the establishment of the Reformation, till the death of Queen Mary. While I am ambitious of depositing my work in so conspicuous a repository, I am sensible that I may thus call to it the particular examination of many ingenious and learned men. It becomes me, therefore, that I would have obtained industriously from this measure, if I were not conscious of having directed my narration by the purest views of public utility. I am consequently in a disposition to attend with candour to whatever can be objected to my book. The historian who can persist in his mistakes, departs from his duty, and violates the character he has assumed. And, if

there is a situation where mistakes ought invariably and scrupulously to be corrected, and where a violation of the historical rules is altogether inexcusable, it is in the case of a Queen who has suffered in her honour by misrepresentations, and who, with strong and real claims to integrity, has been held out to reproach and infamy. It will not, I believe, be objected to me, that I have fallen into this situation; but whatever my errors are, I shall give way to a commendable pride, and my eagerness to renounce them shall be in proportion to their importance, and to the danger of their tendency. And I desire it to be remembered, that I make this declaration with the greater propriety and justice, as I differ most essentially in my sentiments from a living historian\*, who has treated the subject which has attracted my

\* William Robertson, Doctor of Divinity, and Historiographer for Scotland.

attention, and who enjoys the distinction of being a member of our society. If it shall be found that I have lost my way, and wandered in the many labyrinth of hostile factions, I will, notwithstanding, be ready to catch the clue that ought to have guided my steps. If it shall be demonstrated that Mary was not so perfect and so innocent as I have represented her, I will yield to the controlling power of evidence and argument. Though I shall weep over the misfortunes, the frailties, and the crimes of this beautiful princess, I will yet pay my devotions to truth, and submit to the law of the victor. While you communicate to our society these expressions of my sincerity, you will rea-

dily perceive that they are due from me to a body of men, who, from their birth, their situation, and their studies, are the most able to judge of the intricate and problematical parts of the subject I have undertaken. It is with extreme satisfaction, at the same time, that I embrace the opportunity which is now offered to me of applauding the public and zealous cares that have brought them together. I have the honour to be, with great respect,

Sir,  
Your most obedient,  
and most humble servant,  
*London,*  
April 10, 1782. GILBERT SIVARI.

ANECDOTES of the LIFE of the celebrated COUNT O'REILLY, a General of the Spanish Forces, and Captain-General of Andalusia.

THE Count is descended from a very ancient Milesian family, and he is one of six sons, all of whom have pushed themselves very forward into life. His father possessed many great farms in the kingdom of Ireland, from which he drew a considerable income, and his paternal fortune was very genteel. His grandfather was in the army of King James II. at the siege of Cavan; and was elected knight of the shire for that county, on the very day when the Prince of Orange with a powerful army landed in the kingdom; this appointment is recorded in an epitaph on the family tomb, in an obscure churchyard in the same county. As to the rest of his ancestors they are lost in the confusion which the total change of Milesian property introduced, and sank among the common mass of the people. But those of the country who have the skill of tracing these dark genealogies, have found that they draw their origin in a direct line from one of the sons of the first Milesian chief who settled in the island, and that their illustrious progenitor was established on the throne of Cavan. It is very true that there are various competitors for this honour; and that the most subtle antiquarians of the island have not been able to quiet the distant claims of contending families. It remains therefore in honourable suspense; and the several candidates prefix the distinguishing O or the Mac to their names, as a proof of the loyalty and antiquity of their blood.

Our hero was educated at a country school on the edge of a forest, within three English miles of his father's house: so this place he walked twice a day, and shaded under a maleable pedant, who en-

forced his lectures on the classics, by a most lavish use of the birchen rod. The master was not more remarkable for the exercise of the whip, than the pupil was for an obdurate contempt of it. His ambition and archness displayed themselves in a thousand stratagems of torment to his master: and to the boys who conceived that a sober attention to their studies was preferable to the mischievous exploits of which he had the projection and the conduct. At this age however, it is said, but we know not with what truth, that he had all the wantonness without the generosity of a boy, and he left the school without the acquisition of much praise either for his learning or gentleness.

At an early period he sought a military life, and his religion preventing him from engaging in the service of his country, he went to Spain with letters of recommendation to several of his own countrymen and communion, by whose interference he got a pair of colours. At the battle of Campo Santo, in Italy, he was wounded and left in the field. An Austrian soldier was on the point of giving him the coup de grace before he should slip and plunder him; when our hero, perceiving his design, had the presence of mind and the art to prevent it by telling the soldier "that he was ignorant of the prize which he had found, for that he was the son of the Duke de Arcoz, a grandee of Spain." This declaration detained the plunderer's hand, and he bore his imaginary treasure to Marshal Breva our hero's countryman; the wiful captive told the manner of his escape, with the quickness of which the Marshal was entertained and pleased, and

and ordered his physicians to attend him, when his health was restored, he gave him his liberty with honourable testimonials of his regard. The Dúchess of Arcos hearing the story, was so delighted with it, that from this slight circumstance she ever after patronized him, and procured him to be advanced with uncommon haste first to a company, and then to a majority.

In the last German war he went a volunteer to the Austrian army, and distinguished himself in several engagements by activity and enterprise; but having in the rashness of his temper spoken too freely of the operations of the generals, he was forced, or rather he found it convenient to quit the service, when he joined the French, and served under Broglie. On the breaking out of the Spanish war he returned to Spain, and made a claim to preferment upon his knowledge acquired in the German campaigns; his pretensions were admitted, and he was advanced to the rank, first of a Colonel, and afterwards of a Brigadier General. After the peace he was sent to take possession of New Orleans, where he gave general disgust by his pride and rapacity. The oppression of the people, and the restrictions which he laid them under, while it made him odious to the subjects of his royal master, recommended him to the King himself; and from that period his advancement was uncommonly rapid. Tho' amongst the youngest of the Major Generals he was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and appointed Inspector-General of the Infantry, over the heads of many of the first men in the kingdom. Our hero now possessed the ear of his Sovereign; and from the patronage which he enjoyed, his favour was courted by sulsome adulation: but he was imperious to a fault; he neither conferred obligations from benevolence nor policy; and the consequence was that he added to the number of his enemies without making a single friend. The King raised him to the dignity of a Count, and appointed him Governor of Madrid. He was in this situation in the year 1766, when a commotion happened in that metropolis. The people rose into a tumult, on account of the dearth of provisions, and particularly of bread. The Count commanded the troops; and in the natural impetuosity of his temper he rashly ordered them to fire, by which he did considerable mischief. From this moment he became the object of popular resentment, and was feared and execrated by the whole kingdom. He was not envied on account of his military

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rank as being a foreigner: the Spaniards court and love the gentlemen of Ireland; and are happy to benefit from the imprudent restrictions which Great Britain lays upon the spirit and enterprise of her subjects, on account of their religious opinions. They invite them to the service, and are proud of their association. But in the instance of Count O'Reilly their hatred was from principle; and there was not an Irishman in the service that did not cordially approve of their detestation. But he still continued to be the favourite of the King; and in the year 1775, when the celebrated expedition against Algiers was undertaken, the command of the land forces was given to Lieutenant-General Conde de O'Reilly, and the naval armament to Don Pedro de Callijon Admiral d'Escadre. The preparations for this expedition were great. It consisted of 6 ships of the line, 12 frigates, with other armed vessels to the amount of 50 sail; and on board of 334 transports there were embarked 24,500 men. With this very powerful force they went to demolish Algiers, and to extirpate the infidel race. The greatest hopes were formed of it; and masses and prayers were sung and said in all the churches of Spain. A solemn ceremonial was held before the embarkation; and the favour was implored of la purissima Concepcion, the patroness of Spain. The general orders which were given before the expedition were wise and salutary. The army was instructed that the Algerines usually gave way on the first onset, and fled in the hope of being pursued into deserts and places favourable for ambuscade; and therefore they were ordered not to be deceived by the stratagem into an impetuous pursuit, by which they might be divided, and surprized. It was singular that notwithstanding this advice the army fell actually into the snare; for after a great deal of unnecessary and criminal delays in the debarkation of the troops which did not take place till some days after their arrival on the coast, although there was no impediment whatever in their way, as soon as the first body of troops landed on the beach, they formed and seeing a number of the enemy on the heights they marched, without waiting for the rest of the troops coming on shore, to attack them. The Algerines stood their ground with a good deal of seeming spirit; but the rapid fire of the Spaniards made an impression upon them and they fled. The Spaniards, notwithstanding the precaution which had been given them, pursued with violence, until they were brought into a thick

K. k.

thick

which interested country; and they were entangled on all sides by innumerable herds of camels, which the Algerines had drove among them. In this critical moment a serious and decisive attack was made upon them on all hands, and the havoc was so great that the soldiers could neither be brought by menace or intreaty to keep their ranks. They saw one another fall by the fire of concealed enemies; for the country was so favourable to the Algerines that they kept themselves perfectly secure from the enemy's fire. At last the Spaniards gave way in the utmost disorder; and fled within the entrenchments which the second and third bodies of troops had thrown up on their landing to secure their retreat. These entrenchments were unable to contain the whole of the army, and they were also liable to the fire of several pieces of cannon planted on the neighbouring heights; so for the whole day they were pelted by the enemy without being able to effect any thing against them. Their wounded they had left on the field of battle, not one of whom escaped the sword, as a reward had been publicly offered for every Spaniard's head that should be brought to Algiers. They computed their loss at 3000 men; but other assert that they lost full 5000. A council was held of the principal officers to deliberate on what further was to be done; at which it was determined to reembark the troops that night. The reembarkation was completed that night, and they returned to Spain without having acquired much glory or credit by the enterprise. Indeed such was the clamour which the failure of the expedition excited all over the kingdom, that it was with great difficulty that Count O'Reilly avoided the rage of the people. More attended on the roads to Alicante by which it was expected that he would pass; they beat every carriage, and even made those whom they suspected to alight and walk before them, the Count being aware, that he might not escape their fury. He received timely notice of his danger, and pursued a different route. Had the lords of the press extended to Spanish Europe, would have heard of their discontent, as it was, they spent their rage in invective and tumult; they surrounded the palace gates, and the violence did not subside until the King had removed him from the place of Governor of Madrid, and secured his safety in the province of Andalusia, of which he appointed him Captain-General. It must be acknowledged there was strange incursion in the whole business. A Spanish for-

jeant giving an account of it to his wife, said "nos mandaron a tierra como si ibamos a hacer caso con los moros." But to whom the fault was to be ascribed, we have neither the opportunity nor the disposition to inquire.

Since that time Count O'Reilly has desisted from action; and has contented himself with planning and establishing a Military Academy, from which, however, no great advantages are expected. His treatment of the British prisoners, during the present war, has been justly reproached. That he might think it necessary to hold no conversation with them, for fear of incurring the imputation of a partiality injurious to the nation which he served, is very possible; but it was not brave, nor generous, to add imperious menaces, nor rough treatment, to the mortification of slavery. His insolence upon this occasion gained him no credit with the Spaniards, who are a humane and benevolent people, while it rendered him contemptible in the eyes of the rest of Europe.

The Count had five brothers, all of whom have raised themselves to distinguished situations. One of them has acquired the rank of Brigadier in the Spanish service; a gentleman of most amiable complacency, and who has gained the esteem of the people with whom he lives. Another brother who died some years ago was Captain of a Spanish fort; and a third was a Franciscan Friar, and died in Dublin very much lamented. His two youngest brothers have always resided in Ireland; and they lately conformed to the established church; they have made considerable fortunes, and are Justices of the Peace for the County in which they live. The Count early in life married a Spanish lady, by whose relations he was very much assisted in his progress to preferment.

We mentioned that there were several claimants for the royalty of Cavan. They are families of O'Rourke, Mackiernan, O'Brady, and O'Sheridan. All these dispute with the O'Reilly family their pretensions to the royalty. In our Magazine for February we published an account of the genealogy of O'Rourke, by which he claims the distinction of being the lineal descendant of the Kings of Breffny in Cavan.

There seems, however, to have been a convention, and a sort of agreement among the candidates, by which they gave an enviable pre-eminence to the title of the O'Reillys, by acknowledging their chief as the Earl of Cavan. Upon the

which

whole of the Count's character we cannot make a warm panegyric; we must, however, do him the justice to say, that the violence of his temper, and the habits of his life, may account for all the impatience of controul, and pride of authority, which has accompanied him through life. We have the pleasure to record, that several

gentlemen owe to his patronage their introduction to life, and his character of unkind austerity we fancy has been derived more from the singularity of manner in which he conferred favours, than from his not conferring them at all: but in Spain, if a man wants generosity, he is considered to be devoid of all the other virtues.

## The MAN-MILLINER, No. II.

Containing an Account of the Fashions, Fêtes, Intrigues, and Scandal of the Month.

THE world, Messrs. Editors, is perfectly intoxicated—such an extravagance and splendor of enjoyment was never known “even in the piping times of peace.”—Such a circuit of brilliant entertainment I never had the ecstasy to see, and to such a creature as myself, who only lives in the delights of grandeur, and delirium of magnificence, the present rage is insatiable beyond all conception. I am absolutely ravished to see every human being with whom I converse so exquisitely refined—so delightfully immersed in the sea of dissipation that they have left behind them every dry sentiment of economy and caution—and seem only to be actuated by the passion which is the gale of the moment.—Oh! gentlemen, conceive to yourselves what must be the rapturous sensation of us, the industrious ministers of fashion, the dancers, singers, milliners, mantua-makers, friseurs, and perfumers of the age, when we see the whole nobility and gentry of the kingdom involved in pursuits in which they rise superior to the paltry consideration of frugality, and dissipate their wealth with all the indifference of children or of sailors.—We are most of us the subjects, and all the friends of France. Think, then, gentlemen, what faithful service we perform for that fond kingdom (which is the source of all the brilliancy of the terrestrial globe, which we adore, and which the people of this island detest and imitate) when by the happy consequences of our ingenuity we do that which all the cannon of Bourbon is not able to effect, we sell the stubborn oak of England, and destroy the very sinews of her strength. What woods of ancient oak have not been cut down and sent to my shop instead of the dock-yards of his majesty. I have converted that which was designed by the genius that presides over the forests of Britain, to be a first rate man of war, into a fan for a fine lady—when instead of the loud thunder of our cannon

dashing upon the enemies of our country from the dreadful port-holes of the ship, streams of lightning, which, though silent, are not murderous, flash through the apertures of the fan, from the eyes of beauty, and reach the heart of the stoutest hero.—I have twisted the knotty branches of the stout tree into a thousand pretty shapes; and even the trunk itself I have bent and fashioned to my will. Would the great monarch believe it?—Would any man conceive it—that within the last month a knot of fashion-mongers assembled in the drawing-room of a French dancer have had the address to stop the growth, and deprive the kingdom of as many groves aspiring oak as would have served to build a fleet of twenty ships of the line? Can your grace, literary worships, conceive this to be possible? Know then that we have formed ourselves into a club; we meet regularly once a week, and consist of a select set of all those genteel people who combine amusements, invent fashions, and contribute to the splendor of the super part of the English nation. We denominate ourselves “Les Tailleurs,”—and be assured that from the Tailleurs have sprung every gay, extravagant plan of entertainment that has engaged the passions and exhausted the purses of the beau-monde for the present season. Little do they imagine by what easy and polite insinuations they are seduced into the patronage of gales, fêtes, balls, and masquerades, which we, in the richness of French fancy deliberately contrived for the damage of their fortunes, or at least for the advancement of our own. We have the happy art of making interest with the people who have the dominion of their hearts; and as there are always a certain number of ladies and lords who have the distinction of leading the ton, we aspire to the secret triumph of leading those who are the leaders.

In the course of the present month there have



have been a thousand rarities and balls, all of which were remarkable for something, for their brilliancy, or their dullness; the gallantries to which they gave rise, or the accidents that happened; from which stories of intrigue or scandal have been drawn.—The duchess of C—l—d's ball was exceedingly superb; and the night was spent in the most polite indifference, until a little faux pas happened which disconcerted some, and tickled others.—In the course of a promenade through the large suite of rooms, a young gentleman, as remarkable for his gallantries, as for his rank and figure, accidentally threw his hand round the neck of the gay and volatile lady Catharine —, the lady, either by surprize or accident, sunk upon a sofa, —and the p— threw himself gallantly at her feet.—The few ladies and gentlemen who were in the room had the ill-nature to fancy that their company was not necessary, and they invidiously retired; the young gentleman fans ceremonie locked the door. I profess I think there was no harm in this trifling action; nor any levity in the design; but it reminds me strongly of the joke inserted in our jest books arising from a similar accident.—A lady ran into an adjoining room to avoid having her garter stripped off by a gentleman who was ordered to do so at romps—I bar squeaking, says the gentleman; bar the door you fool, replies the lady.—I am far from hinting, however, that the door was barred, in the present instance, at the desire, or even the hint of the lady; for when she came out of the room, and rejoined the company, she seemed to be perfectly untrussed both in her head-dress and temper; and seemed to be perfectly careless or ignorant of the titters and whisperers of the circle. It was a bagatelle not worthy the reflection of a moment, and none but the inexorable duchess of the mansion would have conceived it to be necessary to read a sort of a moral lecture to the young gentleman on his abusive conduct.

Several marriages are adjusted, and many others are on the tapis.—The rich jewess Miss D'Aguilar has at last yielded to the sollicitations of commodore Keith Stuart. She who resisted the devoirs of the tender and pious Lord George Gordon, has at last consented to deliver up her ninety thousand pounds to a man almost twenty years older.—There has been handed about a list of marriages of which the following is a copy, but which is far from being correct.

Lady F. Finch, to Lord Fairford.  
Lady A. Murray, to Col. Tarleton.  
Miss Theod. Monson, to Sir John Shaw.  
Miss Pococke, to Lord Hendon.  
Miss A. Hale, to Mr. Dearing.  
Miss Child, to the Earl of Westmorland.  
Lady A. Lindsay, to Lord Wentworth.  
Miss Woodley, to Lord Fielding.  
Countess of Sutherland, to Col. Norton.  
Miss A. North, to Mr. Price Campbell.

All these, however, are neither settled nor likely to be so. The change in administration has produced new arrangements in the regions of love, and Hymen. It is very true that these swains have been fighting after those nymphs, but, as all modern marriages are regulated by the prospects and expectations of the parties, and as there is a change in the fortune, there is also a sympathetic alteration in the passions of the enamoured couples.

But this month has been chiefly taken up with the grand masquerade which the members of the kid club gave to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.—The club known by this title assemble at Wemyss's in St. James's-street; and was begun when the foreign ambassadors forsook his house. They gave themselves the denomination of "The Kiddies," because, by an original law of the institution, no member could be admitted who was more than twenty-five years of age. It is one of the most ingenious establishments about town, and infinitely more adapted to the accomplishment of its purpose than any other about town. This rule was made to keep out professed gamblers or players, so experienced and proficient as to be dangerous opponents; for they say that gamblers seldom acquire the secrets of the art, at so early an age. This is very true; and the policy in the original institutors was admirable,—and if gentlemen ceased to be members at the age of twenty-five it would be candid as it is politic; but the member introduced at one and twenty may continue to his grand climacteric a kid, and then woe unto the kiddies that come in with all the fervor and inexperience of youth. But at present they are all kiddies in the true meaning of the word; as it has not yet been of two years standing. The club determined to give a grand entertainment to the Prince of Wales, and for this purpose they subscribed the sum of two thousand guineas, for which they were to have the distribution of fifteen hundred rickets. They engaged the Pantheon, and all

all the tribe, with whom I have the honour to act, were called in to exert all their taste and fancy in the decorations. With the supper room it was impossible to do any thing, for every one knows that in building this superb mansion the conductors entirely forgot that a supper room was necessary; and when the error was past retrieving, they converted the cellars into a large room for that purpose. But all that elegance or art could supply was brought in aid of the place; and to those who knew its incapacities, the change was delightful. It was decorated with an infinite quantity of white and pink gauze, forming an awning and drapery; and the numerous pillars ornamented with festoons of coloured lights, interspersed with flowers.—All this produced a fine effect, as the company seemed to be embosomed in a cloud, rich with the tints of the variegated lamps, and the glazing foliage. This entertainment was so much the object of expectation and desire that tickets were in the highest request, and had it not been that a number were lost by various people who could not possibly attend, to Hookham, the disappointment of many would have been insupportable. But Hookham supplied them at the moderate price of ten, fifteen and twenty guineas for a single ticket. All this expectation was raised by the rumour of a famous couillon which was to be danced by the following most exalted party:

1. The Prince of Wales, Dukes of Devonshire.—2. Lord Lewisham, Lady Duncannon.—3. Lord Herbert, Lady Salisbury.—4. Hon. George Pitt, Lady A. Campbell.—5. Marquis of Graham, Lady Jersey.—6. Hon. Col. Phipps, Lady I. Nugent.—7. Major St. Leger, Miss Ingram.—8. Mr. Churchill, Miss Harland.

An area in the centre of the grand rotunda was inclosed by a silken cord, forming an oblong of 40 feet by 24.—Within this space the dance was performed to the admiration of the company. The uniform worn on the occasion was a superb and light fancy dress of white, blue and silver; a king Harry hat, diamond buttons and feathers.—The party had been in training by Mons. Gardel for three weeks before; and the music was selected by

him; it was taken from various ballads; the most admired of which was the roudau gavotte in the ballet of Rinaldo and Armida.—There was a display of the finest women that perhaps the world could furnish; and the entertainment was brilliant beyond example; but it was every thing but a masquerade. It had none of the rest, nor even the nature of that enchanting scene, the silence of which is variety, and the association of different ranks of life. A masquerade ought to present a picture of the human species in all its varieties of character; in which we might trace the elevation which is produced by freedom; and the degradation incident to slavery; the spiritlessness of a martial people, and the sedate temper which is inspired by agriculture and trade. In short we expect to find the manners of nations, and the diversities of tribes happily delineated, and to find the whole animated by a spirit of mirth, wit, and humour, which should shake from us all the disquietudes of life, and give exhilaration to the faculties of the mind. Instead of all this it presented a dull scene of unanimated grandeur. It blazed indeed with the lustre of diamonds; but there wanted the brilliancy and the fervor of wit. We were never provoked to merriment; nor incited to applause. It was throughout the whole night a scene to admire but not enjoy. The attractions of beauty, and the splendor of magnificence surrounded and perplexed the eye: it swam in the luxury of profusion, while the heart found the whole to be tasteless and insipid. There were but about a dozen characters of any sort.—A ~~Andalusian~~ <sup>Andalusian</sup>, inclosed in a pair of bellows was a ludicrous figure;—Fortune on a self-moving machine distributing her golden favours.—Two Warriors of the Sandwich islands.—Miss Keppel as a Sultana, richly ornamented with a profusion of jewels.—Lady Stormont as a Savoyard Girl, displayed her usual taste in the fitness and simplicity of her habit.—But all idea of supporting character was laid aside; and promenade, enlivened by the quick flow of what is commonly called chat-chat, filled up the whole night.

A View of the French Literature for the present Century, continued from p. 100.

ABBE RAYNAL.

(Born at St. Génies, in 17\*\*)

**T**HIS popular historian is member of the royal society, and the academy of Berlin, and is characterised as a writer more ingenious than solid, especially in matter of fact, which undoubtedly ought to be preferred to every other consideration. The histories of the parliament of Great Britain, and that of the Stadtholder-ship, resemble those portraits, where nature and likeness are sacrificed to colouring and a splendid drapery. His manner of narrating is declamation, in antithesis, in a harmony of ideas, in a variety of beautiful sketches, which rather display the glittering strokes of an academic professor, than the vigorous and majestic page of genuine historic diction: it, however, a lively wit, a fertile imagination, and an elegant arrangement can apologize for this defect, no man, perhaps, has greater claim to our suffrages than Abbe Raynal.

His last production, intitled, *l'Histoire de l'Etablissement du Commerce dans les deux Indes*, has been considered by our clais of readers as a chef-d'œuvre, by others as a series of puerile declamatory invective against religion, government, manners, customs, and even common decency. If this, say they, be what we call writing like a modern philosopher, the annals of nations are then on the brink of becoming a chaos of chimeras, indecencies, and a depository of malevolence and error: every remarkable event will then be new modelled, ridiculed, or in the end, suffer a partial or a total transmutation.

MADAME RICCOBONI.

(Born at Paris in 17\*\*)

Those who are passionately fond of that branch of the Belles Lettres, in which this lady has acquired so great a reputation, will find her works replete with invention, sentiment, and elegance. Her *Lady Catelyn*, *Fanny Butler*, *Miss Jenny*, *Amelia*, *Madame de Sancerre*, *Lord Rivers*, &c. indubitably display superior talents in this walk of literature.—Sorry, is the writer of this article to add, that in France literary characters are more re-

spected and distinguished than in the land of science and liberty:—these living authors are seen in the first line of good company; and the Haute Noblesse think themselves highly honoured in having a Riccoboni, a Genlis, a Barchanais, a Beaumont, a d'Alembert, a Diderot, and a Marmontel at their tables.

MR. ROCHEFORT.

(Born in the year 17\*\*)

This gentleman is member of the Academy des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, and known among the literati for his translation of the immortal *Iliad*; which is supposed by many to be as superior to that by De la Mothe, as Homer is to Mr. Rochefort. His version is harmonious, noble, majestic, and frequently nervous; but it wants, in general, that colouring which animates the thoughts and ennobles the sentiments; that variety of cadence, that conclusion, and that choice of epithets which together constitute the soul of poetic numbers. Nevertheless, when we consider the greatness of the undertaking, the difficulties he had to surmount, the shackles of rhyme, and the insufficiency of the language itself, when compared to the poet of whom he is the translator, we cannot but acknowledge that his version possesses a considerable share of merit. Besides, the notes which accompany this epic poem, as well as the preliminary discourse annexed, will evidently shew the pen of an elegant writer, well versed in the works of taste, genius and literature.

FRANCOIS SABATHIER.

(Born at Condom, in 17\*\*)

This learned and indefatigable professor undertook the immense work, intitled, *Dictionnaire pour l'Intelligence des Auteurs Classiques*, which is digested with great care, labour and judgment, and displays a fund of knowledge in ancient literature. Some indeed have wished this voluminous dictionary had more precision, more uniformity of style, and that he had been more cautious in the choice of his materials,



The queen of hearts,  
She made some raris,  
All on a summer's day,  
The knave of hearts  
He stole those raris,  
And with them run away;  
The king of hearts  
Call'd for those raris,  
And hear the knave full sore;  
The knave of hearts  
Brought back those raris,  
And said he'll be a deal more.

The king of spades  
He took the maids,  
Which yet the queen full sore;  
The queen of spades  
She beat those maids,  
And turn'd them out of door;  
The knave of spades  
Grieved for these ladies,  
And did for them explore;  
The queen of spades  
She did relent,  
And vow'd the ne'er strike more.

The king of clubs  
He often drub  
The loving queen and wife,  
The queen of clubs  
Returns him smite;  
And all is noise and strife;  
The knave of clubs  
Gives winks and rubs,  
And swears he'll take her part;  
For when our kings  
Will do such things,  
They should be made to smart.

The diamond king  
I wish would sing,  
And likewise his fair queen,  
But that the knave,  
A naughty slave,  
Stands betwixt them in between.  
O dear Diamond King  
With hearken sing,  
This naughty knave destroy,  
Then may your queen,  
With mind serene,  
Love royal had enjoy.

From an Ancient Manuscript.

There was a man whose name was Rasper  
And by his trade he was mercator quidem;  
He had a wife, who was not tall, nor  
Great;  
But by her actions she was counted tall,  
To content her, gave he all things fair;  
And he be repassant, made her much  
Glad.

A Specimen of the ludicrous in Poetry.  
Save thy oath, he loth to lie;  
Be sober, the Sabbath keep holy,  
Live chaste, and be not hally;  
Before you tell your friends try.

EPICRAM ON A LADY.  
Ye graces wife, who neither please  
The ladies nor the Lord,  
Behold a nymph who well may stand  
An angel on record.

No railing rake, nor flatter'ing fop,  
Averts her chaste levee,  
No scandal twice or thrice refin'd  
Adds sweetness to her tea.

She ne'er upon her sex's faults,  
A fruitful theme did preach;  
Nor wound the lovely excellence,  
That she could never reach.

Nay, I believe that like the Saint,  
(Such grace to her is given),  
She would not stich a single fib,  
To gain a seat in Heav'n.

Her tongue might more reform the age  
Than sermons once a week;  
And so it would—but ah! the day!  
Poor Celia cannot speak. †

An instance of Popish Superstition.

Pacheco relates that the pious Juanes, an eminent Spanish painter, who never visited the easel without first approaching the altar; and who as he gave his characters life, gave them also adoration; while engaged in painting the famous picture of the Immaculate Conception, at the immediate desire of the Blessed Virgin, being one day seated on a scaffold at work upon the upper parts of the picture, the frame gave way, and the painter was in the act of falling, when the holy personage whose portrait he had finished, leapt suddenly forward out of the canvass, and seizing his hand, preserved him from the fall. This being done, and Juanes safe landed on the floor, the gracious lady, with all possible composure, returned to her post and has continued there ever since, dispensing her favours to her supplicants and worshippers.

VERS pour mettre au bas du portrait du  
GENERAL CONWAY.

La justice dans son trouve un noble support,  
L'Angleterre un guerrier, le foible un  
protecteur.

But on must fin plan, diront je avec tran-  
sant.

Le fort sur en par, l'Anglois ferait  
vainqueur.

A brief



nagarrey, but being mostly consumed by fire in 1707, when rebuilt it was called Lis-burn. It has one church, a quaker's meeting-house, with a large boarding-school, which was built by Mr. John Hancock, one of that community, yet educates children of all denominations. There is also a presbyterian meeting, and one for a set of methodists. The Linen Hall, where a weekly linen market is held, was built by the Earl of Hertford, and there are very considerable manufactories of linen there. The streets are well paved, and lighted with globe lamps. The number of houses in 1776 were 654, and the inhabitants 4578. *Ranaldstown* contains about 100 stone houses, mostly thatched, a small church, with a tall wooden spire, a handsome market-house, with an assembly-room over it. It has a large linen market the first Wednesday in every month, the night before which an assembly is held for the linen drapers who come to the market, who generally dance in their boots and spurs, to the great damage of the ladies' aprons. But as the destruction of aprons increases the demand on fine flannels, the patriotic ladies do not com-

plain. This town is 4 miles north-west of Antrim, and 88 miles from Dublin.

The county of *ARMAGH* sends six members to parliament, two for the county, two for the borough of *Armagh*, and two for *Charlemont*. The borough of *Armagh* stands 62 miles from Dublin, and 30 miles south of *Londonderry*. It was once a considerable city, though now dwindled to a miserable village, though it gives name to the county, and is the see of the archbishop, primate of all Ireland. *Charlemont*, is a town on the river *Blackwater*, 6 miles south of *Dungarvon*, and 68 miles from Dublin, being 6 miles beyond *Armagh*. The inhabitants of this county are chiefly protestants and manufacturers of linen.

The county of *CAVAN* sends six members to parliament, two for the county, two for the borough of *Cavan*, and two for that of *Belturbet*. The town of *Cavan* is 52 miles north west of Dublin. *Belturbet*, lies seven miles from *Cavan*, and 59 from Dublin. Neither having any thing worthy of remark.

(To be continued.)

## CAUSE OF THE IRISH DISCONTENTS.

**I**RELAND has no complaint against the people of England, her cry is against the English legislature and the English ministers. The duplicity, weakness, and corruption of ministers, have already dismembered the empire of its most valuable limbs; but the days of corrupt influence it is to be hoped are passed away, and had they continued much longer, the British senate would have possessed but the narrow circle of Great Britain to have agitated. The rights of Ireland had long slept, but they never died; freedom at this instant is the animating principle in that country.

Ireland founds her claims upon principles; and her leading principle is this, "That liberty is the inherent right of mankind, and on whatsoever ground any one nation can challenge it to themselves, on the same reason may every other nation expect it."

But it is said Ireland is a conquered country. If she was conquered, what title has England gained by her conquest? Mr. Locke answers the question. "An unjust conquest gives no title. A just conquest gives power only over the lives and liberties of the actual opposers, but not over their posterity and estates, and not over

those who did not concur in opposition."

The honor of the conquest of Ireland, English historians have given to Henry the Second. How stands the fact? Ireland being in a state of civil war, Henry went over there with an army, and the princes of Ireland received at his hands the English constitution, and in consequence thereof parliaments were established in the country.

But if it had been an absolute conquest by force of arms, and had that conquest enslaved the people, still Ireland is entitled to the English constitution. Large colonies settled there from England. By far the greater part of the Irish are of English descent, and where ever English men settle they carry the constitution of England with them.

The causes of the Irish discontents are related in the resolutions of their volunteers, the two principal of which are

*First, RESOLVED, That a claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance.*

*Second, RESOLVED, That the powers exercised by the Privy Council of both kingdoms*



*kingdoms, under colour or pretence of the law of Poyning's, are unconstitutional and a grievance.*

The first resolution results from statute the 6th of George I. whereby it is declared, That the kingdom of Ireland ought to be subordinate to, and dependent upon the imperial crown of Great-Britain, as being inseparably united thereto, and that the King's Majesty, with the consent of the Lords and Commons of Great-Britain in parliament, hath power to make laws to bind the people of Ireland. AND that the Peers of the land have no jurisdiction to affirm or reverse any decrees or judgment whatsoever.

Let us examine this statute upon principles. Cases are out of the question. They are dead lettered evidences, as often criterions of illegal power, as they are of constitutional right. Principles are always living and never vary.

Ireland having a parliament, it must be allowed she is bound by the law of parliament. What is that law? It is a law to which all mankind have a right. The law of parliament is that law whereby all laws receive their sanction, the free debates and consent of the people by themselves or their representatives. On this law the liberties of England are founded, and a breach of this law by the legislature of England in forming the statute cited is one of the great causes of the discontents in Ireland.

By this law, so far as a mere declaratory law can operate, the law of parliament in Ireland has been restrained; but at this day the Irish courts of justice refuse to take cognizance of English statutes. The Irish are determined to be free. The principle of freedom has never been subdued, it is a principle of nature, and can not be eradicated.

But it will be asked, has not Ireland submitted till she found England weak? This is easily answered. If submitting to an inconvenience be a greater evil than endeavouring to throw it off, men will submit. But if the inconvenience grows upon them, and be greater than the hazard of getting rid of it, men will not submit.

As to the second resolution, of the law called Poyning's law: Ireland, from the time of Henry the Second, down to the tenth year of Henry the Seventh, enjoyed the English constitution in the amplitude of its benignity. But in the Irish Statute, the 10th of Henry the Seventh, Sir Edward Poyning being then Lord Deputy, it was enacted, 1. That before any parliament be summoned or holden, the

chief governor and council of Ireland shall certify to the King, under the great seal of Ireland, the consideration and causes thereof, and the articles of the acts proposed to be passed therein. 2. That after the King and his council of England, shall have considered, approved or altered the said acts, or any of them, and certified them back under the great seal of England, and shall have given licence to summon and hold a parliament, then the same shall be summoned and held, and therein the said acts and no other, shall be proposed, received or rejected. But as this precluded any law from being proposed but such as were preconceived before the parliament was in being, it is provided by statute 3 and 4 of Philip and Mary, c. 4. That any new propositions might be certified into England even after the summons; and during the session of parliament. But the usage now is, that bills are often framed in either House of parliament, under the denomination "Of heads for a bill or bills," and in that shape they are offered to the consideration of the Lord Lieutenant and privy council, who upon such parliamentary intimation, or otherwise upon the application of private persons, receive and transmit such heads, or reject them without any transmission to England.

The whole Irish nation agree that the operation of Poyning's law is unconstitutional and a grievance. The patriots of Ireland however have a difference of opinion in one point. Both parties agree the law should be repealed. But one party says the laws do not warrant the practice. The other party says the practice is consonant to the law. One party complains of the abuse of those laws, the other of the laws themselves. The practice however which has taken place in those laws, makes this difference between the parliaments of both kingdoms. In England the people suggest the laws they are willing to live under, and the only power the crown has in legislation, is that of simply giving or refusing assent. Can there be a clearer Idea of liberty? Neither the executive magistrate nor his council, can alter a single syllable of the bills offered to him by the people. The constitution of Ireland, under the construction of Poyning's law, is the very reverse of that of England. In Ireland the laws neither originate with the people nor with the crown. They originate with the privy council: a body unknown to, and unconnected with the people. A body whose existence hangs tremulous on the breath



breath of majesty! Can it be expected that a people of an independent spirit will submit to so preposterous a constitution? Does Ireland enjoy liberty? Surely not. It is laid down by all great writers on the English constitution, that the executive magistrate has a share in the legislature, for the purpose only of protecting his own prerogative: that is, for preventing the other two estates from encroaching on the executive power, not of deliberating or resolving. The share therefore of legislation, which the constitution has wisely placed in the crown, is that of rejecting; for say they, if the executive magistrate was permitted to take an active part in making laws, it would render the other branches of the legislature useless, and liberty

would be lost. From this it is clear that Ireland does not enjoy liberty. It is clear she is ruled by an unconstitutional statute, and it is clear that she suffers under a grievance.

Upon the repealing of these statutes, the declaratory English statute of George the First, and the unconstitutional Irish statute of Henry the Seventh, depends the other claims of Ireland. For when ever England gives up her right to bind Ireland, a free trade will follow of course; and when ever the laws of Ireland originate with the people, the people will obtain a *habeas corpus* act; independence for judges; and a repeal of the perpetual mutiny bill.

M.

### To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

Gentlemen,

Among the Articles which compose your very useful and copious Miscellany, I think that Anecdotes of the Divines the most celebrated for their eloquence, writings, and piety, would highly contribute to its excellence. With this view I shall be happy to become your Correspondent; not having any interest to serve but that of truth, I shall be strictly impartial in all the characters that I send you; nor ever praise from friendship, nor condemn from pique. I send you the following as a specimen of the Articles, which I mean.

O. P.

### CHARACTER of the REV. MR. FOSSET, SUNDAY EVENING LECTURER at the OLD JEWRY MEETING.

AT a period when the spreading floods of vice overflow the fair fields of virtue, the man whose eloquence has a tendency to stem the torrent, and who employs that eloquence to such a purpose, merits the highest attention, countenance, and praise. Such a character is the gentleman about whom we are now to speak. Our readers may recollect that the Old Jewry meeting has been celebrated as the nursery and seat of oratory among the dissenters. Here a Foster charmed an admiring and judicious audience; here a Foxdyce displayed brilliancy of genius, strength of judgment, and elegance of expression; and here a Herries exhibited the strong talent of rousing and retaining attention. The first and the last of these gentlemen have been cut off by that fate which checks the pride of wisdom and the career of popularity; the second, being advanced in years and established in fame, has retired to a more private situation. Many others might have been mentioned, but as they were little known, even bestowing just praise might be attri-

buted rather to the dictates of friendship, than the observance of impartial criticism. In this defection of oratorical merit, it is happy for religion, morality, and the support of eloquence, that a new star has arisen in the rhetorical hemisphere. The Rev. Mr. Fosset was educated at that approved seminary for dissenting ministers, Hoxton academy. He has been some time established as a preacher at Waltham-stow, where he affords the greatest satisfaction to a judicious congregation. A vacancy taking place this winter, for a lecturer, at the Old Jewry meeting, those who wished to support such an establishment, turned their thoughts on a person adequately qualified for the duty. Mr. Fosset engaged their attention, and was invited to town; where his abilities must have given the most pleasing sensations to his friends, as they have been stamped with the just applause of numerous congregations; which we trust will be followed by that encouragement such distinguished merit has a right to claim, and ought to receive. This gentleman's excellencies

are

are so numerous and equal, that we are at a loss where to begin the catalogue. The person of an orator may perhaps claim the first notice in his character, as that prepossesses his hearers either in his favour or the contrary. In this respect Mr. Fosset is not deficient. His figure is agreeable, and he dresses with a decent gentility suited to his situation. In prayer, he is temperate though earnest, and fervent though not extravagant. His conduct in this respect displays a most liberal disposition; as the whole human race are the objects of his supplications, entreating repentance for the vicious, and wisdom for the ignorant. In preaching he surpasses our powers of description; we have witnessed more than we can express. Convinced of the effect of action, he uses it freely but gracefully. His fancy is beautiful. His sentiments are strong and just; and where they are not original, they are presented in a new and advanta-

geous dress. His language is nervous, florid, and elegant; yet neither bombastical, tinsel, nor affected. His figures are natural, and delicately expressed. It has been objected that Mr. Fosset's manner of preaching is too figurative and eloquent. If such were our opinion, we should perhaps avoid the delivery of it; as it is difficult to remove the exuberant branches of genius without destroying the blossom, impeding the growth, and injuring the root; circumstances too often produced by the severity and strictness of cold criticism. We shall conclude this article with reminding the object of it, that no sooner had his predecessor attained popularity, than he took leave of prudence. It is our hope, that Mr. Fosset may escape the rock on which his unhappy predecessor split; at the same time with pleasure we confess, that we have no reason to be fearful of his safety.

Copy of a Letter from a Gentleman at Lausanne, to his Friend at Manchester, dated Lausanne, January 1782.

THE Comte de Paradis, who made so much noise in Paris last winter, and is now lodged in the Bastille, was the supposed son of a pastry cook in a small town near Nancy, in Lorraine. He very early discovered a spirit and abilities far above his supposed rank, and was sent to Lausanne for his education. Becoming acquainted with young men who had more money than he had, he was soon obliged to have recourse to drawing bills or draughts upon people which had no connection with him, which very soon occasioned his being committed to prison.

But not being at all of a disposition to remain in confinement, he very soon made his escape and got into Vallais, in this neighbourhood. Notwithstanding his disposition, he had not neglected to cultivate very great natural talents, and by that means recommended himself to a gentleman in the Vallais, who wanted a tutor for his son. In that capacity he acquitted himself with great credit, though he by no means bestowed his whole time or attention upon his pupil, for while he had the charge of him, he drew a most elegant and accurate map of the Vallais, a very difficult piece of work from its being a very mountainous and barren country. He also made love to the sister, and nature having been as liberal to him in bodily as in mental endowments, he did not fight in vain.

Their correspondence having been discovered, was the cause of his being chassé.

He then went to the French ambassador at Soleure, who happened to be a brother of Mr. de Vergennes, minister des affaires étrangères. His figure, his youth, his talents, and particularly his plans of the Vallais, gained him the good graces of the ambassador, who gave him strong letters of recommendation to his brother at Paris. There he soon became so great a favorite with the whole cabinet, that though not twenty years of age, they encouraged him in a scheme he proposed of going over to England, to take plans of all our sea ports: While there, he seems to have ingratiated himself as much with the cabinet of St. James's, as he had done with that of Versailles.

In less than two years he returned with the completest plans that ever the French cabinet possessed of our sea coasts, and the weak and defenceless state of Plymouth and some other places. These plans had, they say, at least, as much influence as the Saratoga business, in encouraging the French ministry to give in the rescript. Not to trust entirely however to so young a man, they sent him back, accompanied with one of their most experienced engineers, to compare his plans with the places.

Among the other talents of this extraordinary man, is a most wonderful facility

in acquiring languages, in so much they say, that when he speaks English, no body would suppose him a foreigner. When the engineer was employed in one of our towns he was seized, while no body doubted the other's being an Englishman.

The engineer, sensible that he merited the gibbet, gave himself up for lost, but his companion assured him he was in no danger, and that a note he was writing, would not only occasion his being set at liberty, but also cause excuses to be made to him for his having been seized, which literally happened. How is this to be accounted for? Surely none of our ministers could believe that the *Comte de Paradis* was their creature? Much less could any of them be capable of betraying their country, by allowing them to finish his plans? Be that as it will, it is certain that they finished their work without molestation, and returned in safety to Paris. The engineer having found the *Comte's* plans perfectly exact and just, he acquired the highest confidence with the king and ministers, in so much that he had free access to the King's cabinet by the back stairs, without any person to introduce him, which only happens to the most confidential ministers; and had the use of the royal carriages, which only people of the first rank enjoy.

In the interim of the formation of the treaty between France and America, he was constantly going backwards and forwards between Paris and London, under the disguise of postilion, frieur, valet de chambre, &c.

When the rescript was given in he established himself in England, got a letter of marque from our admiralty, and fitted out and commanded a privateer of 40 guns. He had the French King's sign manual with him, which gave him free access into all the French ports, and forbade any of the King's ships to meddle with him; as for French privateers there was none of force sufficient to dare approach him. In that capacity he not only gave the French all possible information with regard to our affairs, and duped our ministry, (unless as it is here suspected, there was some treachery in some of the inferior departments of the public offices) but he also carried on a smuggling trade between France and England, by which he gained an immense fortune.

He was aboard Admiral Keppel, on the famous 27th of July. After that campaign, however, he thought proper to return to France. He it was, who gave in to the French cabinet a plan for the

invasion of England, by the attack of Plymouth; a plan that was to be executed under his directions, and therefore he was next campaign on board D'Orville's ship, and his complaints for the failure of that plan, were the cause of that admiral's disgrace: Seeing however, there was little chance of any other plans being better executed, he refused to be any more concerned in affairs, and gave in his claim to the title of *Comte de Paradis*, pretending that he was not the son of the pastry cook but of the *Comte de Paradis*, who being obliged to keep his marriage of which he was the fruit, secret, had committed the charge of him to that pastry cook, who was a servant of the family. In consequence of his claims he became the representative of one of the first families in France, and a Grandee of Spain.

Notwithstanding all this, he continued faithfully attached to his Mistress in the *Vallais*: he sent her a magnificent equipage, which passed through this town, and an unlimited credit, writing her at the same time that he would follow to make her his wife as soon as he had furnished a hotel he had bought for her reception.

During this whole time the English ministry continued their correspondence with him, and when Rodney was to sail for the relief of Gibraltar, they wrote him, asking if 21 ships of the line was a sufficient convoy. That letter he shewed to the French King and the *Comte de Maurepas*, and asked what answer he should give, they, considering that there were 30 ships of the line in Cadiz harbour, thought Rodney could not escape them, and therefore desired him to write that there was no fleet in Brest ready to oppose such a force, and that therefore the convoy might sail when it pleased. Rodney's success would naturally confirm the English ministers in the idea, that this man was a faithful spy to them, though the reverse is the fact. It was after that success, and on the very day, before he was to set out for the *Vallais*, that the *Comte* was arrested and committed to the *Bastille*.

At first it was supposed this was done to blind the British ministry still more, and that he would very soon be liberated; that not being the case, the general opinion at Paris now is, that the Spaniards, feeling very sore after the blow given them by Rodney, and learning the information, the *Comte de Paradis* had given to the English ministry, made loud complaints, and the French cabinet not daring to avow, that that advice which had proved so fatal to the Spaniards, had been given with

with their consent and knowledge, had sacrificed their agent. It is certain at any rate, that Vergennes, and some of the other ministers openly take his part, and say that he has been very hardly dealt with, for what at most was but an impru-

dence. He however, still remains in the *Bastille*, and his Dulcinea in this neighbourhood: And from this story I hope your ministry will be more cautious in whom they place their confidence.

## The T R I U M P H of B E A U T Y.

(Concluded from Page 179.)

**JUDGE** then my situation! I had nearly caught her cloaths, when a watery tomb closed upon this injured unhappy creature! I saw the curlings of that vortex where she had sought the most violent of deaths! I instantly threw myself into the circling eddy, calling most piteously upon the undone Cecilia, but the rapidity of the current carried me down the stream. In this state of distraction, a consciousness of my danger however predominated, and after many violent struggles for life I reached the ever desolated shore. I wandered along the margin, searching the spot where the fatal catastrophe had happened, and fancying at every step I saw the corpse floating on the surface. Nature changed its whole aspect—the rocks surcharged, hung threatening o'er my head—the heavens coloured, the winds, the trees, the waters—every thing around me, pronounced my sentence of eternal misery! My tortured mind realized all the horrors of my situation, which were heightened by discovering among the rushes, the lifeless body of my Cecilia cruelly disfigured. I will not torture your feelings with the then distracted state of mine, suffice it to say, that in the midst of this shocking scene, some fishermen passing by, heard the accents of my distress, they made towards me—judge their astonishment, at the sight of a man, wild with grief, embracing a corpse clothed in the habit of a religious order!

O, my friends, exclaimed I, in pity rid me of an existence that is now become intolerable. I have plunged a dagger in the bosom of innocence—here she is—here is the victim of my treachery.

The monastery was alarmed, pursuit was made—they found me and dragged me to a magistrate, before whom I confessed the atrocious crime, and was instantly ordered into close custody, loaded with irons, and treated with that rigour I had so justly merited. Heaven however reserved for me the torments of a long and cruel penitence; for my family were soon informed of my imprisonment; and their in-

fluence reversed the sentence of an ignominious death, and changed it into banishment.

I no sooner learnt this circumstance, than I not only resolved to quit my native country, but to shun the society of the whole world. This project engrossed all my thoughts, and I signed every necessary preparative for my going abroad; in this interval I meditated on making my retreat hither, which I have ever since consecrated to penitence and tears. To effect this, I disguised myself in a dress suitable to the horrors of my mind, and this cave I devoted as my future asylum; from whence I never ventured out, but when an universal darkness reigned; then I visited the place where you first heard my fruitless plaints. There I seemed to hear her shade reproach me for my perfidy; but far from being dismayed at this phantom of my imagination, I was even pleased to contemplate it, which I thought wandered incessantly about me. I even prostrated myself before her, and endeavoured to appease her manes with inarticulate sounds, sighs, and tears. Every night these woods, these recesses are responsive to my bitter wailings; and my only luxury is the luxury of woe. There, I asked, what are the pleasures of a sublunary mortal? And I answered, they are like the rays of the sun sporting on the deep, which are obscured by the still passing cloud.

I see, added he, however, in you, Sir, the appearance of youth, health, and cheerfulness; but you have as yet made but a few steps into the career of life, a life which at first offers a series of reiterated delights. But be not deceived by such fallacious appearances! Guard against the inclinations incident to youth; for if you once suffer them to blind your reason, you are from that moment treading upon precipices which will lead you to inevitable destruction.

It is here, Sir, pointing to his heart, it is here springs all the evils incident to human nature: we carry with us the seeds of

of misfortune, vice and crime—a thousand objects, a thousand circumstances, nay some trifling incident may lay a train of accumulated wretchedness. This heart of mine, has been my only enemy—my woeful history shews it with a vengeance! Let my misfortunes then serve as a terrible lesson—and remember the important truth, that the road to happiness is never to be found but in an uniform controul of the passions.”

Here ended the recital of a tale, which had filled my soul with the tenderest compassion. I had sworn to obey his injunctions, and therefore silently retired from this scene of singular distress.

The day began to re-animate every creature, and opened a new world to my ideas. I now for the first time, reflected on the train of evils resulting from a criminal indulgence of the passions. I even saw those objects which before I used to consider as the highest bliss, in a point of view which called up a sentiment of pity. I entered a pretty village on the bank of the spreading Po, and by its numerous flocks, and hilarity of its inhabitants, I pictured the return of the golden age. Among a troop of blooming damsels was one in particular, who appeared to be a perfect beauty. She wore a hat ornamented with flowers, which half discovered a pair of eyes that darted fire. I was struck with the elegance of her figure, her animated countenance, her fine complexion, and the delicate whiteness of her bosom—never did the Egyptian Queen,

when drinking costly pearls, dving with love and voluptuousness, display half the charms of this artless creature; nor could I figure Venus more attractive, when in her Idalian groves she caressed her favourite Adonis: I approached her with respect—she glanced a timid look, and instantly retired. My eyes followed the object that had fascinated my senses, I was going to follow her, when I was stopped by the recollection of the virtuous and affectionate Julia.

What, exclaimed I, what violence am I about to commit against the most lovely and the best of women! O no, I cannot injure thee in thought. I have only given way to the surprise of my senses—my heart is incapable of an infidelity. A beauty has made a forcible impression on my feelings, but it is because she has thy charms, thy features, and thy attractions. No, my Julia; never will I cloud the serenity of thy brow with that demon jealousy. Thy empire over my heart is not to be shaken. My tenderness and assiduous attentions will justify thy happy confidence. I will fly to thy fond arms, and expiate my momentary error in thy endearing caresses. Then shall I hear the tender solitudes which my absence has occasioned. In pronouncing this soliloquy I hastened my steps, and soon after joyously reached the villa of my friend, determined to abridge my visit, that I might return to the bosom of love, ease, and tranquillity.

S.

To Mr. WALPOLE,

Sir,

DR. G— says, “It is an insult to reason and common sense to suppose that the poems of Rowley were the production of that d—n’d slitten arse boy Chatterton.” Notwithstanding this illiberal, and no less inelegant mode of expression, some respect may perhaps be due to Dr. G—’s opinion.

But I coincide entirely with you in the sentiments expressed in your letter to Mr. W. B.\* after all that has been said upon the subject, pro and con, that these poems are the production of no other than Chatterton himself, and that it is more than probable he followed in this, the same path, supposed by many to have been pursued by M<sup>r</sup> Pheron, with the hopes of insuring equal success.

That it proved far otherwise, and that the public were disappointed perhaps of the further productions of that great and wonderful luminary in the poetical hemisphere, I lay to your charge. Not from the opinions or accusations of others. “From your own mouth I condemn you.”

The poems you received from Bathoe your bookseller, with Chatterton’s address, excited your curiosity, and you determined to write to him for further particulars. He respected your notice of him, answered your letter, and opened his situation and circumstances to you in full confidence. You took the pains of writing to a relation of yours at Bath, to enquire into the truth of them, and except

\* For Mr. Walpole’s letter to Mr. W. B. see p. 2. January Magazine.

that no notice was taken of his character, his story at least was confirmed. You then wrote to him again; and as you say, in the kindest terms; for though you doubted not of his impositions, you thought it no *great crime* in a young bard. \* You undeceived him about your being a person of any interest, and urged him to continue in the pursuit of his profession, and observed, that when by his labour he should have made a fortune, he might recompence his mother, for the straits he had put her to; and then unbend himself with studies consonant to his inclinations.

Was this your kindness Mr. Walpole? And could you be surprised that Chatterton, thus tantalized and trifled with, and the method taken to suppress every latent spark of genius inherent in him, should return a peevish answer to those insults he received, instead of that encouragement he expected?

And what was the subject of your proceedings? Regardless of his express desire, or the trouble and anxiety you might occasion him, his letter and poems lay neglected until you went to, and returned again from France.

Soon after your return, you received another letter from him, the style of which you say, "was singularly impertinent." He demanded his poems roughly, and added, that you would not have dared to use him so ill, if he had not acquainted you with the narrowness of his circumstances."

Surely your treatment of him sufficient-ly apologized for his warmth, although *your heart might not accuse you of insolence to him*. But to complete the ultimatum of your indifference to merit, and want of generosity and feeling, you return him, his

letter and his poems under a blank cover. Not however till you had revolved your conduct in your own mind, and attempted in vain to vindicate it, by a letter which you afterwards judged most prudent to commit to the flames.†

When Dr. Goldsmith announced the poems as a treasure of antiquity about a year and half afterwards, at the royal academy, and expressed an enthusiastic belief of their authenticity, you exulted at his credulity, and the laugh raised against him by Dr. Johnson: yet you was proud to inform Dr. Goldsmith, that this novelty was known to you, and that you might, *if you pleased*, "Have had the honour of ushering the great discovery to the learned world." You was then informed of his melancholy catastrophe—what must have been your feelings!

It is extraordinary that the most specious arguments in a bad cause, tend but to self crimination; and thus from the very letter you have written in your vindication, you appear but the more reprehensible.

Every one must acquit you of the most distant intention of driving this unfortunate young man to despair, or being in any shape the immediate cause of the rash act he committed. But certainly it was cruel of you to gratify your curiosity and raise his hopes, in order to indulge your spleen by depressing him afterwards. If on the contrary you had given him the encouragement his merit so justly entitled him to, you would have had a claim to the encomiums of the public, and the brilliant productions of one of the greatest geniuses this country could ever boast, might have rewarded your attention. Instead of idly lamenting that you did not step in to save this genius of Britain from destruction,

\* Here you seem inclined to forget that you have yourself been guilty of the very crime, which, in assuming a consequential air, you can but half excuse in Chatterton. You should have been more cautious in your expressions Mr. Walpole, the manner of your publishing the *Castle of Otranto*, is too recent in the memory of every one; the first edition was put forth as a translation from the Italian, and the second was announced to the public with your name as the author, prefaced with as barefaced an acknowledgment of an imposition, as perhaps ever appeared in print: And how are we to judge of the truth? But I was five years in Italy, and I have good reason to think and to say, that the imposition lies in the last assertion, and that the *castle of Otranto* is what it was first announced for, a translation from the Italian, nor do I see any reason why I am to swallow the mere ipse dixit of a man, who is at any rate guilty of an imposition on the republic of letters.

† You say you regret that you did not take a copy of the poems he sent you, it was always your intention, but it was omitted either from neglect or hurry; surely this is an unparalleled acknowledgment of a mind boasting in the desire of committing a most scandalous breach of faith. One is really at a loss which to admire most, the premeditated intent of doing a bad action, or the cool indifference with which you relate what should tend to your shame and confusion.

you might now perhaps be glorying that you had been the happy instrument in bringing him forward into notice, and he might in a song of gratitude have celebrated your good name to after ages.

H. I.

### To the EDITORS of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE

Gentlemen,

As the Chattertonian Controversy is so warmly revived, I request a Corner of your valuable Miscellany for the following Essay on the Subject.

R.

CHATTERTON RE-DIVINUS; or the Authenticity of ROWLEY'S POEMS irrefragably vindicated.

**T**HIS very material question, which has been so long and frequently agitated, and so warmly and vindictively contested, remains, however, sub judice still; as the pros and cons, the probabilities, and improbabilities, appear so equally balanced to all disinterested persons, that is, to all but the antagonists themselves, that honest Sir Roger de Coverly's decision, or indecision rather, could never be better applied, than "Much may be said on both sides."

The arguments made use of by those who support the authenticity of the pieces given to the public, under the title of Rowley's poems, are briefly these.

That Chatterton, a mere boy, who brought them first to light, produced them as originals of the sort they point to, he claiming only the chance-mendley merit of being the *finder* not the *inventor* of them.

That the lad could not have the least manner of temptation or inducement, to frame a falsehood on the occasion: If they were his own compositions, why should he have given the merit of them to another? Are not the honour and the profit of author, greater than those of an editor? The fraud to be more naturally apprehended in the case that Chatterton is supposed to have only pretended, would be, that having by any lucky chance, discovered such manuscripts, he might rather have been tempted to become a wholesale plagiarist by the lump, and published them as his own, than have honestly and humbly contended himself with the simple office of a mere amanuensis.

That Chatterton did write and publish several things himself, at that time, both in verse and prose, and continued to exert his literary and poetical talents as much as possible, in his own defence, for bread, during the three or four years he survived after this event; and that all his works in a body would have flown off to the passing crows, upon being challenged to enter the list against any single stanza of the poems attributed to Rowley.\*

In answer to which pro's, the cons thus reply, *brief let me be*, for I shall not take notice of all, but only the strongest of their arguments.

First; That it is scarcely possible, and in the highest degree improbable, that these manuscripts should have slept so many centuries in an old trunk, deposited in an old church, both open all the while, alike to the curious and the idle, without being refuted from their dust, either by the antiquary or the devotee, who are so prone to busy their heads about such learned lumber.

Secondly; That there appears to be one very strong internal evidence against the originality imputed to these poems, which may be collected from the number of old English words to be met with in them, which, though obsolete in themselves, were not in use or being at the supposed date of these writings.

Thirdly and lastly; That there are many parts and dishes in these pieces, which seem to be copied from similar passages in authors who have written long since the era of these pretended originals.

Now, in answer to the first objection, relative to the improbability and impossibility of these writings remaining so long in the dust and dark, &c. it may save the expence of argument, to present the reader with only one single and singular case in point, a still more extraordinary instance of the possibility of such an event as the one in question, namely the *Annals de Cæsar*, written by Homer, or one of his contemporaries, at least, above two thousand years before the supposed era of Rowley, so lately discovered, and neither dug out of the ruins of *Herculaneum*, nor retrieved from the ashes of the *Ptolomean* library; but found in some old musty nook in Muscovy, where this, or indeed any other polite ancient had never been heard of before.

Besides, how often must the Greek copy have changed hands and places in the space of so many ages, for Muscovy was not

\* Alluding to the Allegory of the *Battle of the Books*.

the one of the seven cities that challenged the honour of Homer's birth; while the English one lay quietly where it was first dropt, without ever changing scene, or having had a possessor.

The second objection, with regard to the anachronisms of the old English words, may very reasonably be obviated; by supposing what is more than probable, that the manuscript could not have preserved itself intire, during so many centuries; as the spiders, moths, mice, and other such *critic* vermin, which, and not *temus*, are the true *edax rerum*, destroying that which time itself would spare, must have kept nibbling at it pending its period; and Chatterton, in endeavouring to supply the loss, and not being a good philologer, might have borrowed aid from some later glossaries, in order to fill up the chasins, rather than commit an obliterated copy to the press. Had any mutilated antique statue happened by chance to fall into the hands of some stucco man, who wanting *virtu*, has supplied the deficiencies of fingers and toes with plaster, would you from the very evidence of his faults in parts, give him the credit of the whole figure?

And thirdly; In relation to the last piece of evidence above adduced, namely the similar passages to be met with in some *ex post facto* writers, such instances are not only possible, but frequent, of poets hitting upon the same images, allusions or metaphors, without borrowing or purloining from one another. If this were not true, then the old adage of *good wits jump*, must have gone for nothing, long ago.

Having thus far sufficiently weakened, at least, if not intirely destroyed, the objections generally urged against the veracity of the editor of these poems, I shall add what I think a very satisfactory proof of their authenticity, taken from the proper names given in the *battle of Hastings*, which names are not to be met with collectively, in any old history, or other ancient writing now extant, and only to be found under one view in a record preserved in the tower, or some other of the crown offices, which is entitled *dooms-day book*, and is a registry of the lands divi-

ded by William the Conqueror, among his followers and adherents; whose names are annexed to each property.

Now of this instrument there is no copy, public or private, in any office, place in the kingdom; nor was Chatterton ever in London till after the publication of that poem; nor if he had, could he have got access to this record in order to frame his dramatic personages so aptly to his tale.

But, in truth, it could never have come into his head to have had recourse to it with a design of imposing upon the world in the manner supposed, for so very few, except the men in office, know there is such a manuscript in being, even at present, that when the name of it happens by any chance to be mentioned in company, people have generally supposed it to be another name for the *book of fate*, or *prophetical tables*; in which the number of the *deft* and the *reprobats* are noted down above, according to the presbyterian of *thodory*.

Were we to have a peep into that same register for poor Chatterton's destiny, it would be found to be of a most peculiar kind truly: For his testimony, it seems, has been discredited by some, when he modestly transferred the merit of the work to one who might be supposed more equal to it; but the whole world would have exclaimed against the imposture, if he had had the assurance to have taken it to himself. The *internal evidence* of his own *unpartial* writings would have been then urged, and very justly too, against him. For though it is not easy to ascertain the powers of those who have never written, it is not difficult to determine the capacities of those who have.

The poor unhappy fellow had faults enough of his own—let us not multiply them. His faults were such as his passions and his poverty too naturally led him to—let us not add to the number, one that he was not tempted to—a vice and folly both in one, of so extraordinary and unaccountable a nature, as to make him *snell* against himself, by forging a lie to the injury of his own fame—rest his shades! Amen!

R.

## ON THE REVOLUTION.

THE study of history is worthy the attention of every rational person: it not only furnishes us with an agreeable entertainment, but enlarges the mind, and suggests to it a thousand useful sentiments

and reflections. . . . In a more especial manner, the History of our own Country affords many transactions, that merit particular contemplation; but none of them are more necessary to be considered than

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the Revolution; since, on the notions we entertain with relation to it, will depend our general sentiments on political subjects, and the regard we have for our public constitution. This will appear very evident, when we reflect on the dangers from which it delivered us, the manner of its being conducted, the establishment it gave to our liberties, and the effects that have attended it.—As to the dangers from which the Revolution delivered us, perhaps there never was, since the Reformation, a juncture so threatening to the Protestant cause, as the state of things from the year 1683 to 1689. The king of England was a papist; the Palatinate was come into possession of a Roman Catholic family; the Edict of Nantz was revoked; the Duke of Savoy had done the same with regard to the privileges, granted by his father, to the Vaudois; and that tyrant Louis XIV. of France, had arrived to the summit of his pride, power, and grandeur: with daring intolerance he had broken the strictest treaties, had trampled on the most sacred obligations, had invaded the territories of his neighbours, had been successful in many of his ambitious projects, and had still greater schemes in view. In this situation of affairs, Europe trembled for her freedom, and for the purity of her religion.

If we turn our eyes to the condition of our own country at that time, we shall find it was truly deplorable: the character of the reigning prince, was compounded of the meanness of superstition, and the madness of enthusiasm. From education and principle a determined foe to the rights of mankind, both civil and sacred, he precipitated into every step that might accomplish our ruin. No sooner was he on the throne, than he levied the customs, contrary to law; he procured a set of venal judges, caused them to assert his dispensing power, and openly declared himself for a standing army. This army, together with the militia, he put in a great measure into the hands of such as were expressly excluded by the Constitution; he proclaimed an insidious indulgence to tender consciences, and imprisoned the bishops, for remonstrating against the illegal authority on which it was founded. But as it is not my present intention to enlarge on his proceedings, it suffice to say, that we were threatened with the loss of that noble plan of government, which had been delivered to us from our ancestors, and obtained through a long series of difficulties, struggles, and dangers. But it was not arbitrary power alone that was coming upon us: *Præter* like-

wife, was advancing in all its deformity, and horror; an ecclesiastical constitution was erected, which partook of the nature and spirit of the Inquisition; the vigours of Rome were intruded upon the universities; the counties were put into the hands of persons of the same character; a Jesuit was admitted into the privy council; a Nuncio from the Pope solemnly received; and an Ambassador sent from hence, to reconcile the kingdom to the Roman see. Every thing manifested the return of those dreadful days, when Ignorance, Superstition, Bigotry, and Persecution, overthrew and disgraced the land. If James II. had gone on without controul, words would not easily be able to express the miseries into which we should have fallen. What could be more terrible, than to have the light taken away from us which leads to heaven; to be debarr'd the sacred privilege of worshipping the Supreme Being according to the dictates of conscience; and to be obliged to submit either to the absurdities and iniquities of Popery, or else to suffer its most barbarous severities in their stead, unless we should esteem it desirable to lose whatever can be regarded as dear and valuable; unless we should esteem it desirable, to be robbed of the blessings which constitute our felicity, as Men, Britons, and Protestants, unless we would be willing to give up the security of our properties and lives, the freedom of the mind, and the Christian religion itself, we must acknowledge that the Revolution was one of the most illustrious and happy events recorded in civil history.—The same thing may be asserted concerning it, if we consider the manner in which it was effected. This is a circumstance we cannot reflect upon without peculiar pleasure: the mighty changes to which kingdoms are liable, are usually attended with fatal desolations; even where liberty has been established in consequence of public alterations; yet that liberty has generally been purchased at the expence of much devastation and a great effusion of blood. If we peruse the transactions of ancient and modern times, we shall find it was only by the most dangerous conflicts, that men were able to secure the blessings of a free government: but revolutions have been much more frequently destructive, than favourable to liberty; the instances of this kind are so numerous, that it is painful to think of them. Where are now those boasted republics that we read of with so much delight, and which make such a distinguished figure in the records of

of all ages? Athens, Sparta, and Carthage, are no more: and all the violent struggles of Pompey, Cato, and Brutus, while they brought infinite calamities on the Roman commonwealth, were wholly incapable of preserving it from ruin. But the signal event we are speaking of, was conducted with an order and tranquillity very surprising, and which cannot be equalled; the hearts of mankind concurred in it, even in contradiction to their professed principles and their former conduct; and it was a most happy circumstance, that King James was induced to refuse the offer of assistance from France. So few lives were lost in England, that history scarce deigns to take notice of them; there was only one small engage-

ment in Scotland, and the crown was transferred to the heads of our noble deliverers, William and Mary, without the risk, or slaughter of a single battle. Subsequent indeed to this important settlement, some commotions were raised in Ireland, but they were soon concluded with victory and glory.

A Revolution, followed by such beneficial consequences, would have been well gained, if it had been gained by vigorous contention, if it had cost years of war, and some of the best blood of the nation; but the peaceful manner in which it was completed, rendered the blessing doubly delightful and happy.

— MARCUS.

*Nine Elms, Jan. 5, 1782.*

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

**T**HERE is a Goddess in the heathen mythology who has never failed to assist this country, at any other country, when proper attention has been paid to her. Of late the people of England have most shamefully neglected her. In resentment, she has gone over to those who have courted her favours. This goddess is OPPORTUNITY.

The ancients worshipped her as a deity. Every wise modern pays her respect. The churchmen in all ages, in all countries, and of all professions have bowed to her shrine. She has done more efficient service to those generals who have embraced her, than steel, powder, or ball.

Like the sun she shines upon the just as well as upon the unjust. Like Fortune she assists knaves as well as honest men. She must be followed and solicited like a coquette, but once seized, she becomes liberal as a courtizan.

Opportunity has a fair face and an inviting countenance. She is ornamented with abundance of hair in front, but behind she is as bald as a monk. A cherub-faced girl called Invitation, with bosom open and her garments loose, nimbly trips before her. Behind her at a distance, just in view, stalks a withered, ghastly, old maid, called Repentance.

Opportunity walks with a swift and constant gait. No prayers can detain her, and her satellite Repentance, armed with a whip of scorpions, never fails to sting those who pass her mistress unnoticed.

Gamblers pay her a particular respect. The infant Opportunity appears at a gaming table, they plunder all around them,

She constantly attends court on the death of any great officer, judge, churchman or placeman; and it is astonishing to see the number of her disciples, who come bowing and petitioning to her on such occasions.

She is very fond of attending young maids, young widows, and sometimes young wives, who should if possible never permit her into their company, for she is an avowed enemy to chastity, and a professed friend to gallantry. In cases of amour, when Opportunity is on the party, the influence of Opportunity is generally irresistible: but if a gallant once neglects the advantages she gives him, she seldom attends him a second time to his mistress.

Fabius, the Roman general, was always seeking her protection. His army, with Caution at its head, waited further on the hills of Italy, where it hovered in dreadful array like a tremendous cloud. The instant Opportunity appeared, the Roman army burst upon Hannibal and his Carthaginians with all the fury of a thunder storm.

Washington, the American general, has wisely pursued the example of the prudent Roman. He never meets with Opportunity but he uses her to advantage.

She lately appeared in Ireland and harangued the people of that country. "You are now armed," said she, "Great Britain is surrounded by enemies. I am ready to favour you, this is the time to be free." The delegates of the armed associations bowed to the goddess, they met in congress, and resolved upon the conduct which Opportunity had pointed out.

When



circumstance, for instance, a victory or a defeat, happened after some peculiar state of the entrails of the beasts or birds slain in sacrifice, several times; they would naturally be disposed to expect the one to accompany the other. Hence arose the most minute and careful inspection into this absurd part of their religious ceremonies. Instead of concluding like reasonable beings, that the state of the entrails would depend upon the age, the feeding and health of the animal, they apprehended that their colour, their salutory or morbid state, with numberless other remarks on the blood, &c. were unerring indications of future events.

Under similar apprehensions they viewed the various changes in nature. If thunder or lightning preceded their successes or miscarriages, they would always be expected together, and would dispose them to hope for the one, and to dread the other. If a monstrous birth in any of the leading families of the community went before a war, a famine, or a plague; such a thing occurring again, would be thought to portend some of these calamities. It would be a tedious, as well as difficult task to account for, or even to describe the thousandth part of the superstitious rites and omens that took place among the rude and barbarous people. Nothing escaped them:—the spilling of salt at a burial—freezing—the sparkling of fire, were all constructive of good or bad fortune. As for freezing, the matter is not quite out of vogue at this day, since as if it foreboded ill one cannot do it without the bystander, bawling out, God bless you. Doubtless this only prevails among the vulgar—no well bred person would say it. After all, it must be observed, these prodigies never were judged the causes, but only the signs of events.

I grant the ancients believed the doctrine of a future state. Their Elysium and Tartarus plainly evince it. But how mean, how confused, and irregular, were their notions of these places! Under this head the imperfection of their religious system is truly obvious. Their practice was but little influenced thereby; neither did they apprehend the connexion between their conduct in this world, and their state in the next, to be of any great moment. Witness our never finding the Greeks or Romans sacrificing for any happiness they expected after death, but only for prosperity in temporal concerns. The case was the same with the Jews. Whatever allusions divines may draw from their sacrifices, to the Great One under the gospel, or for spiritual and fu-

ture concerns; yet on examination it will be found, that there is not a single instance in the Mosical law, of any offering or sacrifice merely confined to good or ill, to be obtained or averted in a coming world. Is it not rather straining matters to admit, that the Jews believed in a future state. Nay the belief of the doctrine under the christian dispensation, deters very few from the perpetration of whatsoever they are prompted to, either by the force of temper, passion, or interest.

The next point to be considered is, their Priests, who seem to have been men advised with upon every important occasion, owing to the received opinion of their skill in explaining and inspecting the omens. In the beginning, the office of Priest was without any public authority. To obtain it nothing was requisite, save the art of persuasion or specious dissimulation, to impose on the minds of rude and ignorant people. Interest combining with inclination, might infensibly kindle a zeal for, and an immoderate attachment to these rites; which being observed by others, might induce them to suppose those to be the properest for the office, in whom this warmth appeared. A tincture of this superstition also remains, for at the ordination of all clergymen, a zeal for the glory of God, and love to religion, is assigned as the motive for their undertaking the sacred office; when nothing is meant by these expressions, save a hearty wish for promotion.

Among the ancients, he was sure to obtain the Priesthood, who could persuade his neighbours of his ability to interpret the mind of the Gods. Calchas among the Greeks, and Helenus among the Trojans, were void of authority; witness the former being afraid to deliver his sentiments. The first Priests were no more than Soothsayers, and the respect they had for them, resembles that which we have to an Hermit. Such are the Priests among the Hottentots, and in some of the inland parts of America.

Now as the ancients imagined the Gods resembled men in their shapes, no sooner would they have emerged from their deepest ignorance, and arts begin to dawn, than they, from veneration, would erect statues to them. A woods, groves, and other such solitary or retired places, naturally inspire men with awe; they would be held fit habitations for the Deities. In process of time they would build temples to them: whereby the reverence for them would increase, from a similar reason to that which made them respect the groves.

In the early periods of government, the regal power being small, ambitious tempers were desirous of increasing it by the ecclesiastical. Since it belonged to them to explain the signs and prodigies attending the sacrifices, they were able, by the influence this gave them over the people, to lead them to war, or dispose them to peace, according to their own inclination; when neither the power of a King could force them, nor his eloquence prevail on them. The increase and stability of the civil power would render the ecclesiastical of less consequence; and this was one of the first causes of the declension of Polytheism.

A second was the cultivation of philosophy. All extraordinary events, such as lightning, thunder, comets, meteors, eclipses and the like, were ascribed to the immediate agency of their Gods; which part of superstition, the very first efforts of philosophy must of course destroy. The just solution of these matters, would gradually take away the Gods themselves. Whenever attention to the revolutions in nature became fixed, eclipses would cease to strike, or even comets to terrify. Some have judged ignorance in natural causes, to be the sole reason, why among the ancients there were so many atheists. Some of their philosophers did not escape the infection. Diagoras, Protagoras, Anaximander, Anaximenes, and Epicurus, either entertained absurd notions of the Deity, or flatly denied his existence. While science diminished the vulgar notions of Deities, it required a step further to obtain the knowledge of one God, at which point too many halted in their researches. However, in late ages, when improvements in philosophy were carried to a greater length, mankind grew constrained in the belief of one universal mind, by tracing the beauty, order, and regularity of the creation, and the adjustment of means to ends; likewise, by becoming able to account for moral good and evil, upon rational grounds. The unity of the Deity follows, from proper ideas of his perfections.

Another reason for rejecting polytheism was, the locality of all their Deities. A man who was not a native, was not under the protection of the Gods of the country, since every nation enjoyed only the tutelage of its respective divinity. The capitol at Rome, was the fixed residence of Jupiter. A man from Thrace, was not thought to be under the guardianship of Jupiter; nor a Roman in Thrace, under that of Mars. From the precariousness of their situation, slaves being exceedingly subject to fears and wild apprehensions,

nothing shocked them more than the proposition of exclusion from all protection of heaven. Wherefore they (besides strangers and learned men from different countries) not only relished, but keenly embraced a religion, which taught one God and creator of all; whose providence presides over, and protects each individual in the extensive universe. And this was the Jewish, which introduced Monotheism; the progress of which greatly destroyed the frivolous ceremonies of Pagan idolatry; to which in many countries, the propagation of christianity gave a finishing stroke.

I have imperfectly given some hints concerning the origin of religion among the ancients—considered its two chief branches—accounted for prodigies and omens—described the character of their priests,—and mentioned what I conceived to be some of the principal causes of the declension of Polytheism; to which I beg leave to subjoin this one remark. Whoever seriously ponders on this subject will perceive, that notwithstanding the vanity of the religion of the ancients, they were most punctual and conscientious in paying the worship attributed to their imaginary Deities. They held their religion in the highest esteem; were on all occasions, and in spite of every difficulty, ready to undertake its injunctions, and dreaded offending against its precepts. Irreligion and profanity they suffered not quietly, nor did the guilty of these crimes miss deserved contempt. Was this the case among them? And shall there be reason to say of us in this polished age, that we neglect the christian dispensation, which darts such light, truth, and knowledge into the minds of men; and whose blissful effects reach to the other side the grave. Did the ancients listen to the voice of reason and dictates of simple nature? And shall we refuse to hear the sweet, the alluring, though majestically awful voice of revelation? Did they anxiously consult their oracles, whose responses were always dubious, and often wrong? And shall we neglect consulting the oracles of the living God, which are infallible, and cannot deceive? No! with zeal and sincerity replies every honest mind, and every well disposed heart: It is our grief that we have been so faulty in times past, and our purpose for the future, to give the most cordial assent and reception to the doctrines of our holy religion; and by its divine and sacred precepts and examples, to govern our passions, and to regulate our lives.

FIDELIO.

THE

THE  
LONDON REVIEW,  
AND  
LITERARY JOURNAL.

*Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid laus, quid non.*

*An authentic Narrative of a Voyage performed by Captain Cook and Captain Clerke, in his Majesty's ships the Resolution and Discovery, During the Years 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, and 1780, in search of a Passage between the Continents of Asia and America: Including a faithful Account of all their Discoveries, and the unfortunate Death of Captain Cook, illustrated with a Chart and a variety of Cuts. By W. Ellis, Assistant Surgeon to both Vessels. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. boards. Debrett.*

THE last expedition undertaken for the purpose of discovering a north-west passage, excited expectations of the most powerful kind: Europe looked forward with anxiety to the event, as with the abilities, the knowledge, and the enterprise of Captain Cook, they hoped to see the favourable speculation of philosophy realized, and the extremities of the world bound together by an easier chain. Unfortunately however, this effort is to be added to the many others which have failed; and it is more particularly to be lamented, as during this voyage we had the misfortune to lose that distinguished navigator and seaman by whom it was attempted. The volumes before us, though they are not very explicit on the point, yet say enough to warrant the conjecture, that the discovery of a north-west passage, however rational in theory, is not possible in fact; and perhaps this is the last voyage that will ever be undertaken for the purpose.

The narrative of the voyage is not written with any great degree of accuracy or elegance. It is a copy of the ship's log-book, containing an account of the several modes of sailing; when they tacked, and when they wore ship; when the topsail was hauled, and when they lay to the wind. These minute particulars make the work tedious without necessity, for they can neither benefit the seaman, nor entertain the curious reader. The author fol-

lows reasons, and when he describes the varieties of climate, character, and soil, seldom strives to account for the peculiar properties which he observes; to trace the relation, or to mark the varieties of the several objects of nature in the several districts of the globe. We follow him therefore with painful solicitude, through an immense tract of ocean; and the only recompence is the discovery of some barren spots of arctic soil, where snags and gulls are the principal or the only inhabitants. His narrative is not however totally destitute either of painting or investigation; but he displays no depth of knowledge, and his acquaintance seems only to extend to the face of nature.

In the course of the voyage they discovered several new islands. After their departure from the Cape of Good Hope, they proceeded to Van Diemen's Land—from thence to New Zealand: and after passing through Cook's Straits, they discovered two or three islands, on one of which, named Watou by the natives, they landed, and found the inhabitants to resemble both in their language and dress those of Otaheite; but they had not their friendship, nor were the islands favourable either for anchorage or the supply of provisions. From thence they proceeded to the Friendly Isles.—Of these islands the world was favoured with an account in Captain Cook's last voyage—our author speaks more fully, and describes their amusements, manufactures,

manners, ceremonies and form of government. From thence they proceeded to Otaheite, where they received intelligence, that since their last voyage the Spaniards had visited those seas, and had endeavoured to alienate their affections from the English. He is minute in his account of their proceedings at the Society Isles. They departed to the northward, and proceeded to the Sandwhich Islands—from thence to King George's Sound upon the continent of America. They afterwards proceeded to Sandwhich Sound. In tracing the coast they discovered a river, which Captain Cook explored for a considerable way; and from the impracticability of proceeding, named it the river Turnagain. From thence they proceeded to the island of Unalafchka, and continued to trace the coast until they arrived at the Tschutski Nefs, on the continent of Asia. From thence they explored their way between the two continents, and in view of both, until they were stopped by the ice, and in sailing along the immense track of ice, they made a circular progress, and came again to the Tschutski Nefs, which in the Russian charts is set down considerably more to the north. From thence they bore over again to the American continent, and continued to trace the coast till their arrival at the island of Unalafchka. The author assigns no reason for their return, which however appears clearly to have been the impracticability of remaining in the northern latitudes, and of the necessity that they had for fresh provisions. They therefore returned to the Sandwhich Isles, in one of which, the island of O'Whyhee, they had the irretrievable misfortune of losing their brave and experienced commander, Captain Cook. The manner of his death is sufficiently known to the public: It will be enough to say, that the ships having lost the *Discovery's* large cutter by the audacious theft of the islanders; it was determined, as the best means of recovering so essential an article, to secure the King of the island, and keep him till the cutter should be restored. In attempting to execute this project, an affray happened in which the Captain lost his life. The islanders fought with great resolution, and were not intimidated by the fire-arms of the English. The captain received a stab between the shoulders from a chief who was behind him, but did not fall in consequence of his wound. He still pressed on towards the boats, when the Indians surrounded him, and with clubs and stones soon put a period to his existence.

Thus were we deprived of one of the best naturalists, and most experienced navigators that we can boast; and to whom we are indebted for the only accurate accounts of those remote seas, that we possess. His death in so critical a moment was a loss, not confined to Britain; all Europe must lament and feel the loss of a man by whose efforts they were to be made acquainted with all the human race.

Our author gives a minute account of the Sandwhich Islands; and here he describes and compares the diets of the various districts which they visited, and which may not prove unacceptable to our readers.

"The poor forlorn inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, have as little idea of dress as any set of beings in the world; for both men and women (except those who had their children with them) were as naked as when born. The hair of the latter is shaved quite close, except a very narrow circle which surrounds their head nearly in the middle, while that of the former is matted together with brown earth and grease, in small lumps: their faces are sometimes daubed with the same mixture, and their bodies and arms are marked with elevated lines and curves, but without regularity.

"The New Zealanders have a greater claim to taste. The men wear a hah-hoo over their shoulders secured before with a needle of bone, ornaments in their ears, an uncouth isage of green stone upon their breast, a pata-patow sticking in their girdle, a carved staff in their hands, their faces are curiously marked, their hair is oiled and tyrd in a knot upon the top of their heads, and three or four feathers stuck in it. The women oil their hair paint their cheeks, and sometimes their eyes and nose with red, their lips are tattooed, which renders them of a blue cast, and they wear a hah-hoo like the men.

"The refined natives of the Friendly Isles, are very careful in their dress. Both women and men wear a piece of coloured cloth, which reaches half way down the leg, and nearly up to their armpits, and tied round their middle with a sash of the same kind; their hair combed smooth and anointed with oil highly perfumed with odoriferous flowers and plants: they also rub their necks, breasts, and arms with it, and adorn their necks with a necklace of sweet smelling flowers.

"At Otaheite and Society Isles, the dress of both sexes is nearly the same. It consists of a great quantity of cloth wrapped



and round them, such large pieces (which is generally festooned) thrown loosely over their shoulders. They smooth their hair with octoo-nut-oil, and the women ornament it with flowers. The artoos of both sexes, mark their face and gose with red, which is a privilege confined to the members of that society.

"The continent of America affords a striking contrast to the two last mentioned people; there the greatest neatness and cleanliness is observed; here filth and dirt seem to be the principal objects, and a man who washes his hands, and face would become a subject of ridicule. In King George's Sound, the men are clothed with the skins of animals, or a kind of cloak made of the bark of the fir or cypress tree; their hair is thick, shaggy, and matted with grease and dirt, over which they scatter the down of birds. Their faces are painted of various colours, and in various forms, and sometimes plaistered all over with grease to a considerable thickness; this they scrape off regularly in different places with their nails, which gives them an appearance altogether curious. In their ears they wear pieces of copper, and sometimes bracelets of the same metal, with a small piece of brass or copper in their nose. Their caps are made in the form of a tin cover, and some terminate in a round knob. The women here are quite out of the question. In Sandwhich Sound the dress varies. Both sexes wear jackets with sleeves made of animal or bird skins; the caps are not quite so large, and some of them are furnished with a top, similar to a barber's puff: they wear strings of beads in their under-lips, which are perforated on purpose, as well as the gristle of their nose, through which they put pieces of bone, and frequently strings of heads; and their faces are painted.

"At the island of Unalafschka, the men wear bird-skin gowns ornamented with strips of beaver skin: their hair is long behind, and rather short before: their caps or bonnets are ornamented with beads: they wear two pieces of carved bone in a hole in the under-lip, and the gristle of their noses is perforated. The women are dressed in seal-skin jackets, tied round their middle with a girdle of the same, and ornamented round the collar and on the fore part with the beaks of the puffin and sea parrot: the lower part of the sleeve is embroidered: their hair is short before, and tied up behind in a club with a strip of embroidery: their cheeks and chin are tattooed: they suspend a

string of beads from the gristle of their nose; their under-lip is ornamented like the men's; and their wrists and ankles are surrounded with bracelets of seal skin.

"The inhabitants of Tschutski Noff, on the Asiatic coast, wear jackets and breeches of leather very well tanned; their half-boots are curiously embroidered, and their hair is cut very short.

"The natives of Norton Sound upon the continent of America, in lieu of the hole in the under-lip, have it on one and sometimes both sides of the mouth, in which they put pieces of bone as ornaments, not like those of Unalafschka, but short and round. They are dressed in jackets made of the skins of beasts, and their hair is very short.

"Such is the dress of the various countries we have visited; but we generally observed there was one thing or other in particular, which they were more desirous of having than any thing else; this varied according to the different mode of dress in the different countries. At Van Dieman's Land indeed, they would scarce take any thing we gave them; but at New Zealand, a small piece of white paper or Otaheite cloth was valuable. At the Friendly Isles, a necklace of various coloured beads, particularly blue, was the grand object. At Otaheite and the Society Isles, an ear-ring composed of three beads, suspended at some little distance from the ear. At Sandwhich Isles nothing could be done without a pool-remah, or bracelet. At King George's Sound, a piece of copper or brass in the form of a bracelet was a valuable article, particularly if bright; with these the beaux of the village decorated themselves. At Sandwhich Sound, and along the coast to Norton's Sound, as well as the island of Unalafschka, blue beads were the desirable object."

After making the arrangements which were necessary in consequence of the Captain's death, the ships proceeded again to the north, under the command of Captain Clerke, and Captain Gore: in their way they stopt at the Russian province of Kamschatka. From this they proceeded northward, and during the summer months of 1779, again traced the immense track of ice which lay between the two continents, and found it impracticable to make a passage; they then returned to Kamschatka, where captain Clerke died, in consequence of which, another arrangement was made in the ships; and they departed for England, and on the 5th of October 1780, anchored at the Nore, after



a long and tedious absence of four years and near three months.

The narrative, as we have already said, is exceedingly circumstantial with regard to the occurrences on board the ship; but that which we chiefly desired to know, the observations of Captain Cook; and the decisions which he made; the inducements which he had for his several proceedings; and the fund of natural and geographical knowledge which he acquired in these unfrequented regions—all this is wanting; and we must wait for the publication of those more important volumes which are promised to the world under the authority of his name. It is from his observations and discoveries that we can judge with confidence, extinguish hope, or renew expectation; and not from the narrative of a young man who

had not the skill of drawing philosophical conclusions from the appearances of objects so new to him; nor the opportunities of knowing upon what data the Captain acted.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Ellis, states himself in the title-page to be assistant surgeon to both vessels in this voyage. We remember him some few years ago as a student of physic attending the hospitals, and cultivating his mind by the lectures of our celebrated surgeons and anatomists in London. At that time he gave us no indication of the abilities, or the design of commencing author; and perhaps it would have been no injury to his name if he had desisted from the attempt.

*Letters from an American Farmer; describing certain Provincial Situations, Manners and Customs, not generally known: and conveying some Idea of the late and present interior Circumstances of the British Colonies in North America. Written for the Information of a friend in England, by J. Hector St. John, a Farmer in Pennsylvania. 5s. boards. L. Davis.*

WE are told in an advertisement, that these letters are the genuine production of the American farmer whose name they bear;—that this may be fairly inferred from their style and manner, exclusively of other evidence.—That the author of them is one of those who has severely felt the desolating consequences of the rupture between the parent state and her colonies—and that should these letters be well received by the public, a second volume may be soon expected.

Whether there be in reality such a person as James Hector St. John, a farmer in Pennsylvania, is a question we will not pretend to solve: although on account of several circumstances, this might be called in question: but there can be little doubt that these letters have been composed by a very different character from that which is given of himself, by the author, in the first letter; which is a dialogue between James, his wife, and the minister.—James in this dialogue, appears in the character of a simple farmer unaccustomed to write even letters, and he undertakes a correspondence with his friend, not without much reasoning and reluctance. There is an affectation here of simplicity, which suits but ill with the figure James makes throughout these letters, and which detracts greatly from the evidence of their authenticity. Mr. St. John is not, as we are led to imagine in the outset of this work, a plain illiterate farmer; but a

man of a cultivated and even refined mind. Such playful tricks as the dialogue in the first letter are utterly unworthy of such a writer.—Indeed, if we may hazard a conjecture, there are two writers concerned in these letters: one who has actually made observations in America on the spot; and another, who, from those materials has fabricated a volume of letters, to be followed by a second if encouragement be given to the first.

While we think it a part of the duty of criticism to animadvert on arts unbefitting the genius of literature and the dignity of truth: it is but justice to say, that all the letters, the first excepted, are deeply interesting as well as instructive. The general end or object of this publication is to contrast what America was and is capable of still being, with what it is: the blessings of liberty, industry, and peace; with the misery of horror of oppression, rapine, and bloodshed.

America, once the asylum of the wretched sons of Europe, whose wide regions received the distressed emigrant, and which made the German boor and poor Hebridean a freeholder in a rising state, is subjected to the ravages and ruin of civil war which determine the peaceful farmer to quit the troubles of the English colonies; to flee from those fields which he had cleared; those trees which he had planted; those meadows, which were a hideous wilderness, but converted, by his industry

industry into rich pastures and pleasant lawns; to retreat from the society of Europeans and all of European extraction; and regarding to the primeval simplicity of nature, to seek relief among the Indians.—This is an affecting picture, justly delineated, and exhibited in glowing colours.—The manners, customs, and feelings of the Americans seem to be painted from the life. Were peace restored to America, this small performance could not fail to operate as a strong incentive to emigration. These practical effects can neither have been intended, nor expected in the present situation of the affairs of the world: but an effect, not less important, it is well calculated to produce: it tends to quiet the tumults of war, and to re-unite the colonies with the parent state by the bands of mutual interest and affection.

The following is a very natural account of the situation, feelings, and pleasures of an American farmer.

“When young I entertained some thoughts of selling my farm. I thought it afforded but a dull repetition of the same labours and pleasures. I thought the former tedious and heavy, the latter few and insipid; but when I came to consider myself as divested of my farm, I then found the world so wide, and every place so full, that I began to fear lest there would be no room for me. My farm, my house, my barn, presented to my imagination, objects from which I adduced quite new ideas; they were more forcible than before. Why should I not find myself happy, said I, where my father was before? He left me no good books it is true, he gave me no other education than the art of reading and writing; but he left me a good farm, and his experience; he left me free from debts, and no kind of difficulties to struggle with—I married, and this perfectly reconciled me to my situation; my wife rendered my house all at once cheerful and pleasing; it no longer appeared gloomy and solitary as before; when I went to work in my fields I worked with more alacrity and sprightliness; I felt that I did not work for myself alone and this encouraged me much. My wife would often come with her knitting in her hand, and sit under the shady trees, praising the straightness of my furrows, and the docility of my horses; this swelled my heart and made every thing light and pleasant, and I regretted that I had not married before. I felt myself happy in my new situation, and where is that station which can confer a more substantial system of felicity than that of an Amer-

ican farmer, possessing freedom of action, freedom of thought, ruled by a mode of government which requires but little from us? I owe nothing but a pepper corn to my country, a small tribute to my king, with loyalty and due respect; I know no other landlord than the Lord of all lands, to whom I owe the most sincere gratitude. My father left me three hundred and seventy-one acres of land, forty-seven of which are good timothy meadow, an excellent orchard, a good house, and a substantial barn. It is my duty to think how happy I am that he lived to build and pay for all these improvements; what are the labours which I have to undergo, what are my fatigues when compared to his, who had every thing to do from the first tree he felled to the finishing of his house? Every year I kill from 1500 to 2,000 weight of pork, 1,200 of beef, half a dozen of good weathers in harvest; of fowls my wife has always a great stock, what can I wish more? My negroes are tolerably faithful and healthy; by a long series of industry and honest dealings, my father left behind him the name of a good man: I have but to tread his paths to be happy and a good man like him. I know enough of the law to regulate my little concerns with propriety, nor do I dread its power; these are the grand outlines of my situation, but as I can feel much more than I am able to express, I hardly know how to proceed. When my first son was born, the whole train of my ideas were suddenly altered; never was there a charm that acted so quickly and powerfully; I ceased to ramble in imagination through the wide world; my excursions since have not exceeded the bounds of my farm, and all my principal pleasures are now centered within its scanty limits: but at the same time there is not an operation belonging to it in which I do not find some food for useful reflexions. This is the reason, I suppose, that when you was here, you used, in your refined style, to denominate me the farmer of feelings; how rude must those feelings be in him who daily holds the axe or the plough, how much more refined on the contrary those of the European, whose mind is improved by education, example, books, and by every acquired advantage! Those feelings, however, I will delineate as well as I can, agreeably to your earnest request. When I contemplate my wife, by my fire-side, while she either spins, knits, darns, or suckles our child, I cannot describe the various emotions of love, of gratitude, of conscious pride which thrill in my heart,

and often overflow in involuntary tears. I feel the necessity, the sweet pleasure of acting my part, the part of an husband and father, with an attention and propriety which may entitle me to my good fortune. It is true these pleasing images vanish with the smoke of my pipe, but though they disappear from my mind, the impression they have made on my heart is indelible. When I play with the infant, my warm imagination runs forward, and eagerly anticipates his future temper and constitution. I would willingly open the book of fate, and know in which page his destiny is delineated; alas! where is the father who in those moments of paternal ecstasy can delineate one half of the thoughts which dilate his heart? I am sure I cannot; then again I fear for the health of those who are become so dear to me, and in their sicknesses I severely pay for the joys I experienced while they were well. Whenever I go abroad it is always involuntary, I never return home without feeling some pleasing emotion, which I often suppress as useless and foolish. The instant I enter on my own land, the bright idea of property, of exclusive right, of independence exalt my mind. Precious soil, I say to myself, by what singular custom of law is it that thou wast made to constitute the riches of the freeholder? What should we American farmers be without the distinct possession of that soil? It feeds, it clothes us, from it we draw even a great exuberancy, our best meat, our richest drink, the very honey of our bees comes from this privileged spot. No wonder we should thus cherish its possession, no wonder that so many Europeans who have never been able to say that such portion of land was theirs, cross the Atlantic to realize that happiness. This formerly rude soil has been converted by my father into a pleasant farm, and in return it has established all our rights; on it is founded our rank, our freedom, our power as citizens, our importance as inhabitants of such a district. These images I must confess I always behold with pleasure, and extend them as far as my imagination can reach: for this is what may be called the true and only philosophy of an American farmer. Pray do not laugh at thus seeing an artless countryman tracing himself through the simple modifications of his life; remember that you have required it, therefore with candor, though with diffidence, I endeavour to follow the thread of my feelings, but I cannot tell you all. Often when I plough my low ground, I

place my little boy on a chair which screws to the beam of the plough—its motion and that of the horses please him, he is perfectly happy and begins to chat. As I lean over the handle, various are the thoughts which crowd into my mind. I am now doing for him, I say, what my father formerly did for me, may God enable him to live to perform the same operations for the same purposes when I am worn out and old! I relieve his mother of some trouble while I have him with me, the odoriferous furrow exhilarates his spirits, and seems to do the child a great deal of good, for he looks more blooming since I have adopted that practice; can more pleasure, more dignity be added to that primary occupation? The father thus ploughing with his child, and to feed his family, is inferior only to the emperor of China ploughing as an example to his kingdom."

The effects of the appearance of America on the mind of an enlightened Englishman, when he first lands on the continent of North America, are thus described.

"I wish I could be acquainted with the feelings and thoughts which agitate the heart and present themselves to the mind of an enlightened Englishman, when he first lands on this continent. He must greatly rejoice that he lived at a time to see this fair country discovered and settled; he must necessarily feel a share of national pride, when he views the chain of settlements which embellishes these extended shores. When he says to himself, this is the work of my countrymen, who, when convulsed by factions, afflicted by a variety of miseries and wants, restless and impatient, took refuge here. They brought along with them their national genius, to which they principally owe that liberty they enjoy, and what substance they possess. Here he sees the industry of his native country displayed in a new manner, and traces in their works the embryos of all the arts, sciences, and ingenuity which flourish in Europe. Here he beholds fair cities, substantial villages, extensive fields, an immense country filled with decent houses, good roads, orchards, meadows, and bridges, where an hundred years ago all was wild, woody, and uncultivated! What a train of pleasing ideas this fair spectacle must suggest; it is a prospect which must inspire a good citizen with the most heart-felt pleasure. The difficulty consists in the manner of viewing so extensive a scene. He is arrived on a new continent;

sent; a modern society offers itself to his contemplation, different from what he had hitherto seen. It is not composed, as in Europe of great lords who possess every thing, and of a herd of people who have nothing. Here are no aristocratical families, no courts; no kings, no bishops, no ecclesiastical dominions, no invisible power giving to a few a very visible one; no great manufacturers employing thousands, no great refinements of luxury. The rich and the poor are not so far removed from each other as they are in Europe. Some few towns excepted, we are all tillers of the earth, from Nova Scotia to West Florida. We are a people of cultivators, scattered over an immense territory, communicating with each other by means of good roads and navigable rivers, united by the silken bands of mild government, all respecting the laws, without dreading their power, because they are equitable. We are all animated with the spirit of industry which is unfettered and unrestrained, because each person works for himself. If he travels through our rural districts he views not the hostile castle, and the haughty mansion, contrasted with the clay-built hut and miserable cabin, where cattle and men help to keep each other warm, and dwell in meanness, smoke, and indigence. A pleasing uniformity of decent competence appears throughout her habitations. The meanest of our log-houses is a dry and comfortable habitation. Lawyer or merchant are the fairest titles our towns afford; that of a farmer is the only appellation of the rural inhabitants of our country. It must take some time ere he can reconcile himself to our dictionary, which is but short in words of dignity, and names of honour. There, on a Sunday he sees a congregation of respectable farmers and their wives, all clad in neat homespun, well mounted, or riding in their own humble waggons. There is not among them an esquire, saving the unlettered magistrate. There he sees a parson as simple as his flock, a farmer who does not riot on the labour of others. We have no princes, for whom we toil, starve, and bleed: we are the most perfect society now existing in the world. Here man is free as he ought to be; nor is this pleasing equality so transitory as many others are. Many ages will not see the shores of our great lakes replenished with inland nations, nor the unknown bounds of North America entirely peopled. Who can tell how far it extends? Who can tell the millions of men whom it will feed and contain? for

no European foot has as yet travelled half the extent of this mighty continent!"

The following description of British America, and the three great classes or divisions of people that inhabit it, is at once just and ingenious.

"British America is divided into many provinces, forming a large association, scattered along a coast 1500 miles extent and about 200 wide. This society I would fain examine, at least such as it appears in the middle provinces; if it does not afford that variety of tinges and gradations which may be observed in Europe, we have colours peculiar to ourselves. For instance, it is natural to conceive that those who live near the sea, must be very different from those who live in the woods; the immediate space will afford a separate and distinct class.

"Men are like plants; the goodness and flavour of the fruit proceeds from the peculiar soil and exposition in which they grow. We are nothing but what we derive from the air we breathe, the climate we inhabit, the government we obey, the system of religion we profess, and the nature of our employment. Here you will find but few crimes; these have acquired as yet no root among us. I wish I were able to trace all my ideas; if my ignorance prevents me from describing them properly, I hope I shall be able to delineate a few of the outlines, which are all I propose.

"Those who live near the sea, feed more on fish than on flesh, and often encounter that boisterous element. This renders them more bold and enterprising; this leads them to neglect the confined occupations of the land. They see and converse with a variety of people; their intercourse with mankind becomes extensive. The sea inspires them with a love of traffic, a desire of transporting produce from one place to another; and leads them to a variety of resources which supply the place of labour. Those who inhabit the middle settlements, by far the most numerous, must be very different; the simple cultivation of the earth purifies them, but the indulgences of the government, the soft remonstrances of religion, the rank of independent freeholders, must necessarily inspire them with sentiments, very little known in Europe among people of the same class. What do I say? Europe has no such class of men; the early knowledge they acquire, the early bargains they make give them a great degree of sagacity. As freemen they will be litigious; pride and obstinacy are often the

the cause of law-suits; the nature of our laws and governments may be another. As citizens it is easy to imagine, that they will carefully read the newspapers, enter into every political discussion, freely blame or censure governors, and others. As farmers they will be careful and anxious to get as much as they can, because what they get is their own. As northern men they will love the cheerful cup. As Christians, religion curbs them not in their opinions; the general indulgence leaves every one to think for themselves in spiritual matters; the laws inspect our actions, our thoughts are left to God. Industry, good living, selfishness, litigiousness, country politics, the pride of freemen, religious indifference, are their characteristics. If you recede still farther from the sea, you will come into more modern settlements; they exhibit the same strong lineaments, in a ruder appearance. Religion seems to have still less influence, and their manners are less improved.

"Now we arrive near the great woods, near the last inhabited districts; there men seem to be placed still farther beyond the reach of government, which in some measure leaves them to themselves. How can it pervade every corner; as they were driven there by misfortunes, necessity of beginnings, desire of acquiring large tracts of land, idleness, frequent want of economy, ancient debts; the re union of such people does not afford a very pleasing spectacle. When discord, want of unity and friendship; when either drunkenness or idleness prevail in such remote districts; contention, inactivity, and wretchedness must ensue. There are not the same remedies for these evils as in a long established community. The few magistrates they have, are in general little better than the rest; they are often in a perfect state of war; that of man against man, sometimes decided by blows, sometimes by means of the law; that of a man against every wild inhabitant of those venerable woods, of which they are come to dispossess them. There men appear to be no better than carnivorous animals of a superior rank, living on the flesh of wild animals when they can catch them, and when they are not able, they subsist on grain. He who would wish to see America in its proper light, and have a true idea of its feeble beginnings and barbarous rudiments, must visit our extended line of frontiers where the last settlers dwell, and where he may see the first labours of settlement, the mode of

clearing the earth, in all their different appearances; where men are wholly left dependent on their native tempers, and on the spur of uncertain industry, which often fails when not sanctified by the efficacy of a few moral rules. There, remote from the power of example, and check of shame, many families exhibit the most hideous parts of our society. They are a kind of forlorn hope, preceding by ten or twelve years the more respectable army of veterans which come after them. In that space, prosperity will polish some, vice and the law will drive off the rest, who uniting again with others like themselves will recede still farther; making room for more industrious people, who will finish their improvements, convert the loghouse into a convenient habitation, and rejoicing that the first heavy labours are finished, will change in a few years that hitherto barbarous country into a fine fertile, well regulated district. Such is our progress, such is the march of the Europeans towards the interior parts of this continent. In all societies there are off-casts; this impure part serves as our precursors or pioneers; my father himself was one of that class, but he came upon honest principles, and was therefore one of the few who held fast; by good conduct and temperance, he transmitted to me his fair inheritance, when not above one in fourteen of his contemporaries had the same good fortune."

The 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th letters contain a description of the Island of Nantucket, with the manners, customs, policy and trade of the inhabitants. And here we find a most agreeable simplicity and innocence of manners; and the most wonderful effects of industry.

The 9th letter contains a description of Charles-Town with various thoughts on slavery and physical evil. The author, who appears to be a man of a good and feeling heart, after deploring the miserable state of the slaves in the southern provinces, and arraigning before the tribunal of humanity and reason, the injustice and cruelty of the British planters in those parts, describes this melancholy scene of which he was a witness.

"The following scene will I hope account for these melancholy reflections, and apologize for the gloomy thoughts with which I have filled this letter: my mind is, and always has been, oppressed since I became a witness to it. I was not long since invited to dine with a planter who lived three miles from——, where he then resided. In order to avoid the heat—



"You know the position of our settlement; I need not therefore describe it. To the west it is inclosed by a chain of mountains, reaching to —; to the east, the country is as yet but thinly inhabited; we are almost insulated, and the houses are at a considerable distance from each other. From the mountains we have but too much reason to expect our dreadful enemy; the wilderness is a harbour where it is impossible to find them. It is a door through which they can enter our country whenever they please; and, as they seem determined to destroy the whole chain of frontiers, our fate cannot be far distant: from Lake Champlain, almost all has been conflagrated one after another. What renders these incursions still more terrible is, that they most commonly take place in the dead of the night: we never go to our fields but we are seized with an involuntary fear, which lessens our strength, and weakens our labour. No other subject of conversation intervenes between the different accounts, which spread through the country, of successive acts of devastation; and these told in chimney-corners, swell themselves in our affrighted imaginations into the most terrific ideal. We never sit down either to dinner or supper, but the least noise immediately spreads a general alarm and prevents us from enjoying the comfort of our meals. The very appetite proceeding from labour and peace of mind is gone; we eat just enough to keep us alive: our sleep is disturbed by the most frightful dreams; sometimes I start awake, as if the great hour of danger was

come; at other times the howling of our dogs seem to announce the arrival of the enemy: we leap out of bed and run to arms; my poor wife with pining bosom and silent tears takes leave of me, as if we were to see each other no more; she snatches the youngest children from their beds, who, suddenly awakened, increase by their innocent questions the horror of the dreadful moment. She tries to hide them in the cellar, as if our cellar was inaccessible to the fire. I place all my servants at the windows, and myself at the door, where I am determined to perish. Fear industriously increases every sound; we all listen; each communicates to the other his ideas and conjectures. We remain thus sometimes for whole hours; our hearts and our minds racked by the most anxious suspense: what a dreadful situation, a thousand times worse than that of a soldier engaged in the midst of the most severe conflict! Sometimes feeling the spontaneous courage of a man, I seem to wish for the decisive minute; the next instant a message from my wife, sent by one of the children, puzzling me beside with their little questions, unnerves me; away goes my courage, and I descend again into the deepest despondency. At last finding that it was a false alarm, we return once more to our beds; but what good can the kind sleep of nature do to us when interrupted by such scenes!"

Having presented to our readers these extracts, we presume it is superfluous to add that *The Letters from an American Farmer* are well fitted to afford matter of useful entertainment.

*The History of Scotland, from the Establishment of the Reformation, till the Death of Queen Mary.* By Gilbert Stuart, Doctor of Laws, and Member of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh. 2 vols. 4to. Murray.

IN the whole compass of history there are few princes whose characters and fortunes are so deeply and generally interesting as those of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. The high birth of that princess, her amiable qualities, and distinguishing accomplishments would have rendered her a fit as well as desirable match for any potentate in the world, if, besides these advantages, she had not inherited from a long line of ancestors the sovereignty of the kingdom of Scotland, and also a chance of succeeding to that of England. With such charms and such rights, she added lustre to the crown of France, and was blessed with an affectionate and admiring husband in the person of

the second Francis. Thus she had reason to hope for the highest degree of human felicity, when events happened which tumbled her down from the summit of prosperity to the depths of adversity, which, in the eyes of her enemies were the righteous judgments of God on her enormous crimes; but which an equal number of mankind regarded as a theatre on which the innocent and unfortunate Mary displayed the most heroic virtue.

In the times of this celebrated Queen, the sympathies and antipathies of religion were the engines that ruled the world. Mary was a Roman Catholic; and consequently the reformed in Scotland were her enemies. Those accused her of being

ing an accomplice in the murder of her husband, with a view to marry the murderer. Those of her own religion, on the other hand, while they acquitted the Queen of so foul a crime, distorted on themselves the charge they laid to their sovereign. Suspicious circumstances were not wanting on either side, which might encourage and countenance the opposite prejudices which were entertained concerning the conduct of Mary. But as the reformed party prevailed in Great Britain, and the Catholic, stripped of all political power, gradually diminished, the voice of those who condemned the Queen was, of course, louder than theirs who vindicated her honour, and an opinion of her guilt became almost universal. The most popular of the Scottish historians, George Buchanan and William Robertson, both attached to the reformed religion, joined the general cry against the degraded Queen, and as many have affirmed, and attempted to prove, with great injustice. But of all the writers who defended the character of Mary, Dr. Stuart is the most copious, and has entered deepest into the subject in question. The friends of the Queen will be of opinion that he is the most convincing, and her enemies will allow that he is the most imposing—as to the candid and unprejudiced part of mankind, and these, in the present case, we apprehend, are very few, they will probably either be convinced by Dr. Stuart's history, of the innocence of Mary, or at least consider her guilt as doubtful.

As Dr. Stuart's theory with regard to the innocence of the Queen of Scotland gives a tincture to his work, and is that which constitutes its most distinguishing character, we shall, first give such a brief analysis of that theory as may suit the bounds of our Review: and, secondly, we shall examine how far the history before us is fitted, in other respects, to afford entertainment and instruction.

Throughout the whole of this performance, Mary Stuart is represented as a princess, not only of the most attractive charms both of body and mind; of the utmost beauty of countenance, elegance of shape, and dignity of mien and stature; but also as a lady of the most tender and generous feelings, humane, compassionate, open, and unsuspecting—She is also represented as sensible to glory, and ambitious of acquiring an honourable fame, by a strict administration of justice, and an uniform attention to the discharge of her duty as a sovereign of a free (though

turbulent) and high-spirited people. The reader naturally concludes, that such a character is not prone to secret plots and assassinations.

The Earl of Bothwell, whom she married, and who was charged with the murder of Darnley, her husband, is described as a nobleman of profligate manners, and of no high abilities; but of great wealth and power, greater ambition; and, above all others, zealously attached to the Queen's person and government, and as giving proofs of his loyalty and affection upon occasions that enhanced their value, and in situations when they could not fail to make some impression on the sensible heart of the Queen: when they must have inclined her to regard his person, though not with the passion of love, yet with the calm emotions of benevolence and gratitude for eminent services. The artful assiduities of Bothwell naturally prepared the mind of the Queen, and predisposed her heart to love, at a future period, when, her husband dead, that passion could not be considered as criminal.

The Earl of Murray, bastard-brother of the Queen of Scots, possessed at once greater talents, and more aspiring ambition, than any other of the Scottish nobles. In the beginning of the Queen's reign he possessed the Queen's ear, and almost the whole authority of government. The intended marriage with Darnley, of whom the Queen was much enamoured, and who had entered into habits of friendship and intimacy with Rizzio the favourite of Mary, was likely to ruin entirely the power of Murray: he therefore, endeavoured first to prevent that match, and afterwards to murder Darnley; to hold the Queen in captivity, and to advance himself to the government of the kingdom, under the character of its regent. He, with his partizans, revolts against his Queen, but is obliged to flee into England. In the time of his exile, disgusts and dissension having arisen between the King and the Queen, his friends engage the King in a conspiracy against the Queen. Morton and Lethington, with the Lords Ruthven and Lindsay, addressing themselves to his weakness, his resentment, and his ambition, persuaded him to enter into a confederacy and agreement with Murray, and the other rebellious nobles; the grand object of which was, their restoration to their estates and privileges: and his exaltation to the matrimonial crown during his life; and in the event of the Queen's death, to the government



government of the kingdom. By this conspiracy the rebels proposed not only to regain their personal security and estates, but to raise themselves into consideration and greatness.

The cause of the King's littleness in the eyes of the nation, and also of the Queen, was, in the opinion of the insulted and jealous King, David Rizzio. Him the conspirators resolve to assassinate, and in his assassination they prognosticated a revolution at court, and their own exaltation. But suspicious of the inconsistency of the King, they engaged him to subscribe a declaration that the murder of Rizzio was altogether his own device and desire. Rizzio was accordingly murdered in the presence of the Queen, in the sixth month of her pregnancy. The King, instead of supporting the conspirators, denies that he was accessory to the murder of Rizzio, and became their bitterest enemy. The Queen pardons Murray and the rebellious nobles, lest they should join themselves to the murderers of Rizzio, against whom she is inexorable. The Earl of Murray, who now hoped to rise in power on the ruin of both Rizzio and the King, courted the Earl of Bothwell, who had gained an ascendancy in the Queen's councils, and studied to make the breach between her and her husband irreparable. But after various incidents and intrigues, the King happened to fall sick at Glasgow, and his death was expected. "His danger," says our historian, "awakened all the gentleness of her nature; and she forgot the wrongs she had endured. Time had abated the vivacity of her resentment; and after its paroxysm was past, she was more disposed to weep over her afflictions, than to indulge herself in revenge. The softness of grief prepared her for a returning tenderness. His distresses effected it. Her memory shut itself to his errors and imperfections, and was only open to his better qualities and accomplishments. He himself affected with the near prospect of death, thought with sorrow of the injuries he had committed against her. The news of his repentance was sent to her. She recollected the ardour of that affection he had lighted up in her bosom, and the happiness with which he had surrendered himself to her in the bloom and ripeness of her beauty. Her infant son, the pledge of their love, being continually in her sight inspirited her sensibilities. The plan of unity which she had previously adopted with regard to him, her design to excuse even the approbation of her enemies

by the propriety of her conduct, the advances of Elizabeth by the Earl of Bedford, to entertain him with respect, the apprehension lest the royal dignity might suffer any diminution by the universal dislike with which he was beheld by her subjects, and her certainty and knowledge of the angry passions which her chief counsellors had fostered against him, all concurred to divert her heart of every sentiment of bitterness, and to melt it down in sympathy and sorrow. Yielding to tender and anxious emotions, she left her capital and her palace in the severest season of the year, to wait upon him. Her assiduities and kindnesses communicated to him the most flattering solacement; and while she lingered about his person with a fond solicitude, and a delicate attention, he felt that the sickness of his mind and the virulence of his disease were diminished. It was not long before the state of his health permitted him to travel; and she carried him with her to Edinburgh, where her physicians could consult best the nature of his case; and where she herself could attend upon him with the greater convenience. The low and damp situation of her palace of Holyrood house being improper for his condition, he was lodged in a house which had been appropriated to the Superior of the church called St. Mary's in the fields. This house stood upon a high ground, and a salubrious air; and here she staid with him for some days continuing her offices of amity and comfort."

The Earls of Murray and Bothwell, and Maitland of Lethington, had, in a conference with the Queen pressed her to consent to an entire separation, by means of a divorce. But she commanded them not to "think of any attempt that might fix a blemish upon her honour, or do a prejudice to her son. From their zeal there flowed a consequence the most opposite to what they had intended. The dark uncertainty of their machinations excited in her a sentiment of compassion for the object of their hatred, and a terror lest his danger might involve her own. They suffered from the treachery of their passions; and perceived with surprize, that her heart might yet warm to her husband with affection and cordiality. His late illness, which was probably the effect of poison, administered by them, working so strongly to his favour in the mind of the Queen confirmed this suspicion. In his recovery, and in their reconciliation they had the strongest reasons of apprehension. They were conscious of their offence against him, and that there could be no-  
thing

thing which they had more to dread than the re-establishment of his influence. Her rejection of a divorce at a time when her resentment was keen, had intrusted them in the difficulty of alluring her to act to their purposes. If she had been bent on a separation from him, as an expedient necessary to her happiness, it was not easy to fancy a mode of it that was at the same time so effectual and so inoffensive. She had also opposed his removing beyond the sea; and she had abstained from bringing him to a trial for his act of treason and murder in the affair of David Rizzio. After the conference, therefore at Craigmillar they could not reasonably entertain the hope of enticing her to consent to his destruction; and after the illness of the King, and his reconciliation with the Queen, it was altogether impossible that they could think of making her a partaker of their guilt. They were in a most critical situation; and it appeared to them that their safety was inconsistent with his. A quick and decisive blow could alone operate their security, and advance their ambition. The moment the most proper for its execution was arrived. For they had added to their consequence the power of the Earl of Moreton and his associates; and the suburb where the King was lodged for the benefit of his health was situated in a solitude. Upon the 20th of February, about two o'clock in the morning, the house where the King resided being blown up by gunpowder, with a great force, was instantly reduced to rubbish. The explosion alarming the inhabitants, excited their curiosity, and brought them in multitudes to the suburb from whence it had proceeded. The event filled them with astonishment and terror. The dead and naked body of the King, with that of a servant who used to sleep in his apartment, was found in an adjoining field, with no marks of fire, and without any appearance whatever of external injury."

The Queen informed of this tragical event, is represented as being full of amazement and horror—she mourns the death of her husband, and attempts to discover the conspirators.

The Earl of Murray, the day before the murder, obtained permission to pay a visit to his wife, who, he alleged, was sick, in his castle in Fife: hoping by this means to avoid all suspicion of guilt. But when the blow was struck he returned to Edinburgh to carry on his practices. The Earl of Bothwell, under the protection of his accomplices, is acquitted on

trial; and even recommended by the nobility to the Queen to be her husband. Bothwell armed with a kind of manifesto, by the nobles, in which they declare in the strongest language their opinion of the integrity of Bothwell, and of the respect which he merited from the antiquity of his house, and his honourable services to the state, seizes the person of the Queen, and conveys her to Dunbar, a strong fortress of which he had the command, where having seduced her by various arts, and among others, by amorous potions, he anticipated with the Queen, the tenderest rights of an husband. Bothwell conducts the Queen to Edinburgh and receives her pardon with her hand in marriage. Her marriage was indeed the necessary consequence of her imprisonment at Dunbar; and this was the point for which her enemies had laboured with a wicked and relentless policy. Assisted with the weight of the Earl of Murray, they had managed the trial of Bothwell, and procured the verdict which had acquitted him. By the same arts, and with the same views they had joined with him, to procure the bond of the nobles recommending him to the Queen as a husband, asserting his innocence, recounting his noble qualities, expressing an unalterable resolution to support the marriage, and recording a wish that a defection from its objects might be branded with everlasting ignominy. When the end however was accomplished, for which they had been so zealous; on the foundation of that hated marriage they ventured to establish the privacy of the Queen to all the iniquity of Bothwell. Amidst the ruins of her fame they thought to bury for ever her tranquillity and peace; and in the convulsions they had meditated, they already were anticipating the downfall of Bothwell, and snatching at the crown that tottered on his head.

A confederacy of the nobles imprison the Queen. The Earl of Murray is industrious to secure himself in the regency of the kingdom. For this purpose he loads the Queen with reproaches; and by the aid of the celebrated George Buchanan, resolves utterly to ruin her by means of certain forged letters and sonnets. But as the question whether these letters were in reality the studied imitations of the malignant but poetical Buchanan, or the tender effusions of an amorous Queen, is that on which the controversy relative to the innocence of Mary chiefly depends, we shall depart from

from this very compendious analysis, which so much weakens the general effort of the author's reasoning and details, and introduce him to speak somewhat more fully for himself.

"It is uniformly affirmed upon the part of the Earl of Murray and his faction, that the casket with the letters and the sonnets had been left by Bothwell in the castle of Edinburgh; that this nobleman before he fled from Scotland sent a messenger to recover them; and that they were found in the possession of this person. The 20th of June, 1567, is fixed as the date of this remarkable discovery. The governor of the castle at this time was Sir James Balfour. George Dalgleish a servant of Bothwell's is named as his messenger upon this errand. He was seized, it is said, by the domestics of the Earl of Morton. And, it was the Earl of Morton himself, who made the actual production of the casket and its contents.

"This story is unsupported by vouchers, contains improbabilities, and cannot be reconciled with history and events. There remains not any authentic or unsuspicious evidence that the Queen had dishonoured the bed of Lord Darnley; and upon the supposition that she had actually been engaged in a criminal intercourse with Bothwell, it is yet widely improbable that she would have written these letters. But even upon the hypothesis, that she was actually guilty with Bothwell, and had addressed these papers to him, the story still labours with difficulties. The Earl of Bothwell was exposed to more than suspicions of a concern in the murder of the King. These papers contained manifest proofs of his guilt. It evidently was not his interest to preserve them. His marriage with the Queen was celebrated upon the 13th of May, 1567. This event was the signal for her adversaries to revolt from Bothwell to whom they had pretended friendship, and to involve her in the ruin of his overthrow. They revolted, accordingly; and he was loudly reproached with the murder of the King. Now in this situation, admitting that he had hitherto preserved any criminal papers, he must have felt the strongest inducements to destroy them; and Mary herself must have been ardently animated with the same wish. The castle of Edinburgh was, at this time, entirely at their command; and Sir James Balfour was the deputy, and the creature of Bothwell. If his enemies should possess themselves of these papers, his destruction was inevitable. They were in arms against

him. Upon the 6th of June, they compelled him to retire from Holyrood house. From his marriage till the 5th of June it was in his power to have destroyed these papers: And if they had really existed, it is not to be imagined, that he would have neglected a step so infinitely expedient not only for his own security and reputation, but for those of the Queen. Upon the 6th of June it is evident that he entertained some suspicions of the fidelity of Sir James Balfour, since he avoided to take refuge in the castle of Edinburgh. Upon Carberry Hill, on the 15th of this month, he was admonished that he was undone. He went immediately to the castle of Dunbar where he remained for some days, and formed the scheme of his flight. The Queen was that day made a prisoner at Carberry Hill; and the day after, she was shut up in Lochleven. In this season when Sir James Balfour was his enemy, when all his hopes had perished, and when he had resolved to effectuate his escape, he is made to be anxious about the casket and papers. He had neglected to take possession of them when his impulses to destroy them might have been keen and powerful, and when it was completely in his power. He is made to fend for them when his difficulties and despair render it improbable that he could think of them, and when it was altogether impossible that he could recover them. His messenger is intercepted with the casket; and the adversaries of the Queen upon the 10th of June, become possessed of vouchers with which they might operate her destruction. These inconsistencies are strong, and of a force not easily to be controlled; and the story is open to other objections which are still greater, and altogether insurmountable.

"A few days after George Dalgleish was taken, he was examined judicially in a council, where the Earls of Morton and Athol are marked as present. It was natural upon this occasion to make inquiries about the casket and the papers. No questions, however were put to him on this subject. He was not confronted with Sir James Balfour, the governor of the castle, to whom the casket is said to have been committed in charge, nor with the domestics of the Earl of Morton who had apprehended him. He was kept in prison many months after this examination; and during a period, when the rebels were pressed infinitely to apologize for their violence against the Queen, there were opportunities without number of bringing him to a confession. These opportunities were

were yet avoided; and there exists not the slightest evidence to shew that the casket and the papers had been ever in his possession. Is it then to be supposed, that if the casket and the papers had really been discovered with him, the establishment of a fact so important would have been neglected by the adversaries of the Queen? No. They would have accomplished its proof in the completest manner; and they had the most powerful inducements to operate this measure. When Dalgleish, too, was executed, he asserted the innocence of the Queen, and actually charged the Earls of Murray and Morton as the contrivers of the murder.

"The 20th of June 1567, is fixed as the era of the discovery of the letters. If this discovery had been real, the triumph of the enemies of the Queen would have been infinite. They would not have delayed one moment to proclaim their joy, and to reveal to her indignant subjects, the fulness and the infamy of her guilt. They preserved, however, a long and profound silence. It was not till the 31st of December 1567, that the papers received their first notice or mark of distinction. From the 20th of June to the 31st of December many transactions and events of the highest importance had taken place; and the most powerful motives that have influence with men had called upon them to publish their discovery. They yet made no production of the papers, and ventured not to appeal to them. In the proclamation which they issued for apprehending Bothwell, they inveigh against his guilt, and express an anxious desire to punish the regicides; yet though this deed was posterior to the 20th of June, there is no assertion in it to the dishonour of the Queen; and it contains no mention of the box and the letters. An ambassador arrived from France in this interval, to inquire into their rebellion, and the imprisonment of the Queen; yet they apologized not for their conduct by communicating to him the contents of the casket. Sir Nicholas Throgmorton was sent to Scotland by Elizabeth with instructions to act with Mary as well as with her adversaries. They denied him the liberty of waiting upon her at Lochleven where she was detained a close prisoner; and they were earnest to impress him with the idea that her love of Bothwell was incurable. He pressed them on the subject of their behaviour to her. At different times they

attempted formally to vindicate themselves; and they were uniformly vehement on the topic of the love which she bore to that nobleman. There could not possibly, therefore, have been a happier period for a display of the box and the letters. They yet abstained from producing them to him. They were solicitous to divide the faction of the nobles for the Queen; and there could not have been a measure so effectual for this end as these vouchers; yet they called no convention of her friends to surprise and disunite them with this fatal discovery. They flattered the profligate clergy, attended the assemblies of the church, and employed arts to inflame them against the Queen: but they ventured not to excite the fury of these ghostly fathers by exhibiting to them the box and the letters. They compelled the Queen to subscribe a resignation of her crown; and they had the strongest reasons to be solicitous to justify this daring transaction. The box and the letters would have served as a complete vindication of them; yet they neglected to take any notice of these important vouchers; and were contented with resting on the wild and frivolous pretence that the Queen from sickness and fatigue was disgusted with the care of her kingdom. In fine, when the Earl of Murray went to Lochleven to pay his very remarkable visit to the Queen, and proceeded to extremities the most rude, indecent, and cruel, he did not reproach her with the box and letters. Yet, if these papers had been real, it is incredible to conceive that he would have abstained from pressing them upon her. For it was his purpose to overwhelm her with distress. It was not long after this visit that he accepted the Regency, and completed his usurpation of the government. The conclusion to be drawn from this enumeration of concurring particulars, is natural and unavoidable. These memorable papers had not yet any existence."

The author goes on with a long and elaborate defence of Mary, reasoning ingeniously from dates, facts, circumstances, the situation of the minds of the actors in this scene, the views of parties, written documents, &c. But whoever is curious concerning this enquiry must consult the history itself, for it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of it by an abridgement.

(To be continued.)

*Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth Centuries; with cursory Remarks upon the present State of Arts in that Kingdom. By Richard Cumberland. 2 vols. 12mo. 1782. 5s.*

THE subject of these volumes is interesting to every admirer of the fine arts, and Mr. Cumberland has treated it in such a manner as to display his taste, his judgment, and at the same time a very competent knowledge of an art which he can only have attended to as a mere matter of amusement. From the accounts here given Spain appears to have produced many excellent painters; though the fame of them has hardly reached beyond the limits of their own country.

"Almost every religious foundation throughout the kingdom, (says he) contains a magazine of arts; in resorting to these nothing will be found of which a stranger can complain, unless of the gloominess of some of the edifices, and the unfavourable lights in which many capital paintings are disposed: in private houses it is not unusual to discover very fine pictures in neglect and decay, thrown aside amongst the rubbish of cast-off furniture; whether it be, that the possessor has no knowledge of their excellence, or thinks it below his notice to attend to their preservation; but how much soever the Spaniards have declined from their former taste and passion for the elegant arts, I am persuaded they have in no degree fallen off from their national character for generosity, which is still so prevalent amongst them, that a stranger who is interestedly disposed to avail himself of their munificence, may in a great measure obtain whatever is the object of his praise and admiration: as for the royal collection at Madrid, the Escorial, and elsewhere, he will meet a condescension so accommodated to his curiosity, that the one is as little likely to be exhausted as the other. The facility of access to every palace in possession of his Catholic Majesty is only to be equalled by the gratification it produces."

Of the several artists mentioned in these volumes, many of them appear to have possessed considerable excellence, and to have deserved a greater celebrity than has hitherto attended their works. Fame, however is not always the companion of merit. To deserve and to obtain applause is not uniformly the consequence of each other, and perhaps the influence of caprice is more discoverable in the judgments formed of painters than of any other profession. To exhibit a specimen

of Mr. Cumberland's manner of treating his subject, we shall select the following account of an excellent artist.

"The unhappy catastrophe of Torrigiano, the Florentine, followed in the year 1522: after having enriched the cities of Andalusia with several pieces of sculpture, not unworthy the disciple and rival of Michael Angelo, he was condemned to death by the Inquisition, and expired in the prison of Seville under the horrors of an approaching execution. The story is as follows: Torrigiano had undertaken to carve an image of Madona and child of the natural size, at the order of a certain Spanish grandee; it was to be made after the model of one which he had already executed; and promise was given him of a reward proportioned to the merit of his work. His employer was one of the first grandees of Spain, and Torrigiano, who conceived highly of his generosity, and well knew what his own talents could perform, was determined to outdo his former work. He had passed great part of his life in travelling from kingdom to kingdom in search of employment, and flattering himself with the hope, that he had now at last found a resting place after all his labours, the ingenious artist with much pains and application completed the work, and presented to his employer a matchless piece of sculpture, the utmost effort of his art; the grandee surveyed the striking performance with great delight and reverence; applauded Torrigiano to the skies; and impatient to possess himself of the enchanting idol, forthwith sent to demand it; at the same time to set off his generosity with a better display, he loaded two lacquies with the money that was to defray the purchase; the bulk at least was promising, but when Torrigiano turned out the bags, and found the specie nothing better than a parcel of brass maravedis, amounting only to the paltry sum of thirty ducats, vexation and grief at this sudden disappointment of his hopes, and just resentment for what he considered as an insult to his merit, so transported him, that, snatching up his mallet in a rage, and not regarding the perfection, or (what to him was of more fatal consequence) the sacred character of the image he had made; he broke it suddenly in pieces, and dismissed the lacquies with their load of farthings to tell the tale: they executed

ted their office too well. The grandee in his turn, fired with shame, vexation, and revenge, and assuming or perhaps conceiving horror for the sacrilegious nature of the act, presented himself before the Court of Inquisition, and impeached the unhappy artist at the terrible tribunal; it was in vain that poor Torrigiano urged the right of an author over his own creation; reason pleaded on his side, but superstitious fate in judgment; the decree was death with torture. The holy office lost its victim; for Torrigiano expired under the horrors, not under the hands of the executioner.

“That he was of a fierce, impatient spirit, we may well believe, from what is related of his mowing the great Michael Angelo by a violent blow on the face; the heretical reader perhaps will think this blow a more inexcusable offence, than that for which he suffered; and an enthusiast in the arts will scarce lament the punishment which by a just transgression fell upon him; for my part, I lament both his offence and his punishment; the man who could be so frantic with passion, as in the person of Michael Angelo, to deface one of the divinest works of heaven, might easily be tempted to demolish his own; and it has been generally observed that hearts so prone to anger have on occasion been as susceptible of apprehension and fear; it is to be supposed, that Torrigiano's case was not better in the eyes of the holy office for his having been resident in England, and employed by king Henry the eighth. Whether they considered him as tainted with the heresy of that royal apostate does not appear; I am inclined to believe he more resembled Henry in temper than in opinion: at least, if we are to credit his assault on Michael Angelo, and try him on that action; since the days of Diomed few mortals ever launched a more impious blow.”

During Mr. Cumberland's residence in Spain, an instance occurred in his own household of the oppression exercised by the inquisition against an innocent man, who had been taken up and confined instead of another person. In the regular course of proceeding, he should have laid in prison ten or twelve years, if nature could have subsisted for that time, before he would be admitted to see his judge. As a compliment to our author, he was allowed a speedy examination, and being found not to be the person sought after, was dismissed. On this transaction our author makes the following observation.

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“To such uneven hands is the scale of justice delegated in some states; with such tenants are the towers of Segovia and Cadiz peopled; and who that reflects on this, and has the sentiments and feelings of a man, but must regret, may execrate, that narrow, impious and impolitic principle of intolerance and persecution, which drives our Catholic subjects in shoals to seek subsistence in a hostile service? Let the English reader excuse this short digression, whilst he can say within himself, ‘My house is my castle, I shall know my charge, and fear my accusers; I cannot be left to languish in a prison, and when I am called to trial, I shall not be made to criminate myself; nor can I if I would.’ Of such a constitution we may justly glory; our fathers have bled to establish it, and if, in the course of this unequal war, we follow our sons to the grave, who die in its defence, we have not bought our privilege too dear, however painful may have been the purchase.”

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Cumberland is the son of Dr. Cumberland, Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland, by Joanna, youngest daughter of the celebrated Dr. Bentley (a lady on whom the well known pastoral of Phebe, by Dr. Byrom, printed in the Spectator, was written) and grandson to the learned Bishop of Peterborough. He received his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, where his maternal grandfather had presided. In 1751 he had taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts there, and wrote some verses on the Prince of Wales's death. Relinquishing an academic life, he obtained a place at the board of trade, but was not known as an author until the year 1761, when he published the Banishment of Cicero, a tragedy, which had been refused by Mr. Garrick. An interval of four years from this time elapsed before the appearance of his first acted play, the Summer's Tale, and four more between that and the Brothers, both performed at Covent-garden theatre, and the latter with applause. In 1771, a reconciliation between him and Mr. Garrick having taken place, he produced, at Drury Lane, his best dramatic piece, the West India, and since that period has exhibited a succession of dramas, some with considerable and others with slight approbation. It is not only as a writer that Mr. Cumberland has figured. About two years since he was sent to negotiate with the Crown of Spain, though without a public character, and

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it is reported that his embassy would have been successful but for the capture of the East and West India fleets, which inspired the Spaniards with more confidence than they had before possessed. During his residence in that kingdom he collected materials for the volumes now under consideration. If fame may be relied on, Mr. Chamberland had no obligations either to the justice or generosity of his

employers, having been neglected by them in a manner hardly consistent with the honour of the nation. Since his return to England he has again turned his attention to the stage, in which line he has heretofore been so successful, and in which he has the powers to become a formidable rival to the ablest of our present dramatists.

*Poem to the Memory of Lady Miller. By Miss Seward. Price 1s. 6d. Robinson.*

**I**T gives us very sincere pleasure, which we partake in common with our readers, to find the virtues of the late Lady Miller perpetuated by so excellent a poet as Miss Seward. Her ladyship's private character exactly corresponding with the description of it in the poem, and particularly in the following beautiful stanza:

"When fashion o'er her threw the shining vest,  
When pleasure round her trill'd the Syren song,  
The sighs of Pity swell'd her polish'd breath,  
The tones of Mercy warbled from her tongue."

The monody under consideration is prefaced by a concise account of the Poetical Association instituted by Sir John and Lady Miller.

The poem opens with asserting the propriety of the author's writing on the subject, to a contemplation of which she declares herself invited by friendship and justice.

The subsequent verses describe not only the innocence and entertainment, but utility of her ladyship's institution.

Our author's next design, and which she has executed very beautifully, is to offer a sketch of Lady Miller's character, which is equally honourable to her heart and her muse.

After this very modest account of herself, she consecrates a complimentary stanza to some of the most distinguished bards who have been successful candidates for the myrtle.

"Clad in the fine Asbestos light attire,  
By elegance inwove with nicest care,  
Of pow'r to pass unhurt the public fire,  
Where critic Wit bids all his beacons glare,  
The sprightly Winford, at her Laura's side,  
Pass'd thro' its milder flames, amid th' applauding train."

The nymph of Dronfield there with snowy hand,  
To gay Thalia swept the silver wires;  
The frolic Muse attends her soft command,  
And the free strain with many a charm inspires;  
Long be it hers in lettered scenes to please,  
By quick invention's fire, and nature's graceful ease.

Dear to the parent-source from whence I drew  
The spark of life, and all that life endears,  
Time-honour'd Graves! with dutious joy I view  
Thy holies blushing through the snow of years;  
Their wintry colours the chaste shrine adorn,  
Vivid as genius blends in life's exulting morn.

Triumphant youth fann'd the poetic flame,  
Of noble Fielding, whose energetic soul  
So early wing'd him up the steep of fame,  
And gain'd, e'er manhood's dawn, the distant goal;

\* Sprightly Winford.—See Miss Winford's elegant Poem, *The Hobby Horse*, printed in the fourth volume of *Poetical Amusements* at Bath Easton.

† Nymph of Dronfield.—See Miss Rogers's *Invocation to the Comic Muse*, fourth volume of *Poetical Amusements*.

‡ Time-honour'd Graves.—Rev. Mr. Graves, of Claverdon, author of the *Spiritual Quixote*, &c.

Still in his lays the wounded breast shall find  
A charm, that soothes to rest each vulture of the mind.

From woodland scenes, in \* Stamford's flow'ry vale,  
With learning, peace, and virtue, fond to dwell,

And ring his wild harp to the passing gale,  
While Dryden's spirit hovers o'er the shell,

Invention led her mus'ing son among  
Sweet Laura's Delphic shades, that crown'd his mystic song.

And graceful Jermin'ham, benignly brought  
His gentle Muse, of † bigot-rage the foe;

And skill'd to blend the force of reasoning thought  
With sensibility's enamour'd glow;

Skill'd o'er ‖ frail love to draw the sacred veil,  
Whose mournful texture floats on fancy's boyant gale.

There † tender Whalley struck his silver lyre  
To love and nature strung,—as mingled flows

With elegiac sweetness epic fire,  
In the soft story of his Edwy's woes;

Its beauteous page shall prompt, thro' distant years,  
The thrill of generous joy, the tide of pitying tears.

\*\* Near him a Bard, of many a fair design,  
On the crown'd vase the varied treasure pil'd,

And Oh! let moral truth, and fancy join,  
To grace sweet sympathy's poetic child!

That his rich chaplet with that verse may vie,  
Which throws the roseate ray on nature's social tie!

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Hayley himself would join the sportive band.

And, enlivener of the serious earth!  
At the light waving of whose magic wand,

New fountains rise, and flow with end-  
less mirth;

Pouring on fancy's soul a glow as warm,  
As Bath's rich springs impart to health's reviving form.

Immortal Truth, for his salubrious song,  
Pluck'd the unfading laurel from her fame;

Since oft, amid the laugh of Momus throng,  
Wisdom has gravely suit'd, and prais'd the strain;

Pleas'd to behold the fools of fashion hit  
By new, unrival'd shafts of ridicule and wit.

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† Vulture of the Mind.—Alluding to the Chorus Ex Prometho, presented to the vase by the Hon. Charles Fielding, then of Harrow School. See fourth volume of Poetical Amusements.

\* Stamford's flow'ry vale.—Rev. Mr. Butt, Rector of Stamford in Worcester-shire. His verses on the Pythagorean System had the Wreath.—See fourth volume of Poetical Amusements.

† Bigot-rage.—Mr. Jermin'ham, though a Roman Catholic, has ably combated monastic enthusiasm, in his ingenious Poem, The Nun.

‖ Frail Love.—See Mr. Jermin'ham's Funeral of Aribert.

† Tender Whalley.—Rev. Mr. Whalley of Langford Court, near Bristol, author of that interesting love poem, Edwy and Edilda.

\*\* Near him a Bard.—Mr. Pratt author of a late poem called, Sympathy, or Social Sketches.



can generally allow to any single article, but it has arisen from the respect for the memory of the excellent person whose untimely death gave occasion to the work.

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

Miss Seward is the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Seward, the present rector of Ely, in Derbyshire, and canon residentiary of the cathedral church of Litchfield. The family have lived in the Bishop's palace at Litchfield since our author was fourteen years old, and are at present in the same. Mrs. Seward, a very excellent woman, and in her youth a friend of the name of Stoddard, died in the year 1780. This year our author lost a very infant child, our author is the only survivor of one. She had a lovely brother who died at the age of twenty, on the eve of her intended marriage. Mr. Seward is one of the best authors of the amount of a few years work - most of his poems are now being collected in a volume by the Rev. Mr. Pope, and the volume, which was much celebrated, is now out of print. Amongst his poems is the collection of his. Mr. Seward's opinion of the merits of that poem to his own praise in the education of his daughter, at least as far as his very taste could be acquired by instruction, and he was yet a child, in the best English manner. Perhaps it might have been said that his love of letters, and that it is of temper which distinguishes him for the dignity of genius, made instruction had not prevented his progress in the various ages of acquiring the Greek and Latin languages. But it is not till his poetry, which, he, felt he could help the Allegro of the school of Milton, in the years old, before he could read, and at a time was able to repeat the three books of the Paradise Lost, with a spirit and plenty of emphasis, which showed the child and in the school the teacher. We have been introduced to a lady who knew her in her infancy, when the family lived in Elyam in Derbyshire, and who used to walk out with her on a summer's evening, that when he was not more than four years old, in the midst of that childish playfulness with which she bounded into the rocks and over the Alpine heights of her nurse's mountains. She would frequently stop, and with eyes swimming in tears, and an air of the most animated enthusiasm, repeat poems, and sing to her memory, and apply them to every feeling,

or a full range of prospect which met her young and wandering attention. To her, therefore we may apply those beautiful words of Gray,

And art before her infant eyes would run

Such forms as glister'd in the muses' ray

She put several of the poems into verse at nine years old, and in her tenth year, her father having provided her with a copy of verses upon the first fine day of a stormy spring, she earned her reward in a few hours, by writing twenty-five lines upon the subject—the first four of them ran thus.

Farest quarter of the year,  
Dost thou then at last appear,  
Glad in this thy golden dress,  
Bright to give of happiness?

We may feel, without partiality, considering her youth, promise that these first poems had a poetic summer, whose flowers and fruits should not be crude or rough.

Mr. Seward, though a very sensible and well bred man, had not a poetical taste at first, and it is in this propensity of our author's but, as the little girl grew up to womanhood, even prevailed upon Mr. Seward to acquiesce in its being repressed. As the family were then become inhabitants of Litchfield, there was no great difficulty in prevailing upon a spirit, little girl, surrounded by the amusements and pleasures of a provincial city, to relinquish "the hermit right to literature," which could only be preserved by devoting her youthful hours to study and application. To her taste for her needle works, and afterwards for music, she gladly resigned her small portion of retirement, and was ready to believe that she who told her, that they were much more proper employments for a young lady than scribbling verses. Rejecting literary pursuits therefore, she busily contented herself with eagerly contemplating the effusions of genius in others, yet, now and then, occasion would tempt her to the interdicted path of composition. Some of these little attempts attracted the notice of a gentleman of genius and education, who thought them above the abilities of a girl not fifteen, and suspected them to be chiefly her father's. Wishing to know the truth of this matter, he called upon her one evening, when he knew Mr. Seward was in Derbyshire. He talked with her upon poetic subjects, and com-

banded

hated her enthusiastic devotion to the Par-  
 raphist. Lost of Milton, desiring his claim  
 to poetic pre-eminence. He then pro-  
 ceeded to say, that it had been suggested  
 to him, how greatly her verses were a-  
 bove the capacity of so young a female,  
 and that he wished she would empower  
 him to vouch for their being her own, by  
 writing him instantly a little poem, no  
 matter what might be the subject; a de-  
 scription of a beautiful valley, or any  
 thing she pleased. He added, "Let me  
 write the first stanza, and do you finish it."  
 —So saying, he took the pen and wrote  
 the opening stanza of the following poem.

I.  
 "To mark how fair the primrose blows,  
 "How soft the feather'd music sings,  
 "My wandering step had prest the dew,  
 "My soul enraptur'd hail'd the spring."

II.  
 But in an evil hour I stray'd,  
 Since from a yew-tree's cleaving side,  
 Illud a pale, disquieting maid;  
 No good to me she did beude!

III.  
 A squalid, sickly, rattle's dame,  
 Of false insinuous pride the child;  
 She lights her innovating flame,  
 And scornful sports her fancies wild;

IV.  
 Caprice her name;—didst thou, said she,  
 To sail along the common tide,  
 But launch upon a wider sea,  
 While I thy low'ring bark shall guide.

V.  
 Alas! what notice couldst thou claim,  
 Condemning what has no one's fault?  
 Be thine a niter, subtler flame,  
 To blame what all the world applaud.

VI.  
 She ceas'd;—but still my ears retain'd  
 The deep vibration of her lays;  
 And in her magic fetters chain'd,  
 She guides my censure and my praise.

VII.  
 Hence be, who on seraphic wings  
 Soar'd high above the noisy spheres,  
 And heav'n-inspired enraptur'd sings,  
 Seraphic strains to mortal ears.

VIII.  
 Impen'd by her vain whims, I tried  
 To veil his bright meridian rays,  
 And fain I would, ah! strange the pride!  
 From Milton's temple snatch the bays.

The next morning this gentleman called  
 upon our young poetess for the sake he  
 had set her—She put it into his hand, and  
 he kindly forgave the freedom of inven-  
 ting for him this self-reproach, concern-  
 ing his injustice to her favourite poet, and

ceased to doubt that the poems verses  
 were really hers, which had been taken  
 to him as such, and of whose authenticity  
 he had doubted.

Mrs. Seward's keen sensibilities were  
 awakened to anguish upon the death of  
 her beloved sister, which happened three  
 or four years after. We have been able  
 to procure the following extract from an  
 Elegy which she wrote on the subject a  
 few days after the funeral, as she was  
 sitting on the terrace walk of the palace  
 garden, which overhangs a lovely rural  
 valley.

Yet even these rankling woes some relief  
 I know,  
 As o'er the smiling landscape pleas'd  
 I gaze;  
 In loud and raptur'd note, on ev'ry bough,  
 Gay nature's warblers swell the song of  
 praise.

The green tall trees bend o'er the grassy  
 stream,  
 And wave in spring's full pride, their  
 graceful heads,  
 While from the setting sun a golden beam  
 Flings its soft radiance o'er the dewy  
 meads.

That glowing sun, in evening splendour gay,  
 The fragrant gale, that breathes the  
 breeze among;  
 The beautiful flowers that drink the hu-  
 mid rays,  
 Mid the wild transports of the wood,  
 And song.

Have they a charm for thee? and still re-  
 mains  
 Deep in thy breast fond joy's congenial  
 tide?  
 Springing at beauty's glance, and pleas-  
 ure's strain,  
 Do her bright dreams thro' sorrow's  
 darkness glide?

Where is thy friend? dim in the lonely  
 cell,  
 Laid, and wan, insensate, sunk, and  
 cold!

Then Julia, bid thy hopes long farewell!  
 The hapless story of thy fate is told!

Several other poems did occasionally  
 from her pen—but she could never be  
 persuaded to think any thing she had writ-  
 ten worthy the attention of the public,  
 and has been heard to say, that, but for  
 an accidental interview with Lady Miller  
 in the year 1778, she never could have  
 been

been intended to prevent that a crown of  
honor should pass the pillow. In this in-  
stance Lady Miller obtained a promise  
that she should write for her vale; and  
the poetical institution of Bath, Eastern  
opening for that season a few weeks after  
her ladyship sent the subject to her new  
friend, demanding her promise. Ance-  
stry of the Comic Muse was the result.  
The Old Miss Seward wrote open thus:

On this morn'g devoted day,  
Foot these festal bow'ns away  
In your sable vestimenta flee  
Train of sad Melpomene!  
Ye, who midnight horrors dart  
To strike the palpitating heart;  
Fears, that fliee the shadowy stage  
With hurried step, and rattled pair;  
Sorrow-crown'd Phrency's glaring eyes  
Channing thrill her changing lays;  
Not let dim-ey'd Grief appear,  
To weave her mournful garlands here  
Of Cypris buds, and fading flow'rs  
With cold November's snow;  
Men, with the damp, wan brow,  
And streaming wound  
That with fell merc'd Despair her hol-  
low groans resound.

But some Ladies bore her  
Lithon'd the Fantomitic cur;  
Thine open brow with roses blaz'd,  
By morning's mild rays crown'd,  
Thine eyes yet flow lightly down  
And gaily glow thy rainbow zone.

This ode obtained the mystic wreath,  
and, together with several other poems,  
which Miss Seward sent to the press, met  
with much general approbation, that she was  
persuaded to publish those which she af-  
terwards wrote upon the melancholy fate  
of Capt. Cook, and Major Andre; to the  
former of which is subjoined an Ode to  
the Sea, which she has been heard to say  
she thinks more worth attention than any  
thing she has written; and lastly this tri-  
bute to the memory of her lamented pa-  
triest, which is now the subject of our  
criticism.

After these little anecdotes, which we  
have collected with the care that distin-  
guished excellence deserves, it is super-  
fluous to pronounce the object of them one  
of the most shining ornaments of the Brit-  
ish Muse.

*Two Sermons, by Richard Hatching, D.D. Vice Rector of Lincoln College, in Oxford.*

THESE discourses, at the desire of  
the author, were published after his  
death, chiefly with a view, no doubt, to  
instruct the world; but partly also to per-  
petuate his name, as we may infer from  
the following passage in a short account of  
his life, prefixed to this publication.  
"Though he was" In no degree ambitious  
of a diffused posthumous fame, "had ne-  
vertheless a laudable desire that his name  
should not perish." How far this last  
object is attainable by three discourses on  
the divine attributes; an Exposition in  
Latin, on the sixth Chapter of the Gospel  
of John; a Sermon on the Incarnation  
of God; and one or two plain practical  
Sermons; it is not difficult to conjecture.  
Theological discourses must have extror-  
dinary merit indeed to withstand the torrid  
passions that almost darken the sim-  
plest of literature; and their numbers,  
they are able to confer on their author  
any degree of posthumous fame; yet there  
are sermons that are likely to descend to  
posterity, and to perpetuate an honourable  
name: Such are those of Dr. Sherlock,  
Bishop of London; Such those of Dr.  
Baker, Bishop of Durham; And perhaps a  
few others, in which profound genius is

united with manly and noble diction.  
But discourses like these now under con-  
sideration, which rise not above mediocri-  
ty, will soon sink in the gulf of oblivion.  
Scarcely will they flutter a few days on  
the surface of the water. As to such of  
these discourses as may be termed con-  
roversial, it cannot be expected that we  
should pronounce whether they be ortho-  
dox or heterodox; few we apprehend will  
take the trouble to enquire. With re-  
gard to such as may be denominated mo-  
ral or practical: the desire of correcting  
the vices of mankind, and leading them  
in the paths of virtue, is doubtless very  
laudable; but it is difficult to lead them  
in those paths by the ear. Even Dr.  
Blair, who tickles our ears so pleasantly,  
makes but very little impression on our  
hearts. "Comperit ergo habeo, virtutem  
verba viri non adire."

Dr. Hatching has chosen, as a subject  
of one of his discourses, "The Necessity  
of a Divine Commission for the purpose  
of taking away Men's Lives." After  
proving that it is not lawful for man to  
take away men's lives without an express  
commission from God himself, he proceeds  
to enquire when and how far such a com-  
mission

million has been given to him, and his figures. Here it might be expected that Dr. Hutchins would enter deeply into the question, whether, by the revealed will of God the civil magistrate is authorized to put men to death for their robbery, forgery, munny, defrauding soldiers, &c. &c. crimes which were not certainly capital according to the Jewish law. Whence have our magistrates, or government, authority to punish these crimes with death according to our author's system? He says that God was pleased to make many crimes capital besides murder, idolatry, witchcraft, &c. (of which crimes he said also suppose theft, robbery, forgery, &c. to form a part) although no written records thereof be now remaining. There needs not anything more to be said concerning the genius or penetration of Dr. Hutchins.

The following Account of the Author is prefixed to the Volume:

Dr. Richard Hutchins was born on the 14th day of May, in the year 1698, at Eydon in the county of Northampton; his father, the Rev. Mr. John Hutchins, being rector of that parish, through the interest of his relation Sir George Hutchins, one of the King's Commissioners of the Great Seal.

In the year 1716, he was admitted a member of the university of Oxford, and appointed one of the clerks in the college of All Souls; where he gave an early and applauded specimen of the fruits of his industry and genius, in a poetic epistle addressed to Mrs. Gardiner, wife of the Rev. the Warden of the college, occasioned by the death of her daughter in the year 1717.

Having taken the degree of B. A. and consequently relinquished his station in that society, he was elected a fellow of Lincoln college, in Michaelmas term 1720; upon the recommendation of Lord Crew, then bishop of Durham, and a living benefactor to the said college, of which he had, successively, been a fellow and rector.

His gratitude to this noble patron, and most munificent benefactor, was one inducement to Dr. Hutchins to follow his example, as to bequest to the college

a great part of the fortune he had acquired in it, for the use of his charitable purposes. "When I have done by the cleave of his will," says he, "entirely to the use of Lord Crew, by whose favour I obtained a fellowship in Lincoln college, that I have any thing now in my power to dispose of, it is my desire and wish, that I should be so happy, that my name should be added to the list of benefactors to the exhibitions founded by Lord Crew, and to the scholarships and an clerkship which had been assigned by him.

Beside these charitable donations, he makes it the subject of a liberal allowance for every day in full term, and to the two universities, and the Greek Professor, for the days of public attendance, and a faithful execution of their respective offices. From the friendship of the late Rev. Dr. Rufus Iham, he derived extraordinary advantages, and soon after the death of that gentleman, which happened in the year 1755, he was chosen to succeed him in the important office of vice-chancellor of Lincoln college. In the year 1768, he was induced by his nephew Sir Michael D'Anvers, baronet, to the village of Culworth in Northamptonshire, near the place of his nativity, and during his incumbency, this village received a perpetual endowment of great value, from the piety and munificence of his niece, Mrs. Michel D'Anvers, the present patroness, and the sole heiress of this ancient family.

He died on the 10th day of August, in the year 1781. While a fellow and tutor in the college, he printed, for the use of his pupils, a short treatise on the globes; which, though not made public, was procured, and made good use of by a succeeding writer upon the same subject; with an honourable acknowledgment to the author.

In the beginning of the year 1781, (when the dispute concerning the nature, &c. of the Lord's supper seemed reviving) he published *Elucidatio textu Capitis Evangelii secundum Johannem*; which he had read as two lectures for the degree of Doctor in Divinity; and, about the same time, on a single sheet, he published *A ready Way to estimate the Value of an Annuity for Life, &c.*

Amongst the eminent persons who received their education in Lincoln College, it is to Bishop Sanderson, Dr. Hicks, Mr. Renfrewell, Dr. Lupton, Archbishop Oker, and others, it is observable, that two of the principal modern benefactors to the university had been fellows of that society; Lord Crew and Dr. Radcliffe.

THIS Comedy has been so well received in the theatre, that it will be needless for us to enter into any detail of the fable. We shall therefore content ourselves with making a few observations on the conduct, character, and merit of the piece. — The author in the dedication of her comedy to the Queen, says, that her purpose was “to draw a female character which with the most lively sensibility, fine understanding, and elegant accomplishments, should unite that beautiful reserve and delicacy, which while they veil those charms render them still more interesting.” If it is in the author’s design, we cannot help thinking, that she pursued a very fair course in its accomplishment. Miss Hardy has a lively sensibility, and fine understanding, but we never have an opportunity of discovering her beautiful reserve. She at one time assumes the vulgar pettness of the country hoyden, and at another the slipshod volubility of the woman of fashion. She declares that she will be a thing or all for the man of his choice; and is ready to obtrude herself on the eye of fashion — or recede into the vale of retirement as he may incline or order. Letitia Hardy is a most beautiful portrait of the fashionable female character in the present day, but we think that the author in her description seems rather to have made an injudicious compliment to the amiable and excited performer to whom it is addressed. The comic of the *Belle’s Stratagem*, is a picture of modern manners, and points out the extravagance and folly of foreign modes, which now possess the nation. But it is more a comedy of manners than of characters. There are no strong original lineaments which exhibit the representative of a species, nor person is brought forward of habits of thought and conduct arising from the impulse of qualities incident to man in existence. The whole complexion of the piece is derived from the colour of the present fashion, and with the extinction of that fashion, it must consequently cease to be energetic. It is by no means our intention to find fault with comedies of this sort. — In all periods of our theatrical history we have flourished, and they are probably the best and most valuable types of the genius, character, and manners of a civil people. They do not however hold the same rank with comedies which characters are permanent in nature from which they are drawn, and display the situation of modes, or the changes of life. The

dialogue is easy, but seldom sparkles with wit, or abounds with humour. It has the gaiety and sprightliness of the modern style, and is happily suited to the plan and fable of the piece. The conduct of the story is well managed. — There is a very forcible interest excited in favour both of Letitia and Doricourt; and the progress is even and natural. It is neither hastily broken by rapid transitions, nor rendered tedious by weak delays. The suspense is preserved without violence, and the denouement is natural and interesting.

ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Cowley is the daughter of Mr. Parkhouse, of Exeter, in Devonshire. Upon inquiry, we find that this gentleman is descended in the female line from the family of Mr. Gay. He was originally destined for the church, but on the death of patrons or some other disappointment, he commenced bookeller in the place of his nursery. It was in this situation probably, that from a father so qualified, that Miss Parkhouse had an opportunity of receiving, like her great namesake, was introduced by Mr. Johnson, the kind without the lack of learning. It was not however till after her marriage with Mr. Cowley, that she showed the disposition to turn author. Her pen however has been exceedingly fruitful since, as well as various, and in her several productions she has most happily united delicacy with force, and facility with correctness of style. Mrs. Cowley’s productions are, *The Mud of Argos*, a poem — *Who’s the Dupe*, a farce — *The Runnaway*, a comedy — *The Albino*, a tragedy — *The Belle’s Stratagem*, a comedy — *The World as it Goes*, a comedy — and lastly the comedy of *Which is the Man*. In bringing forward her tragedy of *Albino*, she met with considerable difficulties, and in her progress, the complacency of the treatment she received. Her comedy of *The World as it Goes* was not successful, she withdrew it, and with considerable alteration brought it forward under the title of *Second Thoughts are Best*, but its success was still unequal to her former pieces, and she judiciously removed it altogether. It would not however be either just or reasonable to confine her talents for the future. In the warmth and fervor of a female imagination so occupations may be formed, and hastily executed, of which judgment cannot liberally approve. Her only error was in suffering its appearance.

**GENERAL CONWAY** rose, and said, if the noble Lord would give him leave, he would endeavour to explain his own meaning, in order that all his opposition, which he had no idea of when he penned his speech, might not be put upon him. The very words of the noble Lord's speech, when he said meaning he intended to convey to the House, his motion was not a motion for peace, but a motion for war. It did not recognize a distinction to seize the first opportunity of making peace with America, that might exist, but it expressly directed an immediate declaration of war, by ordering that Ministers should instantly forego a prosecution of offensive war with America, for the purpose of reducing the revolted Colonies to obedience by force. Then, the General said, naturally expressed their ideas in that way which their education made most familiar to them. Having been bred in the army, he had chosen a military idea to convey his meaning to the House, and to a military man nothing could be so more clear, distinct, and simple idea, than that of offensive war. Without going into a long discussion of the nature of several sorts of wars, a war of ports, &c. &c. that had been talked of by different gentlemen on a former day, he had expressly used the term offensive war, and an offensive and defensive war were considered terms, extremely simple, he could not help wondering that any difficulty should be made, at least if there was, he thought he ought to have been helped to a more distinct term than that of offensive war, by those who should not to understand it. The General said, he recollected in the last war Prince Ferdinand had, previous to the commencement of a campaign, wrote home for instructions, whether it was the wish of the Minister that he should make his offensive or a defensive campaign. The compliment was paid him, of ordering him to make which ever he thought most advisable; but he was in the army in Germany, nor at home, and the least doubt entertained of the essential difference between offensive and defensive war. The General asked some other arguments to prove that the terms he had adopted, were perfectly intelligible, that they certainly were not to give Ministers any instructions to seize the first opportunity that might offer, of making peace, but immediately to forego any further prosecution of offensive war with America, for the purpose of reducing America to obedience by force.

Lord North rose again, and said, that the Motion would subject those who were in it under it, to some difficulty in consequence of the wording of it; he, however, declared that he should not oppose it.

Mr. Thomas Pitt said, the term offensive war, appeared to him perfectly clear and intelligible. Mr. Fox said, the noble Lord in the

House, however, it was a motion for a single object as to its object, the House would recollect, that by compelling them to the subsequent steps, viz. for reducing the revolted Colonies to obedience by force, all possibility of doubt was removed. Mr. Pitt observed, he thought the noble Lord's not venturing to put the House, a good opinion; and he then pointed out the great advantages, deducible from the weight of the noble Lord's opinion, being thrown into the scale of the people.

Mr. Fox thought the word attempting in the Motion, was of too great latitude, and wished to be changed for the word directing; but after some conversation, his Lordship gave up his objection.

Mr. Fox said, since the noble Lord in the King's robes had given the House to understand that he should not oppose the present motion, he would merely say a few words upon the subject of the speech from the Crown, and make notice of some things that had fallen from the noble Lord this day. The House were told, he said, aware why that answer had been so different from what they expected. Why was the answer indirect and dissatisfactory? Obviously for this reason—the speech that conveyed it was most clearly the work of the Minister. Who, it was evident from what he had that day said, did not understand the meaning of the Address of Wednesday last, and therefore was incapable of framing a plan and proper answer to it. Did the answer look as it was, or in immediate reply to the Address of the House? Undoubtedly it did not. The Address desired that the Crown prosecution of offensive war with America for the purpose of reducing the revolted Colonies to obedience by force might be suspended, and stated the reasons for such a suspension. And his Majesty in his speech, he went on to say the same thing; he only told the House that he would take such measures as should appear to him to be most conducive to the restoration of harmony between Great Britain and the revolted Colonies. This was far from anything satisfactory. It was exactly the language of the noble Lord in that House, and thus to the House's coming to the conclusion of Wednesday last! It was merely making up the declaration of a Minister in the Court's hall, in opposition to the clear sense of Parliament! Parliament did not vote to suspend the Crown to take such measures as should appear to him to be most conducive to the restoration of harmony between Great Britain and America, the purpose of the address of the House of Commons was, to point out to the Crown, that Parliament desired an immediate adoption of the measure proposed.

Mr. Fox



by them, viz. the foregoing to prosecute offensive war with America for the purpose of reducing the Colonies to obedience by force. The answer was the pitiful quibble of a quibbling Minister, and it behoved that House to deprive the Minister of the power of evading the sense of Parliament, to which he professed to bow in obedience, by voting an express declaration of that House, that those who should hereafter be concerned in advising, or by any means attempting to carry on an offensive war in America, were enemies to their country, and guilty of a high crime and offence.

Had the noble Lord obeyed a Vote of that House two years ago? When the influence of the Crown was declared by a vote of that House to be interdicted, and that it ought to be diminished, had the noble Lord given proof of his obedience to that vote, and had he taken the lead in proposing measures within that House, or passing measures without, to carry that vote into practice, and render it effectual? Had he gone then to the Crown, and stated the clear voice of Parliament, and endeavoured to have the sense of that House complied with? Was not the contrary notorious? Did not every man know, and had not every man felt, that the noble Lord, by far from avowing that line of conduct he had been denouncing, threw every stumbling block in the way of those who wished to carry that vote into execution, and was himself the person who entirely defeated every attempt to do so, whence that House had become the derision of the whole nation, and their votes had sunk into contempt? How was any man's liberality to be judged of but by his conduct? By the manner in which the noble Lord had acted two years ago, it was fair to presume that he would act in the same manner now, and therefore it would be the extreme of rashness in that House to take the noble Lord's bare promise, when they had it in their power to enforce obedience to their wishes.

He next attacked the Minister on his not resigning from his situation; he said, it was scandalous and indecent in the noble Lord still to resist the voice of parliament. He was following a line of conduct not to be paralleled since the Revolution. In what manner were the affairs of that country to be conducted, while the Minister was obliged to carry on measures directly and avowedly repugnant to his own declared opinion? How was he to advise his Sovereign to act, when he was bound by his duty to Parliament, to advise the prosecution of a line of conduct which was totally opposite to his own sentiments? He must be a very zealous attendant on that House indeed, to collect the sense of it, and when he had obtained a knowledge of it, would he approach the throne and say to his sovereign, "Sire, I am going to advise measures that I totally disapprove, but I have taken infinite pains to form the sense of Parliament, and it is their opinion that such and such measures should be adopted?"

Mr. Secretary Ellis. With regard to his opinions respecting the best means of making peace with America, he declared, they were not in the least altered in consequence of what had passed last Wednesday; at the same time he was ready to agree with the noble Lord in the blue ribband, that a Minister, when the sense of Parliament was declared on any great point, was bound to obey it implicitly; the present motion he thought unnecessary, because the Address of that House, as presented on Friday last, and the answer of his Majesty, already tied ministers down to a full compliance with the desire of the House.

Mr. Rigby declared he should vote against the question, let the rest of the House vote as it would. He considered it as a negatory question, as a question by no means necessary, and merely as a question of supererogation. Since he had been a member of that House, several ministers had been in minority for a month together, and yet had held their post; the noble Lord in the blue ribband, therefore, had no occasion to retire, because he had been in a minority. Upon the question being put, it was agreed to without a division.

#### MARCH 5.

General Smith reported the proceedings of the Select Committee, relative to the government of Bengal, Behar, and Oude, which being read, he said he would not for the present trouble the House with any comments on the proceedings, other than to propose some motion to enable the Committee to forward their future enquiry with more precision and dispatch. He then moved, "That no Copies of minutes of their proceedings should be given to any person not a member of the Committee;" and

"That every person being a Member of Parliament, or otherwise attendant on that Committee, should be obliged to withdraw upon those occasions when the Committee thought proper to require it."

These motions were followed by another by the Hon. John Townshend, "That Richard Barwell, Esq; a Member of that House, should be obliged to answer to such questions as the Committee should put to him, provided such questions did not go to criminate himself."

These motions drew up Mr. Barwell, who said, his only objection for not, hitherto, answering the Committee on their meeting was, that in some cases respecting men in office in Bengal, he thought it a point of delicacy to be silent; but that in respect to himself, he had nothing to keep secret. On this declaration the three motions passed.

The order of the day was called a little before five o'clock for going into a Committee of the whole House on a motion for leave to bring in a BILL FOR CONCLUDING A TRUCE WITH AMERICA.

The Attorney General opened this business by stating that he had little to say on a motion

of such general utility, and which seemed to be so much the opinion of all sides of the House. On this ground, therefore, he should stop, and only say, that in bringing in this bill it would be necessary to take a review of many acts of Parliament which had been made, when the reduction of America was thought practicable; for this purpose a repeal of what was called the prohibitory law, with many others passed since the year 1774, would be necessary; with a further retrospect to many acts of Parliament passed relative to America since the death of Charles II. He therefore moved, "That leave be given to bring in a bill to empower his Majesty to conclude a peace on terms with the revolted Colonies of America."

Mr. Fox said, the very great respect he had for the learned gentleman, would induce him to make a distinction between his conduct and that of administration in general, could he do it with propriety on the present occasion. But he could not help observing, the only stumbling blocks which he knew preventive of a peace with America were those on the learned gentleman's right and left hand; (alluding to Lord North and Mr. Secretary Hills) remove them, he said, there would be no occasion for such a bill; continue them in office, the bill, he was afraid, would have no good consequences.

He then took a retrospective view of the negotiations for peace set on foot in the years 1778 and 1781; the first through the mediation of Spain, and the other through that of a great and mighty Monarch (meaning the Emperor) both of which were treated with neglect, and the opportunities lost; which shewed the dispositions of minority, and must account to the public why they were at this moment so pacific. A reason that must strike every one as obvious, because they were driven to it by the House, and the fear of losing their places if they did not comply.

Before he sat down, he said he had authority to say that there were yet persons prepared to negotiate for a peace with America, and he had strong hopes of its being crowned with success; he offered his services to Ministry on his ground for the good of his country, either as a Counselor, a Negotiator, or what they may please to call him; but at the same time begged the House to consider that he would not otherwise connect himself with a Ministry, whose public conduct he reprobated in very severe terms, and which, if ever he did, he begged he might be branded as infamous.

Lord North rose with some warmth to defend his public conduct, and spoke to all those points it alluded to by the last honourable Member. He said he had ever acted in office, if not ably, at least fairly and honestly; it was likewise well known in the course of his administration, he was several times for retiring, for he neither regarded the office, nor the emoluments of it; but he said he had a point of honour about him which kept him in office

at present, and that was, that he would not leave things unsettled and in confusion till his Majesty, or the House, required the contrary. In respect to the harsh and warm expressions used by the Hon. Member against Administration, as one of the body he denied their truth or justice; and he must say that he was not curious for a connexion with the Hon. Gentleman. He therefore, as one, should not accept his offer as a negotiator.

Mr. Fox rose to reply, and was very pointed on the noble Lord's not retiring from office for fear of leaving things unsettled and in confusion; for in one sense he would join him: he was the most regular and systematical Minister this country ever had; he was regular in draining the parties of the nation; regular in consuming waste armies; regular in laying taxes on the public; and in short, so regular in every act of his administration, that it would be impossible for any Minister to follow him in his regularities from the exhausted resources of the country. He adhered to many other points, and concluded with thinking these could not be one instance of such despicable ambition in any individual, to think of continuing in office, after an administration of such marked ruin, impolicy, and devastation.

Lord North rejoined, and explained some things which dropped from him on Wednesday night last, which he said had been misconceived.

The Right Hon. T. Townshend spoke a considerable time to the bad conduct of the Administration, and the poor resource they were driven to for peace by the motion before the Committee. He particularly remarked on the conduct of the noble Lord in the Blue Ribband in speaking against Gen. Conway's motion on Wednesday 14, and then bringing in a bill grounded on that very motion; it shewed, he said, what the public had to expect from a Minister of that description of mind, whose private opinions, and public conduct, drew different ways.

Captain Luttrell concluded the debate in a long denunciation of the conduct of Administration, and the result of the war for such a bill as was intended to be brought before the House, considering the present exigency of affairs.

The House at length agreed to the motion without a division.

#### MARCH 6.

Lord Hinchinbrooke presented to the House his Majesty's answer to the Address of the Commons.

Sir Joseph Mawbey said he thought it very extraordinary that the Address of that House to his Majesty, in consequence of so remarkable a resolution, as a resolution pointing out the necessity of an immediate peace with America, had not appeared in the Royal Gazette, though every party address, approving of the conduct of Administration, in carrying on the war, had constantly been published in that paper.



Sir George Yonge used the same point, as a matter proving the disrespect which Ministers showed to the resolutions of that House, when not consistent with their measures.

Sir Grey Cooper answered that he believed it had never been customary for Government to publish the addresses of that House to the Throne in the Gazette, as they always appeared in the votes, which sufficiently published them to the people.

Mr. T. Townsend thought the address should have been made as public as possible; but said, that if it was not usual to publish addresses of that House, except in the Votes, there was no necessity in the present instance to deviate from the rule by publishing them in the Gazette; was however of opinion, that though, when an ordinary address, as for papers, was presented to the House, no Gazette publication took place, or was necessary; yet when the whole House, with their Speaker at their head, went up to his Majesty, it was always usual, and materially necessary, for the royal authorized Gazette to take notice of such a transaction.

Lord Surrey said, it was a matter of great surprise to him, when he attended the Speaker to his Majesty with an address for a peace with America, to see the man most obnoxious to the Americans standing at the right hand of his Majesty—he spoke of General Arnold.

#### Call of the House.

Sir Joseph Mawbey renewed his former motion for a general call of the House, by moving that the call should be on this day to-morrow.

Mr. Rolle moved, as an amendment, that this day three months be substituted for this day to-morrow.

Mr. Charles Turner seconded the motion, said he was not a man who sought for popularity, but for the good of the people; and he seconded the motion for the amendment, because he thought the original motion superfluous. Those who did not feel the present alarming situation of the times sufficient to oblige them to attend their duty, were better away than present. Opposition were now able to do their country right—they acted from principle, and though it had been said that they were nothing better than a rope of sand, yet, by acting from principle, they had proved that Ministerialists were nothing better than a rope of rotten onions, which now stunk in the nose of the constitution. No man revered or loved the House of Hanover with more respect or stronger affection, than he did, while they acted within the bounds prescribed by the Revolution, but if once they overleaped that great constitutional pale, if an army of French were to land in this country, it would be equal to him which side he took, as freedom was the banner under which he would always wish to fight. Opposition had acted nobly, and if the people showed a proper constitutional spirit, he thought the country would again renovate to its former splendor.

Mr. Rolle calling for a division, it took place, when there appeared,

For the amendment 99  
Against it 106

of course the call is settled for next Thursday.

#### POOR LAWS.

Mr. Powney moved, that a bill for regulating the removal of paupers, be now committed. He stated the principle of the bill to be a restriction upon magistrates, who had frequently taken upon them to remove honest, industrious tradesmen, on pretence that they might hereafter become troublesome to the parish.

Sir George Yonge objected to committing the bill, on account of the clause, though he admitted the justice of the principle.

Lord Mahon and Sir Richard Sutton supported it; Mr. Robinson objected, and upon the question being put, the bill was ordered to be committed.

#### MARCH 7.

Sir Grey Cooper informed the House, that he had a petition from the manufacturers of Snuff, which was backed by the Commissioners of the Revenue. He stated this to be ground for a Committee to adjust a proper rate upon imported snuff. The duty on snuff from Flanders, &c. is at the rate of 11. 3d. in the pound of the price of 5s. French snuff, on the contrary, paid a duty of 75 per cent. which was intended to be a higher duty than that on Flemish snuff; but they had contrived to evade this duty, though it was necessary to have an oath made upon this occasion; yet, notwithstanding that, they had entered their snuffs as French at 4d. per lb. which, at a duty of 75 per cent. is only 3d. Of this there has been eleven thousand weight imported, under the idea of being French; and the officers having seized the French snuff, had found it not worth their while to have made the seizure. It was therefore his design to move for a Committee for the purpose of considering of a law for equalizing these duties.

Sir George Yonge said, that he supposed the intention of gentlemen on the other side of the House was to pay some regard to our good and great ally the Emperor of Germany.

Lord Surrey said he hoped that the Honourable Gentleman would consider of an act of Charles II. which prohibited the growth of tobacco in these kingdoms; that three years ago there was an act which gave leave to grow tobacco in Ireland. This did not go to Scotland, where, however, they had grown tobacco; and after their example some tobacco had been grown in Yorkshire, and they had been prosecuted at Leeds for this offence against a law, which, though it was not dead, at least ought to be.

Sir Grey Cooper said that he would gladly do any thing for the purpose recommended by the noble Lord; but in the present instance the motion was premature, inasmuch as the bill was for a revenue on snuff, and not for the prevention of the growth of tobacco.

Sir

Mr George Yonge wished to know from the Speaker, whether some instruction could not be given to the Committee on the present Bill for the purpose of permitting the growth of tobacco; for he himself felt it to be a very useful provision, for he had himself grown tobacco, and become a criminal under that act; and he knew that there were few, if any, places in the kingdom which were not fit for growing tobacco.

Mr. Eyre claimed to himself the having been the original designer of the extension of the growth of tobacco.

The Speaker said it was impossible in the present bill to bring it in any shape as an instruction.

The Committee was then appointed for Tuesday next.

### MARCH 3.

Lord John Cavendish at about four o'clock rose, and began his speech by declaring, that he had no personal resentment against any person whatsoever, he barely was moved to the propositions he intended to make by the interest of his country; and as he owed no personal distinction to any man or set of men, he begged to be understood to have received no favour, nor to have owed any obligations to any set of men, whose administration he might have at any time supported. It was impossible in moments like the present of squabble and contest, that there should not be some inviolity and recrimination. He declared upon his honour that he did not remember ever to have received any, and hoped that he had not been guilty of any. The noble Lord in the Blue Ribband, he however wished when he happened to mention that noble Lord, to be understood to mean the whole of the administration with which that noble Lord had been connected, for he thought whenever connected himself with the Cabinet of this country, and who carried on measures which he had not approved, was certainly as censurable in the highest degree, and equally the object of his motion, with those who had been the original advisers and promoters of the measure. The noble Lord had declared in that House, whenever the sense of that House had appeared contrary to his continuing in office, he should no longer remain in it. He knew no way of giving evidence to the noble Lord, but by an explicit vote of that House, which disapproved of his measures. This the noble Lord does not think sufficiently explicit, but intends to remain for the sake of preventing disorder and confusion what regularity or good order, what harmony or system the noble Lord had introduced into the government of the country he was at a loss to find out.

He traced, he said, the present unhappy situation of the affairs of this country to a higher source than men in general chose to trace it. He resorted to the glorious situation of this country at the end of the late war, when all men were united in one principle for

carrying its honour to an height unparalleled in our history. At that period, he said, the same advocates for the peace which terminated our glory, who have been the constant vindicators and promoters of the American war. He said that these persons had then gotten about their young Sovereign, and taught him a conduct unsuitable to his true dignity. He did not mean to follow up the motions, of which he had four to propose, with any other for the purpose of removing the noble Lord or his colleagues, but should leave that to some other person, and some other time. He said the first question was, that this unhappy war had cost us 203 millions of money. What had been done by all this? We have lost America, Minorca, and several of our West India Islands. When we make a comparison between the expenses of this war and the last, which may be easily done by looking to the taxes of the war and the other; or rather to the interest which the nation had paid in both instances. In that, as he had already called it, glorious war, when we had mounted to the pinnacle of glory, we paid but two millions and a half; in this war, we have already exceeded three millions. He apprehended the interest of the poor, and the happiness of the peasant were to be preferred to the imaginary pride of an individual, for he was always taught to believe the true glory of a British Monarch was the happiness of his people. The Spartans had no walls to their dominions; their fortitude was a sufficient rampart to surrounding enemies. There was a time too, when Britain had no wall but her navy: That time, however, is now no more; and we must depend upon ramparts and fortifications to preserve us from invasions in future wars. He said the propositions he had to lay before the House were plain, and he believed could not be controverted. His first motion, he knew, might be taken otherwise, but he believed that when the different official papers for the army, navy, and ordnance were compared, he believed that no person could deny that they had amounted to one hundred millions. He therefore moved, "That if be resolved that the expenses of this war, as appears by the estimates presented to this House, exceeds the sum of one hundred millions sterling."

Being then called to state his other motions, he read the three following, viz.

"That in the prosecution of the above was this kingdom has lost the Thirteen Provinces of North America, except the ports of New York, Charles-Town, and Savannah; as also Minorca, in Europe, and several of our West India Islands.

"That this kingdom has engaged in a war with almost all the powers of Europe, without having made any alliance whatever. And lastly,

"That this kingdom was brought into this situation by want of foresight in the measures, or prudence in the designs, of those who administered it."

Mr. Pownall seconded the motion of the noble Lord, upon similar grounds, with his Lordship; he found himself, for the second time in the session, in this kind of opposition to the Minister of his Majesty. He said, that he felt it necessary, on this occasion, to take a review of the ministers, who were to obey and follow the directions of the House, who were to collect a sense contrary to their own, and to give orders how that sense was to be followed: And, first, as to the young American Secretary, who had given that House his constitution of faith, which he, however, rather believed to be an occasional conformity. He wished notwithstanding that the Right Honourable Secretary would speak out his opinion; and let us know whether he had been so drenched in, fastened in the nets and dregs of office, as to have lost all the flesh and backbone, which used to stick about him; and had got that happy pliability to accommodate himself to whatever turn affairs might take. As to the Secretary at War, he was known to be a firm supporter of the American war, which he had never given up. As to the First Lord of the Admiralty, he should say nothing of him; his character was too well known to require elucidation: And as to the two Secretaries in the other House, of one it is known, that he will hold no correspondence with rebels, but a petitioner to their Sovereign for pardon; and of the other, the traces of his correspondence are too well known in America. Are these men fit to bring about a peace? As to the noble Lord in the Blue Ribband, he must confess he believed him ready to support any measures to keep his place; unconditional submission, peace or war, it was all equal to him, so he had the enjoyment of his office. He had been mistaken as having said that the landed interest were divided in their opinions. He meant no such thing; he knew the administration had firm friends of them; but "Apparent rari Nantes in gurgite vasto." He knew that the administration of that country talked of confusion if they resigned, and faction in those who opposed them. He asked, Did not he see among those who had opposed that administration, either the most splendid abilities, the most independent property, or men rich with hereditary family honours? Among them were the representatives of the hero, who carried the glory of this country to its highest pitch in the field; among them was the living transcript of him who had carried its glory to its greatest height in the senate: He could not therefore think but highly of an opposition of such men. He confessed when the noble Lord had on a late occasion rehearsed that speech in so solemn a tone, which he said he would make to his Royal Master whenever this House should cease to give him confidence; and he had hopes that that speech would have been before this repeated in the proper theatre. Whenever that happened in the natural and proper order of things, as when another noble Lord had quitted his situation, he was called up to another House as a Viscount; the noble Lord,

whenever that event shall happen, will doubtless have no less situation than the highest rank the kingdom can afford him; for wise he came in only at the sixth hour, the other had felt and endured the full heat and vigour of the day; if the one had lost us America, the other has involved us in a war with the whole world.

Mr. Martin said, that he was happy on such an occasion to follow gentlemen of such consequence and property, and such abilities. He like them owed no favour to ministry; he had nothing to expect from them. As to their promises, he thought there could be no better means of explaining them than by applying to a book, which he had read that morning, and which he begged leave to use in his speech, for it in general applied to the character of the noble Lord in the Blue Ribband, in the leading parts of it very truly: He did not however mean to say that it was entirely applicable, though it was generally true. He then read Junius's character of Lord North.

The Secretary at War said, that to argue from a single opinion of that House was not fair; that because that House had in one instance declared upon a political opinion against the opinion of the Minister, it was by no means a just and fair conclusion; that therefore that Minister must go out. This country was undoubtedly in a very awful situation: We had been aided, as it was very truly said by the noble Lord who had opened the debate, to become the envy of all Europe. In such a situation it was natural to acquire enemies, and to beget dissensions. Men naturally combine against those who increase in power; it has been at all times the fate of mankind. Nations fall from their glory; they again rise, after having been oppressed by such combinations. If we are without allies, we are not in this instance singular; it has been the fate of the House of Austria; it was heretofore the fate of the House of Bourbon. He thought the present measure an impolitic one, as it went to discover the secrets of the country; for it declared not a speculative theory, but a practical fact, reduced as plainly as words and figures can say to a declaration of our feeling hardly what we have suffered, and how much we have suffered. This was not a mean to induce our enemies to grant us a peace. This was not a way to acquire for us what undoubtedly every man coveted. If we were engaged with Holland, it must be known to every person that we had struggled hard to prevent that war. Impressed then with ideas, that the motion now before the House could do no good, he moved for the order of the day.

Mr. T. Townshend rose, and declared that he thought the whole of the honourable gentleman's conduct in the present debate to be perfectly of a piece; for he had declared that this motion of the noble Lord's was likely to discover the secrets of the country. Was it a secret that we had expended vast sums of money? Were the votes of the House of Commons

more a secret? It was a secret, perhaps, that we had lost Thirteen Colonies in America. It was a secret that we had lost almost all our West India Islands; it was a secret that we had lost Minorca—Minorca, which in a former war has been powerful enough to remove a Minister, is now of sufficient force to preserve him in his station. Is it a secret that we are engaged in a war in Europe, with almost every power in it, without a single ally? Were these secrets? If they were, he believed they were such as no man in Europe was a stranger to, but the gentlemen on the other side of the House, who were generally unacquainted with every thing that every other person was acquainted with. He said, that the Ministers had been flattering only to the ambition of a few individuals, and he wished to know if the ambition of those few were to be gratified at the expence of the public. The Right Hon. Secretary for the American Provinces had been called up from his warm bed at the navy, to take the conduct of the American affairs. The practice was to call the King of Sardinia the King of Jerusalem and Cyprus. In the present instance they do full as well in styling Mr. Ellis the American Secretary; for the one has as much relation to Cyprus or Jerusalem, as the other had now or ever would have to America. He contended strongly for the utility of the motion.

Mr. Secretary Ellis informed the House, that he did not mean to go on the ground of secrecy being necessary; he would not urge it; nor would he argue from the calculations of the noble Lord who had proposed the motion, which, perhaps, it might be possible to prove not sufficiently accurate. He wished to know when he had shewn that pliability of temper of which he has been accused, when had he changed or declared that he had changed his opinion? If he had come into office it was not from the want of office. A Right Hon. Gentleman had said, that he had quitted a warm bed, and did he come from that warm bed to a more pleasant situation? He had gotten from it into a vessel in a storm, with the sails torn, driving among rocks and shelves, from a station of small to one of great responsibility. Yet he was certain, that he had not on any occasion shewn any opinion militating against that which he had in a former situation declared, as to the justice and necessity of the war with America. His pliability was not formerly to be seen when he opposed the noble Lord in the Blue Ribbon, when he had then, and at the present moment, the honour of calling his friends, and he was still equally firm to that opinion. He had in a former debate said, that the condition of this country was changed, and that we must accommodate ourselves to that change.—This he spoke ministerially. Previous to the holidays, the noble Lord in the Blue Ribbon had declared the intention of not carrying on the war in the manner in which it had formerly been carried on. This was undoubtedly speaking fairly. It

was, however, thought proper to follow it up with a recitation of that debate, which undoubtedly did not speak the confidence of that House; it therefore became to speak out, and in the name of God, let them, on the present night, speak out their will, and try the whole of the merits of the question. With regard to himself, he had little to answer with regard to his office, or little to take to himself on account of it; he was scarcely yet warmed in his seat there, and had lately been happy enough to have done one act which had the approbation of all sides of the House; he meant the appointment of a very meritorious officer, Sir Guy Carleton. In that, however, he had not to claim to himself any merit; it was the act of administration, and had only the approbation to give himself credit. He said, that with regard to the main question which had been decided, he declared he had thought it to be of this kind; and he thought it the fairest mode of stating it. Suppose a gentleman had a law-suit for a considerable estate, and he had spent large sums in the endeavour to recover it; he wished to know, whether it would be advisable for that gentleman to declare, that he intended to discharge his attorney? And whether that would not be the sure means of preserving the rights of his adversaries, and the way to continue the law-suit which his adversary had involved him in?

He again adjured the parliament to speak out, and declare to-night its opinion of Ministers, in order to settle a business which waited their fiat to a just issue. He said that with regard to occurrences of the war, the incidents attributed all evil events to fortune; he looked upon an over-ruling Providence to have been the director, for wise purposes well known to himself; our misfortunes were not to be attributed to any negligence in those who had the direction of the affairs of this country, but to Providence.

Mr. Burke followed him, and declared that to-night, as well as on a former night, when the Right Honourable Secretary had made his confession of faith, he might have spared the fourth article of his creed, and stuck to his thirteenth. Nobody would doubt of the Christian principles of that Right Honourable Gentleman; if he had no need of appeal to Fortune at all; that goddess had nothing to say to him nor his ministry; but he chose to lay it upon Providence. The Right Honourable Gentleman could not attack Providence more severely, than to attribute to it what was only occasioned by the want of foresight, attention, and diligence in the ministry.

He said with all those attacks he had undergone for his being a P. M., he could not help alluding to the extreme question, which he looked on the Right Honourable Gentleman to have come to give to this country. He made many witty allusions to the Right Honourable Gentleman as the president of a party, lawyer and physician, to each of which he contradicted him. He said that the Right Honourable

Honourable Secretary talking of having quitted his command, just him in aid of Bratsko Potia, where he lays.

"It is not for your health thus to commit  
"Your weak condition to the raw cold  
"morning."

He could hardly tell whether his bed was yet cold or not, or whether he had yet slipped into it his Scotch warming-pan. He, like Doctor Misquith, had to say, that bazar nobody come to see till they have already killed themselves. He said that the Right Hon. Secretary at War would kill us methodically. We must not kill the present First Lord of the Treasury, because we cannot have a better, say they. Is it possible for us to have a worse? The noble Lord in the Blue Ribband is vindicated, by whom? By placemen and pensioners; he did not see him supported by one country gentleman; nor did he believe one country gentleman could or would say any thing for him. He then went into an examination of the war and the expenditure of it, and proved that the defence of Gibraltar alone amounted to as much as would have purchased fifteen 74-gun vessels.

Sir John DeLaval replied to Mr. Burke; he declared himself an independent country gentleman, and that he never had in his life received or solicited any favour from the administration that had supported them. He could see no plan which was framed by opposition, and he wished them to name any set of men who were to carry on the business of the country.

Sir Henry Houghton spoke on similar grounds.

Lord Maitland declared he was ashamed of the manner in which Ministers attempted to get rid of the motion. They had often triumphantly called out for a question for their removal, and now that a question, tending to such a purpose, was before the House, instead of meeting it in an open, fair, manly way, they had recourse to the pitiful evasion of getting rid of it, by moving the order of the day.

Mr. Adam differed entirely with his noble friend and school-fellow; he thought moving the order of the day no evasion, but the proper way of treating such a motion as that under consideration.

Mr. Holdsworth gave some reasons, why he did not think the news of the re-capture of St. Malo to be depended upon.

Mr. Fox made a very long and powerful speech in defence of the noble Lord's motion.

The Lord Advocate replied. The learned Lord stated that the American war was the cause of all our misfortunes, and that Ministers were in no way to blame. He said, to do justice, the House must look back much further than 1793, in order to take in those measures, which had been, as it were the seeds of the war, and which he said had been sown by several of those who now constituted the

opposition. He put a variety of possible cases to prove, that if Mr. Fox was Minister, he would be in very extraordinary situations, because if he adopted his own principles, he would have a parliament without doors as well as a parliament within.

Mr. Fox rose, and explained what he had said on a former occasion, and argued to refute several of the Lord Advocate's positions.

Sir Fletcher Norton defended the original motion, and said, instead of showing the dependency of parliament, it would convince the nation, that parliament was determined to reform, and give them hopes of the country being in a way to be rescued from ruin. Sir Fletcher, in his speech, adverted to the sums of money in the Paymaster's hands, as stated in the Reports of the Commissioners of Accounts. He said, if he at all understood law, if that money was made use of to produce money, the produce was the property of the public. This, he declared, he threw out for the purpose of reminding the Crown lawyers, that if they did not take up the matter, he would.

Mr. Rigby rose immediately, and defended himself from the suggestion thus unexpectedly made. He said, before so serious an attack had been made upon him by one of the first lawyers in the country, it behoved that lawyer to have been able to prove, that he had received any other perquisites or emoluments than his predecessors in office, or that he had been guilty of some dirty trick or other with the public money. He declared he was no stock-jobber, nor was he conscious of deserving the smallest degree of imputation. He gave Sir Fletcher several rubs for his attack. He greatly complimented the Lord Advocate for his speech, which he declared to have been one of the most able, and the most to the point, of any he ever heard. He said, he judged of its superior excellence over every thing said that day, from its having given most offence to opposition. Mr. Rigby condemned the motion of the noble Lord, and said he should vote for the question of the order of the day.

Sir Fletcher Norton replied to Mr. Rigby, and declared, if the Crown lawyers did not take up what he had suggested, he would do it himself.

Mr. Byng warmly supported the original motion. Mr. Byng said, nobody was aware of the expenses we stood at; it was now so enormous that it could be counted by hours, and at present it amounted to 3000l. an hour.

Mr. Thomas Pitt spoke strongly and elegantly in favour of the motion. He said, no one reasonable objection had been made to it; all the learned Lord over the way had done, was to turn the motion in such a manner, as to give it an effect which by no means belonged to it. Mr. Pitt contended, that there was at present no administration. It was a kind of *interregnum*, and the foreign Ministers now in London were puzzled how to act.

Mr. Sheridan spoke ably and forcibly. He disputed the chief of his argument at Mr. Rigby,

Right, telling that gentlemen that if the best speeches within those walls were those that gave must, it was but justice to declare that the Right Honourable Gentleman was the Demosithene of the House. Mr. Sheridan attacked Lord North in a very animated manner, and asked, where would the noble Lord sit for refuge in protection, when obliged to quit? He did not face the people, he would rather take refuge in the desolated wastes of North America!

Lord North spoke, & showed that he stood in need of no defence whatever, because he had not been guilty of any one of the offences charged on him. His Lordship repeated the declaration he made on Tuesday last, that he still thought the resolution of Wednesday second a most unwisely, improper, and improper resolution, but, he said, he should think it at Minister high criminal, who should in such House had voted the resolution in aid of his Majesty not to comply with the resolution of the House of Commons. To disturb the harmony that subsisted, and ought to subsist between the King and Parliament, would, in his mind, be a much more dangerous crime than any resolution that House could make. His Lordship asked what part the House had before them, even if without any resolution to be true, to enable them to draw those conclusions from the minutes they had down, that were drawn in the fourth resolution. How did they know it was, the first thing at all, and other facts stated in the resolutions, were owing to the want of respect and want of ability in Minister? Were they certain his country bid him ally with the present members of administration, or no? He was sure that the present Ministers had taken no steps in order to get an ally? These, he continued, were necessary questions to be discussed before the House would be ready to vote the resolutions now put before it, and which certainly would, in his eyes, be as effectually to the removal of the nation, as any motion which could be made of it, would that purpose.

Mr. William Pitt replied with great eloquence. Mr. Pitt, among a variety of other arguments, contended that Ministers not having taken care to have an ally before they engaged the nation in such a difficult and dangerous war, was of itself an ample proof of total want of foresight and want of ability. He reminded the House of the noble Lord's still asserting that he remained himself to the resolution of Wednesday second, and appealed to their judgment, if a Minister, confessedly hostile to the resolution, was to be depended upon any longer in such an exceedingly difficult moment? As an argument that a change of Ministers must be for the better, Mr. Pitt said, it would afford a chance for the salvation of the country, which alone was in his mind a material advantage. With regard to a new administration, it was not for him to say, nor for that House to pronounce, who were to form

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it, all he felt himself obliged to declare was, that he himself could not expect to take any share in a new administration, and were his doing so, more within his reach, he never would accept of a subordinate situation.

Lord Howe gave his reasons, why he did not think himself competent to vote for the fourth resolution, and to declare that all our misfortunes were owing to the want of foresight and ability in Ministers. The three first resolutions, undoubtedly, were of sufficient importance, and could not be denied.

Sir Edward Dering made a short speech, amidst a great deal of clamour in the question, and at two in the morning, the House divided on the motion for the order of the day, when the numbers were,

Ayes,	-	-	226
Noes,	-	-	216

Majority in favour of } GEN  
Administration

Voted in all, 442 members, 447 in the House, including the Tellers and the Speaker.

# MARCH II.

At about four o'clock Lord North rose: he apologized for the pain he should be under the necessity of imposing upon the House, which is a very disagreeable situation in all men, but more particularly so on such an occasion as the present. It was, however, one of those very unpleasant situations in which office imposed upon men, and which, while he remained in it, it would be necessary for him to perform. The first thing he felt it necessary to state to the House was, that the annuity for which the public was to provide, amounted to 793,125*l.* for which, the first tax he proposed to impose was an excise upon beer, he meant that beer known by the denomination of Tenth.

He stated that all small beer of 6*l.* per barrel paid a duty of 1*s.* 4*d.* which made it amount to 7*s.* 4*d.* per barrel to the consumer. Strong beer was charged 1*s.* per barrel. Now all beer up to 10*s.* paid a duty in a particular manner, which is computing nine out of ten, that is nine barrels pay the 1*s.* 4*d.* duty each, and the tenth pays the 1*s.* which makes in equal duty of 2*s.* a barrel upon each. But by the convention of office it has been continued, though there is no law, that which even an indulgence to the tenth barrel, should be carried up farther, and go to beer at 12*s.* per barrel, and had sometimes been contended for by the brewer to be extended to 14*s.* As this might be carried to any extent, as well as to 14*s.* he wished to fix a particular criterion, and to fix a duty upon a medium rate, which is 12*s.* from which, deducting two shillings from the duty, and deducting 6*d.* for the malt, to which adjoining 1*s.* additional tax, will make 10*s.* 6*d.* but his intention was to make it an equal tax, and computing all above 14*s.* as strong beer, to add to all, between that and 6*s.* an additional duty of 1*s.* which knowing them to be 567,000 barrels, but computing them to be 560,000 barrels,

R



barrels, will make, at 2s. per barrel, 25,000*l.* and adding to that 6*l.* which he wished to propose to have no farther duties, and which would make 24,000*l.* he would make this duty amount to 49,000*l.* But, he said, he believed would make no bidding upon the lower order of people, and would not increase in any great degree the price of the beverage of the genteel class of people who used this species of drink.

The next article which occurred, he said, was a licence upon tea dealers. There were 35,000 dealers, on whom he would lay a tax of 2*s.* additional to the former tax imposed upon them. But he would besides divide them into two classes, viz. a higher order, who sold by wholesale. He said that he meant this tax to be laid on all those who sold by permit, and who therefore, must have sold at once more than six pounds; but as they might for this purpose evade the law, and never sell more at a time than five pounds, it was designed to make all persons selling tea, an amount exceeding 100*lb.* pay 40*s.* per annum in addition to the other duty. The higher class he stated to amount to 40,000, which at 2*l.* amounted to 80,000*l.* and the 35,000 came to 87,500*l.* at 5*s.* additional, which made 48,750*l.* addition on tea dealers. He said that the next duty he had to propose was soap. This duty, he said, in common with one on candles and leather he had avoided; he believed it not to be equally used with those latter, and therefore in the present instance had thought it preferable. He stated soap to have fallen lately 20*s.* a cwt. wholesale, and from 72*s.* to 56*s.* per cwt. retail. The reason of this was that barilla had fallen from 60*s.* to 37*s.* or even so low he believed as 34*s.* or 32*s.* per cwt. The reason of this he believed to be that the growth had considerably increased in Spain, and a man had been contrived of saving four-fifths of the barilla in the manufacture.

The duty proposed to be laid would amount to about 3 farthings per lb. which is about 7*s.* per cent. which if the manufacturer should overcharge on the consumer, will not amount to more than 1*d.* per lb. which will be but 9*s.* 4*d.* This commodity has had no duty added to it since the 12th of Queen Anne, in the year 1713; which is a period of 70 years, and was therefore first as a commodity lowering in its price, and secondly, as it had been so long spared, very fit to undergo a duty. He stated that the poor would not at all suffer, for they, for the most part, used other things for the purpose of washing; and the few ordinary families who used it, might perhaps have about one quarter of a pound a week, which would amount to about 1*s.* per ann. upon them. He then stated the aggregate sums to be added to the excise to be

Beer,	42,000
Licences on tea,	48,750
Soap,	144,500
In all	235,250

His next duty he stated to be an import on tobacco. He stated his proposition in the last year on the same commodity; he said, that the market for tobacco had used to be from the East Indies; it was now very considerable from Denmark; and there was a considerable quantity exported from New York; for that there had been three thousand hogsheads purchased at York Town, which were to be expected; that this had perhaps from speculation kept the market low; however, it had been reduced to 2*s.* 6*d.* and afterwards fallen to 2*s.* 4*d.* He therefore wished to propose a duty of 4*d.* per lb. which would be less than what was though the retail price, viz. 2*s.* 6*d.* per lb. There had been fitted in the last budget 4,500,000*l.* as the average consumption, which he found from experience to be less than the real consumption; he therefore could with confidence calculate it to be 5,173,333*l.*

He said that the quantity vendid was very small indeed, and the quantity in private hands was equally small; he believed, and might amount to about 3000, and did not amount to 4000 hogsheads.

The next duty might rather be called a regulation than a duty. It had been a practice to charge more highly for French brandies than for Spanish or any other; that by that means a practice had taken place of introducing Flemish brandies; when it was known that they who introduced these liquors never grew a vine. He therefore wished that all brandies might on importation pay as French; and this would produce a duty of 5000*l.* which with the duty on tobacco would make 146,333*l.*

The next duty he had to propose would be a tax upon salt. He had two years ago a design of imposing 50 per cent. upon salt, which would have been 100*s.* per bushel; this he had at that time declined, and had only charged 10*d.* he must therefore charge 10*d.* more now. This he could account at a clear 60,000*l.* because salt paying at present 50*s.* per bushel, and amounting to 300,000*l.* it was therefore evident that the additional 10*d.* must add the sum which he proposed.

He said he had an addition which was novel in the proposal; he meant medicinal salts; those he meant to add to the common salt tax, and charging them at 20 per cent. they would amount to 5000*l.* So that salt would entirely produce 65,000*l.* He said he had some new duties to propose to the committee; among which the first was an annual duty on all insurances from fire, which he would raise on the amount of the money insured, taken by the rate put on the commodity insured by the person proposing the insurance; this he stated to be 1*d.* on every 100*l.* This he said could not be objectionable; there were six offices in London, and a seventh among the tobacconists; of these offices the Sun-Fire did more than all the rest; he was assured that the Westminster did nine or ten millions annually; and he had just informed the Sun-Fire office did ten times as much.

He stated that all the duties on the tobacco, &c. &c. would produce a sum of 100,000 l. in the year, and that the duties on the wine, &c. &c. would produce a sum of 100,000 l. in the year.

He then stated that he had a duty on the wine, &c. &c. which would produce a sum of 100,000 l. in the year, and that the duties on the tobacco, &c. &c. would produce a sum of 100,000 l. in the year. He then stated that he had a duty on the wine, &c. &c. which would produce a sum of 100,000 l. in the year, and that the duties on the tobacco, &c. &c. would produce a sum of 100,000 l. in the year.

Another duty which he had in mind, was on public entertainments. On those he would propose 10. on every drinking and 5d. where either beer or wine was allowed. To wit, he proposed adding 10. duty, 10. 5d. and from 5s. to half a guinea, 10. 5d. and from thence and upwards 10. With regard to those entertainments in the country he wished to add a licence, and he proposed the mode of collecting to be by the collectors of the stamps. He computed the duty to amount in London to 20,000 l. and in the rest of the kingdom to 10,000 l. in all 30,000 l.

His next tax was on the carriage of goods, which he divided into land carriage, carriage by rivers, and coasting. On the first he computed, that there might arise a sum of 60,000 l. in which he computed three-fourths to be of carriages coming to London.

The next tax was on barges, which should be 1 farthing per ton per mile, and computing 2387 miles as navigable water in England will produce 163,410 l. in all. Then with coasting, computation eleven hundred and fifty thousand tons, at 3d. per ton, would make 12,000 l. He then summed up the different casualties which he had given for the carriage duty to be:

Land Carriage,	60,000
Inland Navigation,	163,410
Coasting,	12,000

In all 235,410

But as the value of the inland Rivers might be overrated, he would estimate the whole at only the sum of 150,000 l.

He had intended to have proposed a duty of 10. on all receipts, but that not being agreeable to gentlemen, he had declined it, inasmuch as he had what sufficed for the taxes of the present year. He then stated that the Excise would amount to for the payment of the present annuity.

Cutoms,	150,000
Salt,	60,000
Stamp Office,	150,000

360,000

And the annuity being 750,000

There would be a balance of 390,000 l. He then stated that he had a duty on the wine, &c. &c. which would produce a sum of 100,000 l. in the year, and that the duties on the tobacco, &c. &c. would produce a sum of 100,000 l. in the year.

He then stated that he had a duty on the wine, &c. &c. which would produce a sum of 100,000 l. in the year, and that the duties on the tobacco, &c. &c. would produce a sum of 100,000 l. in the year.

He then stated that he had a duty on the wine, &c. &c. which would produce a sum of 100,000 l. in the year, and that the duties on the tobacco, &c. &c. would produce a sum of 100,000 l. in the year.

Lord Sturges objected to the tax on tobacco, as it might in the present state of this country prevent a peace with America. He alluded to a former proposition of his, relative to growing tobacco; and the question being upon the several duties proposed to the committee, were agreed to; and the House adjourned.

#### MARCH 12.

As soon as the report of the resolutions on the taxes, voted by the Committee last night, were brought up,

Lord Mahon begged to make a few observations on two of the taxes, viz. the Salt and Soap taxes, in respect to a species of the former, viz. the salt, he said there was a discovery lately made by one of the most ingenious chymists in this, or any other country (alluding to Dr. Higgins) by which an alkali would be produced that would contribute so much to the making of soap, that in a year's time a tax might be laid on that great necessary of life, without becoming burthen some to the poor; whereas by making the tax take place at present, it would in a great measure destroy the good effects of the manufactory alluded to. His Lordship likewise spoke to the impropriety of taxing the medicinal salts.

Sir Grey Cooper said, the tax did not mean to extend in that degree to such particulars as his Lordship mentioned, and that he had no doubt what in modifying this tax in a further stage of the business, such exceptions would be made as would appear necessary to the general relief of the people.

Sir George Yonge remonstrated against the inexpediency of new taxes, and in particular against insurance upon goods and houses—public entertainments—and the inland navigation. In respect to the first it was excessive, the tax being three-fourths of the price of the original insurance; the second bore hard on the operations of the middle and poor ranks of life; and the third went to tax in detail most of the common necessities. He confessed he had no other taxes to propose in lieu, but still Ministry ought to be very wary in adopting any fresh burthens on the people.



Mr. Huxley spoke to the deficiencies which Lord North the night before had stated want of 200,000l. whereas he could prove from the papers on the table, he said, that the deficiencies in all amounted to the sum of 398,624l.

Lord North said in stating the sum of 200,000l. he had only a reference to the deficiencies of the last year, which he was in hopes,

when the mode of collecting the taxes was better established, would turn out more productive. He did not contradict Mr. Huxley, a general statement of the deficiencies.

A general conversation after words took place, in which Sir Richard Sutton, Mr. Byng, Sir Edward Atley, and others spoke, with the report was agreed to be read a second time.

## THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ON Saturday the 20th. of April a new Comedy, called *The Wallons*, written by M. Cuthbertson, was performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden.

Sir Solomon Buntle, of a good estate in the neighbourhood of York, having been obliged to reside in London, for the benefit of his health, writes a card into a friend and neighbour, a highly respected widow, whom he buries with him in England, his son by a former wife, who has been absent three years, returns home for the first time of his first second marriage; he brings with him two officers of the Wallons Guards, but of the first in law, who had been taken by him in a private conversation

them to the family, and of them proved to be a gentleman who was intimate with Sir Solomon while at Lisbon, and between them and Miss Dangle there subsisted a mutual tender affection. The other officers proved to be the first husband of Lady Dangle, who relieves Sir Solomon of his terraced wife, by sending her back to Lisbon, and ordering her to be put in a convent. Sullivan, who pretends to be Danple's confessor, is drawn a ready, compliant villain, who having, among other things, engaged Dangle to destroy the peer at Plymouth, up on his falling into the communication, gets from him the plan in writing, and then delivers him up to justice.

## THEATRICAL REGISTER.

### April. DRURY LANE.

1. The Way of the World, and Robinson Crusoe.
2. The Fair Circassian, and the Alchymist.
3. The School for Scandal, and the Citizen.
4. The Foundling, and the Gentle Shepherd.
5. The Carnival of Venice, and the Alchymist.
6. The Tempest, and the Irish Widow.
8. The Lord of the Manor, and Bon Ton.
9. The Character of the Maid, and the Maid of the Oaks.
10. Every Man in his Humour, and the Alchymist.
11. As You Like It, and Robinson Crusoe.
12. Variety, and the Living Valer.
13. The Fair Circassian, and the Lyric.
15. Diffusion, and the Trip to Scotland.
16. The School for Scandal, and the Devorce.
17. The Peggys Opera, and the True Briton.
18. Cybele, and the Maid of the Oaks.
19. The Wives Keep Him, and the Alchymist.
20. The West Indian, and the Chaplet.
21. The Beggar's Opera, and the Apprentice.
22. Othello, and Catherine and Petrucchio.
24. The Way of the World, and the Capricious Lovers.
25. Robinson Crusoe, and Robinson Crusoe.
26. The School for Scandal, and Alchymist.
27. As You Like It, and the Quaker.

28. The Wonder, and the Maid of the Oaks.

### April. COVENT GARDEN.

1. Jane Shore, and Jory Lumpkin in Town.
2. A New Way to pay, Old Debt, and Tom Thumb.
3. Which is the Man, and the Choice of Harlequin.
4. The Deceit, and Bunaby Bridle.
5. The Man of the World, and the Positive Man.
6. Which is the Man, and the Positive Man.
8. The Merchant of Venice, and Love's Last Mode.
9. The Beggar's Opera, and the Dragon of Wantley.
10. The Wife's Relief, or the Husband's Cure, and the London Cuckolds.
11. The Man of the World, and the Choice of Harlequin.
12. The Royal Queens, and London Cuckolds.
13. Which is the Man, and the Positive Man.
15. The Mourning Bride, and Choice of Harlequin.
16. The Double Dealer, and Bunaby Bridle.
17. The Fall of Lilex, and Country Mad-Cap.
18. The Man of the World, and Positive Man.
19. The Wife's Relief, or the Husband's Cure, and the Country Mad-Cap.
20. The Wallons, and Dragon of Wantley.
22. The Wallons, and Choice of Harlequin.
23. The Chapter of Accidents, and Barnaby Rudge.
24. The Chances, and the Upholsterer.
25. The Wallons, and Country Mad Cap.
26. Jane Shore, and Cornus.
27. The Merry Wives of Windsor, and Tom Thumb.
29. The Chapter of Accidents, and Barnaby Rudge.

POETRY.

# P O E T R Y

APRIL DAY. To MARRIAGE.

WHILE And again her false & thence  
While Nob calls Nell and laughs because she  
hates.

While Nell meets Tom and says his tail is loose  
Then laughs in turn and calls poor Tom a  
fool.

Let us, my maid, thro' Jolly's happy range,  
And glean some merriment in wisdom's range,  
And goddesses show that last inspired lay,  
To fair Narcissa lurking behind diaphy,  
In notes melodious as the breath of love,  
And sweetest Symphonies appear to show  
Such as the musical nymphs herself may hear  
With pleas'd attention and delighted ear  
Her gentle bosom with sweet song regale,  
And point the moral, while I sing the tale.

Her faith engag'd, her choice by all approv'd,  
The fair Belinda had confess'd the lov'd,  
No longer in a conceal'd love's power kept,  
That from th' uprearing bow has pierc'd her  
heart.

Her generous mind the noble flame approv'd,  
And chose young Henry from th' admiring  
crowd.

Her Henry's love the grateful choice approv'd,  
He long had lov'd, he long had woo'd the maid,  
What transport seiz'd him when her hand he  
prey'd,

With fierce earnest to his glowing breast,  
His beating heart a passage to his breast,  
His joys exulting with exultant voice  
"And will Belinda then her hand refuse,  
Consent to bless me, and be wholly mine?  
Shall I possess, charm, charm, cherish, charm,  
And press th' aspiring to my longing arms?  
Ye gods! what joys my future life shall prove!  
No cares shall vex, 'twill all be mirth and love.  
Thus sigh'd the youth in love his soul away,  
Soft echoing lights the gentle youth repay,  
And smiles alternate mutual love convey.  
This month, this happy month, whole friends  
know it.

Bedeck the earth, and call forth fragrant flowers,  
This month was fix'd to end the pains of love,  
Retain its joys, but all its fears remove.  
Of mutual love unbov'd thus, and say,  
What turn of fortune could the next bring?  
Meanwhile a top with lust he holds her charms,  
And will embrace with wealth and seated  
arms.

Belinda's parents for Belinda fury,  
What parents yet could wealth and rank refuse  
Riches to them all mortal bliss denying,  
Their charms they paint, and urge her to obey;  
Tell of each pleasant joy they bring, and show  
From wealth alone springing happiness below.

With wealth come hoary dignity, and then,  
While love's an empty and ignominious  
Belinda long the mighty charms of gold  
Of riches, title, dignity, and blood;  
Long she remains a long to her Henry true,  
Yet with'd these honors were young Henry's  
too.

Her heart, a heart of all her for the maid,  
Was still, still, with deeply allied;  
Her loving heart mightily contents move,  
From her presence nothing with love.

Some still now by Jove's command de-  
scends.

And from his hand the mystic beam depends,  
That scale too richly shines with flaming gold,  
A silver this with roses twine'd behold,  
That sits by diamonds, this by silk above,  
And that for Plutus to w'd, and this for love,  
An equal balance long the scales maintain,  
Now light scales have, now weightier sinks  
again.

Anxious each scale th' impending issue waits,  
And draws the sentence of contending fates,  
"Rulers of heav'n! for me the cause decide  
Decide for Love! the rufy archer cries,  
Shall wealth my claims, hereditary right,  
With me the empire of the heart contend?  
Perbid it gods! or high import is this?  
Can Plutus e'er bestow the balmy kiss?  
Give to quaff extasies from yielding eyes?  
Osteath the bosom how to sink or rise?  
Instruct each us to ply its raptur'd part,  
And in it transport urge it to the heart!"

The swelling blood through beating pulses  
guide.

And to the mountain raise the swelling tide?  
The swelling tide, thro' brain, arms, body roll,  
And find a passage to the glowing soul,  
To soul and body let extasies fire,  
Then teach the flame in transports to expire,  
Exploring transports give again to rise,  
And o'er and o'er renew delicious joys,  
Take heed, Belinda, nor the bliss forgo,  
Extatic bliss! that all to love must owe.  
If now to Plutus I am down'd to bend,  
With my disgrace my joys dependent end,  
He, he alone, shall claim for Albion Gray,  
Chasing true love and heartfelt bliss away,  
And I, my arrows blunted, bow behind,  
Resigning all, and now by you resign'd,  
Shall by the climes that worship yellow clay,  
And to my mother's Paphia share the way,  
Thus spoke the anxious boy, and from the scene  
scale.

His fell opponent now began to talk,  
"Rulers of heav'n! but put in the scales,  
'Tis all I ask, and Love shall yield to me,  
To merit now the victory obtain,  
And Plutus reigns, and shall for ever reign.

## HORTENSIVUS.

( By Mr. JOHNSON. )

And yet it broke upon her cheek  
 As eloquent a tear would speak. —  
 Here at God's altar as I stand,  
 To blight my vows and yield my hand,  
 With fault-finding lips while I proclaim  
 The pollution of my virgin name,  
 Whilst in my heart is read at large  
 The blackest of all unfaithful charges,  
 Spurn me, the falsest pleader dare,  
 And spare me no surrounding eyes,  
 Others amidst a blaze of light,  
 Whilst here I walk in public sight,  
 Or kneeling by a father's side,  
 Renounce the daughter for the bride;  
 Ye sisters to my love to share,  
 Say can I check the burning tear?  
 When at this awful hour I cast  
 My stemy blood on time that's past,  
 Ungrateful were I to forbear  
 This tribute to a father's care;  
 For all he suffer'd, all he taught,  
 Is there not due some tender thought?  
 And may not one long tear be giv'n  
 To a dear saint that rests in heav'n?  
 And you to whom I now betroth  
 In sight of heav'n my nuptial oath,  
 Who to nobility of birth  
 True heroic joint and native worth,  
 If my receding bosom draws  
 One sigh, will construe not the sigh  
 To me, the weeping I rejoice,  
 And blushing, blot in my choice.

S O N N E T.

In preghe, e si trasformò ;  
Par trasfutto, e par disfiato ;  
Ma' nel suo dirc-lo aspetto  
Semèr egli, e l'istesso amor.

As in strength his charm advances,  
See the mitchin bolder grow,  
Playing frowns, and jealous fancies;  
Ah! too late we see the foe.

Now in play, he flies  
See him sport or anger move;  
In what form first he lies,  
Love lies all his shapes is love.  
  
Fly him weeping, raging fly,  
Nor his toying craft to prove;  
Now a clown, and now a light,  
Love in all his shapes is love.

**FAYONIE**

Translation of Vindex's Dunciad, 1703, and 1713.  
Inferred in the Magazine for January.

T. H. L. O.

SAY then but once, my friend,  
And to my destined fate  
I am resigned,  
Alas! why did me tell  
What in such pious words  
Can't utterance find.

D. U. E. T. T. O.

GODS! what justness waits  
Hearts to love incline!  
Why destiny divide  
Souls so true to try,  
Which love has join'd!

T. H. L. O.

A Heart so insidious  
May heaven confound;  
What woe, Oh! perfidious!  
Sinks me to the ground.

A soul so ingrate  
Heav'n's vengeance, doth seek;  
How cruel's my fate,  
Ah! could I but speak!

Unfaithful!  
Ungrateful!  
In love's tender ties,  
Ah! wilt thou return?  
What anguish there lies  
In silence to burn!

W—n, Feb. 28.

W. B.

To the Editors of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE and MONTHLY REVIEW.

S I R S,

If the following Parody on CHATTERTON'S "SONGE TO ELIZA" contains any thing that can recommend it to your curious Readers, I wish to see it inserted in your next Magazine.

I am,

Dear Sirs,  
April 2.

Your constant Reader,  
B. R.

OH thou, oh! what remedies of thee,  
Rowley, thou preacher of antiquitye,  
Sett thys mie songe, like Hastings' battle be,  
A subject of debate for all posteritye.

Whanne artful Chatterton, of bloud and bone,  
Hys stocking, streaming wth the morning dew,  
Opponne the lethale daies,  
To Redcliffe took his waie,  
Wyt the antiquarian Barrett, w hys guide,  
Than dydd hys furiose hande,  
Steale monie deede of lande,  
Not even myghty Milke, hys guile can hide.

Like his basketrye,  
Heavenward hee flyde,  
Thousand of yowthe, wth  
Ryghtwytter, hys wylde,  
Thyngs, and fables, and  
Were wrytten on the ground, wth wondrous  
wynde.

Oh thou, wether'er (thys lode art true)  
Thys pryde to haunde deliyteth, be,  
Wyt the old Brytwe Bridge, or Redcliffe  
Church,  
As the wether, from Raynolds booke,  
In which bold Bryant sometimes lookes,  
Thys lode hys learning leaves hys in the  
lurche.

Or (wilt thou, wether'er, thys chuse to doo,  
In Caxton's warehouse, or hys shopp,  
And sign to be ardenge the pewter plates;  
Orr yow old Canynge's magic roomes,  
Envelop'd wth a twilight gloome,  
Where Glynn, and Smith, my waye thes  
emptye pates.

Orr 'mongst the pots, and bottles, p'd,  
By busie Barrett staring wild,  
Guarde alle thys sermons wth religious care;  
That Exon's Dean made never lunde  
A perfect copie to his minde,  
And print it as a booke of pomes rare.

The ROSE and COWSLIP. A Fable.

Addressed to a Proud Young Lady.

I F vanity and self-conceit,  
Do not a strict controulment meet,  
They lead the minds of youth astray,  
From sacred virtue's heav'nly way,  
Each noble passion of the soul,  
And all her godlike pow'rs controul.  
Once on a time when as yet hies,  
(For so we learn in ancient Fables)  
Enjoy'd with animals the pow'r,  
To pass in gleasing chat the hour;  
When like ourselves they'd moralize,  
And some it seems were far more wise;  
A budding rose amidst a thain,  
Of other flow'rs that deck'd the plain,  
Thus gave a loose, for want of sense,  
To pride, and mean impertinence.  
"I really think, ladies (says she)  
"With much affected modesty,  
"Your varied colours, beauteous dyes,  
"Does something elegant express;  
"That Hyacinth which yonder stands,  
"Some notice to be sure demands,  
"And this sweet Lilly I declare  
"Is white as snow;—that Jessamine there  
"Is not without a fragrant smell,  
"That Tulip too looks pretty well;  
"This Jonquil I with pleasure view  
"And yon Carnations ruby hue,  
"But ladies thou, h-you, mayst thinke,  
"Say which can boast such charms as mine

"Sovereigns, so rich a bloom,  
 "You'll not pretend to I presume;  
 "Oppos'd to mine, I justly deem,  
 "The painter's colours ugly seem;  
 "Opos'd to mine Asaph's sweets,  
 "No mark of approbation meet;  
 "Now ladies view me well, and own,  
 "All because join in the stone;  
 "And that whate'er I am, I reign,  
 "Supreme of all the flow'ry plain."

To this, proud, pompous, loud oration,  
 A Cowslip with just indignation  
 "Insulting Rose, your pride we scorn,  
 "Shall you, the glitterer of a morn,  
 "You Miss, whose life's a day at most,  
 "Thus insolently thus accost,  
 "Whom nature form'd as well as you,  
 "And call I next as handsome too;  
 "Allowing this, is not the case,  
 "And that your beauties ours surpass,  
 "Tho' even this I cannot own  
 "For here opinion rules alone)  
 "Yet let this truth attention claim,  
 "In ev'ry thing, her view's the same,  
 "Nature has some great end propos'd,  
 "Which needs but tell me are dispos'd,  
 "White as good qual'ty you have,  
 "An equal share to see the case,  
 "So I will give you Man in your due,  
 "All flow'rs are use as good as you."

Thus Miss, as all this I said,  
 Of seeming as of real shade  
 Then I came begg'd the sacred truth,  
 May guide you step in age and youth.  
 That riches, to sink and pow'r,  
 Are but the few words of an hour,  
 That pride fills the sweet face,  
 And ruins every ment's grace;  
 That to humbly live is best,  
 To claim the approval of heav'n.

C. 110.

#### REFLECTIONS OF KING HEZEKIAH in his Sickness.

"Set thine house in order for thou shalt die."  
*Isaiah, xxxiii. 24.*

Written by Miss H. Mowbray, on arising from the Scurfon on the subject preached by Dr. Stonehouse.

WHAT<sup>d</sup> and no more—"This my soul  
 My whole of being—"Must I surely die?  
 Be rob'd of once of health, or strength, of  
 time  
 Of youth, of joy, of pleasure's  
 prime  
 Shall I no more behold the face of man?  
 The cheerful day, light and the spring's return?  
 Me in the selfish hour, the bright  
 For the dull day, more than for the grave?

Have I consid'rd what it is to die?  
 In native dust with hundred worms to lie!

To sleep in cheerless cold neglect—  
 My body laid—my very name forgot!  
 Not one of all those parasites who bend  
 Their supple knees, the monarch shall attend.  
 What nation's friend? No! not a huchling slave  
 Shall hail Great Hezekiah & the grave.  
 Where's he who falsely claim'd the name of  
 Great?

Whose eye was terror, and whose frown was  
 fate,

Who aw'd on hundred nations from the  
 throne!

See where he lies!—dumb, friendless and  
 alone!

Which grain of dust proclaims the noble birth?  
 Which is the royal particle of earth?

Where are the marks, the princely ensigns  
 where?

Which is the slave, and which great David's  
 Heir?

Alas! the beggar's ashes are not known,  
 From his who lately sat on Israel's throne!

The following Lines were addressed to a Young  
 Lady, on her lending the Author an Oriental Tale, entitled 'Heavenly Love,' writ on  
 by the ingenious Dr. Hurd of Leeds.

#### HEAVENLY LOVE.

THOU art a daughter of the sky!  
 Bright love descend on fragrant wings;  
 On! cast around thy sacred rays,  
 And earth shall join thy power to sing.

Then to thine calm retreat,  
 Fair, heavenly, pure, thy peaceful Land!  
 Oh! let me turn thy hallog'd feet,  
 And trace thy image, in her mind!

And should thy angel sum depart,  
 Still guard with thy celestial shield,  
 Else fade from my sight,  
 Detraction's whisper tho' conceal!

L. V. 110.

#### ON IGNORANCE.

CAN genius give content, or learning ease,  
 Can thou, its refin'd, or deep researches  
 please,

While they say; but soon the bubble's o'er,  
 Dull Ignorance has better joys in store,  
 'Tis he who's lost the anguish of mankind,  
 And makes men happy, while she makes them  
 blind.

Could you like Newton, wander round the  
 sphere,

Or search with Priory for a human soul,  
 The sudden search no certain point would find,  
 But busy doubt and trait the wandering mind,  
 Then, to be happy here, and kindly blest,  
 Steady but little, let us fancy rest,  
 Tread the plain tale, your dull forefathers  
 trod

Leave man unknown, nor comprehend a God.  
 C. 110.

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

At the Court at St. James's the 27th. o. March, 1782.

PRESENT,

The KING's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

**HIS** Majesty in Council was this day pleased to declare the Right Honourable Charles Lord Camden, Lord President of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.

This day the Right Honourable John Cavendish, commonly called Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor and Under-Treasurer of his Majesty's Exchequer, the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, the Right Honourable Augustus Keppel, the Right Honourable John Dunning, and the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, were by his Majesty's command, sworn of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council.

His Majesty has been pleased to deliver the custody of the Privy Seal to his Grace Augustus Henry Duke of Gloucester.

His Majesty having been pleased to appoint the Right Honourable William Ful of Shelburne, and the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, to be his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

St. James's, March 30. The King has been pleased to constitute and appoint the Most Honourable Charles Marquis of Rockingham, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, the Right Honourable John Cavendish, commonly called Lord John Cavendish, George John Spencer, Esq., commonly called Lord Viscount Althorpe, James Glenville, and Frederick Montagu, Esqrs. to be Commissioners for executing the office of Treasurer of his Majesty's Exchequer.

The King has been pleased to grant to the Right Honourable John Cavendish, commonly called Lord John Cavendish, the offices of Chancellor and Under-Treasurer of his Majesty's Exchequer.

The King has been pleased to constitute and appoint the Right Honourable Admiral Augustus Kestel, Sir Robert Harland, Bart. Vice Admiral Hugh Pigot, the Honourable William Ponsonby, Esq., commonly called Lord Viscount Duncannon, the Honourable John Viscountess, Charles Brett, and Richard Hopson, Esqrs. to be his Majesty's Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the dominions, islands, and territories thereunto respectively belonging.

The King has been pleased to grant to the Right Honourable Isaac Barre, the office of Treasurer of his Majesty's Navy.

The King has been pleased to constitute and appoint the Right Honourable General Henry Seymour Conway to be Commander in Chief Europe. Mac.

of all his Majesty's Land Forces in the Kingdom of Great Britain.

The King has been pleased to grant to his Grace Lieutenant-General Charles Duke of Richmond, Lennox and Aubigny, the office of Master-General of the Ordnance.

The King has been pleased to constitute and appoint the Right Honourable William Townshend, to be his Majesty's Secretary at War.

The King has been pleased to grant to the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, the office of Receiver and Paymaster General of his Majesty's Guards, Gendarms, and Foot Forces.

The King has been pleased to appoint the Earl of Jersey to be Master of his Majesty's Buck Hounds.

The King has been pleased to appoint the Right Honourable Lord O'Brien, commonly called Marquis of Carmarthen, to be his Majesty's Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the last Riding of the County of York.

Also to appoint the Earl of Lenbroke to be his Majesty's Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Wilt.

And the Earl of Temple to be his Majesty's Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Buckingham.

The King has been pleased to grant to the Right Honourable John Dunning, and his heirs male of his body, lawfully begotten, the dignity of a Baron of the Kingdom of Great Britain, by the name, title, and style of Baron Ashburton, of Ashburton, in the County of Devon.

The King has been pleased to grant to the Right Honourable Sir Philip Norton, Knight, and his heirs male of his body, lawfully begotten, the dignity of a Baron of the Kingdom of Great Britain, by the name, title, and style of Lord Granley, Baron of Maffyn, in the County of York.

The King has been pleased to constitute and appoint Edward Hooper, Henry Lecham, Esqrs. Sir William Mulgrave, Bart. James Jester, Thomas Roone, Wilboire Ellis, Esq., William Hay, and Thomas Aclay, Esqrs. together with Sir Stanley Ponsonby, Knight, to be Commissioners for executing his Majesty's Customs in England.

Admiralty-Office, April 2.

Copy of a letter from Captain Pole, of his Majesty's ship the Success, of 32 guns, and 220 men, to Mr Stephens, dated at Spithead the 30th of March, 1782.

S I R,

I have the honour to desire you will inform my Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on the 16th inst. at day-light, in latitude 35. 40. North, Cape Sparte bearing E. N. E. eighteen leagues, with the wind at S. W. standing for the Gut, with the Vernon Anchorage discovered

discovered a sail right a-head, close hauled on the larboard tack; as soon as I could discover her hull from the mast-head, which the haze and misty poop magnified, I made the Vernon's signal to haul the wind on the starboard tack, and make all sail; soon after hauled our wind, the strange sail tacked and gave chase; at half past two P. M. finding the chase gained on the Vernon, I shortened sail to let her go ahead, and then brought-to, in hope at least to make him shorten sail, and divert his attention from the ship under my convoy. We soon after discovered him to be only a large frigate with a poop; at a little after five he hoisted a Spanish ensign, with a broad pendant, and fired a gun; at six, being within half a mile of us, I wore, and stemmed for his lee-bow, till we had just distance sufficient to weather him; then hauled close athwart his fore-foot, giving him our whole fire within half-pistol shot; he passed close to windward engaging, while the enemy, expecting us to leeward, were firing their lee guns into the water; the disorder our first fire threw them into they did not recover. We then wore, and placed ourselves to great advantage, which our superior sailing allowed us to do, supporting, without intermission, a most astonishing close and well-kept fire, at never more than half cable distance, till the enemy struck, which was about 20 minutes past eight. She proved to be the Santa Catalina, Don Mir. Jacon Commander, of 34 guns, 26 long Spanish twelve on the main-deck, and 8 six-pounders on the quarter-deck. The number of men I have not been able to ascertain. We have on board 226 prisoners. The Captain and officer say they had between 25 and 30 killed, and only 8 wounded. Don Mir. Jacon is a Captain in the line, hath a distinguishing pendant as such, and is senior officer of the frigates cruising off the Straits; had a very particular description of the Success sent him, who he was particularly directed to look out for; had been cruising three weeks for us; had taken us four times, chased us twice with a squadron of four and six sail, from whom he dated two days before; he speaks with much disparagement of the behaviour of his ship's company. Lieutenant Oakley, whom I had appointed to take charge of the prize, was indefatigable in clearing the wreck. Her main-mast fell some time before she struck; her main-mast in a short time after, and her fore-mast mast have shared the same fate, if the water had not been remarkably smooth; in short, without assuming much presumption, I may add, our guns did as much execution in little time as could have been done; her hull was like a sieve, the shot going through both sides. I am this state of the prize, then Lordships may imagine my hopes of getting her to port were not very sanguine; whilst we were endeavouring to secure the fore-mast, and had just repaired our own damage, which were considerable in our masts, masts, and sails, at daylight of the 12th, six sail appeared in sight, two frigates from whom had chased and were

reconnoitring us; I instantly ordered the Vernon to make all sail, hoisted all my boats out, sent on board for Lieutenant Oakley and the seamen, with orders to set fire to the Santa Catalina before he left her. She blew up in a quarter of an hour, the wind being at S. E. I made all sail from the six sail, and determined on proceeding with the Vernon to Alameda, she being now in want of provisions and water. We had now 236 prisoners on board, whose intention to attempt rising we had fortunately discovered, encouraged by the superiority of numbers, which appeared very striking to them.

The spirited behaviour of every officer, and of the ship's company, is superior to my praise; their real value and merit upon this occasion, hath shewn itself in much stronger and more expressive terms than I am master of; but it still becomes a duty incumbent on me, to represent them to their Lordships as deserving their favour and protection; I have particular pleasure in so doing. Lieutenant McKinley (2d) assisted by Mr. James, master, were very assiduous in getting the Success's damage repaired as well as they could admit. Lieutenant Pennell of the mines, by the greatest attention and good example, formed a party that would do honour to veteran soldiers. Indeed, Sir, the Warrant, Pettr, Able, &c. did their duty in so noble a manner, that I feel myself happy in rendering them my public thanks. I shall hope, if their Lordships are pleased to consider the conduct of the Success on this occasion as deserving their notice, that they will permit me to recommend the said Lieutenant to their favour. From the reports given me since, it adds to my satisfaction to know, that, had I not been obliged to set fire to the Catalina, she could not have swam, a gale of wind coming on immediately after, which obliged us to lay-to under storm-stay sail: she was the largest frigate in the King of Spain's service; her exact dimensions I have received from the Captain. They were taken three months since, when she was captured at Cadiz. I am sorry to add, that amongst the list of our wounded is Mr. George Hutchinson, boatwain, who lost his arm: the service will lose a very valuable man.

#### Dimensions of the Santa Catalina.

	Ft.	In.
Length of keel	138	11
Length of deck	151	10
Extreme breadth	39	4
Height of middle port when valued for four months	8	0

My thanks are due to Colonel Gladstones and the other officer, passenger, on board the Vernon store ship, for their attention, particularly in assisting to secure the prisoners.

I am Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHA. M. POLE.

Killed in the Success, 1; wounded, 4.  
10. At the close of the battle for the India Directors, the numbers were as follow:

Charles

Charles Boddam, Esq.	752
Henry Fletcher, Esq.	704
Jacob Wilkinson, Esq.	656
Stephen Lushington, Esq.	634
Nathaniel Smith, Esq.	616
William Devayne, Esq.	491
John Michls, Esq.	486
John Grant, Esq.	422
John Parli, Esq.	401
Samuel Smith, Jun. Esq.	252

Upon which the first six gentlemen were declared duly elected.

Same day came on the election of two Directors of the Bank, in the place of two who went out by rotation, when Benjamin Wintthrop, Esq. of Grenville-Street, Hatton-Garden, and Mr. Boddington, a West-India merchant, were chosen.

#### From the LONDON GAZETTE.

St. James's, April 10. His Majesty in council was this day pleased to declare his Grace William Henry Duke of Portland, Lieutenant-General and General-Governor of his Majesty's kingdom of Ireland.

This day his Grace George Duke of Manchester, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's household, the Right Hon. Thomas Earl of Egltingham, Treasurer of his Majesty's household, the Right Hon. Peter Earl of Ludlow, Comptroller of his Majesty's household, and the Right Hon. Sir George Yonge, Bart. were, by his Majesty's command, sworn of his Majesty's most honourable privy council, and took their respective places at the board accordingly.

His Majesty having been pleased to appoint the Right Hon. Francis Marquis of Carmarthen, to be Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding of the county of York, and the Right Hon. George Earl Temple, to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Bucks, their Lordships this day took the oaths appointed to be taken thereupon, instead of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy.

St. James's, April 13. The King has been pleased to grant to the Right Hon. the Earl of Tankerville, and to the Right Hon. Henry Frederick Carteret, the office of Post-Master General.

St. James's, April 13. The following intelligence was this day received from Bullora.

Bullora, January 26, 1782. The Government of Bombay, under the date of the 23th of October, confirms the victory gained by General Coote, over Hyder Ally of the first of July. At that time Sir Eyre's army did not exceed 1500 Europeans and 7000 Sepoys, but was afterwards joined by above 5000 men from Bengal, and was to march towards Arcot on the 14th of August.

The Dutch settlements of Sadra, Policaty, and Binlimpatam, with some other places to the northward of Madras, and Chinnura in Beigal, were in the possession of the English. The Dutch Company's property was given to the captives, but the private property was preserved to the owners.

February 22, 1782. By letters from the Governor of Bombay, of the 25th of November, it appears, that General Coote had again defeated Hyder Ally in two several engagements, on the 27th of August and 29th of September, and had advanced very near Arcot.

February 6, 1782. On the 4th instant at night the Revenge, company's frigate, arrived from Bombay with letters down to the 24th of December, 1781, which contain the agreeable news of Hyder Ally having been driven into his own territories; and of the Dutch settlement of Negapatam, their principal one on the coast of Coromandel, having surrendered to the Company's arms.

Admiralty-Office, April 3. This day, in pursuance of the King's pleasure, the following flag officers of his Majesty's fleet were promoted, viz.

Sir James Douglas, Knight.

Right Hon. George Lord Viscount Mount-Edgecombe,

Samuel Graves, Esq.

Hon. Augustus Keppel;

His Royal Highness Henry Frederick Duke of Cumberland,—Admirals of the Blue,—to be Admirals of the White.

Clark Gayton, Esq.

John Montagu, Esq.

Sir Robert Harland, Bart.

Right Hon. Richard Lord Viscount Howe, —Vice Admirals of the Red,—To be Admirals of the Blue.

War Office, April 13. It is his Majesty's command, that all officers belonging to regiments in North America and the West Indies, (except such as have his Majesty's leave of absence, are prisoners of war on parole, or belong to the additional companies) do immediately repair to their respective corps, on pain of his Majesty's highest displeasure.

By his Majesty's command,

THO. TOWNSHEND.

St. James's, April 16. The King has been pleased to constitute and appoint Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne to be Commander in Chief of all his Majesty's land forces in Ireland.

Queen's Palace, April 16. The Queen has been pleased to appoint George Harcourt, Esq. to be her Majesty's Solicitor-General.

19. This day, at one o'clock, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen Crosby, Bull, Sawbridge, Wilkes, Buller, Kitchen, Leach, Hart, Crichton, Wright, Sherrill, Gill and Nicholson, the Recorder, City officers, and near 200 of the Common Council, in chariots and coaches, proceeded from Guildhall to St. James's, with the following Address:

To the KING's Most Excellent Majesty.

The humble Address of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commoners of the City of London, in Common Council assembled.

"Most Gracious Sovereign,

"We your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and



"Commons of the City of London, in Council assembled, beg leave to approach your Throne with sentiments of the most sincere loyalty and attachment to your Royal Person and family, and humbly to express our warmest thanks to your Majesty, for having graciously complied with the wishes of your people, in making a change in your Majesty's Councils, and taking those persons into your confidence who are respected by their country for their Constancy, and whose endeavours we trust, with the blessing of Providence, will restore the dignity of your Majesty's Crown, union among your people, and promote the interest and prosperity of all your dominions."

Signed by Order of the Court,

WILLIAM KIX.

To which his Majesty returned the following most gracious answer:

"THE Parance give me by the City of London of their loyalty and attachment to my person and family, cannot fail at giving me the highest satisfaction, the dignity of my Crown, the union of my people, and the interests and prosperity of all my dominions, must ever be the principal object of my care."

St. James's, April 19. A Chapter of the Most Noble Order of the Garter having been summoned to meet this day, the Knights Companion, with the Officers of the Order hereafter mentioned, all in their mantle, attended the Sovereign in his own apartment, and being called over by Garter King of Arms, a procession was made from thence to the great Council-chamber, in the following order, Garter going no further than the door, not having been sworn.

Earl Gowrie—Duke of Grafton  
Duke of Marlborough  
Marquis of Rockingham—Earl of Hertford  
Duke of Northumberland—Duke of Montagu  
His Royal Highness Duke of Cumberland  
His Royal Highness Prince of Wales  
Black Rod—The Register—Garter

The Sovereign.

The Sovereign and Knights Companions being seated, Black Rod acquainted the Sovereign, that Ralph Bigland, Esq; Garter Principal King of Arms, attended at the door, and humbly prayed to be admitted to take the oath of office, as Chief Officer of Arms of that Most Noble Order; and Garter being introduced in his mantle by Black Rod, and kneeling down near the Sovereign, the oath was administered to him by the Register, officiating in the absence of the Chancellor; After which his Majesty was pleased to put the gold chain and badge of office about Garter's neck, who, having kissed his Majesty's hand, withdrew.

The Register then acquainted the Sovereign, that the Bishop of Winchester attended at the door, and humbly begged of his Majesty, that he might be admitted to take the oath of pro-

late of this most noble order, as enjoined by the statutes. Then the Bishop in his mantle, being introduced, by the Sovereign's command, between Garter and Black Rod, Garter carrying his badge, he was duly sworn, and invested with the ensigns of the office; and having also kissed his Majesty's hand, he withdrew.

The Register then signified to the Chaplain, the Sovereign's pleasure for filling up the four vacant stalls.

The Knights Companions proceeded to the election, and the suffrages being collected by the Register, and presented to the Sovereign, his Royal Highness Prince William Henry, his Majesty's third son, (now out of the kingdom) was declared duly elected.

Garter and Black Rod were then sent to introduce his Grace the Duke of Richmond, who being knighted by his Majesty with the Sword of State, withdrew.

Then his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and afterward the Earl of Shelburne, were separately introduced and knighted with the like ceremonies.

The Chapter then proceeded to a second election, and the suffrages being collected as before, the Duke of Richmond was declared duly elected. His Grace was thereupon received at the door of the Chapter-room by the two Junior Knights, and conducted between them to the Sovereign, preceded by Garter, bearing the ensigns on a cushion, and Black Rod.

Garter presenting the garter to the Sovereign, his Majesty delivered it to the two Junior Knights, who buckled it upon his Grace's left leg, the Register reading the admonition.

Garter then presented the ribbon with the George to the Sovereign, and his Grace kneeling down, the Sovereign, with the assistance of the two senior Knights, put it over his shoulder, the Register in the mean time pronouncing the admonition, and the Duke having kissed his Majesty's hand, and severally saluted all the Knights present, he withdrew.

The Chapter proceeding to a third election, the Duke of Devonshire was declared duly elected, and his Grace was introduced, and invested with the garter, ribbon and George, in the same manner as the Duke of Richmond had been; and the like formalities having been observed, he withdrew.

The Chapter now proceeded to the fourth election, when the Earl of Shelburne was declared duly elected; and his Lordship having been introduced, and invested with the garter, ribbon and George, in the same manner as the Duke of Richmond and Devonshire had been, he withdrew.

Garter then calling over the Knights, a procession was made back to his Majesty's apartment in the order, as before, except that the Prelate walked next before the Sovereign.

The KING, King of the Mountains, and  
Cape

His Majesty having been pleased to appoint the Right Hon. Henry Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Wilts, his Lordship this day took the oaths appointed to be taken, thereupon, instead of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy.

The King has been pleased to appoint Elyed Kenyon, Esq; one of his Majesty's Counsel, to be his Attorney-General; and John Leach, Esq; also one of his Majesty's Counsel, to be his Solicitor-General.

The King has also been pleased to order Letters Patent to be passed under the Great Seal of the kingdom of Ireland, for appointing the Earl of Shannon, the Earl of Scarborough, and the Right Honourable Sir George Yonge, Bart. to be joint Vice-Treasurers of that kingdom.

Also to grant to the Honourable Thomas Pelham, the office of Master-Surveyor of the Ordnance :

The King has been pleased to constitute and appoint Lieutenant-General James Johnstone, to be Governor of the fort of Duncannon, in the kingdom of Ireland.

. I HAVE the pleasure to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on the 20th instant, a frigate bearing N. E. half E. 23 leagues, at one

At the close of the evening dinner at our ship we got a good chance to look at the *Franchise*. Capt. Jarvis, who came on to the ship, in coming to show some very weather, after having got down of his companion, he forty-seven minutes after two o'clock, brought the *Franchise* of 74 tons and 700 men, to a close action which continued three quarters of an hour, when the *Franchise*, having taken her on board in the largest quarter, the *Franchise* broke. My pen is not equal to the praise that is due to the good conduct, bravery and discipline of Captain Jarvis, his officers and seamen, on this occasion. Let his own modest narrative, which I have with me, speak for itself.

By the account of the prisoners there were eighteen sail, laden with stores, provisions, and ammunition, under the convoy of the *Protector* of 74, *Postle* 74, *L'Andromache* 32, together with *L'Actionnaire*, a two-decker, armed on Flute, all bound for *L'Isle de France*. They left Brest the 10th instant.

The Rev. Mr. Romaine, jun. of Trinity college, Oxford, to Miss Roberts, of Charter-house-square.—The Right Rev. Dr. Egerton, Bishop of Durham, to Miss Bowcher of Durham.—At Gloucester, Edward Wilbraham Esq.; to Miss Matthews, of that place.—At Bath, Cadwallader Robert Coker, Esq. of the Middle Temple, to Miss Margaret Clutterbuck.—Henry Fitzgerald, Esq. to Miss Tobin of Bristol.—Capt. Christie, of the third regiment of foot-guards, son of Gen. Christie, to Miss Burton, daughter of the late Gen. Burton.—Sir John Papillon Twissan, Bart. to Miss Geary, daughter of Admiral Geary.—At Woodford in Essex, John Williams Hope, of Essex Academy, Esq. to Miss Ann Goddard, eldest daughter of John Goddard, of Woodford, Esq.—John Sumford, of Hornsey, Esq. to Miss Webb, of North-end, Hampshire.—Andrew Sommerville, Esq. of Teotow, in Surrey, to Miss Isabella Watson, daughter of James Wilson, Esq. of Kilham-green, Cheshire.—Nathaniel Barnes, Esq. of the Lambeth House, to Miss Wain of Cranhill, near Manchester, J. Farrier, Esq. of Chichester, to Miss Duxham, of Manchester.

## DEATH

# D E A T H S

At 40, on his wedding from Miss William Pringle, Esq., youngest son of Alexander Pringle, late of Whitebank, Esq.; On Spring-Road, Jonathan Lee, Esq.; in Holm-street, Cecelia-square, Andrew Moberg, Esq.; late of Madras; in University-college, Oxford, the Rev. Mr. Robert Clapton, A. M. one of the Sen or Fellows of that Society; At New Cross, Mrs. Polhill, wife of Nathaniel Polhill, Esq.; member for the borough of Southwark; Sir Thomas Jones, of Stanley, in Shropshire; At Seaport, Beauford in Essex, Silvia Smith, Esq.; aged 71; Benjamin Cookson, Esq.; of Hantsdon, in the county of Middlesex, aged 43; In Har-street, near Chelmsford in Essex, William Fiskham, Esq.; aged 83; At the Lying-in Hospital, in Manchester, where he had been confined several years, Anne Wall, Esq., coachmaker at Law; At Alkington in Sussex, Mr. Charles Feedel, surgeon; At Brampton, Miss Braddock, youngest daughter of the late General Braddock; Mr. John Ma, Senior Yeoman Usher of his Majesty's body guards; At Aston Clinton, Bucks, the Rev. David Price, B. D. Vicar of North Leigh, in Oxfordshire; At his seat in Parthure, Sir James Ramsay of Banff, Bart. in the 76th year of his age; At Wares, in the county of Northampton, John Oliver; At Edinburgh, Robert Oliver, both sons of William Oliver, Esq., of Dunabur; At Aberdeen, Sir Alexander Gordon, of Lalmore, Bart.; At Bath, John Davidson, Esq., of Blombury, aged 78; At Chelsea, William Lovell de Aspelio, Esq.; At Bath, in the 6th year of his age, Mrs. Sarah Palmer, of Imboldown; At Drummore, the Rev. Dr. Robert Finlay, of Drummore; At Hadle, near Barnet, the Lady of Culling in 1783; of that place; At Bath, John Whelverigh, Esq., lately arrived from Jamaica; William Pitt Burnay, Esq., commander of the Rock packet; At Straberry, in Gloucestershire, Richard Miller, Esq.; At Montserrat, in the West-Indies, Anthony Hedges, Esq., of Buthay, in Oxfordshire; At Bath, William Dennison, of Leeds, Esq.; At Chitwick, aged 102 years, Christophorus Serioekland, Esq.; In Minver-square, John Penhant, Esq.; At Overnygton, near St. Asaph, Reber Foulkes, Esq.; In the 19th of --- Onslow, Esq.; at his house in High-street, Coventry-square; At Chesham in Monmouthshire, Mr. Edward Baker, in the 77th year of his age; At Walsworth, Mr. John Thompson, one of the cashiers of the Bank; At Foston, in Warwickshire, Lady Bough, widow of the late, and mother to the present Sir Henry Gough, Bart.; In Cliffside's Inn, Mrs. Muller, attorney, and stipendiary to the Court of King's Bench; At Pudding-green, the wife of John Smith, Esq.; of Hantsdon, in Gloucestershire; At Ilkington, James Anderson, Esq.; formerly a wholesale haberdashier in Wood Street, Shropshire; In Green Street, Kentish-town, in the 68th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Woodfull, widow of the late Henry Woodfull, Esq.; of Peter-nolter-qua-

ret. Richard Clark, of Queenshithe; At Chesham, John Temeley, sen. Esq.; At Oxford, Samuel Huttongate, Esq.; At London White arch, Esq., late clerk to the Brewer's Company; In Chalkwell workhouse, Mary White, aged 104 years.

# BANKRUPTS

George Oldfield, of Wrexham, in Denbighshire, Draper; William Parcells, late of Lower Grosvenor-street, St. George, Manoe-square, but now a prisoner in his Majesty's prison of the Fleet, victualler; Isaac Brown and Joseph Denison, both of Watling-street, London, silk-weaver and carpet-makers; Samuel Gabbett, of Birmingham, merchant; Owen Owen, of High Holborn, St. George, Drapery; Joseph Hackney, late of the Strand, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, paper hanger; William Lane, of Gower-street, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, tailor; John Medley, of New-Round-Court, St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Collee house keeper; William Pease, of Rochester, milk and mealman; William Clarke, late of Cambridge, hatter and hosiery; Thomas Crispin, of Exeter, calenderer; John Harriott, of Tottenham, in Middlesex, brewer; William Hedges, Edmund Carr, and Edward Hedges, of Leicester, bankers and partners; William Hedges and Edward Hedges, of Leicester, drapers and partners; Edmund Carr, of Leicester, dealer in liquors; Thomas Collinson and John Hent in 1783, of Lombard-street, London, bankers, and co-partners; Thomas Parkinson, of Lambeth, in Surrey, merchant and infanter; Jacob Miles, Henry Harris, and Isaac Haas, otherwise Isaac Jones, of Mitre court, St. James, Duke's Place, London, hardwaremen and co-partners; Henry Elphinstone, of Whitehaven, in Cumberland, merchant; James Corwell, of Bow's Brook street, ironmonger; Richard Macaulay, of High-street, St. Andrew, mercer; Richard Elford, of 171, innholder and vintner; James de Chambrun, of St. Alban's-street, St. James's, dealer; John Clarke, of Cambridge, ironmonger; William Mason, late of Leicester, a miller, and now of the Newnark, near the said Borough, miller; William Clowes, of Coad-street, St. George, Hanover square, warehouseman; Samuel Salter, of Macclesfield, in Cheshire, innholder; William Mighell, of Brightonstone, in Sussex, grocer; William Rabie and Lewis Benjamin Cris-

fy, of Joiners-hall buildings; Thames-street, London, merchants and partners.

William Phelps and John Aldridge, of the parish of River, near Dover, in Kent, paper-makers and copartners.

Joseph Hope and James Hope, both of Rochdale, in Lancashire, linen-drapers and partners.  
Charles Woodroffe Cawte, of Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, Raymaker.

Thomas Atkinson, of Kirkby Kendal, in Westmorland, snuff-cutter.

Thomas Gibbs of Chipping Norton, and of Stoken Church, both in Oxfordshire, victualler and carrier.

John Paine, of Dallington Lodge, in Northamptonshire, dealer.

William Brown, of Rensham, in Suffolk, Fast-maker.

Thomas Williams, late of Rebels-row, Southwark, dealer and chipman.

Richard Widmer, of Mutton-street, Holborn, Linen-merchant.

Richard Hargreaves and Richard Brewer, both now or late of Buxwell, in Northamptonshire, callio printers.

William O'ron, of Leicester, hosier.

Richard Skitt, of Huckleley, in Leicestershire, hosier.

George Tulbe, of Austin Friars, London, Cotton-mercer.

John Gosling, of Wyford, in Herts, shop-keeper.

Rowley Kent, late of Twickenham in Middlesex, dealer.

John Nyon, of Uckfield, in Sussex, miller.

John Bondock, late of Pole, merchant.

David Dunn, of Staples Inn Buildings, London, Linen-dealer.

Thomas Brooke, of Palace-yard, Westminster, vintner.

Edward Yilden, of Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, innholder.

Ephraim Polack, late of Houndsditch, merchant and tailor.

James Denham, of Cheap-side, haberdasher and milliner.

William Fell, of Nottingham, grocer and yellow-chandlers.

Henry Paine, late of Stoney Stratford, in Bucks, linen-dresser.

William Chubb, of New Sarum, grocer.

Thomas Day, late of Battersea, Street, vintner (but now a prisoner in the King's Bench prison).

Robert Furnals and Thomas Furnals, of Cannon-street, London, brokers and copartners.

James Gaward, of Stamford, in Lincolnshire, dealer.

John Cobb, of Stratford-Green, in Essex, shoemaker.

John Pickersley of Fleet-lane, St. Sepulchre, London, paper-stamper.

Richard Shortland, of Holborn, in Northamptonshire, dealer.

John Whitaker, of Stourbridge, in Worcester-shire, ladies.

Richard Coffin, of the Minorites, London,

Thomas Furness, of Victoria-street, St. Mary-le-Bone, haberdasher.

Robert Berry, of Richmond, in Surrey, surgeon.

John Fretwell, now or late of Willenhall, in Staffordshire, factor.

John Ponsie, of Ray-street, St. James's, Clerkenwell, corn-chenaler.

Thomas Smith of Leithbury, London, watch-maker.

William Cockshott, now or late of Macclesfield, in Cheshire, Robert Pilkington, now or late of the same place, and Thomas Wood, now or late of Tiptow Mills, in Buckinghamshire, cotton-manufacturers and copartners.

John Mason the younger, of Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, coachmaker.

Joseph Barnes the younger, of Appleby, in Westmorland, innkeeper.

Robert Sowerby, late of Crutched-Friars, London, tea-dealer and infirmer.

William Howard, late of Chagwell, in Essex, but now of Limbeth, in Surrey, dealer.

Margaret Barber, of the Strand, St. Clement Danes, father.

Robert Barker and Walter Telford, of St. Martin-lane, woollen-dressers and partners.

William Cuyte, late of Blum street, St. Luke, Chichester, plaster and builder.

Jonathan Green, of Fetter, a comonger.

Isaacetta P. Rudge, of Salt Hill, in Bucks, mill-womanholder.

Robert Sharp the younger, of Shafton, in Dorsetshire, linen-weaver.

John Fish, of Church-street, Hockney, bookbinder.

George Maynard, of Fenchurch-street, London, holic.

George Crathorn, of Abchurch-lane, London, merchant.

Charles Chandler the younger, of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, grocer.

Thomas Jones, of St. Mildred's Court, London, merchant.

Matthew Spurr, of Roys-Green, in the parish of Rothwell, in Yorkshire, dealer.

John Curter, of White Chapel, saddler.

Edward Newbank, of Fret-street, London, butcher.

Lewis Robertson and John Kennedy, of Cannonhill, London, insurance-brokers and partners.

John Barker, of South-street, St. George, Haver-guest, colourman.

John Oliver, of Gosport, in Hants, wine-merchant.

Samuel Broadbent, of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, merchant.

Samuel Haines, of Kirby Bellam, in Leicestershire, grocer.

Thomas Sheppard the younger, of Chelsea, linen draper.

Richard Clark, now or late of Ratcliff-cross, St. Dunstons Stepney, dealer in wine, brandy, and rum.

John Crawley, of the Milleries, London, chief-monger.



# European Magazine,

AND

## LONDON REVIEW;

CONTAINING THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,  
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE.

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

For MAY, 1782.

Embellished with the following elegant Engravings:

1. A correct Likeness of SIR THOMAS RUMBOID, BARRISTER, drawn from the Life. 2. MARY, QUEEN of SCOTS, from an original Painting by Picard. And, 3. Eight Pages of MUSIC.

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L O N D O N :

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## ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

*Peregrine's Extempore on Legge is too incorrect for publication.*

*Glanville on Love Philtres, in our next.*

*We receive with gratitude the communication of P. G. and solicit his future and frequent correspondence.*

*We are apprehensive that the little Drama of Vanity Corrected, cannot, by any other means except writing it anew, be made acceptable to our readers. M. de St. Marc, and not our author, is responsible for its defects; as they lie in the original fable and counsel; not in the translation. It is a dull Colloquy, and not a Drama.*

*We sincerely advise our young poetical correspondent S. N. to imitate the bird which he mourns in elegy, to try the strength of his unsledged wing in short and secret excursions; not venturing to take his flight into the regions of fame, until his pinions are strengthened for the course.*

*Alcanza's Elegy on the death of a Lady, like most other juvenile elegies, abounds with sighs and tears, and raptures and echoes; and he's every thing in it but nature and poetry.*

*W. S. of Portman-Square, must suffer his favourite lap-dog to sleep in peace, undisturbed by the groans of jarring climes.*

*We can assure our correspondent Milesius, that we have not forgot, nor mean to omit, A full and accurate Account of the important Revolution in Ireland; but we think it will be more seasonable, when the resolutions of the British Houses of Lords and Commons are carried into law.*

*Essay III. On the Origin of Philosophy, in our next.*

*We have taken measures for procuring the article suggested by L. L. which we think important.*

*We are under the necessity of postponing the Account of the Theatres till next Month.*

*Some particulars respecting Count O'Rourke, communicated by an Officer, will be noticed in our next.*

---

## TRIALS of the PIRATES,

*This Day is published, Price One Shilling,*

**T**HE Whole of the Proceedings in the HIGH COURT of ADMIRALTY, before Sir JAMES MARRIOTT, on the Trials of the PIRATES, for Crimes committed on the High Seas. Containing the Judge's Charge to the Grand and Petty Juries, his Charge on pronouncing Sentence, the Arguments of Council, and a full Detail of the Examination of Witnesses.---Among the Persons tried are the famous Capt. LUKE RYAN, Capt. MAC CARTY, COPPINGER, the CREW of MUTINEERS, &c.

By FRANCIS VINCENT, of Gray's-Inn, Esquire.

Printed for J. FIELDING, Paternoster-Row,







# EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

## LONDON REVIEW;

FOR MAY, 1782.

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES of SIR THOMAS RUMBOLD.

(With an elegant Engraving of his Head.)

SIR THOMAS RUMBOLD is a gentleman, whose whatever his merits or demerits may be, owes no part of his wealth or consequence in the world to either birth or family connections. He was born about the year 1737, of parents who could afford him but few of the advantages of education. His outset promised no eminence, and his emerging from a situation which the generality of mankind would have been hived in for life, proves, at least, that he possessed a spirit of enterprize, without which no great or extraordinary actions are ever achieved. Report says, and we believe with truth, that he was originally a waterer White's, under another person, who has since become a Member of the British Senate — We mean Mr. Macrith, who now represents the Borough of Castle Rising, in the County of Norfolk. The time, however, which passed while he was in this situation, could be but short, as we find him in the service of the East India Company, at Benkul about the period of the taking of Cutty, in 1736.

It was in the civil part of the service to which Mr. Rumbold was destined, but the commotion which at that juncture threatened the destruction and depopulation of the Company from their settlements in

the East, obliged many gentlemen to act as volunteers in a military capacity. Among these was Mr. Rumbold, who behaved himself with great spirit and gallantry on several occasions, and particularly, at one time, he ventured in a open boat to carry dispatches of importance, where the hazard was so great, that no one had ever attempted any thing like it before. His deportment, as a military man, procured him the acknowledgments of his commanders, and the thanks of the Company at large. After some time, however, he quitted the life of a soldier with considerable reputation, and returned to his original destination in the civil department of the service. He acquired success at no time, as he had experienced where he bore a military character.

To follow Mr. Rumbold through the several gradations of his service, will be unnecessary. It is sufficient to observe, that in 1766 he was appointed from Madras to sit in the Council at Bengal. His promotion gave some offence to a few of his men, who deemed it an injury to themselves, and a supercession which they considered at the Board no way justified. On this occasion Lord Clive in one of his dispatches, mentions Mr. Rumbold as one whose services to the Com-

pany, both in a civil and military capacity, deservedly entitled him to an exemption from every indignity\*.

Soon after his arrival at Bengal, he was named by the Council, Chief of Patna, where he resided some time; and while there, acquired a considerable fortune, with which he returned to England in 1770. This period was remarkable for the number of persons who came to England from the East Indies; some with real, and others with only ideal wealth. In which of these classes Mr. Rumbold is to be numbered, we have some doubts; we are, however, certain, that the supposed riches of some had an equally pernicious effect on the community with the real wealth of others. Each of them vied with the other in splendour and extravagance, and both contributed to introduce and establish a system of private profusion, and public venality.

About five years had only elapsed, before Mr. Rumbold desired again to change the scene, and return to India. He was accordingly a candidate for the government of Madras against Lord Pigot, but failed in his application. On the death of that nobleman, and the subsequent divisions in that settlement, he was chosen to succeed him. In consequence of his administration, during his short residence at that place, he made a vast addition to his fortune; the acquisition of which is now become the object of public enquiry. After so many complaints as we have heard against the speculation of East India adventurers, we presume the present prosecution will be carried on with effect. The justice, the honour, and the dignity of the nation, require it. At the same

time, we could wish that all prejudices might sleep, and judgment be suspended, until the whole of the evidence against, and the defence of the criminal, are both laid before the public. With heated minds, and prepossessed opinions, a cool and impartial determination can scarce be looked for. To give weight, however, to the sentence of vindictive justice, calm deliberation is necessary. An extraordinary mode of proceeding against any person, demands that the proofs against him should be clear and precise, subject to no objection, and carrying conviction to every mind. We confess ourselves not friends to bills of pains and penalties, especially where the ordinary course of law would be sufficient for the conviction and punishment of offenders. The present case may, however, be one of those which require the interpolation of the latent powers of the state; and from the mode in which it hath hitherto been conducted, we see no reason to apprehend any ill effects to arise from it. What was begun from principles of humanity and justice, will, we doubt not, be terminated according to the dictates of wisdom, and the spirit of the constitution.

Sir Thomas Rumbold was created a baronet March 27, 1772, and since his last return from India, has purchased a large estate in Hertfordshire, is building a magnificent house upon it, and has transferred all the splendour of Eastern magnificence from Madras to England. If the charges against him are proved, we shall see, without concern, this imprudent display of wealth vanish like the baseless fabrick of a vision, or remain only a monument of its owner's folly and disgrace.

## THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

### AN OPERA.

See Percy's Reliques of English Poetry. Vol. III. p. 2.

*In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas  
Corpora.*

OVID. MET.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THOSE WHO LOVE ANTIQUITY FOR ITS  
NONSENSE MORE THAN FOR ITS SENSE.

### ARGUMENT.

EMMA, a British princess, being hunted, is carried forcibly away by Hurvar, a magician, to his castle; where

refusing to listen to his love, he lays a spell upon her, by which she is doomed to be frightfully ugly through the day,

\* See Appendix to Verelst's Answer to Bolts, p. 40.

and only to resume her duty at night; until some knight shall marry her, and submit himself to her will. Under such enchantment he suffers her to quit his castle.

On her first being carried off, a damsel of her train repairs forthwith to King Arthur, imploring his assistance to relieve her mistress from the Magician's power. He undertakes it, but no sooner draws his sword against HIRVAR, than he finds his arm unweaved, and himself under the power of his spell, who tells him he shall remain in that state, till he brings him a satisfactory answer to the following question: "What is woman's chief delight?"

Emma, at liberty to rove under the influence of her enchantment, invokes the assistance of Merlin, who gives her a

tablet, containing the answer to HIRVAR's query, bidding her repeat with it to King Arthur, who had suffered in her cause, and to demand of him, in return, a handsome Knight: All which is accordingly performed, on both sides. Arthur solves HIRVAR's riddle, frees himself from the spell, and gives his nephew, Sir Gawaine, to Emma for a husband.

Sir Gawaine, after being shocked at his bride all the day, is charmed with the sight of her at night; inquires an explanation of the mystery, and is told that it depends on his choice, whether she shall possess her beauty by day or night. He chooses the night:—She expresses some reluctance at the option, upon which he leaves the determination to her own will. This dissolves the charm which bound her.

# P R O L O G U E.

"TIS true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true,"

That modern authors can find nothing new: They lay they're born some hundred years too late,

And when they write, men cry they imitate. Exhausted fancy can no more invent, She sleeps, poor soul, in Shakespeare's monument.

Hence every year such foreign inundations, Of Greek, of Latin, and of French translations.

Hence every season's crammed down our throats,

Italian bombast set to Italian notes.

Our puny bard, *behind*, knows well enough

*[Pointing to the back of the scenes.]*

His want of genius—but hates foreign stuff. Too dull to invent, he humbly lays before ye,

With aid of huddles, an old English story.

Ye catgut tribe, if you have skill, now shew it;

For more on you depends, than on the poet:

And when you find the author growing dull,

Scrape loudly on, and make the music full. But if, perchance, a thought may pass for good,

Why then, pray let the words be understood.

Now, to ye *all*, he sends profound respects,

*[Addressing the House,]* And hopes you'll treat with candor his defects.

Yet not in suppliant guise he means to teize ye,

For you may damn it, if it does not please ye.

The critic's frown will give but little pain, And only teach him ne'er to wine again.

# D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

*Men.*

ARTHUR.

MERLIN.

HIRVAR.

GAWAINE.

*Women.*

EMMA.

A DAMSEL.

Knights, Mistrels, &c.

# S C E N E I.

A Hall in HIRVAR's Castle.

EMMA. HIRVAR.

A I R.

EMMA.

I DARE, I dare thy utmost sight, Thy direct rage sustain;

The heav'nly powers that guard the right, Shall free me from thy chain.

Tho' fraud and force my limbs controul, And magic fetters bind;

Yet freedom still inspires my soul, No spells controul the mind.

R E C E.

# THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

## RECITATIVE.

HERVAR.

It is too late, except thy head,  
And share with me the great command,  
Over all the vassal powers of Hell,  
That own obedience to my magic spell.  
Riches, grandeur, pomp, and state,  
All at thy command await.

## RECITATIVE.

EWMA.

Tho' from my train by spells I'm torn,  
Thy suit I hate, thy proffers scorn.  
A stout Magician! boasted power  
My flourish for the present hour,  
But Heaven's high vengeance on or late,  
On this devoted head will pour his destined fate.

AIR

HERVAR.

Since thou dost my love disdain,  
Then bid it in utmost pain,  
All intercessors now are vain,  
Nothing shall my wrath restrain.

Hence away to gloomy woods,  
Noxious brakes, and lonely shades,  
Dreary dells, and sullied cells,  
Which no mortal steps pervade.

There, when morning bright shall dawn,  
Vainly shall each blooming prince,  
Nor till day light his wits regain,  
Shall resume their wonted place.  
[Exit Hvar.

AIR.

EWMA.

His malice, alas! how well he displays!  
While hideous I'm deemed for the rest of  
my days,  
I never can hope for a lover;  
But if his vile spell had commenced when  
I was a child,  
I then might have had some small chance  
for a spouse,  
As I find each blooming prince  
[Exit.

## SCENE II

King ARTHUR'S Hall.

ARTHUR and his Knights placed at the round Table.

A Minstrel advances, and sings the following Air.

Now Arthur sits on Britain's throne,  
A mighty King is he,  
Deck'd with the laurels he has won,  
By feats of chivalry.

In council wise, in battle brave,  
He fears no mortal foe;  
With nervous arm, and trenchant glaive,  
He speeds the fatal blow.

None to oppose him dare come nigh,  
All keep aloof with wonder,  
As lightning do his arrows fly,  
He cleaves the foe like thunder.

Here to his court he doth invite  
Knights who are brave and tall,  
Which condescend, and arm our bright,  
Grace will be our hall.

AIR.

ARTHUR.

Come, roll bright, and fire your swords,  
Drum, drum, and trumpet sound,  
Some gentle and some bold shall be,  
I will much rejoice to see them all.

So will you have your occupation  
I oft am full of trouble,  
And sit and think of the halcyon,  
I seek out such a one.

"O my son, O my son,"  
Arthur's knights shall be  
So I shall be able to  
I shall be able to

On the north word's to the  
We shall be able to  
I shall be able to  
Better than with a heavy note

On when we pay the honours due  
To duncel (or, but cruel too,  
We'll find the graces live among you,  
At such cov'ntimes, of sovereign rule.

Then the flowers of chivalry,  
On the off' of the hall with me,  
With the best of the hall of the hall,  
So I shall be able to

CHORUS

"I shall be able to,"  
With the best of the hall.

Enter a DAMSEL.

## RECITATIVE.

DAME.

I, King, be thou a suppliant and  
Implore a boon of me,  
O quickly lend thy generous aid,  
To let my Princess free.

A Necromancer hath her born,  
Unto his dreary bower,

Where

Where the intruded and return,  
Abides his magic power.

And let your sword and target clank,  
Before it be too late;  
For I perceive that you have drank  
I nough to achieve the feat.

#### RECITATIVE.

ARTHUR to HIS KNIGHTS.  
Sir knight, behold a business serious,  
Which I must, will, and ought to see us.  
Who would find me the in his sword,  
To grapple with this desperate wizard?

#### AIR.

DANCE.

O Knight, if not too great a boon,  
I wish your sword would fight him;  
To sure he braved to vilal lion,  
As Arthur could not fight him.

He swore you was a coward knave,  
And swore to bite upon his claws,  
He drompled blood from off his face,  
And sent you home with naked jaws.

#### RECITATIVE.

ARTHUR.

Since he has provoked by name,  
I think it with my mighty fame,  
I am bound to go and touch him,  
Which I shall do, much to his bounding.

#### AIR.

I am doubtful this thief who your mistress  
has taken,  
If he finds in my clutches shall not give  
his bacon,  
His heels I'll trip up, and his castle pull  
down,  
And the edge of my vanguard shall scalp  
off his crown.

On horseback I'll straight get, and hie to  
his dwelling,  
When I'm once in his sle, he'll think  
there's all hell in  
And quickly I'll try, with my sword clea-  
rabor,  
Whether he or King Arthur shall prove  
the best barber. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE III.

HERVÉ, solus.

#### RECITATIVE.

Warned by my art King Arthur is a-  
coming,  
To attack my castle 'bout this wayward  
woman.  
A spell I've laid full wide the walls around,  
And all the steps will be on magic ground;

So that unawares, his powerful arm must  
yield,

And leave me master of the unfought field.  
Then if my question right he don't resolve,  
To me his lands and kingly power devolve.

Enter ARTHUR, and winds the Bugle.

ARTHUR.

The castle strong, the walls of wood're  
thick;  
What's in my gate? Hiccup—a little  
sick;  
The wine I drank o'er night was surely sour,  
And now for penance doth my bowels  
sour.

Enter HERVÉ.

But here he comes—saith, a tremendous  
figure—  
He is much stronger than I thought, and  
ligger.  
Would I'd not blown his horn, but since  
it's done,  
By force look a battle oft is won. [Aside.]  
Call, submit thyself, or taste my prowess;  
My head a little seems, I don't know—  
howish  
Thy limbs I'll straight chop off were they of  
oak—  
Alas! alas! I cannot strike a stroke.

HERVÉ.

Now Arthur, yield, my lip it has taken.

ARTHUR.

Ah me! I feel a dreadful quaking.

HERVÉ.

Thyself and land,  
To my command,  
Yield, or my saddle and r.

ARTHUR.

Propose it, then,  
Thou'rt past of men;  
I'll do it, if I can, Sir.

HERVÉ.

Then, this shall my sole ransom be,  
I'll have no other but;  
Tactfully thou shalt tell me,  
What's woman's mind desire.

AIR.

Three days I'd wait thee,  
If they can't relieve thee,  
Ere thou dost return to my bower;  
Thou must give up thy land,  
And war cap in hand,  
Submitting thyself to my power. [Exit.]

RÉCITATIVE.

ARTHUR.

The point is knotty, but there's no denial:  
My doom is fixed—so I must make a  
trial.

Barring enchantment's magic fetters,  
I'd not have truckled to his betters.  
And if we'd come to't, hand to fist,  
I think the poltroon had not missed  
A hearty drubbing.  
But none would venture in their senses,  
To seek old Satan in his trenches;

And if I had a thousand lives,  
I needs must, when the Devil drives,  
Submit to snubbing.

A. R.

How small is the chance  
Of the sabre or lance,  
The sabre, the bow, and the dart;  
Which a fiend with a spell,  
That is borrowed from hell,  
Can foil with such damnable art. [Exit.  
[To be continued.]

Account of the EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY, for  
the present Year.

THE institution of a Royal Society  
for the encouragement of the Arts,  
will deliver down the name of our present  
Foreign with peculiar distinction to pos-  
terity. The courage which he has been  
graciously pleased to ascribe to the Aca-  
demy that he established, has been of that  
liberal and impartial kind, which became  
the genius of the soil in which it was  
planted. Without imitating the conduct  
of a Louis, or a Philip, in singling out  
favourite individuals on whom to bestow  
ostentatious gifts amidst public munifi-  
cence, his majesty, with becoming respect  
to the emulative spirit of a free people,  
has nobly left it unrestrained, to advance,  
by its own genuine efforts, the credit of  
the English school. It would perhaps be  
needless for us to go back so far as the  
commencement of the Academy; or to  
state what were the causes of that dis-  
union among the incorporated Artists of  
Great-Britain, which suggested to the  
king the idea of erecting a new seminary.  
The result has fully justified the propriety,  
as well as the expediency of the measure:  
the discord has gradually subsided; the  
murmurs of dissatisfaction are hushed;  
and, excepting a very few, the Artists of  
eminence are re-united in their old friend-  
ship, and now the only visible contention  
is in the pursuit of excellence and fame.

When we say that the patronage of his  
majesty has been displayed in great, ge-  
neral, and permanent points, rather than  
in partial and transient instances of favour  
to individuals, we by no means intend to  
hint that merit and genius have escaped  
his notice: he has given the best promo-  
tion to genius; for without conferring se-  
cret favours, which infligate envy rather  
than emulation, he has furnished oppor-  
tunities for the exertion and display of  
talents of every kind. In the erection of

a magnificent building for their accommo-  
dation, he has at once given substantial  
encouragement to the school, and occa-  
sions both of fame and reward to distin-  
guished Artists. It will not be said that  
the building of Somerset-House is to be  
attributed to any other source. His ma-  
jesty had the countenance of his parlia-  
ment, and the advice of men the most  
eminent for their liberal opinions, their  
talents and their taste. It is not among  
the least of his majesty's graceful qualities,  
that he cheerfully coincided with a Burke,  
and others of the same file of mind, in  
thinking that a building for the accommo-  
dation of various officers of state, should  
be made an object of national splendour  
as well as convenience. It was accord-  
ingly resolved, as Mrs. Barrett says, "not  
only to execute the work with the strictest  
attention to the business of the public of-  
fices, but likewise with an eye to the or-  
nament of the metropolis, and as a mo-  
nument of the taste and elegance of his  
majesty's reign."

It may not be improper here to quote  
the same gentleman's sketch of the general  
plan, and intended use of this superb  
structure.

"The space, says he, to be occupied  
by this edifice, though narrow towards the  
Strand, being there only 135 feet, is very  
considerable elsewhere, being, from the  
Strand-front to the front of the embank-  
ment on the River, 500 feet deep, and  
nearly 800 feet wide.

"This great area Sir William Cham-  
bers, the Architect, has distributed into a  
large quadrangular court in the center,  
340 feet long, by 210 feet wide, with a  
street on each side, and parallel to it, ex-  
tending 400 feet on a width of 60 feet, as  
a double passage from the Strand to a  
spacious terrace on the banks of the  
River Thames,

Thames, raised 50 feet above the bed of the River, being 50 feet wide, and extending in length 850 feet.

"These great spaces are to be separated and surrounded by buildings of hewn stone, which, though at only raised to three stories, are to rise to six when finished. They are to be decorated in the same grand style, and with the same degree of magnificence, as the front now completed towards the Strand, and are to contain many public offices, with houses and apartments for a great number of officers and servants belonging to them, whose residence has been judged necessary for the more regular and expeditious dispatch of business.

"The principal of these are, the Privy-Seal and Signet Offices, the Navy-Office; Navy-Pay; Victualling; Sick and Wounded; Ordnance; Stamp, Lottery; Salt-tax; Hackney-Coach; and Hawkers and Pedlars-Offices: also the Surveyor-General of Crown-Lands-Office; the Duties of Cornwall and Lancaster; the two Auditors of Imprests; the Pipe-Office, and Comptroller of the Pipe; the Clerk of the Exchequer, and Treasurers-Remembrancers-Offices. The King's Burg-Flour is likewise comprehended in the plan, with a dwelling for the Burg-Master; besides houses for the Treasurer, the Paymaster, and six Commissioners of the Navy; for three Commissioners of the Victualling and their Secretary; for one Commissioner of the Stamps, and one of the Sick and Wounded; with commodious apartments in every office for a Secretary, or some other acting officer; for a Porter, and their families."

The only part of this immense fabric already completed, is that "appropriated to the reception of paintings, ancient knowledge, and modern philosophy;" that is, for the Royal Academy, the Antiquarian Society, and the Royal Society.

The English School thus seated and set forth in so conspicuous a light, as an object of national cultivation, will henceforward be animated with double ardour. The pride as well as the emulation of our Artists will be stirred; and an elevation of sentiment will accompany an increase of importance. Considering the state of the Arts at the date of their foundation, they have done wonders: they have made their country the resort of foreigners, even for study as well as gratification; and if they persevere with the same spirit and success, they will give it rivalry with the proudest of our contemporaries. Much however is yet to be done, and we must

EDWARD BAC.

not abate our course by an ill-judged confidence or conceit in our ability. The great check upon the advancement of the English School, and the fruitful source of all its defects, has been the predilection for portrait-painting, in preference to every other branch of the art. Almost all the genius, study, and application of the Academy, has been devoted to the painting of portraits, while the nobler and more durable departments of the art have been neglected altogether, or cultivated by so few, as to remain obscure and unobserved amidst the glare and profusion of whole-lengths, kit-kats, and miniatures. Mr. Horace Walpole, in his *Anecdotes of Painting*, very warmly reproaches the English taste in this particular, and ridicules it with happy and chaste humour.

"Portrait-painting, says he, has increased to so exuberant a degree in this age, that it would be difficult even to compute the number of images that have appeared within the century. Consequently it is almost as necessary that the representations of men should perish and quit the scene to their successors, as it is that the human race should give place to rising generations. And indeed the mortality is almost as rapid. Portraits that cost twenty, thirty, sixty guineas, and that proudly take possession of the drawing-room, give way in the next generation to those of the new-married couple, descending into the parlour, where they are slightly mentioned as my father's and mother's pictures. When they become my grandfather and grandmother, they mount to the two pan of stairs; and then, unless dispatched to the mansion-house in the country, or crowded into the boutique per room, they perish among the lumber of garrets, or flutter into rags before a broker's shop at the Seven Dials. Such already has been the fate of some of those deathless beauties, who Pope promised his friend Jervas should

"Bloom in his colours for a thousand years:"

And such I doubt will be the precipitate catastrophe of the works of many more who babble of Titian, and Vandeyck, yet only imitate Giordano, whose hasty and rapacious pencil deservedly acquired him the disgraceful title of *Luca fa Presto*."

Perhaps it may not be a strained conjecture that a great and distinguished member of the Academy, whose eminence in portrait painting has not made him blind to the superior and more sublime works



works of the art, may have been actuated by a persuasion of the above truth, in the choice of a style of colouring, which gives his portraits all the splendor of their originals while it renders them almost as subject to decay. It is an easy matter to account for the addition of this Country to portraits, in preference to history painting. A kingdom whose manners are unripened with superstition, and whose religion affects simplicity more than ostentation, is not likely to give general encouragement to this branch of the Art. A history-piece, sacred or profane, does not come within the capacity of many private individuals of a state. Public institutions only, can give scope for the exertions of the historical painter; and it is with a glow of gratitude and acknowledgement, that we now perceive a cherishing spirit aroused in great and powerful bodies which invites the ambition of artists, and gives the prospect of an important revolution in the pursuits of the Academy. Many instances have occurred of late, to prove that the liberality of the public will make the cultivation of this species of painting more productive of benefit, as well as fame, than that of portraiture. Mr. West, to whose zeal and determination we are highly indebted for the spirit which is now aroused, has conquered all obstacles, and established himself on a firm and honourable basis. Not to mention all the various instances which have of late occurred, that of Mr. Copley alone, in his "Death of Chatham," is a remarkable proof that the generosity of a free people will more liberally reward the labours of those who commemorate the glory of their distinguished characters, and of their national achievements, than can flow from all the pomp or the pride of despotic states.

The present we may therefore consider as the dawn of a new era in the arts of Britain; and we hope we shall be encouraged in a determination we have formed, to seize on the present as a favourable moment for transmitting to our countrymen, through the medium of the European Magazine, faithful anecdotes of the living artists of Great-Britain, and of their most famous productions. The Gentleman already named, Mr. Walpole, has favoured the world with anecdotes of painting and painters down to the end of the reign of George II. and in a new edition just published, we see with pleasure, that he has mentioned the most re-

markable of those who have flourished since, and are now departed from the scene. In that very useful and laborious work, the author frequently laments the scarcity of materials. The collection was made so long after the periods of which it has to speak, that circumstances with which all students and lovers of science desire to be acquainted, were lost in the obscurity of Time. It cannot fail, therefore, we think, to give satisfaction to the public, to see a narrative of the present state of the art, accompanied with biographical anecdotes of the artists, while yet we have the opportunity of accurate information, and while partiality or misrepresentation would be detected and exposed. We beg, therefore, to inform our readers, that we mean in the future numbers of this work to take up and prosecute this plan; and we earnestly solicit the lovers of the art to assist us in the collection and communication of necessary facts. We beg to be understood, that we do not design to expose in this narrative private and personal frailties of Gentlemen; only such circumstances in the life of the artist can come within our scale, as are accessory to, or connected with the art; or such as may serve to illustrate his plan of study, or his modes of practice; with this addition, that we shall connect, as far as we can with precision and certainty, the anecdotes of the Painter with the history of the Man,

Having said this, we shall content ourselves for the present month with giving a general idea of the pictures in the present exhibition. They will be noticed particularly when we come to speak of the respective artists. This is the third exhibition of the Academy since they came to lodge in their new mansion. It is not equal to the first; and it is, in our opinion, superior to the second. As usual, it abounds with portraits, to the exclusion of almost every other subject. There are, however, some great and noble pieces of art, which at once raise the pride, and give a promise to the nation of future excellence. Sir Joshua Reynolds has another part of that sacred history on which he has been engaged for the window of a college at Oxford. The head of the angel in this piece, is sublime and beautiful beyond expression. His portraits have what they always possess, that grace and elegance of style which is so peculiarly his own; they mark the characters, as well as the features of the

persons

persons whom they represent; he seizes on the mind—on the predominant quality of the heart, and conveys a suitable and sympathetic expression to the face. His principal portraits are those of the Lord Chancellor and Colonel Tarleton. Mr. Gainsborough's girl and pigs has drawn the applause of every spectator; his portraits of the Prince of Wales and Colonel St. Leger are both masterly performances. Mr. West has a large history piece, in which there are many great beauties and some defects. "The subject was difficult—" *The Alcection of our Saviour*" obliged our artist to compose his group of aged men, not admiring of diversified beauty.

To remedy this obstacle, he has, with strict propriety, introduced two Angels, which, with the Christ, threw a happy light and lustre on the scene; but the colouring is not soft and chaste. Mr. Loutherbourg has some landscapes in his best and one in his worst style. He has a Sand-pit beautiful in the extreme, and its companion—his Cattle—is very defective in colouring. Mr. Zoffany, Mr. Stubbs, Mr. Barret, Mr. Catton, and the other principal artists, have greatly distinguished themselves; but we must defer entering into any detail of the pictures, for want of room, till our next number.

(To be continued.)

## MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROUPE.

THOSE who impute the degeneracy of women to a dissipated inclination of the mind, are ignorant of the natural dispositions of the sex. Nature, it is true, has created them with sensibility, has formed their hearts to receive the impressions which arise from tenderness and sympathy; but if we reach into the causes of their fall from virtue to vice, we shall find that infinitely the greater number have been ruined by the wily arts of dissimulation and flattery. Fraud, not constitution, is the destruction of the softer sex.

But were we to admit the general illiberal rule, that "every woman is a heart a take," yet the lady, whose memoirs we now sketch, would be an exception. Her eyes emanate the sparkling fire of June, while her heart chills in the cold of January. They were formed to light the flames of Vesta, not of Venus. Had her ears been closed to the insinuating whispers of adulation, her blood would never have rebelled against her honour.

Mrs. Roupé's family can trace a genealogy as respectable as any this country boasts. The name of Russell is illustrious and ancient. This was her father's name. He possessed an independent competency, but, unfortunately for his children, died before they were settled in the world; leaving, however, to each of them a sufficient provision, and having bestowed upon them a liberal education. The portion of our heroine was near three thousand pounds.

Mrs. Russell had a brother unhappily attached to that source of vice and misfortune—gaming. To the indulgence of this baneful, but he sacrificed his health, his expectations, and his fortune. This

youth formed a connection with Mr. M. husband to the celebrated Bird of Paradise, a man possessed of these blandishments which are so well calculated to corrupt the purity of female innocence. Mr. Russell introduced this man to the acquaintance of his sister.

To soften her into a compliance with his desires, he made her first in love with herself. The praise of her person, her beauty, and her mind, were the sole topics of his conversation. He was an adept in the arts of seduction, the novice in the theatrics of deceit.

Though no woman perhaps ever possessed a constitution better tempered to support a Platonic connection, or to resist a sensual passion, yet she could not but admire the man who had seduced her into an admiration of herself; and next to herself he was the most pleasing in her eye of all Heaven's creatures. His praise and compliments, though received by her as just tributes to the shrine at which they were offered, yet had a claim upon her gratitude, and she returned them in kind. She found herself attached to her flatterer without reciprocating his passion, and with a mind pure from every unchaste desire, dyed of every emotion of love, she suffered herself to be persuaded to fly with him from her mother's house.

The hurry occasioned by her elopement had no sooner subsided, than she perceived her error, and severely repented of her conduct. For three weeks she solicited to be restored to the favour of her mother; but her mother was deaf to her entreaties. She was one of those rigid matrons whose inflexible judgments on such faults have precluded many of their sex from the benefit of repentance, and have

forced them into the evils of public prostitution, for relief from pressing calls of necessity.

So long as this young lady's fortune lasted, she enjoyed as much happiness as a woman possessing a sense of virtue could enjoy while living in a course of vice. But her fortune did not last long. An unlucky run at play, and an expensive circle of pleasures, reduced her and her lover to a state of indigence. Poverty, with all its horrible attendants, stared them in the face.

Mr. G. Breton, remarkable in the annals of gaming and duelling, had long admired Miss Russell. This gentleman was morose in temper, loose and sensual in his manners, tenacious of affronts, and quarrelsome in his disposition. His face, though not disfigured by accident, had not a feature to recommend it; but his person, which was of the middle size, was athletic and well proportioned. This man, with all his faults, had a goodness in his disposition. He voluntarily administered to the wants of his friend, before he formed any design to possess his mistress.

Mahon having at last come to an explicit confession of his situation, in which he avowed the impossibility of supporting Miss Russell any longer, Breton on the instant proposed a transfer of possession. An annuity won at play was settled upon the lady, and she was removed into new lodgings by her new lover.

This was not executed without severe regret on the part of Mahon, who loved his mistress with unceasing ardour, nor without poignant grief on the part of the lady, whose mind experienced all those horrors which man naturally have arisen to a sensible mind, in being made the subject of such a negotiation.

Soon after this transaction, Mr. Breton fell short of money. He had been profuse in his presents to his new mistress; and she, though not possessing a spark of affection for him, to shew her gratitude delivered up her annuity.

Mahon had gone to Jamaica, and Breton to Ireland, from whence he re-

mitted to our heroine several sums, the last of which was accompanied by a letter, informing her, that their connection was at an end—but promising a continuation of his friendship in pecuniary matters. He was, however, soon after run through the body by an officer in a rencounter, and died on the spot.

Mr. Roupe, ignorant of the incidents of Miss Russell's life, had seriously fallen in love with her, and proposed her marriage. She was above deception, and candidly gave him a full and particular account of her situation. This made no alteration in his passion, and they were married.

The registers of matrimony cannot produce a more inconsiderate match than this. The bride had not a shilling; the bridegroom was in the same predicament. He had been bred an attorney, and had spent a large sum given by his father. He was in disgrace with his father before his marriage, and his marriage was not likely to restate him in favour. By the interest of a friend he obtained a commission in the militia, and his father dying intestate, he came possessed of a child's share. His lady attended him at camp; here they lived in state. The full campaign hunched their wealth, and necessity obliged Mr. Roupe to part with his commission.

Mrs. Roupe is elegant and delicate in her person, her face is handsome, and she possesses the manners of a gentlewoman. These personal and acquired accomplishments naturally led her to consider the stage as a resource from distress. She applied to the manager, was approved, and appeared twice in the character of Cordelia, in *King Lear*. She performed with propriety, and the audience received her warmly; but her voice not having sufficient strength to fill the theatre, she failed of procuring an engagement.

It being now impossible for her husband to remain in England without losing his liberty, he embarked for the West Indies, in hope of procuring an independent situation, and his wife remains in London to take a benefit at the theatre.

A View of the French Literature for the present Century, continued from p. 250.

LE CHEVALIER DE ST. MARS.

(Born in 17\*\*.)

THIS eccentric writer had the impetuosity to publish his *Tableau de l'Es-*

prit et du Cœur, in which he insists, that the useful is for the pen, the agreeable for conversation. With him friendship is merely ideal, or at least of a short duration. Will you set two friends together by the ears?—Cause them to see each other

other frequently. And if we would credit this worthy philanthropist, a fool is born to yawn, a man of wit to be ever restless and discontented. Hødeliberately assures us, that there is nothing to be coveted in this sublunary region; that with respect to ancient authors, they are all as obscure as night itself; that Horace was only fit for a bottle companion; that his Odes smell of the pot-house; and that his Satires, Epistles, and Art of Poetry, are stuffed with inconsistencies both defultory and monstrous. Having thus dispatched the prince of Lyrics, he begins to tomahawk poor Cicero, adding, that he frequently admired the patience of the Romans, who could have borne with an orator so loquacious and impertinent! From the ancients he descends to the moderns, which have still less indulgence shewn them than the Latin classics.

This erudite knight has deigned to favour the world with his *Fête de Flore*, a ballet, and *Adèle de Ponthieu*, a tragic-comic opera, (from which Mons. Noverre has composed the ballet for his benefit;) in this piece, Mons. St. Mars seems to make a better lyricist than censor of polite literature.

MICHEL JEAN SÉDAINE.  
(Born in 17\*\*.)

FEW dramatic writers have experienced a more singular destiny than the academicien of Auxerre. Happy in the representation of his pieces, which, when read in the closet, are deemed execrable performances. The reason is, that Mr. Sédaïne is more attentive to paint to the eyes than to the understanding. Hence the laurels of this bad will flourish no longer than the exhibition of his pieces, among which the public have discriminated *Rose et Colas*, *Le Roi et le Fermier*, and the *Déserteur*.

Mr. Sédaïne has also published several fugitive morceaux, some of which, if not poetical, are lively, amusing, and sometimes sentimental.

Abbé SERAN DE LA TOUR.  
(Born in 17\*\*.)

THE histories of Epaminondas, Scipio, Philip, and Catiline, do honour to the talents of this able writer. Nevertheless, his *Les Amusements de la Raïson* is a work superior to these already recited; and as such it has been received by the public. His *Parallèle de la conduite des Carthaginois à l'égard des Romains*,

and his *Art de sentir et de juger en matière de Goût*, are also written with taste, method, judgment, and erudition.

MONS. DE SAUVIGNY.  
(Born in Bourgogne in 17\*\*.)

THIS military academicien of Roden, has composed several pieces for the French theatre. His *Hirza, ou les Illenois*, is frequently performed; but his tragedy of *Socrate* was condemned to oblivion on its first representation. The *Pazifiteur*, although deficient in the intrigue and action, is so novel and interesting, the incidents so risible and dramatic, the manners or vices of the day so happily delineated, and the versification so flowing and harmonious, as to insure the repeated suffrages of the connoisseurs, and justify the very great success with which it was received on every theatre in France.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MARMONTEL.  
(Born at Limosin in 17\*\*.)

THIS popular writer, member of the French academy, is well known throughout all Europe for the celebrity of his *Contes Moraux*, in which he has a manner peculiar to himself. The style of these moral tales is delicate and correct; the dialogue natural and rapid. His *Bélisaire* has been compared to *Telemachus*; but by this comparison some of his contemporaries will have it to be an indignity offered to the immortal Fencelon, and the French nation at large; they even pretend that *Bélisaire* is a romance, void of truth and nature; where reigns one eternal lameness, and a total want of plot, character, and composition.

Mr. Marmontel has likewise written several tragedies, and lyric pastorals. His comic operas are the *Huon*, *Lucile*, and *Silvain*, which have been favourably received by the beau monde at Paris. His translation of *Lucan* has its partisans; while others insist, that he has given a version of that poem to shew its defects, rather than to display its genuine beauties. *Les Incas* is a production highly extolled by the Parisian philosophers, and as severely reprobated by the anti-philosophers, who pronounce it a chaos of truth, fiction, and absurdity: The articles, however, that this gentleman has inserted in the *Encyclopedie*, have merited the suffrages of every class of readers.

[To be continued.]

T H E

# THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

The MAN-MILLINER, No. III.

Containing an Account of the Fashions, Fêtes, Intrigues, and Scandal of the Month.

**K**NOW ye, Messieurs Editors, that in a frolic I accoutred myself in a whimsical habit, representing The Hive of the European Magazine, and went to the last Masquerade at the Pantheon, for the collection of scraps. I covered my jacket with printed labels, descriptive of the work. The commander in chief of his majesty's forces decorated my right arm, and the lord-lieutenant of Ireland my left;—the prince of Wales one side of my cap, and the price of dramatic literature the other. There was not an inch of my coat which had not its characteristic label—Science—Biography—Politics—Poetry—History—Anecdotes—Music, and all the various topics which compose your miscellany, furnished me with ornaments; and the tout ensemble of my dress was composed by A Hive placed on my breast, for the reception of the flowing wit and humour of the piece. On my entrance I distributed the following hand-bill:

“Advertisement.—This is to give notice, that in the next number of the European Magazine, and London Review, there will be inserted a complete account of all the trips and misadventures, the intrigues and scandal, the faux pas, and the têtes-à-tête, the goings out and the comings in, the leers and the glances, the whippers and the appointments that have taken place, are now taking place, or may yet take place at the Masquerade at the Pantheon.”

This notice, added to the novelty of my character, and the ludicrous title of my dress, brought about me an incessant groupe of the gay, and curious; and amidst the heat and pressure of the crowd I began to repent of my enterprize. My delicate figure was not modelled and shaped for scenes like these. I have neither the contexture nor the taste of a chairman—I am not able to resist the torrent of a mob, nor do I love to mix with one. I hope without offence to any human creature, I may make use of the word mob; for as it has been twice used within these six weeks in the assembly of the nation, I who am the very pink of the mode must seize upon it ere it returns to its wonted vulgarity—I always snuff at the fashionable word as I do at the fashionable colour of the coat, at the fashionable distortion of the body, and the fashionable tint of the complexion.

I had not however been long in the Rooms before I had my box loaded with papers—You will hardly believe what a crowd and variety of contributors there were to your Hive. Beaux who never scribbled before—and ladies who declared themselves to be everlastingly at the cabinet, pulled out their pencils and threw in to my hive all the scandal of the night—not one pun that appeared to be happily escaped their observation—not one whisper passed unnoticed—not one discovery remained uncommunicated. In less than two hours I was loaded and pestered with intrigues, rumours, hints, surmises, certainties, doubts, and all the items of which a long account of scandals is composed. Judge then what must be the quick, and what a rapture of my breast, when I thus discovered more in the course of one night, than I could contain, with all my industrious volubility, to my noble and right honourable customers for this month to come! Reluctantly I have in my possession a magazine, a depot of the most elegant flangers, and can furnish the numerous army of bunions, petit-maitres, who do every thing to ruin the reputation of the ladies except debauching them, and the fluttering young dimples of fifty who project a thousand allegations against themselves, is inefficient as the taxes of a late Ministry, with ammunition for the Ranc-lagh campaign. Shall I send you a parcel of my commodity?—Ah mes pauvres diables! You have not the taste, the haught, the gout—You would not fit down at one of my petit soupers, and relish the highly seasoned flavour of a ragoned beauty, or a fricaud general. You would talk in all the levity of profound crime of the barbarity of duelling, a character—With all my heart—yes my mob, mob according to the parliamentary expression, for all who censure our English arguments as they are blunt and ridiculous are now denominated mob. But I find you a bundle of scraps which you may publish—They were handed to me by some of the nonsensical beings of masquerade, of whom I can say nothing, because they were not quality. They were all Mob. The demureps were Mob, and so was every thing but the Supper. There was no mob in that; for the dishes stood as conveniently asunder—and were as slightly attired as any man of fashion's va-

bles

ble said be. The masquerade was lively and spirited; but, as usual, the conductors called in the aid of a body of performers, who, as usual, did more injury than good. Delpini was the commander of this troop.—Their burlesque quadrille was truly laughable, and was very much applauded. Another entertainment, contrived before supper, was destroyed by the appetites of the company. After supper another humorous contrivance proved abortive: The Italian groupe hung up a live goose by the feet, with an intention of introducing into that gay and splendid circle the barbarous sport of dislocating the animal's neck. This is a thing which, in some of the inhuman festivals of our country wakes, I have seen practised; and the creature suspended and tortured for a full hour before the fortunate horseman, or vulture, could gain the prize by dis-jointing the neck. It would hardly have been credited that even Delpini could have formed the design of introducing such a sport into such a company. It unstrung my nerves, and was reprobated, and even resented by all.

The masquers were more numerous than varied, nor were there many finely-imagined original characters. One of the best was one who called himself the Vis-ear of B——a. In the beginning of the evening he painted the character in the most lively and expressive colouring; but towards the morning, the clerical gentleman, distinguished from the artist, made more distance than any other person in the room; and those who knew declared, that, first and last, he was the exact representative and portrait of his original. An Ophelia was very much admired for

the sweet wildness of her manners, as well as for the fascinating powers of her beauty, which was most enchantingly fet off by her characteristic habit. An Indian, with his tomahawk and scalping-knife, was very happy in his manner and deportment. There were a great number of fools, and two or three asses, one ape, and a whole troop of peit-maitres.

All the conversation of this month has been confined to the remarkable elopement of the young Earl of Westmoreland with the richest heiress of any commoner in Europe, Miss Child. The men of fashion are piqued beyond conception—the ladies admire the gallantry of the young lad, and throw then butt against the indiscretion of the lady, not for the elopement, that is nothing, but for injudiciously going off on the arrival of the great news from the West, by which she was robbed of at least two days of public attention. There have been a thousand squibs and crackers on the occasion; perhaps this is the best Jeu de Mot:

To the EARL of WESTMORELAND.

On his MARRIAGE.

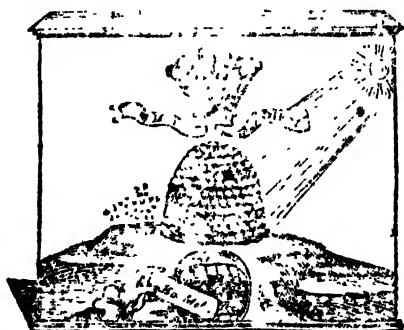
My Lord, the glory of your life

Inferior is to no man;

Tho' I have chang'd a maid to wife,

You've made a Child—a woman!

There has not been any remarkable Ball in the circles of fashion this month; and what is still more curious, not any remarkable deviation of dress—but the Countess of St——t is now out of place, and it is not yet decided who shall give the ton,



THE HIVE, A COLLECTION OF SCRAPS.

THE Man-Milliner presents his compliments to the Editors of the Euro-Magazine, and incloses them a bundle of scraps, which he collected at the last

Pantheon Masquerade, and wishes to see such as are approved inserted in the Hive.

A HAND

## A HAND BILL.

A List of some few of Dr. VON HIPPOCRATES most capital Remedies.

**Aurum Palpabile, or Tangible Gold.** Though this is only a refinement of the ore, yet it may justly be called a Pan-Pharmacum, or an Universal Medicine. There are few political disorders in which it is not happily administered, as it generally performs a cure. The Rabies Patriotica (or Patriotic Fury) has often yielded to this remedy; and there have been instances where patients have been so far gone in this distemper, that they have bellowed, foamed at the mouth, stamped on the ground, and clinched their fists, and by a proper dose of Aurum Palpabile, have not only had their paroxysms abated, but have been rendered as meek as lambs. Their mouths have been effectually stopped, their rage quieted, and their stamping so far abated, that they have had no use of their feet, but instinctively to follow the administrator out or in, to the right or to the left. As this medicine hath very often shut the most vociferous mouth, so it hath opened some that were quite dumb before. It hath made lawyers plead, divines preach, and members of parliament speak. Nay, it hath had such an effect on the limbs, that soldiers arms, seamen's feet, and treasurers fingers have been put in motion by the wonderful operation of this sovereign drug.—Nay, there is scarce any thing but it can do in the hands of an able dispenser of it.

**Sal Satyricum, or Satirical Salt,** very useful for seasoning speeches in parliament, and affords a poignancy in reply. By means of this Salt, many arguments that could not be answered, have been turned into ridicule, and some speakers have been brow beaten, who could not have been confuted.

**Oleum Scaphanthium, or Oil of Flat-tery.** This is a most powerful medicine, it cures all contractions in the back, neck, and knees of the hams, if properly applied. It has made many persons extremely supple, who were before very stiff; and has occasioned more people to bow than all the dancing-masters in the kingdom. It is usually administered in at the ears, and generally has effect, unless it is poured too fast, and in an injudicious manner.

This oil flows naturally from several springs which communicates with most courts, palaces, and seats of government.

**Balsamum Confusum, or Quieting Balsam.** This Balsam is sovereign for blunting the stings of conscience, the

thorns of remorse, and pangs of recollection.

**Aqua Lethalis, or deadly Water,** so called, because it kills all remembrance of past times, that any man would chuse to forget. It arises from a cold spring, in the centre of the Treasury Office, and has made many persons forget what they were, what they have promised, and from whom they sprung. By the use of this water a man has forgot his friends, his principles, and himself.

Notice handed about by an Irish Teague.—Divorces contrived and executed at the shortest notice, by Phelim Mac Brawn, of the kingdom of Ireland, who says it himself, that he has the prettiest hand at a *crim. con.* of any man in England, except those who live in the province of Connaught: and he assures the sweet creatures, that may be inclined to run away from their husbands, that he has the most convenient, snug retreat, where they may fly from all pursuit without stirring a step. His terms are very reasonable, as he is a gentleman of the blood-royal of Ireland, and can therefore live without making an appearance.

Delivered by a whimsical character, representing a Turner, crowned with a weather-cock, his right side "true blue," and labelled "*Whig*;" his left side black, labelled "*Tory*." On his back a large label, "Vicar of Bray."

The world and all things are turning about;  
The outs are turn'd in, and the ins are turn'd out.

St. Stephen's turn'd honest—a wonderful thing—

And London, turn'd civil, addresses the King.

See the brain of each statesman turn'd round with E. O.

Lord North turn'd a sloven, Charles Fox turn'd a bean.

See lawyers turn peers, see a poet turn clerk,

And ministers turn modest, and bride in the dark.

"Each man has his price"—said Sir Robert—'tis right;

For see, Charles T——r is turn'd to a knight.

LOST, a most brilliant reputation, set in a lovely frame, highly ornamented, and in the finest perfection of bloom and beauty. Whoever will bring back the same to the disconsolate owner, shall receive a handsome sum for the possession of it for life.

Account







*The Death of Mary Queen of Scots*

*Published here early by Whitting, Fisher & Co. 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.*

*By Walter Crane*

the COURT of the EXECUTION of MARY, QUEEN of SCOTS. (Engraved with an elegant ENGRAVING.)

**I**N the year 1769, his Grace the present Duke of Norfolk, then Charles Howard, Esq; published a volume which he entitled, "Historical Anecdotes of some of the Howard Family, 8vo." This performance, a very entertaining one, contains, amongst other things, a particular account of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, taken from an old manuscript in the British Museum. The beauty, the imprudence, the misfortunes, and the miserable catastrophe, of this unhappy princess, even until the present times, continue to engage the attention, and excite the passions of mankind, more than any event which is now placed at such a remote period. With the political prejudices which have actuated the several opponents and defenders of this unfortunate lady, we profess not to be influenced. Those who wish to be informed of the arguments which have been adduced to prove her guilt, or to establish her innocence, may consult, on the one hand, Dr. Robertson and Mr. Hume; and, on the other, Mr. Tytler and Dr. Stuart. The following simple narrative, written by an eye witness of her death, is given from a copy more correct and perfect than that printed by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk; and while it shews the uncertainty of human greatness, cannot but give birth to emotions of pity in every reader, not excepting those who may have entertained sentiments unfavourable to the unhappy sufferer.

A more circumstantial Account of the Execution of Mary Queen of Scots, than hitherto published. By Robert Wyngfield, Esq; to Lord Treasurer Cecil.

**I**T maye please your good Lordship, I to be advertised, that according as your honour gave me in command, I have heer sett downe in writting the trew order and manner of the execution of the Lady Mary last Queen of Scots, the 8th of February last, in the great hall within the castle of Fotheringray, together with relation of all such speeches and actions spoken, and done by the sayde Queen, or any others, and all other circumstances and proceedings concerning the same, from

and after the delivery of the said Scottish Queen, to Thomas Andrews, Esq; high Sherife for hir Majestyes County of Norfolk, vnto the end of the sayde execution, as followeth:

It being certyfyed the 6th of February last, to the sayde Queen, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Kent, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and also by Sir Amias Pawlet, and Sir Drue Drurie, hir governors, that shee was to prepare herself to die the 8th of February next, she seemed not to be in any terror, for ought that appered by any of hir outward gesture or behaviour, (other then marvelling shee should die) but rather with smiling cheer and pleasing countenance digested and accepted the sayde admonition of preparation to hir (as the sayde) unexpected execution; saying that hir death should be welcome unto hir, seeing hir Majestie was so resolved, and that that soule were too too farr unworthye the fruition of the joyes of heaven for ever, whose bodye would not in this world be content to endure the stroke of the executioner for a moment. And that spoken, shee wept bitterlye and became silent.

The sayde 8th day of February being come, and tyme and place appointed for the execution, the Queen being of stature tall, of bodye corpulent, rownde shouldered, hir face fat, and broad, double chinne, and hazell-eyed, hir borrowed hair aborne\*; her attyre was this, on hir head shee had a dressing of lawne edged, with bone-lace, a pomander chayne, and an agnus dei about hir neck, a crucifix in hir hande, a payre of beades att hir girdle, with a golden crosse at the end of them, a vail of lawne fastened to hir caule, bowed out with wyer and edged round about with bone-lace; hir gowne was of black sattin printed, with a trayne and long sleeves to the ground, with acorn buttons of titt, trynnied with pearle, and shorte sleeves of sattin black cutt, with a pair of sleeves of purple velvet whole under them, hir kittle whole of figured black sattin, and hir petticoate skirts of crimson velvet, hir shoes of Spanish leather with the rough side outward, a payre of green silk garters, hir nether stockings worsted coloured watchetts, clocked with silver, and edged on the topp with silver,

\* i. e. Auburn. The Duke of Norfolk's copy has it, "hir borrowed hair—borne hir attyre on hir head, was on this manner, &c.

† i. e. The D. of Norfolk's copy.

‡ i. e. Pale blue.

EUROP. MAG.

At next hir leg a payre of Jarsey hofe white, &c. Thus apparreled she departed hir chamber, and willinglye bended hir stepps towards the place of execution.

As the Commissioners, and divers other Knights, were meeting the Queen coming forth, one of hir servants called Meluin, kneeling on his knees to his Queen and mistress, wringing handes and shedding tears, used these words unto hir: "Ah! Madam, unhappy me, what man on earth was ever before the messenger of so important sorrow and heavyness as I shall be, when I shall reporte that my good and gracious Queen and mistress is beheaded in England?" This sayde, tears prevented him of any further speaking; whereupon the sayde Queen powring forth hir dying tears, thus answered him, "My good servant, cease to lament, for thou hast cause rather to joye than to mourne, for now shall thou see Mary Stewardes troubles receive their long expected end, and determination, for know (sayde she) good servant, all the world is but vanity, and subject still to more sorrow, than a whole ocean of tears can bewaile. But I pray thee (sayde shee) carry this message from me, that I dye a trewe woman to my religion, and like a trewe Queen of Scotland and Fraunce, but God forgive them (sayde she) that have longe desired my end, and thirsted for my blood, as the harte doth for the water brookes. Oh! God (sayde shee) show thou art the anchor\* of truth, and trouth it selfe, knowest the inward chamber of my thought, how that I was ever† willing that England and Scotland should be united together. Well, (sayde shee) commend me to thy sonne, and tell him, that I have not done any thing preiudiciall to the state and kingdome of Scotland;" and so resolving hirselfe agayne into tears, sayde, "good Meluin, farewell," and with weeping eyes, and her cheeks all besprinkled with tears, as they were, kissed him, "saying once againe farewell, good Meluin, and praye for thy mistress and Queen." And then she turned herselfe

unto the Lordes, and told them, shee certayne requits to make vnto the One was, for certayne monye to be payd to Curles hir servant; Sir Amias Pawlett, knowing of that monye, answered to this effect, It shoulde: "Next, that hir poor servants might have that with quietness which shee had given them by hir will, and that they might be favourably intreated, and to send them safely into their countries," to this (sayde shee) "I conjure you last, that it would please the Lordes, to permitt hir poor distressed servants to be present about hir at hir death, that their eyes and harts maye see and witness, how patiently their Queen and mistress would endure hir execution, and so make relation when they came into their country, that shee dyed a trewe constant Catholique to hir religion." Then the Earle of Kent did answer thus. "Madam, that which you have desired, cannot conveniently be granted, for if it should, it were to be feared, least somme of them, with speeches or other behaviour, would bothe be greivous to your Grace, and troublesome and vnpleasing to vs and our companye, whereof we have had somme experience, they would not sticke to putt some superstitious trumpery in practise, and if it were but in dipping their handkerchiefs in your Grace's blood, whereof it were very vnmeet for vs to give allowance."

"My Lords (sayde the Queen of Scots) I will give my worde, although it be but dead, that they shall not deserve any blame in any the actions you have named, but alas (poore soules) it would doe them good to bidd their mistress farewell; and I hope your mistress (meaning the Queen) being a mayden Queen, will vouchsafe, in regard of woman-hood, that I shall have somme of my own people about me att my deathe, and I know hir Majestie hath not given you any such streight charge or commission, but that you might grant me a request of farr greater courtesie than this is, if I were a woman of farr meener calling than the Queen of Scots." And

¶ The Duke of Norfolk's copy adds, "Beinge gently carried and supported out of hir chamber into the entery next the said great hall, by twoe of Sir Amias Pawlett's chiefe gentlemen, Mr. Andrewes the High Sheriffe goeing before hir, in which entery the honorable the Earle of Kent and the Earle of Shrewsbury, Commissioners appointed by hir Majestie for the sayd execution, together with hir twoe governors of hir person, Sir Amias Pawlett, Sir Drewe Drewery, and divers Knights, and gentlemen of good account, did mete her."

\* Author. The Duke of Norfolk's copy.

† The Duke of Norfolk's copy.

¶ The Duke of Norfolk's copy reads Charles.

then

On perceiving that shee could not ob-  
tayne his request without some difficultye,  
burst out into tears, saying,

"I am comen to your Queen, and dis-  
cended from the blood royal of Henry the  
VIIth. and a marryed Queen of Fraunce,  
and an annoynted Queen of Scotland." Then upon great consultation had betwixte  
the two Earles, and the others in com-  
mission, it was granted to hir, what shee  
instantly before earnestly intreated, and  
desired hir to make choice of six of hir best  
beloved men and women. Then of hir  
men shee chose Meluin, hir apothecary,  
hir furgion, and one old man more, and  
of hir women, those two which did lye  
in hir chamber\*. Then with an unap-  
palled countenance, without any terror of  
the place, the persons, or the prepara-  
tions, shee came out of the entrie into  
the hall, stept upp to the scaffold, being  
two foote high, and twelve† foote broad,  
with rayles round about, hanged and co-  
vered with black, with a lowe stoole,  
longe sayre cushion, and a blocke covered  
also with blacke. The stoole brought her,  
she sat downe; the Earle of Kent stood  
on the right hande, and the Earle of  
Shrewsbury on the other‡; other knights  
and gentlemen stood about the rayles:  
The commission for hir execution was redd  
(after silence made) by Mr. Beale, Clark  
of the Counsell, which done, the people  
with a loude voice sayde, God save the  
Queen. During the reading of this com-  
mission, the sayde Queen was very silent,  
listning vnto it with so carelesse a regard,  
as if it had not concerned hir at all, nay,  
rather with so merry and cheerful a coun-  
tenance, as if it had been a pardon from  
hir Majestie for hir life, and with all used  
such a strangenes in her wordes, as if shee  
had not knowne any of the assembly, nor  
had been any thing seeme in the English  
tongue.

Then Mr. Doctor Fletcher, Deane of  
Peterborough, standing directly before hir

without the rayles, bending his bodye  
with great reverence, uttered this exhor-  
tation followinge.

"Madame, the Queen's Most Excel-  
lent Majestie (whom God preserve longe  
to reigne over us,) havinge (notwithstand-  
ing this preparation for the execution of  
justice justly to be done vpon you, for  
your many trespasses against hir sacred per-  
son, state, and government) a tender cere  
over your sowle, which presently depart-  
ing out of your bodye, must either be sepe-  
rated in the trew fayth in Christe, or  
perish for ever, doth for Jesus Christe  
offer vnto you the comfortable promises  
of God, wherein I beseech your Grace,  
even in the bowells of Jesus Christe to  
consider these three things.

"First, your state passe, and transitory  
glorie: Secondly, your condition present  
of deathe: Thirdly, your estate to come,  
eyther in everlasting happines, or per-  
petuall infelicitye. For the first, lett me  
speake to your Grace, with David the  
King, forgett (Madam) your selfe, and your  
owne people, and your father's house;  
forgett your natural birthe, your royal  
and princely dignitie, so shall the King of  
Kings have pleasure in your spirituall  
bewtye, &c. ||

"Madam, even now, Madam, doth  
God Almightye open yow a doare into a  
heavenly kingdom; shutt not therefore  
this passage by the hardening of your hart,  
and grieve not the spirit of God, which  
may seale your hope to a day of redemp-  
tion."

The Queen three or four tymes sayde  
unto him, "Mr. Deane, trouble not  
yourself nor me; for know that I am set-  
tled in the auncient Catholique and Ro-  
maine religion, and in defence thereof,  
by God's grace, I minde to spend my  
bloode."

Then said 'Mr. Deane, "Madam,  
change your opinion, and repent you of  
your former wickednes: Settle your faythe

\* The Duke of Norfolk's copy has here the following variation: "After this,  
the Queene being supported by twoe of Sir Amyas Pawlett's gentlemen as aforesaid,  
and Melvyn carried up her trayne, being accompanied with the Earle of Kent and  
Shrewsbury's gentlemen, and the Sheriffe goinge before as aforesaid, passed out of  
the enterye into the hall in the said castell of Fotheringaye before mentioned with an  
unappalled countenance, &c."

† Seven foot. The Duke of Norfolk's copy.

‡ The Duke of Norfolk's copy says, "on the right hand of hir stood the Earle of  
Kent, and the Earle of Shrewsbury, and on hir left hand Mr. Andrew the Sheriffe,  
and right opposyte before hir stood the twoe executioners, and the rayles of the  
scaffold stood knights, gentilmen, and others."

The Duke of Norfolk's copy contains the whole of the Deane's exhortation,  
which would afford little entertainment to our readers; we therefore adhere to the  
copy from which we print.

only upon this grounde, that in Christ Iesus yow hope to be saved." She answered agayne and agayne, with great earnestness, " Good Mr. Deane, trouble not yourself any more about this matter; for I was borne in this religion, have lived in this religion, and am resolved to die in this religion."

Then the Earles, when they saw how farr unconformable she was to hear Mr. Deane's good exhortations, sayde, " Madam, we will praye for your Grace with Mr. Deane, that you may have your minde lightned with the trew knowledge of God and his worde."

" My Lordes," answered the Queen, " if yow will praye with me, I will even from my harte thanke you, and thnk myselfe greatly favoured by you; but to jayne in prayer with you in your manner, who are not of one religion with me, it were a sinne, and I will not."

Then the Lordes called Mr. Deane agayne, and badd him laye ou, or what he thought good els: The Deane kneeled and prayed, as follows: Oh most gracious God, &c.

All the assembly, save the Queen and her servants, sayde the prayer after Mr. Deane as he spake it, during which prayer, the Queen sat upon her stoole, having her Agnus Dei, crucifix, beads, and an office in Lattyn. Thus furnished with superstitious trumpey, not regarding what Mr. Deane sayde, she began very fastly with teares and a lowde voice to pray in Lattin, and in the middl of hir prayers, with over much weeping and mourning slipt off hir stoole, and kneeling presently layde divers other Lattin prayers. Then shee rose and kneeled downe agayne, praying in English for Christ's afflicted church, an end of hir troubles, for hir sonne, and for the Queen's Majestye, to God for forgiveness of the sinnes of them in this islande: She forgave hir enemyes with all her harte, that had longe fought hir blood. This done she desired all saints to make intercession for hir to the Saviour of the World, Iesus Christ. Then she began to kiss hir crucifix, and to crosse herself, saying these wordes: " Even as thy arms, oh Iesu Christ, were spread here upon the crosse, to receive me, so receive me into the armes of mercy."

Then the two executioners kneeled downe unto hir, desiring hir to forgive them. Shee answered, " I forgive you with all my harte; for I hope this death will give an end to all my troubles."

They, with her two weomen helping, began to disroabe her, and then she layde the crucifix upon the stoole. One of the executioners took from her neck the Agnus Dei, and she layde hold of it saying, she would give it to one of hir weomen, and withall told the executioner that he should have monye for it. Then they took off her chayne, she made herself unready with a kind of gladness, and smiling, putting on a payre of sleeves with her owne handes, which the two executioners before had rudely putt off, and with such speed, as if shee had longed to be gone out of the worlde.

During the disroabing of this Queen she never altered hir countenance; but smiling, said, she never had such groomes before to make hir unready, nor ever did putt off hir cloathes before such company. At lengthe unattired and unapparelled to hir petticoate and kirtle, the two women buist out into a great and pittifull shrieking, crying, and lamentation, crossed themselves, and prayed in Lattine. The Queen turned towards them, embraced them, and sayed these wordes in French, Ne cry vous j'ay praye pur vous, and so crossed, and kissed them, and bad them praye for hir.

Then with a smiling countenance she turned to her men servants, Meluin, and the rest, crossed them, bad them farewell, and pray for hir to the last.

One of the weomen having a Corpus Christi cloache, lapped it up three corner wise, and killed it, and put it over the face of hir Queen, and pyanned it fast upon the caule of hir head. Then the two weomen departed. The Queen kneeled downe on the cushion resolutely, and without any token of fear of death, sayde allowde in Lattine, the psalme, In te domine confido: Then groaping for the block, shee layde down hir head, putting hir cheane over hir backe with bothe hir hands, which holding there still, had been cut off, had they not been espyed. Then she laid herself upon the blocke most quietly, and stretching out hir armes and leggs, cryed out, In Manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum, three or fourte times.

At last while one of the executioners held hir straightly with one of his hands, the other gave two stroakes with an axe before he did cut off hir head, and yet left a little quistle behinde.

She made very small noyse, no part stirred from the place where shee laye. The executioners lifted up the head, and

God save the Queen. Then her dressing of lawne fell from hir head, which appeared as graye as if she had been threescore and ten yeares olde, powdered very shorte, her face much altered, her lippes stirred up and downe almost a quarter of an hower after hir head was cutt off. Then said Mr. Deane, So perish all the Queenes enemies. The Erle of Kent came to the dead body, and with a lower voice sayde, Such end happen to all the Queenes and Gospells ennemeyes.

One of the executioners plucking off her garters, espied her little dogge, which was crept vnder bercloathes, which would not be gotten forth but with force; and afterwards would not departe from the dead corps, but came and layde between hir head and shoulders; a thing much noted. The dogge, embrewed in her bloud, was carryed away and washed, as all things else were that had any bloud, save those things which were burned.

The executioners were tent awaye with money for their fees, not having any one thing that belonged vnto her.

Afterwards every one was commanded forth of the hall, saving the Sheriff and his men, who carryed hir upp into a great chamber, made ready for the surgeons to embalme hir, and there she was embalmed.

And thus, I hope, (my very good Lord) I have certified your Honour of all actions, matters, and circumstances, as did proceed from hir, or any other att hir death: Wherein I dare promise vnto your good Lordship (if not in some better or worse words then were spoken I am somewhat mistaken) in matter, I have not any whitt offended: Howbeit, I will not so justifye my duties herein, but that many things might well have been omitted, as not worthy notinge. Yet, because it is your Lordship's faulte to desire to know all, and so I have certified all, it is an offence pardonable, so resting at your Honours further commandment, I take my leave this 11th of February, 1586.

Your Honour's,

In all humble service to command,

R. W.

## H E N R Y AND E L I Z A.

### A SENTIMENTAL TALE.

WE were just come to the entrance of a delightful valley, in the bottom of which gently rolled along, a clear stream, which, in several places, foamed a natural cascade; and its soul-soothing murmurs charmed the ravished listener. On the right arose a smooth green hill; and on the left, were rich cultivated fields, that lay rather on the descent. The top of these was crowned with a thick grove; where was a seat, that commanded a lovely view of the enchanting scene below. Towards this my friend and I were walking:—the genius of the descriptive bard Thomson was the subject of our conversation; many judicious remarks were dropped by my companion on his writings, who was a particular admirer of that elegant poet.

When we had nearly reached the summit, we beheld, amazed, an elegant female figure, in a contemplative posture, and, with a look dejected, sitting in the bower into which we had designed to enter. She did not perceive us. Shall we go, says I to my friend? Shall we disturb this stranger? He paused—and, after looking a moment steadily at her, let us go, he said. We entered, arm in arm; it was the manner in which we usually walked;

'twas emblematical of the union of our souls. After addressing this lovely creature, in a way the most consonant to our feelings at that time, my friend Benson sat down on one side of her, and I seated myself on the other. This is a charming prospect, said Benson, looking kindly at her. Indeed it is, she replied, in a manner like Benson's, for the beauty of the prospect, at that time, struck neither of them. To be silent would not do; though to be silent might have been best, for our feelings were inexpressible.

It was not till we had sat some time, that I remarked, that we had neglected, at our first entering, to apologize for the intrusion. We would now retire, if our company was in the least unacceptable; for your mind, continued I, looking tenderly at her lovely countenance, seems much engaged in reflections not the most pleasing, and of that kind which require an changeament from company. My addressing her thus plainly, after being but a few minutes in her company, may appear strange to those who are not of a certain congeniality of feeling, who consider every thing agreeable, rather than impertinent. Your conjectures are right, returned she:—Heaven knows, if I shall ever

ever again enjoy happy and pleasing reflections. A tear sat in her eyes when she began this sentence, and soon after she had finished it, descended down her pallid cheeks. She wept alone.—

The generous-hearted Benson wiped from his eyes the sympathetic drop. From whence do these feelings arise? Can we doubt our immortality, while we have these? No, (as Sterne says) “I am sure they cannot be accounted for, from any combination of matter and motion. I am positive (continues he) I have a soul, nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world, convince me to the contrary.”

She moved towards the door—we followed close after. Permit us to escort you home, Madam, said Benson. It is quite unnecessary, I thank you, gentlemen, she replied; at the foot of this hill, which is but a few minutes walk from hence, resides an old aunt of mine, with whom I now live: and as I am much accustomed to go to and fro, I usually spend an hour in this tower every evening. Not always in this manner I hope, says I, interrupting her: I pray heaven, this tower is not sacred to your sorrows. It can be sacred to nothing else, she replied; and walked away weeping.

Benson and I did not speak to each other till we got to the bottom of the hill. There at once, as from a dream, we awoke. We were arm in arm, and could not get over a stile, which we just then reached, without breaking the train of our reflections. We smiled at each other; and, upon reviewing what had passed, concluded to take some method, if possible, to hear the unfortunate young lady's history, whom we had just left.

Benson and I had been long friends; our dispositions were similar, and our desires in this case, as most others, were alike. From such a union as this, what happiness springs! If these lines should ever be looked over by one, who enjoys that greatest of all blessings—a friend—let him bless us. Long since this, my Benson, I have lost thee; but faithful memory oft presents to my view, those scenes we once enjoyed together. Yes, often. In the remembrance of them I am happy; and while I am now writing, cannot refrain dropping the tear of sacred friendship. Thou hast left these earthly regions, O faithful, blest Benson, to smile upon us, and from the realms of immortality, deign sometimes to look down on thy earthly companion: check his waking hours, inspire his dreams, and let them

ever present some pleasurable scene to view, of which thou wast a partaker.

Benson was a genius, and his people of that stamp in general, had some oddities in his character; one of which was that of advancing any thing, or beginning conversation abruptly. This peculiarity of his was rather admired, than disapproved. He often put me in mind of Sterne; just in his way he used to write, and talk; on this account I frequently called him Yorick.

I will read you, says Benson, as we kept on walking, and were now about a mile from our residence while in the country, a letter I yesterday received from our friend Jack Wilmot, who, you know, left us to prosecute his studies a-while longer at Oxford:

My dear Benson! Oxford.

After I parted from you, which I think was about 30 miles the other side London, I took post-chaise in order to reach that metropolis by dinner. We had driven but a mile or two, when a steep hill obliged the postilion to walk the horses gently. When we had got to the top of the hill, my attention was called off from Shaftesbury, (the second volume of whose works I was reading) not only to observe the beauty of the extensive view below, but a young gentleman, for such I took him to be, who was leaning on his stick, and surveying the prospect around him. Hearing a chaise behind he turned round, and looked steadily at me. I now clearly perceived I had mistaken him, at first sight, for a person superior to what he really was, and that he was travelling the road on foot. I read in his eyes a desire to be admitted; the request seemed made in an humble, ingenious manner. I saw in his features the traces of an exalted mind. Thou art a clever, sensible fellow, said I to myself, and I will get acquainted with thee: at the same time, directing my eye to the vacant part of the chaise, and then on him, with a look that bespoke I knew what he wanted, and should be happy to comply with his desire. He read my sentiments in my looks, and advanced. I bid the boy stop, opened the door, and putting down the step with my foot, I much regret, says I, as we both seem travelling the same road, that we should be travelling it in so opposite a manner. Its a matter not to be regretted at all, says he, in a polite way, since it is by your leave so easily remedied. You are heartily welcome, replied I, to a seat with me as far as you are going this road.

stepped in, my servant put up the step, and we drove gently down the hill.

Shafesbury was still in my hand, and the book, which was largely lettered, was towards him. Shafesbury, says he, reading it, "is long since I read men in thy penetrative pages; since then, I have read them in the original." "Well might the Italian \* call man "An asylum of the strongest contradictions, nourished by long hopes, impetuous passions, the most evident truth, and most palpable error; capable of making attempts beyond the powers of nature, and subject to fears his reason contradicts." It is a just picture, added I, by the remark you have dropped, you have been much out in the world. I have, said he, with a deep sigh, been too much out in it. I have partaken largely of its follies, dissipation, and vices; the only advantage I have obtained, is a small knowledge of it, and that most paradoxical animal, Man. Sure, Rochefoucault, thou hast not depicted in too black colours the human heart: Are not men, in general, perfidious, base, ingrateful? I have just had a recent instance of it; for calling upon an old rich relation, a few miles from this spot, in hopes, under his roof, to be sheltered from the storms of adversity—how disappointed was I, when making

myself known to him, he, in abusive language, drove me from his door. "I was in vain I dropped the tear of contrition for past irregularities; thought would avail. I left him with a curse, and pursued my journey into the wide world again; and when you saw me standing on that hill, was pondering, and musing what to do.

It appears by what you have said, replied I, that your life has been a life of wandering: let no black ideas paint to your view approaching gloomy prospects; I will be your friend; from this time drive care from your breast. I have only one request to beg of you, which will abundantly compensate for any favours you may think I confer; which is, that you will relate to me those parts of your life, in which any singular incidents may have happened. I can deny you nothing, says he; nor any way make a suitable return for your kindness. I never look back into the past scenes of my life, but I exclaim with Goldsmith,

Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,

Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

(To be continued.)

Letter from the Earl of Buchan to his Brother, the Hon. Thomas Erskine, on the Subject of Education.

(Continued from page 243.)

TO the present mode of education may be imputed the frivolity and indecency of our women, and the want of learning and public spirit among our men.

Our women are educated in general more upon the plan of governesses, opera girls, or fortune hunters, than of wives and mothers. They are taught, with or without genius or fortune, to speak a language for which they have little or no use in this country, and which leads to the expensive fopperies only of a great and respectable nation, whom we venture to call perfidious, because it wishes to oppose the tyranny of a nation that would usurp the freedom not only of her own distant subjects, but of the nations of Europe and of Asia.

They are taught, with or without genius, to play on musical instruments, to sing, and to dance a minuet, which their countrymen in general have either not

abilities or taste enough to dance with them.

All these accomplishments are attempted to be taught within the compass of three or four years; and the plain girl, with five hundred pounds fortune, is educated in the same manner with the beauty who has five thousand.

Useful needle work, and the occupations of the lovely daughters of King Alcinoüs, with the economy of a table, the history of their country, their father and mother's family, and those illustrious women who have adorned their sex, and blest their families with examples worthy of imitation, are considered only as secondary objects.

The education of our men is quite of a piece with that of our women; all the pursuits of a wonderful Crichton are crowded into the compass of a few years, during which time there is little or no dis-

\* Signor Algarotti.

discipline



discipline to correct the natural sloth and idleness of youth; neither are they warned against the effeminate practices of young men, at the critical age of puberty, which exhaust the vigour of mankind, and wither the stems of families.

They are taught to consider money, acquired by any profession, however mean or grovelling, nay even by gaming, by rapine, fraud, and murder, as the only roads to distinction, in a country become altogether venal, and that venality even sanctified by the monstrous nature of the constitution of the nation itself.

From schools and colleges the young man goes abroad, or fixes in a profession. If he goes abroad raw and unprincipled, he goes not like the wife Ulysses, to study the manners and laws of nations, more polished than his own, but the opera girls, and fopperies and fashions of other countries, which have the same tendency in all ages, and in all countries.

If he fixes in a profession, he carries along with him the idleness and dissipation of our seminaries of learning. He scorns to labour a lifetime for an honest progressive acquisition of profit, but boldly ventures to cast the fortune of his lifetime on a single die. Indeed, who will labour for a lifetime, when he thinks he can gain it in half an hour.

He sees also, that, in this country, the acquisition of a fortune will sanctify, or, at least, conceal every villainy, and that it matters not much whether four thousand pounds a year are acquired as a reward of the virtues of a Chatham, or for starving a million of Gentooes on the other side of the Ganges.

Thus, my dear Thomas, have I given

you the outlines of our present syst<sup>m</sup> of education, and that of a new one, I think, if adopted, might give the earnest of better times, and of the cultivation, I should rather say the ~~improvement~~ of public manners, and of public spirit. Such was the education, as far as fortune and circumstances would permit, which we received from our excellent parents, and when I write on these subjects, I write forcibly, and from a happy experience.

That with undiminished lustre I have supported the dignity and the honour of an illustrious title, coeval with the Scottish monarchy, is to me a subject of the greater satisfaction, because my fortune was narrow and embarrassed, and that I received no support from the State, or from the Prince, nor do yet receive.

My distresses were even endeared to me by having had the pleasure of giving the most unequivocal proofs of my friendship and brotherly affection.

My whole life has been dedicated to the promotion of the good of my family, the improvement of my talents, and the service of my country, though in a private station.

Neither do I repine, or even regret, that it has been private; for it will be far more honourable to my memory, when I am dead, that impartial posterity should enquire rather why I was not employed, than why I was; and that the result of that enquiry shall redound to my glory.

I am,

Edinburgh, Dear Thomas,  
March 11, 1782. (with great esteem)  
Your faithful and affectionate brother,  
(Signed) BUCHAN.

A brief Account of the Origin, Rise, and Progress, of the People called SANDEMANIANS; containing the leading Principles of their Faith, and a particular Description of their curious Ceremonies and Practices: Being the third of a Series of Essays on the Religious Sects and Societies of the Metropolis.

THIS society originated in Scotland, a country very favourable to the growth of religious enthusiasm. From thence it spread itself into England; and latterly took root in America, where ignorance has rendered sectarians both prosperous and useful. We shall give the outlines of their doctrines in the words of one of their own apologists, and state their mode of worship from the same authority; in order to shew, that while we take the liberty of making observations on the conduct of the Sandemanians, the facts on which they are founded are fairly repre-

sented. Their grand creed then is as follows: First, "We think ourselves obliged to regard all the words of Christ and Apostles, in their plain, obvious, and original meaning: looking upon every precept in the New Testament (except such as may relate to what is properly miraculous) to be binding upon us now, as much as upon the first churches." Secondly, "We think ourselves bound to follow the practices of the primitive Disciples and Churches, as far as we can learn from the New Testament how they walked, while the Apostles were with them,

then, beholding their order and steadfastness in the faith." Thirdly, "We think ourselves also bound carefully to avoid all things for which they were reprov'd, by our Lord or his Apostles."

Such are the avowed principles of the Sandemanians, we shall now proceed to state their practices. They meet every Sabbath-day for the purposes of praying, preaching, and receiving the sacrament, which they hold it necessary to receive weekly, according to the example of its divine Institutor; and not yearly, quarterly, or monthly, as is the usage of other Churches. On these occasions the Elders, Bishops, and Pastors, and certain brethren named for the purpose, pray alternately. They supplicate blessings for the Sovereign and his family, as well as for his counsellors and servants. Their prayers of every description are concluded with a general and audible *Amen*; and that of our Saviour commences and closes public worship. They sing the psalms of David, in a metrical translation that they deem nearest the original. In their morning and evening service, they have not only preaching and expounding, but also make a particular point of having several chapters of the New Testament recited, and, in a given time, go through a reading of the whole. Between the forenoon worship and that of the afternoon, they have a Love Feast. This is usually provided at the house of some brother, who resides near the Church. High and low, rich and poor, the learned and the unlearned, dine together upon these occasions; and no apology of indifference or inconvenience is admitted. At these festivals they take the opportunity of giving each other the holy kiss of charity, which they conceive themselves bound to do, in obedience to the literal expressions of example in scripture. The same practice prevails on the admission of a brother. Previous to the administration of the Lord's Supper in the evening, a collection is made for the poor, which mode they prefer to annual subscriptions, as more accordant to holy writ. An Elder then proceeds in the performance of the sacramental office, accessible to that form of simplicity that they deem to have been the practice of the primitive Christians; and they close this part of their worship with a scriptural song, taken from Rev. i. 5, 6. and v. 9, 10. Having closed this division of the ceremony of their church, they then proceed to Exhortation, which includes spiritual advice to each other, the explanation of the Old Testament prophecies,

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and the proposition of a question, founded on a text of scripture, for mutual and general edification. This period being, however, appointed for hearing and deciding on the claims of such as wish to be admitted into the church, the exhortation is occasionally omitted on Sunday evenings, but takes place at the afternoon meetings, which are held on Tuesdays and Fridays, at six o'clock. They practise and adopt the baptism of children, in consequence of such being declared of the kingdom of heaven, and of the current rule of antiquity being to baptise the whole house, the person that believed, and all his straightway. It is their opinion that the eating of blood, and things strangled, by which is meant, creatures choked or suffocated in their blood, is unlawful. They adopt, in conformity to old usages, the custom of walking reciprocally the feet of the brethren. Covetousness is particularly reprobated by this society; they conceive it unjust to lay up treasures on earth; and recommend the laying up treasures in heaven, by acts of kindness to all men, especially to those whom they esteem of the true faith. They pique themselves much on their loyalty and submission to magisterial and legislative authority. In conformity with the general command, to "pray without ceasing, in every thing to give thanks, &c." they profess and practice family prayer as an indispensable obligation. In consequence of an opinion, that modern Christians have no right to give the name of sin to that which was not forbidden by the antients, they admit of innocent diversions; but holding determination by lot to be a sacred thing, they reprobate cards and dice. They have a plurality of Elders, Pastors or Bishops, and think it necessary that two of them should assist in every act of discipline, and at the administration of the sacrament. The requisites they hold necessary to ordination are mentioned 1 Tim. iii. 1. and Titus i. 6—9. They object not to want of erudition or the profession of trade, and esteem single and married men eligible to the sacred office; but the wedding of a second wife is a disqualification. In the punishment of offences, they begin with admonitions. If they are found insufficient, and the fault is repeated, they proceed to excommunication. The method of excommunication is a public one before the whole church, and it must be by the unanimous assent of all the brethren. A person thus excluded, is avoided and excluded by his former associates, those giving proofs of penitence are readmitted.

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tion, he may be admitted a second time into the society; but he cannot after a second excommunication. Scriptural precepts, though apparently of a trivial nature, are esteemed equally binding, as those of a more important complexion.

Thus have we stated, agreeable to their own accounts, the doctrines and practices of the Sandemanians. Their numbers are very contracted. They boasted, a few years ago, that the prejudices against them had declined apace, that many were brought over to their faith, and that, in consequence thereof, the London church was increased to a hundred members. It is certain that their plan of secluding is invitingly conceived; but though most men approve of a good dinner, they are not attached to the custom of washing feet, and kissing each other. Before shoes and stock-

ings were in use, and when only sandals were worn, to wash the feet of a guest on his entering the house, might be both polite and decent; at present it appears as a piece of ridiculous servility. Still more unseemly is the practice of kissing each other among men. It doubtless was, in the time of the primitive Christians, a pious and inoffensive mode of salutation; but, among moderns, the kiss of peace given by men to women, and the holy kiss given by men to each other, are both objectionable: The first, as commonly arising from an agitated rather than a pacific disposition; and the second, as resulting from a want of attention to the manly character. We mention these objections, as we think the removal of the causes of them would render the Sandemanians a very respectable and commendable society.

#### POLITICAL STATE of the UTOPIAN WAREHOUSE.

THIS Warehouse is not only one of the most celebrated for its antiquity, but also for the great business that has been carried on in it. It has had many masters in its time, to whom it has fallen by regular succession; though there have been some, in very remote periods, who have shroved aside the right heir, and intruded themselves. There is said to be but one master, though, in fact, there are some hundreds, to whom the master commits his extensive business, while he amuses himself with hunting in his parks and forests, and such like diversions.

As the profits arising from the business here transacted are immense, the servants are allowed very considerable salaries; and, besides these, they often acquire large fortunes, by the way of *neum* and *tuum*.

As each servant is generally more intent upon improving his fortune than on considering the credit and prosperity of the warehouse, they frequently fall together by the ears, and set the whole warehouse in an uproar. On this occasion they generally appeal to the court of St. Stephen, which is composed of some hundreds of great men, the majority of which are friends to those called the *ins*, and the smaller number to those called the *outs*. The *ins* are, for the most part, composed of those men who have the principal management of the warehouse, and therefore naturally do every thing in their power to screen the iniquity of their fellow-servants, lest they should themselves be called to an account; while the *outs* are who were most of them turned out of the warehouse for bad practices, cry

aloud for justice, and represent the warehouse as in the most alarming situation.

Nor do the servants confine their quarrels merely to themselves, since they have brought their master into a most dangerous contention with their best customers abroad. It seems, they had in the warehouse a large quantity of an East India drug, which they sent to their foreign correspondents, not only without any orders, but even insisted on their taking them at the price they fixed on them. This so irritated their foreign correspondents on the other side of the Atlantic, that they seized on the commodities sent them, and, without any ceremony, tumbled them into the sea, and set the whole warehouse at defiance. This so irritated the master, that he sent over a great number of his livery servants, who knocked out the brains of some thousands, plundered many towns, and reduced others to ashes; but the major part of the livery servants perished in this ungracious business.

While this horrid scene was transacting abroad, every thing was running to ruin in the warehouse, where matters seemed to be hastening to a general bankruptcy; for so low was the credit of the warehouse sunk, that their notes of one hundred pounds were negotiated only at fifty-four; their trade was every day rapidly diminishing, and almost every mail brought over an account of the loss of some great warehouse abroad.

Some neighbouring tradesmen, who had always a jealous eye on the flourishing state of the Utopean warehouse, its exten-

first commerce, and its powerful connections, did all in their power to encrease the orders, by stirring up our foreign correspondents to throw off all connections with us, and by actually seizing many of our warehouses abroad, and converting the contents of them to their own use and advantage. Amidst this apparent wreck of affairs, the great men in the court of St. Stephen seemed to awake, as it were, from a state of intoxication, and determined to place no more confidence in a set of men, whose ignorance, obduracy, and venality, had almost completely ruined the warehouse. After many struggles, they at last persuaded the master (who is by no means an obstinate man) to dismiss these wicked servants from the warehouse, and put in a set of men, in whom the customers at large had the greatest hope and confidence.

What contributed not a little to fix the hatred of the customers on the old servants was, that they found they were ac-

tually endeavouring to accomplish a scheme, by which the poor were to pay dearly for their small beer, as well as for soap, wherewith to keep themselves clean and wholesome. However, to the inexpressible joy of all well-wishers to the warehouse, the old servants are now all dismissed, and great expectations are formed from the new ones. I shall only observe on this occasion, that however prosperous may be the trade, however powerful the connections, or extensive the credit of any warehouse, the servants should, by no means, be too haughty and insolent, since it is a million to one but the day may arrive, in which they will bring their master into difficulties and disgrace, and get themselves turned out of their places, loaded with the imprecations of injured men. I have no doubt but the new servants will succeed, provided they do not quarrel among themselves.

R. J.

The M A N of the T O W N.

Nº. III.

THE first number of the European Magazine had not been in the world three days before I received the following card, handed to me by one of the publishers.

"Mrs. Fairfort presents her compliments to the Man of the Town, and takes the liberty of requesting him to honour her with his company to her private Concert this evening. The select party of which her meetings is composed, are highly pleased with the account which he gives of his domestic arrangements, and of the course of pleasures which he has prescribed for himself. They cannot help thinking that he will make a valuable acquisition to their society, and in the name of the whole she begs leave to inform him, that there is a vacant instrument at his service, and they challenge him to a Concerto this evening precisely at 7 o'clock."

The novelty of this challenge claimed my attention as much as the prospect of pleasure which it held out. I did not hesitate an instant in embracing it, and therefore returned an answer, couched in terms as unceremonious and civil as those which I had received. I spent a half hour in reflecting on the strange refinement of our manners, which could thus enable a lady, without incurring any particle of censure, to address a young fellow totally unknown to her, and invite him

to her house. Formerly the restraint upon women was such, that they could only with reluctance yield to the solicitations which they received, but not themselves become the first to court the intercourtes of society. They were taught to think that to be rigid was to be virtuous, and that the female who rashly ventured even to appear abroad, unflashed in her behaviour as well as in her handkerchief, would receive the imputation of levity, which they dreaded worse even than wrinkles or spinsterhood. It was not till the gay example was brought from Paris, that the ladies were instructed to be frank without presumption, and to join all the attractive blandishments of the sex, with the elegant tenderness, and the receding modesty. I received the invitation, without any injurious construction—I fancied that it came from some of those fashionable parties who are superior to the malevolent constraints of custom, and I drove to the place at the appointed hour, forming in my mind the conjecture, that I should meet a happy group of ladies and gentlemen assembled and associated by similar endowments.

The carriage stopped, and I was ushered into a very fashionable drawing-room by the name of the Man of the Town. But what was my surprise—

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and when I—found that we were all perfectly acquainted—When they found the Man of the Town in their own society—and when I found my amiable correspondent who had assumed the name of *Mis. Fairfort*, to be no other than *Mrs. H—*, of Curzon-street, May Fair. The discovery produced a hearty laugh, and we sat down in the best humour with one another, and with the whole world.

*Mrs. H—*, is fond of literary amusements, and having written many little poems and essays, for which she had received too much praise, she assumes the dictatorial air in the society, and her criticisms are never disputed, though they are generally wrong. She talks with a fluency the most irresistible; for having a despotic command over all the fashionable phrases of the English tongue, she is able to have recourse to them all in support of her hypothesis, or in contradiction of her opponent. He must be impetuous indeed that can stop her career, and she never yet has been so unfortunate as to meet with one male acquaintance so shockingly ungallant, as even to offer the rudeness of a dissent—except one—and he, by the mere artifice of contradiction, has been the highest in her favour. This was no other than myself. I saw the train of young fellows who frequented her evening levees, paying their court by acquiescence and panegyric; which was received as a matter of course by the man, the consciousness or the conceit of its being honestly her due. I saw however, that in a weak flattery, on the one side though her vanity was indulged it was not gratified. I had no pretensions by sycophancy to her respect. I determined therefore to endeavour by seasonable correction to amend her folly, or else by an artful seduction into argument, to give her opportunities for the display of talents, which might provoke her into a predilection for my company. Was this a virtuous design? I will not answer—I do not often moralize on my conduct.—However, I was only an occasional visitor, more for the opportunity of seeing the new faces, for every three months *Mrs. H—* changed both her apartments and her acquaintance, than for any pleasure which I could have in the company of a woman spoiled by attention. I knew her last in Curzon-street, and there she was visited by a set of people of prodigious pretension, for every one of them came to the door in a coach, with a coronet; but though unfortunately they

were not all the proprietors either of the carriage or the title; but being families, humble friends, or distant relations, they had the use occasionally of the family equipage. At this time her conversation was full of balls, games, and parties; diets, scandal, and intrigues. There was not a tête-à-tête in the fashionable circle, with which she remained unacquainted. The foibles, the foibles, and the connections of the great, with all their various marriages and intermarriages; their political and their whimsical arrangements, came all under her auspices; and she could talk for hours together of the pretensions and the views; the embarrassments and the secrets of those who were, or who wished to be in the favour of the court.

Before this time she lived in King-street Covent Garden, and then she was constantly with the performers of the two theatres; at which time it was the most inconvenient thing on earth to be her visitor; for she was for ever in want of a dingle to the playhouse, as she was favoured with orders of admission; and at the end of the year, to be sure, every one of her acquaintance must oblige her by taking a dozen or two of tickets from the vest. worthy ladies and gentlemen who had favoured her with orders through the season.

Previous to this, she had lived in the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn, at which time she was visited by the students of the law; where her conversations assumed an air of such importance from their length and erudition, that all who wished for the social comforts of intelligible chit-chat forsook her levees; and left her to the volubility of her young lawyers.

She had lived before this in Paternoster-row, when she acquired a sort of mechanical intimacy with the business of the press; for the bookellers and their wives, in the fulness of their communicative dispositions, let her into the secrets of compilation, and told her of the various manœuvres which they practised occasionally, to exalt or to depict an author; nor did she fail to get acquainted with a number of those literary characters, who carried on a traffic with the law.

Before this she had lived in the neighbourhood of the Exchange, at which time she was visited by stock-brokers, and members of the city association. She acquired a wonderful knowledge of political matters, and could discuss a news-paper question with a volubility which made her the

admit

admission of all the members, both of Cooper's Hall and the Common Council.

Before this she had resided in Goodman's Fields, and by having an acquaintance with these things and daughters of sea captains, she became a student and collector of natural curiosities, and her rooms were filled with the productions of north, east, west, and south. Her birds, shells, and fossils, were very pretty and very insignificant—She had nothing that was either rare or valuable; but they served for boys and girls to admire, and to gain her the reputation of a connoisseur. This then was her progress, and these her accomplishments. In Goodman's Fields, she learnt natural history—At the Exchange, trade and politics—In Pate-noster-row, authorship and puffing—In Lincoln's Inn Fields, law and disputation—In Covent Garden, she studied the drama—In Curzon-street, fashion and cards. And with this immense stock she settled in Park-street, to open a sentimental coterie, for disquisitions in the belles lettres. Her society was attended by those minor gens des lettres, whose pretensions to fame never exceeded the size of a charade or a stanza; and who form the fluttering sect of diurnal versifiers, that like their prototype the butterfly, take their flight on the wings of a news-paper, which lives but in the sunshine of a single day. These gentlemen however, are the sweetest companions in the world—they resemble fruit trees in everlasting blossom—there is in their conversation a constant assemblage of the most beautiful figures, collected from all the flowers of poetry—the tints of which are lively—the foliage luxuriant—the promise is tempting—but a puff of critical wind blows them into air—or if they do ripen, like that of the hawthorn, though the blossom is so beautiful, the fruit is a purge-berry.

A very large company of this description were assembled, and the lady in the midst. Before my arrival they had been engaged in performing the piece of music which was given in the first number of the European Magazine, which they pronounced to be simply beautiful. But after a good deal of mirth on the discovery of the Man of the Town, they turned their conversation entirely on the subject of the Magazine; and because I had written that paper, I was questioned with regard to the philological society—where they met; and whether I was a member. I satisfied their inquiries as far as I had

permission; and they then by an easy transition, entered into a free investigation of the merits of the plan, and concluded.

'Upon my word' says Mrs. H— 'I approve of the outline exceedingly. There is a great deal of fanciful design and rich subject—but don't you imagine George,' turning to me—'that it would be an improvement, to give a larger proportion of music.'

I answered, that I thought all the readers of the Magazine had not the musical predilections, nor the musical talents of Mrs. H—, and that, in my opinion, the proprietors judged rightly in giving it sparingly, that they might have room to furnish somewhat for every taste. A pretty young lady who was flirting in a corner with a young author, begged to know the reason why they did not extend the limits of the poetical department. Another asked me why they did not give the account of theatrical amusements more at length; and an old lady took off her spectacles, and laid aside the Morning Herald, to ask me why we did not mix a little scandal with the anecdotes of the authors. They all objected to the religion which we had promised; and one young gentleman, with an elevated crest, and an important air, begged to know if we would admit a series of essays, to prove the absurdity of paying any regard to notions which had only revelation to support them. Every body approved of these Magazine, and every one at the same time suggested amendments. I begged of them to agree among themselves upon the plan which they desired to substitute, and I promised them to make it the subject of a paper. This gave rise to a debate of three hours in length, and which was maintained with as much warmth and obstinacy as any question in the Commons House of parliament. They could not come to a conclusion upon any one point; on which circumstance I seized, and begged them to observe the impossibility that there was to form a Magazine that should please them all; and that the only method which the editors could practice, after pursuing with spirit the line which they had adopted, was to observe and follow the institution which the father wisely gives to the son, in the excellent fable of the father, the son, and the ass.

"Proceed my boy, nor heed their further call,  
Vain his attempt, who strives to please  
them all."

For

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

WHEN writers attempt panegyric, they usually assemble a throng of brilliant ideas, and, in order that they may make a splendid figure when ushered into the world, endeavour to cloath them in the most elegant language. This practice is never more necessary than when they attempt to pourtray just images of the fairest part of the visible creation. We are justified in assembling all our powers to describe that sex, which, when originally formed, had the peculiar and distinguished privilege of passing twice through the hands of their divine maker. In most other cases, the more intimately an author is acquainted with his subject, the better he is able to describe it; but in the present it is quite the reverse. New excellencies are every hour opening upon him, for which he wants a name. He who has most attentively studied the fair sex has discovered most of their perfections, and is at the greatest loss how to do justice to excellencies, which, while they excite his admiration, deprive him of the powers requisite for a faithful delineation of them.

But, although I forcibly feel the truth of this remark, permit me to indulge the present impulse, in attempting to paint (though in miniature) the effects of those excellencies they possess, and of the accomplishments which by reflection they bestow.

Some uncombed cynical old bachelor may perhaps here cry out, in all the self-importance of unsocial pride and phlegmatic dignity, "What would this fellow be at? Has he so long studied women without knowing what numbers of affected prudes, gay coquets, and giddy impertinents there are among them?"

But softly, good Sir—I have not, like you, accustomed myself to judge of the sex by the failings of a few individuals, or to view those failings through the magnifying mirror of prejudice. I consider them as imperfections inseparable from human nature, and am struck with a humiliating reflection on comparing them with still greater and more numerous imperfections in that sex which boasts in its superiority. Are the faults which you would readily excuse in a friend, and smile at in an enemy, crimes of so deep a dye, that the fair, as never to be forgiven? Does not even this supposition arise from a partiality, that women are more perfect in their nature than ourselves, and there-

fore that their guilt is greater when they deviate, even in the smallest degree, from that perfection? Can there be a greater honour to the fair than this dignity, which even their enemies invest them with, by supposing every deviation from rectitude and propriety more criminal and disgraceful in them, than in the boasted lords of reason?

Shakspeare, who perhaps knew human nature as well as most men who ever made it the object of their study, has given us a just and expressive picture of the force of female charms in the story of Cymon and Iphigenia. He paints, in Cymon, a soul, buried in a confusion of ideas, and informed with so little life, as scarcely to struggle under the load, or to afford any glimmerings of sense. In this condition, dull, stupid, and irrational, the poet represents him as struck with the rays of Iphigenia's beauty—kindled by them, his mind exerts its powers; his intellectual faculties seem to awake; and that uncouth tenacity of manners by which he had till then been distinguished, gives way to a civil obliging behaviour, the first fruits and natural effect of love.

The moral of this mysterious fable contains a truth which can never be too much inculcated. It is to the fair sex that we owe the most shining, the most amiable qualities of which ours is master. The ancients have, then, been, with their usual address, represented the virtues, and the graces, as females, in their poetry and their paintings. Men of true taste feel a natural complaisance for women whenever they converse with them, and by imperceptible degrees acquire the arts of pleasing, in proportion to the extent and duration of this acquaintance; till at length this complaisance ripens into a habit, and that habit is the very essence of true politeness. I will even presume to say, that this politeness cannot on other way be attained. Books may furnish us with just ideas; experience may improve our judgments; science may refine our taste, but it is only acquaintance with the amiable fair which can alone bestow that ease and elegance of address and manners, by which the fine gentlemen (I mean not the fop) is so much distinguished from the pedant, the scholar, or the man of business.

There is in men a certain constitutional sexual pride which hinders their yielding in point of knowledge, hon-

or virtue, one to another. This generally forsakes them when in the company of sensible women: And the being accustomed to submission at their shrine, makes a new turn to our ideas:—A path is opened to reason, which had not trod before; and that complaisance now seems a virtue, which our pride had previously led us to consider as meanness.

I have dwelt the longer on the charms of the fair sex arising from their exterior perfections, because there is in general a strong analogy between them; and the superior excellencies which, on a nicer investigation, we find in their minds. As they are distinguished from men by that delicacy which nature has expressed in their form, so the severity of masculine sense is softened by the attractive sweetness peculiar to the female soul. An insatiable desire and capacity for pleasing attends them through every circumstance of life, and what we improperly call the inferiority of the sex gives them a superiority unattainable by force.

That pride and self-sufficiency which render men contentious and overbearing in disputes with each other, when applied to

the ladies, inspire us with eagerness not to contend, but to obey.

To express myself philosophic ally on the subject, women seem designed by Providence to spread the same splendour and chearfulness through the intellectual economy, which the celestial bodies diffuse over the material world. Without them we might indeed contend, wrangle, and triumph over one another—fraud and force might divide the world between them—we might drag on the load of life like slaves, in perpetual toil, without enjoyment; but in our converse with women of sense, beauty, and virtue, our inclinations receive a new bias; the ferocity of our passions is softened, and we acquire that gentleness of deportment which constitutes refined humanity.

The tenderness we feel for them melts down the ruggedness of our nature, and the mild virtues we assume, to render ourselves pleasing to their eyes, become at length habitual, and gives us the best claim to that character, which, without suitable qualifications, too many are ambitious to assume.

Bath. May 3, 1782.

R. L.

## A BRIEF DESCRIPTION of the Kingdom of IRELAND.

(Continued from page 251.)

THE county of DOWN sends fourteen members to parliament; two for the county, and two for each of the Boroughs of Bangor, Down Patrick, Hillsborough, Killybegh, Newry, and Newtown. The town of Bangor stands on the south side of the bay of Carrickfergus, and has a little bay of its own, capable of holding twenty or thirty small vessels, and hath a good port. The houses are between two and three hundred, and have about 1200 inhabitants, mostly Presbyterians. It has no quay, nor even a market, presenting a picture of poverty not elsewhere to be seen in the county. The church is a very poor building, with a tolerable steeple, and the parsonage house is the best in the town: it is 8½ miles north of Dublin. Down Patrick is the county town, and the see of the bishop of Down and Connor; it stands at the south-west corner of Strangford Lake, 72 miles N. E. of Dublin. It contains near 700 houses, and is divided into quarters, as the English, Scotch, Irish quarter, &c. having a neat handsome church, a convenient sessions-house, a diocesan school, a large market-house, a Dissenter's meeting, a

handsome custom-house, the county infirmary, and a barrack for a troop of horse. The old cathedral stands on the ascent of an hill, about 200 paces from the town, and is still venerable in its ruins. The roof was supported by three handsome arches, and composed a centre ayle, of 25 feet broad, and two lateral ayles, 13 feet broad each. The heads of the pillars and arches appear to have been adorned with a variety of sculpture in stone, some of which yet remain. Over the east window are three handsome ancient niches, on which stood statues of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columb, who are said to have been buried there in one tomb. Without the town, also, stands a handsome hospital, 245 feet in front, wherein are maintained twenty old people, of both sexes, and twenty children, besides several children who are educated and clothed from the foundation. This town hath a great manufactory of linen, and a considerable importation of foreign goods, but its exports are very trifling. Hillsborough is a small town, of about 70 houses, 6 miles north of Dublin, and 4 miles south of Lisburn; it hath a Gothic cathedral, with a ring



a ring of nine bells, and a fine spire 80 feet high. Killaleagh is another considerable place, near Down-Patrick. Newry, a port town, 50 miles north of Dublin, is now reckoned the fourth trading town in Ireland. It stands on the river Newry, up which ships of 200 tons come to the numerous warehouses on the quays. It hath likewise an inland navigation from Lough Neagh, whence vessels of 70 tons come down the new canal, and lie in a beautiful basin of 300 feet square, with a fine gravel walk, planted with trees all round it. From this basin along the river side is a walk half a mile long, planted with a double row of elms, where the inhabitants take the air, which is much wanted in the town; for though there are above 1600 houses, chiefly built of stone, yet the streets are narrow, and ill paved. There are three market-houses, a handsome custom-house, a Romish chapel, and an handsome Presbyterian meeting-house; but the parish church is, perhaps, the worst in Ireland. Newtown (called Newtown-Ards) has but an inconsiderable trade, and a small market. The houses are about 500 in number, and the inhabitants speak broad Scotch, and are mostly Presbyterians, having three decent meeting-houses. It stands on Strangford Lake, 7 miles east of Belfast, and 87 miles north of Dublin. It hath a capacious market square, with an elegant market house, over the centre arch (which is 22 feet high, and 11 feet wide, having four other arches on each side, 14 feet by 7,) is a beautiful town, 92 feet long, and 22 wide, which serves for a drawing-room to the assembly-room. The hall is elegantly stuccoed, and painted green, with gold borders, and a large branch for 20 candles, and a magnificent marble chimney piece. This room is surmounted by a handsome clock, belfrey, and cupola. The assembly-room is over one wing of the market-house; it is 30 feet long, and 24 wide; the walls are light blue, with gold borders, the ceiling stuccoed, from which hang three brass branches, that hold 20 candles each; the stair-case is elegant, the steps being of free-stone, the balustrades of iron, gilt, and the hand-rail mahogany. Over the opposite wing of the new market-house are store-rooms and warehouses. The whole is built of white stone, and was first planned, with the square, in the year 1769.

The county of DONEGAL sends twelve

members to parliament; two for the county, and two for each of the boroughs of Bally-Shannon, Donegal, Killybegs, Lifford, and St. John's-Town. Bally-Shannon is a large town, 10 miles south of Donegal, and 101 miles N. W. of Dublin, east of Donnegal Bay; the country is beautiful and romantic, and here is one of the most remarkable salmon leaps in the world. Donegal, the county town, is 111 miles from Dublin, and 10 miles beyond Bally-Shannon, and hath a very considerable fishery of herrings; 12 miles beyond which, and 123 miles from Dublin, is the borough of Killybegs, a small town of little consequence. Lifford is the assize town for the county, situate 1 mile from Strabane, and 143 from Dublin, on the borders of the county of Tyrone; but is not a place of any trade. St. John's Town is on the edge of the county of Londonderry, and but 6 miles from the city of that name, being 108 miles from Dublin.

The county of FERMANACH sends but four members to parliament; two for the county, and two for the borough of Inniskillen. Inniskillen (or Enniskillen) 60 miles from Dublin, on the road to Bally-Shannon, is a little strong town situated between two lakes, and famous for several sharp actions sustained by the inhabitants in King William's wars in Ireland, and hence has given the title of Inniskillen to the 6th regiment of dragoons.

The county of MONAGHAN sends only four members to parliament; two for the county, and two for the borough of Monaghan, which is the assize and county town, 63 miles from Dublin.

The county of TYRONE sends ten members to parliament; two for the county, two for the city of Clogher, and two for each of the boroughs of Augher, Dungannon, and Strabane. Clogher is a bishop's see, 76 miles from Dublin, and a city now greatly fallen to decay. Augher is a small town, one mile nearer Dublin. Dungannon is 4 miles beyond Charlemont, and 72 miles from Dublin; and Strabane is 101 miles from Dublin. None of these towns are of any great consequence, nor have they even the assizes, they being constantly kept at Omagh, which is the capital of the county, though it sends no members.

[To be continued.]

THE  
L O N D O N R E V I E W,  
AND  
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L.

*Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.*

*The History of Scotland, from the Establishment of the Reformation, till the Death of Queen Mary. By Gilbert Stuart, Doctor of Laws, and Member of the Society of Antiquaries at Edinburgh. [Continued from page 283.]*

AFTER all that Dr. Stuart has advanced in support of the innocence and honour of the Queen of Scotland, it is probable that a few of his readers will remain sceptical as to these points: But even these readers will readily acknowledge that he possesses great merit as an Historian in other respects. A just taste and solid understanding direct him when to be concise and when to expatiate, and while he passes over what is dry and unimportant with a studied brevity, he describes whatever is interesting and great, with a minute circumstantiality. Though a great economist of words he is more copious than any other Historian that has described that period, which forms the subject of his history. Trivial and petty skirmishes that lead to no decisive achievements, he either wholly omits or glances at them but slightly: but the behaviour of eminent personages, in trying circumstances, and chiefly at the hour of death, he paints with a delicate selection, and with an enumeration of circumstances that is most affecting. A very judicious, elegant, and popular Historian has taken a survey of the scene described by Dr. Stuart; but, perhaps, not with that copious detail of facts and circumstances which are required by the curiosity of the man who is interested in the history of his country. The History of Dr. Robertson seems addressed to the world at large; and to a citizen of the world, indeed his history may appear sufficiently full and circumstantial. But every Scotchman, as well as every studious person, will be better satisfied with the

copious and picturesque narrative of Dr. Stuart.—Had the Scotch nation remained disunited from England, the favour of the Scottish court would have disposed historians to labour with greater industry than they have generally exercised in the study of the history and antiquities of their country.—Without that fostering influence, Dr. Stuart has evidently bestowed on that subject the greatest pains with great success.—Dr. Robertson is a travelling Governor who gallops with his pupil over the highways, pointing out only what is most apparent, and making haste to return into the roads that lead to England. Dr. Stuart is a Scotch Gentleman who conducts the stranger recommended to his protection, sometimes with full speed along beaten paths, but often leisurely in sequestered vales, that want not subjects of amusement and instruction. As the scenes which this writer describes are various, so his language is also various; rising into the elevated strains of grief and indignation, when he describes the sufferings and feelings of Mary Stuart, or relaxing into an easy familiarity, when he tells some pleasant story of the bigotry or folly of the Scottish reformers. On this last topic, however, he dwells too much, and apparently with a profane satisfaction.

As a specimen of the Author's style and manner, and as a proof of his happy talent for delineating characters, we shall present our readers with that of John Knox.

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This remarkable innovation was hardly introduced into the church, when it lost John Knox, its strongest support and firmest friend: The zeal which he had displayed in overturning popery, and in resisting the despotic projects of Mary of Lorraine, have distinguished and immortalized his name; and upon the establishment of the Reformation, he continued to act with fortitude according to his principles. His piety was ardent, and his activity indefatigable; his integrity was superior to corruption; and his courage could not be shaken by dangers or death. In literature and learning his proficiency was slender and moderate; and to philosophy he was altogether a stranger. His heart was open, his judgment greater than his penetration, his temper severe, his behaviour rustic. The taunts and contempt he entertained of popery were extravagant; and while he propagated the reformed doctrines, he fancied he was advancing the purposes of heaven. From his conviction that the ends he had in view were the noblest which can actuate a human creature, he was induced to imagine that he had a title to prosecute them by all the methods within his power. His motives of conduct were disinterested and upright; but the strain of his passions and life deserve not commendation. He was ever earnest to promote the glory of God; but he perceived not that this sublime maxim, in its unlimited exercise, consists not with the weakness and imperfections of man. It was opposed by the murderers of Cardinal Beaton, and he scrupled not to consider it as a sufficient justification of them. It was appealed to by Charles IX. as his apology for the massacre of Paris; and it was urged by Ravaillac as his justifying motive for the assassination of Henry IV. The most enormous crimes have been promoted by it; and it stimulated this Reformer to cruel devastations and outrages. Charity, moderation, the love of peace, patience, and humanity, were not in the number of his virtues. Papists as well as popery were the objects of his detestation; and though he had risen to eminence by exchanging against the persecutions of priests, he was himself a persecutor. His notions that the Queen was determined to re-establish the popish religion, were noted and uniform; and upon the most frivolous pretences he was strenuous to break that chain of cordiality which ought to bind together the prince and the people.

He inveighed against her government, and insulted her person with virulence and indecency. It flattered his pride to violate the duties of a subject, and to excite sedition. He affected to direct the politicians of his age; and the ascendancy he maintained over the people drew to him their respect and obedience. He delivered his sentiments to them with the most unbounded freedom; and he sought not to restrain, or to disguise his impetuosity, or his peevishness. His advices were pressed with heat; his admonitions were pronounced with anger; and whether his theme was a topic of polity, or of faith, his knowledge appeared to be equally infallible. He wished to be considered as an organ of the divine will. Contradiction inflamed him with hostility; and his resentments took a deep, and a lasting foundation. He considered the temporal interests of society as inferior to the ecclesiastical; and unacquainted alike with the objects of government, and the nature of man, he regarded the struggles of ambition as impious and profane; and knew not that the individual is carried to happiness and virtue on the tide of his passions, and that admiration and eminence are chiefly to be purchased by the vigour, the fortitude, and the capacity which are exerted and displayed in public occupations. He inculcated retired and ascetic virtues. He preached the unlimited contempt of this world; he was a moral enemy to gaiety and mirth; and it was his opinion, that human life ought to be consumed in the solemnities of devotion, in suffering, and in sorrow. The pride of success, the spirit of adulation, the awe with which he struck the gaping and ignorant multitude, inspired him with a superlative conception of his own merits. He mistook for a prophetic impulse the illusions of a heated fancy; and with an intemperate and giddy vanity he ventured at times to penetrate into the future, and to reveal the mysteries of Providence. Not contented with being a faint, he aspired to be a prophet. In discharging the functions of his ministry, his ardour was proportioned to his sincerity. Assiduous and servent toils, watchful and anxious cares wasted his strength, and hastened his dissolution. He saw it approach without terror; spoke with exultation of the services which he had rendered to the Gospel and the church; and was almost constantly in prayer with the brethren. His confidence of a happy immortality was

The author alludes to the revival of episcopacy in Scotland.

secure

secure and firm, and disdained the slightest mixture of suspicion or doubt. He surrendered his spirit with cheerfulness, and without a struggle. It belongs to history to describe with candour his virtues as well as his imperfections; and it may be observed in alleviation of the latter, that the times in which he lived were rude and fierce; and that his passion for converts, and his proneness to persecution, while they rose more immediately out of the intensity of his belief, and the natural violence of his temperament, were keenly and warmly fostered by his professional habits. The members of every spiritual polity are necessarily employed in extending its glory, and in advancing its interests; and in that age the conflicts between the popish and the protestant doctrines had been driven to their wildest fury. To protect religion is the apparent end of every form of ecclesiastical government; yet the articles of faith held out by each being discordant and hostile, the guides of every church are in a continual warfare. They contend respectively for the tenets entrusted to them; and where they are not corrupted by the riches of their establishment into an indolent indifference, that brings religion into contempt, they are strenuous like our Reformers to increase their consequence, to diffuse the malevolent dislike of other religionists, and to kindle into ferment and agitation the angriest and the most incurable passions of mankind. They give a check to religion in its happiest principle of universal benevolence; they are guards to prevent the truth from taking its boldest and widest range; the advantages they produce compensate not their calamities; and perhaps it would be fortunate for human affairs, if the expence, the formalities, and the abuses of religious establishments, were for ever at an end; if society were deprived alike of the sovereign pontiff with his tiara, the stilled bishop, and the mortified presbyter; if no confessions and creeds were held out as standards of purity and doctrine; if faith and futurity were left unfettered like philosophy and science; if nations were not harnessed in opinions like horses to a carriage; and if every man's heart were the only temple where it was to worship his God."

It is difficult, in reviewing these volumes, not to take a survey of the comparative merit of the two Historians of Mary. The force of the argument, with regard to the honour of this Princess, if it does not lie decisively with Dr. Stuart, is so powerful, that her adversaries must

advance a new to the contest. There is indeed be a natural disposition in most readers to lean to the side of humanity, and to be pleased with the beautiful picture which this author has delineated; but while in argument and reasoning he seems to be formidable, it is to be allowed that the strength of his rival does not lie there. It is, as a fine writer, that Dr. Robertson has chiefly been admired. His sentences are well composed; there is a connection in his paragraphs; and his words are chosen with propriety. Yet it does not appear to us, that Dr. Stuart is inferior to him in these respects. The Doctor of Divinity is artful, but does not sufficiently conceal his art. The Doctor of Laws is not less practised in the artifice of writing; but he gives to his work a more simple air. The former betrays evident symptoms of vanity and is fond of parade. The other is rather proud, than vain, and seems to disdain the trick of apparatus and show. The one is diffuse and glittering and of course feeble and languid. An uniform strength and a rapid narration are characteristic of the other. The former is disposed to flatter all parties, and is averse from nothing so much as the giving offence. The latter does not value what factions or persons he may displease, and is animated with the honourable purpose of searching out the truth. From the difficulty of recording political debates, or perhaps from an ignorance of the nature and various of government and policy, the one avoids to enter into the views and deliberations of statesmen; but the other is fond of exercising himself upon occasions of this kind. The one betrays himself to be a Presbyterian Clergyman: the other appears to be of no sect whatsoever. The former has a confined knowledge of life and the world: the latter discovers an accurate acquaintance with business and affairs. The one frequently neglects minute circumstances, although they be interesting, from the belief that he could not communicate to them the historic swell: the other neglects no circumstances of this sort; and so various is his manner, that he makes them combine with the greatest ease with his more important details. In the one there is a similar and monotonous march in the composition: in the other the composition is perpetually undergoing all the proper changes. Dr. Robertson has talents for the pathetic; but these appear to great disadvantage when compared with the melting powers of his rival. The details of Mary are told by Dr. Stuart with

with a sensibility that is most affecting. He must have felt himself, for he makes his readers to feel. There seems also to be no comparison between the two Historians in the drawing of their characters. The one writes very prettily about his personages; but the other paints them. Their images start from the canvas, and convince us of their resemblance. In a word, the one writer is pleasing and plausible without being profuse in his instruction; but the other, while he pleases in no common degree, grows out an information, that is every where full and satisfactory. It is but justice to him to

observe, that he discovers himself to be a master, and that his book is eloquent and interesting, profound and original.

It has happened fortunately, that at the time when it became our duty to review a History of the celebrated Mary, Queen of Scots, we were favoured with that beautiful engraving of this Princess, which is prefixed to this number of our work, and which is taken from the famous original painting by Picard, which is still extant at Paris; and also with a more circumstantial account of the execution of Mary than has hitherto been published, which see in the Magazine.

*Essays on the History of Mankind in rude and cultivated Ages. By James Dunbar, LL. D. Second Edition. Octavo. Cadell.*

IN this work, which unites the regularity of system with the freedom of essays, the end of the author is, "To solve some appearances in civil life, and, by an appeal to the annals of mankind, to vindicate the character of the species from vulgar prejudices, and those of philosophical theory."

"Human nature," says Dr. Dunbar, in some respects, is so various and fluctuating; so altered, or so disguised by external things, that its independent character has become dark and problematical. The history of its exertions in their primeval form, would reflect a light upon moral and political science, which we endeavour in vain to collect in the annals of polished nations. What pity is it, that, the transactions of this early period being consigned to eternal oblivion, history is necessarily defective in opening the scene of man.

"Consistently, however, with present appearances, and with the memorials of antiquity, the following changes, it is pretended, may have arisen successively to the species.

"First, Man may have subsisted, in some sort, like other animals, in a separate and individual state, before the date of language, or the commencement of any regular intercourse.

"Secondly, He may be contemplated in a higher stage; a proficient in language, and a member of that artless community which consists with equality, with freedom, and independence.

"Last of all, by slow and imperceptible transitions, he subsists and flourishes under the protection and discipline of civil government.

"It is the design of this essay to en-

quire into the principles which either superseded the first, or hastened the second state; and led to a harmonious and social correspondence, antecedently to the æra of subordination, to the grand enterprises of art, to the institution of laws, or any of the arrangements of nations."

In the prosecution of this design, the writer discovers learning, genius, and taste; and while the speculative enquirer is entertained with ingenious theories on various subjects, all of them very interesting to human nature, he is at the same time taught to reverence the species to which he belongs, and disposed to exert all his faculties in the advancement of human happiness, and the attainment of human perfection: For it sufficiently appears, from these essays, that if human nature is liable to degenerate, it is capable of proportionable improvement from the collected wisdom of ages, and it is at once pleasing and animating to infer, from the actual progress of society, the glorious possibilities of human excellence.

Such is the general character of this work; and the bounds prescribed to our Review will not permit us to give a fuller account of it, by giving a detail of the particular subjects of the different essays, and analysing the reasoning in each.

It was impossible that writers of such opposite principles in politics as Dr. Dunbar and Dean Tucker should avoid an encounter, when they appeared in public, the one to degrade, and the other to assert the dignity of human nature. A very smart skirmish accordingly took place between the Dean and the Doctor, which made, for some time, not a little noise. And, while in the great political world nothing is heard of but the convulsion

valuation of states, the din of arms, and effusion of blood, it is the duty of a Reviewer to record the paper wars between philosophers and divines, whigs and Tories.

A very faithful account of the quarrel between the Dean of Gloucester and the Professor of Aberdeen, is given by the latter in this second edition of his book.

Dr. Dunbar has inserted in the first edition of his book, and continues in the second, the following note :

" A well-known writer in politics affects to have ideas of the state of mankind so mathematically precise, that he divides the Indians of America into three classes, mere savages, half-savages, and almost civilized.

" The savages he describes, in all respects, as a blood-thirsty, unfeeling race, destitute of every human virtue. But miracles have not yet ceased. The missionaries of Paraguay, we are told, can transform these infernal savages into the most benevolent race under heaven. A metamorphosis which, though celebrated by a dignitary of the church, will hardly command belief in this sceptical age: yet it serves to support a new theory of government, which is founded on the total debasement of human nature, and is now opposed to a theory that asserts its honours, and derives from a happier origin the image of a free people.

" See a work by Dean Tucker, Part II. containing, as the writer modestly declares, the true basis of civil government, in opposition to the system of Mr. Locke and his followers.

" When the benevolence of this writer is exalted into charity, when the spirit of his religion corrects the rancour of his philosophy, he will learn a little more reverence for the system to which he belongs, and acknowledge, in the most untutored tribes, some glimmerings of humanity, and some decisive indications of a moral nature."

" The above note, says the Professor, has had the singular fortune of being dissected, in a late performance, by the hand of the great master to whom it relates. This act of violence I might have endured in silence, and bowed, with reverence, to the Priest of God. But when he endeavours to impress on the public a conviction that affects my honour, I am bound by no law, human or divine, to acquiesce in his chastisement.

" He charges me with detecting him in manuscript, and exposing him, in that naked and defenceless state, to the eye of the world. I never saw him but in the full armour of print.

" He supposes me to have made that detection by a communication of papers from Dr. Campbell, against all the rules of honourable war. That conjecture, unfortunately for my accuser, is destitute of all foundation.

" But he charges me with dragging him, prematurely and reluctantly, before the tribunal of the public, and with making him responsible to the world for a performance, which was declared, by an advertisement prefixed, to be designed only for experiment, in a select circle of the learned. Of that advertisement I had never heard. It was not possible to divine its contents; and, intrusted as I now am, I venture to affirm, that the fragment of the Dean's book, above quoted, will be found, in the construction both of law and of common sense, to possess all the requisites of a publication. It was dispersed, by his own acknowledgment, into many hands; it had appeared in a public shop; and, when stripped of the advertisement, bore not even an equivocal character. I examined, indeed, but one limb of a monster, and enquired not into the history of its birth, &c."

It naturally and necessarily happened, that the parties in this controversy had recourse to history, and that they reason from the present state of the rustic tribes of mankind. These Dean Tucker describes as mere animals hunting their prey, devoid of all fidelity, benevolent instinct, and social love; while Dr. Dunbar, on the other hand, contends that the simplest and rudest tribes of men are very little inferior in felicity or worth, to the most improved and refined nations. This, which is the great point in dispute between these writers, is certainly without the province of either divinity or logic; and, as being a question concerning a matter of fact, is to be decided by the testimony of candid and intelligent travellers.

The author of that late publication, entitled, " Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa," describing characters, manners, customs, &c. who appears to be a very judicious and accurate observer, and who has certainly had a vast variety of adventures, touches the subject of the controversy between the Dean and the Doctor,

" The Author of this Work is Wm. M——h, Esq; who, before the troubles in America, held an important station in the service of government.

and

and concludes his observations thereon in this manner: "It has been my fate, in the course of a life full of vicissitudes and disappointments, to have visited many different nations in all the quarters of the world; and all that I have heard, or seen, confirms the sentiments now quoted from Essay on the History of Mankind."

Among Dunbar's essays, the two last are extremely curious. That on the Incendy of Moral Character to destroy the Human Form; and that on the Hereditary Genius of Nations. Having reasoned at considerable length on this last subject, he concludes, on the whole, that the "character of ancestors has influence on the line of posterity; and that a long series of causes, antecedent to birth, has affected in each individual, not only the mechanical and vital springs; but, in some degree also, the constitutional arrangements of his intellectual nature." As a corollary from his reasonings on this subject, he affirms that "A Briton may almost anticipate some of the actions on the public stage at some future era. We have seen a patron of freedom in our days, inferior to no Roman name, commending the applause of senates, sustaining the vigour of public councils, and leading on a nation to glory. We have seen another, of congenial spirit, presiding in the assembly of the nobles, and dispensing, from the highest tribunal, justice to the people;

—His dantem Jura Catonem.

"I dare not mention a name among the living—but that the most illustrious statesman of the present age has left posterity, is matter of general satisfaction to the English nation.

"The genius of that Great Man, surviving in his race, and cherished by the fond predilection of a generous public, may still be useful to his country. And, if we may judge from some late appear-

ances, the prayer of his contemporaries is already heard by indulgent Heaven."

Here the Doctor makes a prayer for the family of Chatham out of an Heathen poet. Was there no proper form of prayer for that house to be had in the bible?

In justice to Dr. Dunbar, it must be observed, that his auspicious prefaces concerning the Chatham family, were delivered to the world before the admired appearances of the Hon. Mr. William Pitt in the House of Commons.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

James Dunbar was born in the county of Murray, in Scotland, of an ancient and very respectable family, descended of Dunbar, Earl of March, and uniformly attached to whig principles. How far the Doctor is himself an instance of the truth of his theory, that the qualities of the mind are in a great measure hereditary as well as those of the body, we do not pretend to determine. But certain it is, that, whether by descent or education, he is a very zealous whig, and a strenuous opposer of all the doctrines that tend to the establishment or support of despotism. His writings, which breathe throughout a spirit of liberty, together with certain expressions of respect for Lord Camden, have recommended him to the patronage of that nobleman, admired with so much justice for the integrity of his heart, and independence of his mind.

Dr. Dunbar obtained his place of Professor of Philosophy in the King's College, Aberdeen, through the influence of the late Earl of Findlater and Seafield, who was Chancellor of that College. Altho' Dr. Dunbar is very fierce against Dean Tucker in his writings, he is, in life, a man of gentle, mild, and polished manners.

*The History of Greece, from the Accession of Alexander of Macedon, till its final Subjection to the Roman Power. By John Gail, D.D. Archbishop of Glandelagh. 4to. 11. 18. Murray.*

A General History of Ancient Greece, executed with fidelity and spirit, in the English tongue, has been long anxiously desired in the Republic of Letters. Modern historians, conscious, perhaps, of their inferiority to the great masters from whom they must derive their materials in such an undertaking, have not chosen so hazard a comparison, by deli-

neating the annals of these ancient governments. The history, however, of Ancient Rome, we are informed, will soon appear, executed by an eminent hand. And it is with pleasure we now congratulate the public on the appearance of a History of Ancient Greece; which, to speak with moderation, is certainly superior to any former attempt of this kind, that

that our language can do justice to the learned author of this work, belongs to a country which is now rising to eminence in every part of national glory, and this historical production will probably be received by his countrymen, at this crisis, with peculiar marks of approbation. The Doctor has, indeed, the merit of filling up an important vacancy in the libraries of the elegant and polite, throughout the British empire.

This history extends from the age of Alexander to the conquest of Greece, by the Romans, and even to the final extinction of the Grecian name, on the fall of the Eastern empire.

Our historian describes, in strong colours, the insidious conduct of Rome, in undermining the liberties of Greece, and especially in that memorable period, when the Achaean chiefs supported the honours of their illustrious ancestors. After exhausting in vain every art of vncpality and corruption to enslave Achaia, the Romans, at last, prevailed on the Achaean chiefs to submit their actions to the cognizance of the tribunal of Rome. "A thousand patriots, says our author, whose integrity had remained unshaken amidst every effort of corruption, and every impression of fear, unseduced by the splendid offers of Rome, and unintimidated by her arms, devoted themselves with a manly steadiness to the service of their country." This is justly denominated the Captivity of Greece; and the conduct of the Roman senate towards these illustrious prisoners, casts a shade on the Roman world. Polybius, the historian, was one of the number; but he was more favoured by the conquerors than the other exiles. He ingratiated himself with the Romans by an adulation unworthy of an Achaean chief; and sacrificed to his friendship for the Younger Scipio Africanus, the honour of his native country. Dr. Gail refutes, with great ability, the opinion of Polybius, embraced by a modern historian (Mr. Hume) that the Greeks enjoyed an encrease of happiness and prosperity under the Roman yoke. The arrangements in Macedon by Aemilius Paulus, which

have already appeared in Gail's works, to the Roman historians, are represented by Dr. Gail in their true light; and the instructions in Macedon, for a considerable time after the settlement by Aemilius, evidence the uneasiness of the people under the Roman dominion.

"In this manner, says Dr. Gail, after exposing the insidious policy of the Romans; in this manner did Rome establish her dominion on the ruins of every national constitution. At first her yoke was for the most part laid on with an affectation of gentleness; but, afterwards, repeated, arbitrary and oppressive proceedings having provoked resistance, every manly effort against them became an excuse for additional exertion of power; until the system was by degrees completed, and appeared in all the stern severity of despotism." It is, indeed, evident from the course of this history that, from the era of the Roman conquest, the genius and spirit of the Greeks hastened to extinction. Nor was it possible, say the partizans of public freedom in one voice, that the genius of the Greeks or of other Free States, could revive or flourish under the Roman power. "The city of Corinth (says Dr. Dunbar in the Essays on the History of Mankind) the city of Corinth was restored by Julius Caesar; the city of Carthage by Augustus: But it was impossible to restore, under the Roman yoke, that combination of circumstances which had rendered illustrious the ancient possessors of the same settlements. Corinth was no longer the capital of a little monarchy, surrounded by free states, eminent for arts and sciences. And the new city of Carthage, in the form of a Roman colony, gives us no idea of that city which had been the pride of Africa and the envy of Rome."

Such liberal opinions receive a full confirmation from the narrative of our enlightened historian. But we are obliged to defer the further review of this useful work to the next month, when also agreeably to our plan, we shall endeavour to gratify our readers with some Anecdotes of the Author.

*An Enquiry into the Sources from whence the Symptoms of the Scurvy and of Putrid Fevers arise; and into the Seat which those Affections occupy in the Animal Economy; with a View of ascertaining a more just Idea of putrid Diseases than has generally been formerly of them. By Francis Milman, M.D. F.R.S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and late one of Dr. Radcliffe's travelling Physicians. 8vo.*

IN the war before the last, more persons were said to have been destroyed by the scurvy alone, than to have perished by

the wreck of storms, and the united efforts of our combined enemies. Great however as is the number of spamen which have



have been carried off by this disease in a single channel-erize, amounting frequently in an inconsiderable fleet to many hundreds, a late celebrated navigator, with a company of one hundred and eighteen men, actually performed a voyage of three years and eighteen days, through all the various climates from 50 deg. North to 71 deg. S. latitude, with the loss only of one man. The author of the work before us, proposes, therefore, however humiliating it may be to the Medical profession, to correct the errors of our systems, by the experience and wisdom of Captain Cooke. The parts of the volume which relate to the Scurvy were read in July 1780, as the Gifford lecture at the college of Physicians. The author's first view was merely to discover the causes of Captain Cooke's success in preserving his men from the scurvy, and to account for the symptoms of that disease; but in extending his inquiry, experiments on the actual state of the blood, both in the scurvy and in putrid fevers, made by the most able and unprejudiced Physicians are adduced to prove how mistaken those writers have been, who have referred the proximate cause of the former to a putrefaction of the blood gradually accumulated; and of the latter, to a sudden corruption of it.

Dr. Milman brings the testimonies of Sydenham, Chenot, and others to prove that in the plague and putrid fevers the blood is not in a dissolved state; and from the experiments of Fontana and the usual symptoms of putrid complaints, he concludes that the muscular fibres are the seat of these diseases.

His inquiries naturally lead him to examine the late Sir John Pringle's famous theory of antiseptics, which he controverts with great ability. Indeed, it must be confessed that this theory has long been losing ground. In proportion as Physicians have directed their attention to the moving fibre the humoral pathology has been less attended to. There are now but few rational practitioners who think, that the furnace or the crucible of a Chymist affords a fair criterion by which we are to judge of the nature of a medicine, or that the change which it produces on the dead fibres, is to be a rule by which we are to estimate the probable effects of it on the animal machine.

Towards the close of the work the author very ingeniously discusses the long disputed question concerning the origin of the scurvy, whether it be a disease with which the ancient Physicians were acquainted, or whether it be the pro-

duction of a new disease. The authority of Friend, who speaks of the scurvy as a new disease, and the offspring of the 15th century, seems to be the chief support of the negative side of the argument. The affirmative part of the question "that the scurvy was both known to and described by the ancients" has been maintained by the most distinguished persons for their learning from Sennertus to Mead. Dr. Milman's arguments corroborate the opinions of the latter, and prove very satisfactorily, that as some of the causes to which he has referred the scurvy are such as may, at times, prevail in almost every country; so in fact, it has, at some period or other, been found to exist in most parts of the globe. For the remarks and quotations relative to this point we must refer our medical readers to the work itself.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. Milman is a native of Devonshire, and the son of a clergyman, a man of a liberal mind, and whose intellectual talents and literary attachments set him far above those narrow notions which but too frequently actuate the sons of the church; at the age of fourteen our author was sent to Oxford, where he employed his time closely to the study of those branches of knowledge which are connected with physic, and in which he so particularly distinguished himself, that at the age of twenty-five he was appointed by that university travelling Physician; and during his five years tour over Europe, he had frequent occasions of rendering services in his profession to several of the first people of our own kingdom, as well as the natives with whom he past his time; and, if we mistake not, he attended the Duke of Gloucester at Rome. At Montpellier, we find by the account given of him in Thicknesse's Year's Journey, that even those gentlemen of the faculty who constantly reside at that bath of the French nation, paid our author's superior skill the utmost deference in some particular cases, which had previous to their attempts; and there is in the same work an ingenious paper written by Dr. Milman, rectifying a mistake of Mr. Thicknesse's relative to that particular spot, above all others to be preferred for the making verdigrease; though not without some useful hints how it may be produced nearer home.

Dr. Milman is now in the prime of life; and stands fair of being in the first rank of his profession. Exclusive of the above ingenious work we have heard of some

some very useful papers, which have been read before the Royal Society, of which he is a member, and an account of Dr. Bach's method of curing the Dropsy,

which is wrote by Dr. Milman in pure elegant Latin; exclusive of the information it gives relative to the successful and singular manner of curing that disorder.

*Poems on various Subjects. By William Hawkins, late Professor of Poetry in Oxford. 12mo. Doddsley. 2s 6d.*

A Veteran poet, who near forty years ago was a candidate for public favour, has again set criticism at defiance, and at an age when most people relinquish "this idle trade," lays claim to a sprig of laurel, which no former effort could obtain for him. Horace says

—mediocribus esse poetis  
Non homines, non Di, non concessere columna.

and we would recommend it to the serious consideration of every person who fancies he can entertain the world with verse. When we observe reams of paper blotted with the productions of middling Poets, who never create any other sensation than that of yawning over their performances, we lament the short sightedness of mankind, and wonder at their want of discernment. Mr Hawkins might long ago have learnt from the reception of his former works, that the "Gods had not made him poetical." We see many marks of an amiable man in the volume before us, and wish we could add that any ray of genius beams from it. Mediocrity pervades every page, and if the reader receives no disgust, he must be content, he will not find himself affected with any pleasure.

The following poem is selected not as the best but as one of the shortest in the collection.

A Thought that occurred to the Author in passing through Westminster Abbey.

These solemn scenes all lighter thoughts controul—

They are an entertainment for the soul!  
Awe and pleasure—Round I throw my eyes,

And ages pass to recollection rise.

Kings, patriots, sages, heroes, bards appear—

Sure all that's great and good was buried here!—

If tomb-stones tell us truth, that prose, those stones

Are from reproaches on the present times.

But if they lie—the fulsome'st thing that's said

To sooth the living; but insults the dead.—

EUROP. MAG. —

I feel emotions warm, my bosom raise,  
At this profusion of licentious praise.—  
Is there a God above who does not know  
Our virtues, till they're sculptur'd here below?

The best with labour earn immortal bliss—  
Look here—and not a creature do's amiss.

When these both gothic buildings shall decay,

And monuments themselves shall mould away,

When time's vicissitudes shall destroy our busts  
And blot the verse that signifies our dust;  
When marble records shall no more declare

That Newton, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, were,

Then virtue clear'd, and vice abash'd, shall prove

Our characters are drawn, at their full length above.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Hawkins is son to the celebrated Sergeant Hawkins who wrote a Treatise on the Pleas of the Crown, a book well known to the practitioners of the law. He was educated at Pembroke-college, Oxford; of which he was sometime a fellow. Early in the year 1743, he published *The Thimble*, a mock heroic poem which we cannot but deem the best of his productions. On the 10th of April 1744, he took the degree of Master of Arts, and about the year 1748 had the mortification of having his Tragedy of Henry and Roland refused by Mr. Garrick, as he had soon after *The Siege of Aleppo*, both by that Gentleman and Mr. Rich. Discouraged, though not discouraged, he appealed to the public, and printed both pieces, "*to shame the rogues*," the first in 1749 and the second in 1758. On the resignation of Dr. Lowth of the Poetry Professorship, he succeeded him in June 6, 1751, in that post, and held it the usual term. In 1758, he published three volumes of *Miscellanies*, by subscription, which being attacked in a Review, he defended them in a very warm pamphlet on the occasion. At length, in 1759, one of his dramatic pieces was admitted to the theatrical representation at Covent-garden.

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It was an alteration of *Cymbeline*, which, after freezing one or two thin audiences, sunk into oblivion, and with it seems to have departed the author's furor for the stage. Since that period, he has printed a translation of part of Virgil's *Æneid*, some Sermons, and the present volume. He is a clergyman and Rector of Little Casterton, in Rutlandshire. His character, as drawn by himself, is contained in the following lines, taken from his *Essay on Genius*.

For me, howe'er, I covet lasting fame,  
And pant with longings for a poet's name,  
Yet, let my soul confess a nobler aim!  
Give me, kind heav'n, still higher points to reach;  
Give me to practice what I strive to teach;

My heart's great principle of daily conduct be—  
Faith, honour, justice, candour, charity;

Careless of false reproach, or vain applause,  
Be worth my eulogy, and truth my cause.  
O may I wield an independent pen,  
A friend to ~~truth~~—not a tool to men;  
In perseverance placing all my glory,  
While Tories, Whigs, and all men call me Tory!

Warm in my breast may patriot passion glow,  
Righteous resentment of my country's woe:

With voice and heart for ever may I stand

'Gainst vermin that devour my native land;  
And in one wish, my wishes centered be,  
That I may live to haul my country free!

*Narrative of a singular Gouty Case, with Observations. By John Lee, M. D. F. R. S.*

THIS pamphlet contains several very useful observations, and a number of ingenious remarks, which seem to elucidate and account for some symptoms, which are not generally deemed to be gouty. The author, whom we think to be well versed in anatomy and physiology, appears to have been exact, and to have given a circumstantial history of this extraordinary case. It convinces us of the great danger which persons of a gouty habit of body expose themselves to, by taking medicines in order to prevent regular fits of that disease. The manner in which Dr. Lee treated the patient at different periods, is a convincing proof that he had a true knowledge of the disorder.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. Lee, is the son of Dr. Lee, a physician of eminence in Kerry, near Cork. After our author had received a good classical education at home, his father sent him to the university of Leyden, (towards the conclusion of the last war) where he studied physic. In a short time after the peace of 1763, he visited Montpellier and Paris, at which places he resided some years, in order to perfect himself in his profession. In 1768-9 he received his Doctors degree; shortly after which he

was appointed physician to an hospital at Chartres, where he resided, and for the space of three years had what they call *full practice*; till a dispute happened between him and Monsieur De Senonville, occasioned, it is said, by some reflections made by the Frenchman on some Lushmen of Doctor Lee's acquaintance. This altercation ended in a duel, in which Senonville was wounded in his arm, that afterwards was amputated; upon which the Doctor, finding that some partisans of his antagonist espoused the cause of their countryman, (who was of considerable fortune and weight in the neighbourhood) thought fit to quit Chartres, and went to Paris, at which city he remained until the commencement of the American war; on the breaking out of which he came to England, and for the most part has resided at Bath, where he is universally respected as an able physician, and worthy member of society. In 1778 he was admitted a member of the royal college of physicians in London, and in 1781 was elected a fellow of the royal society. He is likewise a fellow of the ~~royal~~ medical society at Paris. An excellent latin Dissertation on the Small Pox, is of his composition; and Dr. Lee was the first physician who introduced the ~~Suttonian~~ method of inoculation at Paris.

*Humorous Sketches, satirical Strokes, and attic Observations. By George Parkes, Author of the View of Society and Manners. Hooper. 4s. 8vo.*

IN this work we trace, in the originals, marks of genius, sense, and judg-

ment. We wish the pieces had been as carefully executed as they are ingeniously conceived.

conceived. The many errors with which the work abounds, appear to be mostly occasioned by the extreme carelessness of the printer, to whom we suppose the author too much confided in the correction of the proof sheets. However, we cannot help thinking the public much indebted to him, for the rescuing two or three valuable poems from oblivion; particularly one written by the late Sir John Fielding, entitled *Cornaro and the Turk*, a tale.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

Mr. George Parker was born about the year 1732, in a little village called Greenstreet, near Canterbury, in the county of Kent. Here was the residence of his father, a collar-maker, who enjoyed a very honest and reputable character. Through the interest of some friends, who applied to — Sale, Esq. a gentleman remarkable for his sense, and then High Sheriff of the county, our author was introduced into life: With this gentleman's application to Sir Percy Brett, whom the above Mr. Sale brought into parliament for the town of Queenborough, our author obtained the privilege of walking the quarter-deck on board the *Falmouth* man of war. In this ship, he made a voyage or two; but not finding a sea-life perfectly consonant to his disposition, he came on shore at Portsmouth. The ship, consequently, sailed without him to the *West-Indies*. He was soon after fitted out again in the same station, on board the *Guernsey* man of war, which was then commanded by Captain Mark Millbank, now Admiral Millbank. In this station, he did not continue long; for he could not conquer his aversion to the sea.

He next arrived in London, where he entered into those gay scenes which suited the conviviality of his disposition. But through a variety of distresses which he suffered, he was at last obliged to enter as a private soldier in the 67th regiment of foot, under the command of the immortal Wolfe, who was then Colonel of the regiment. In this regiment he continued a private, corporal, and serjeant,

for seven years. During this period he was at the siege of Bellefleur, and at the expeditions on the coast of France, Portugal, Gibraltar, and Minorca. Being discharged at the end of the war, our author came home a supernumerary exciseman. He soon quitted this low station for one more respectable, that of keeping the Post-house at Canterbury. But, as if Nature had marked him for vicissitude, his disposition led him to become a votary to Thalia. He went upon the stage in Ireland, with the Rev. Mr. Brownlow Ford, a gentleman, who being like himself enamoured of its charms, had quitted the Irish college to commence actor, and of whom we have heard this singular anecdote; 'that he read prayers in one church, preached in another, and played *Scrub* at the theatre within the week.

With this gentleman, our facetious author strolled over the greatest part of Ireland. Of Mr. Ford he has given a very liberal and generous character, as well as of his manager, and the people of Ireland, in a former work, entitled, *A View of Society and Manners*.

Our author, after a few years peregrination in Ireland, arrived once more in London. Here he played several times at the Theatre in the Hay-market. He was afterwards introduced to Mr. Colman through the friendship and interest of the late Dr. Goldsmith. But, on account of his figure being somewhat too gross, Mr. Colman thought proper to decline engaging him. Mr. Parker then went into several strolling companies in different parts of England, and was afterwards engaged for one season with Mr. Digges, then manager of the theatre in Edinburgh. Afterwards, arriving in England, he commenced Lecturer upon Elocution; and in this character he travelled through this kingdom, France, and Holland. Our author is now seated in the chair of the School of Eloquence, at the Lyceum, in the Strand, which we hope will prove an easy chair to him for the remainder of his life.

In his manners, he is reckoned one of the first companions of the age. His temper is warm, generous, social, and convivial.

#### *Outlines of a Plan for the Establishment of a National Bank in the Kingdom of Ireland, &c.*

**T**HE establishment of a Bank in Ireland, has been for some time in contemplation, as a matter of essential importance to the interests and welfare of that kingdom. To this end, the sum of about

500,000l. has been already subscribed, but it was judged proper not to carry on the subscription until the sanction of Parliament could be obtained. The subscribers appointed from among themselves,

a committee of thirty-one to bring in a bill, which is now before the House of Commons of Ireland, and as it has the support of several respectable members, there is a probability, that this desirable project may meet with the concurrence of the legislative authority.

The author of this ingenious pamphlet, in a letter to two gentlemen of the committee, has proposed a plan, of which he has here given us the outlines, to be considered as hints, rather than a digested work. What use may be made of them by the subscribers, remains for time to discover; but we venture to pronounce it, to have all the merit of Columbus's Egg; it is so clear and obvious, that we can only wonder, that the same project was never proposed and adopted before.

The author distinguishes between a national Bank, and a corporate one; he considers the first, being under the immediate authority of the legislature, as subject to many evils which might follow from "an unwise, a corrupt, or a wicked administration." And the latter, as subject to and governed by the laws and regulations of its own charter, under the sanction only of the legislature, as the sole means of establishing a Bank upon a firm, secure, and solid basis:—Such is the Bank of England. The great hinge upon which the present proposition turns, is that of rendering it, if possible, more permanent, and, by raising the national credit "above scrutiny" to extend its power and influence throughout Europe. To attain this great end he proposes "That every subscriber shall give a collateral security upon his share on freehold" for the whole or part of the sum subscribed, as a real security to money-depositors and lenders for the whole stock, for which a premium of one or more per cent. shall be given. This premium to be given by the Bank to the mortgager as a compensation for the supposed risk he runs in thus mortgaging his estate. The good effects to be derived from such a scheme must be obvious to every one: it would be preventive of "runs upon the Bank" as the author justly observes; "nor could even the commercial predicament or political situation the nation could ever be in, affect it." If, in the insurrection which hap-

pened in the year 1780, the Bank of England had been destroyed, it is impossible to say what fatal consequences might not have ensued; but a Bank established upon the joint concern of the monied and landed interest, is a rock of permanency not easily destroyed. This would awaken a sense of danger in the one and in the other, and unite them in mutual efforts for the defence and protection of the Bank. The arguments adduced in favour of this interesting point, are in most respects satisfactory, but they do not appear to be altogether free from objections; yet we conceive it no wise improbable, that the head which engendered the thought, might, perhaps, with equal facility clear away every doubt that may arise in the minds of the readers. It is certain that it would encrease the value of estates, and enable the mortgager to pay the interest with greater facility; it would also be the means of preventing the foreclosure of many estates, which, though tending to the emolument of interested individuals, is undoubtedly a grievance to the public.

Our author gives this as the means of raising the national credit of Ireland, to that pitch of glory and splendor, as to render her the envy of Europe.

The author of this pamphlet has also ushered to the public, the outlines of "A Plan for an Association of Merchants to oppose the Abuses, &c. of Custom-house-officers, with Proposals for effectual Remedies; and also for the Amendment of the Navigation-Act, &c." which publication although it met with the approbation of many individuals, yet these were wanting in that necessary collective resolution, which could alone have insured its success.

We remark in these publications, a peculiar method of punctuation, all notes of admiration, or interrogation, are placed at the beginning as well as at the end of a sentence, with a view, as we suppose, to prepare the reader for what is to follow; this method has, at least, the merit of novelty, and perhaps, if it (as universally adopted, might facilitate conception, and therefore conduce to a more expressive pronounciation.

*Anecdotes of Mr. Edmund Rack, Author of Essays, Letters, and Poems. For the Review of which, vide page 125.*

**E. RACK**, is of the people called Quakers, was born at Ellingham, a vil-

lage near Kingham, in Norfolk, of poor, but industrious and honest parents. He

lost his father when he was very old, by the small-pox, and till he had reached eleven, was partly supported by the labour of an industrious mother, who kept him at the spinning-wheel, and partly by his own toils. At length, being tired of spinning, he threw down his wheel, and served under a considerable Draper at Wyndham, merely as an errand-boy. His new master put him to a day-school for half a year, to bring him forward in writing and common arithmetic; and this is generally thought to be all the learning he ever had. At the end of two years, the Draper being pleased with his services and the briskness of his disposition, took him as an apprentice for seven years; during which time he served with great fidelity, and stayed with him two years afterwards as a journeyman.

Mr. Rack left his master in 1758, when he settled as superintendant in a shop in Bradford, a village in Essex, about a year after which he married, and took the shop to himself. He carried on business twenty years in that village, at the end of which, having acquired a competency just sufficient to maintain himself and wife, he left off trade, and retired to Bath. During his residence at Bradford, he had often indulged his passion for reading, having made a small collection of the best English authors, and a free access to the libraries of several clergymen in the neighbourhood. He now turned his thoughts to composition; and published the under-named pieces:

In 1768, a poem, intitled "The Ruins of an ancient Cathedral," which had a good sale.

From 1766 to 1778, a number of Moral Essays and Poems; which were, at different times, printed in the Universal, Gentleman's, and Sentimental Magazines, and in the Universal Museum.

In 1773, we find him engaged in a publication called the Monthly Ledger; which continued for three years, and of which, he is reported to have furnished half the matter, especially all the essays signed Mentor, Lucius, and X. Y. Z.

In 1775, A pocket volume of his Poems, now out of print.

In 1777, Mentor's Letters, which have been well received; and deservedly, on being the best and most correct of his productions.

In 1781, he published an octavo volume of his Poems and Essays, by subscription, and was honoured with a respectable list of names.

In the same year, Mr. Rack formed a plan for the establishment of a Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, Arts, Manufacture, and Commerce. The plan being well approved, the society was soon instituted, and our author was appointed secretary. This society, we believe, includes the counties of Somerset, Wilt, Gloucester, and Dorset, and is now in a very respectable situation.

He also, in conjunction with another person, proposed a plan for the establishment of a Philosophical Society at Bath. His scheme was adopted; and it is now in a flourishing state. To this society also he was appointed secretary.

In 1781, likewise we trace him (in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Collison, author of the Beauties of British Antiquity) publishing proposals for a General and Topographical History of the County of Somerset. The department allotted to our author in this work, which is meeting, we hear, much encouragement, is the Topographical; written from an actual survey of every town and village; the natural History of the County, and an Account of the ancient and present State of the City of Bath.

When we thus observe a man of obscure birth, inferior connexions, and scarce any kind of illuminating assistance, removing almost impossible barriers, without neglecting the ordinary duties of human life (which are too often sacrificed by people of this disposition, to a favourite pursuit that seems above their efforts) and, in despite of all obstructions, exerting himself by the force of original talents to no inconsiderable degree of literary skill, as well as to projects that have proved beneficial to the community, it were an invidious task to comment too narrowly on defects of style, or occasional want of precision.

*Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, describing Characters, Customs, Manners, Laws, and Productions of Nature and Art: containing various Remarks on the Political and Commercial Interests of Great Britain; and delineating in particular, a new System for the Government and Improvement of the British Settlements in the East Indies, begun in the Year 1777, and ended in the Year 1781. 2 vol. 8vo. Murray.*

THE author in his preface says, that "the chief object of the publication of these volumes is to furnish some hints for the establishment of such political arrangements

arrangements in India as may be conducive to the interests of that country, and those of England. To compose the distractions of the Mogul empire, by restoring the King of Delhi to his hereditary imperial throne, by forming an alliance between that prince and the British nation, on principles of mutual security and advantage, and by fixing the limits, and settling the claim of subordinate states;—to restore to deserted lands their exiled inhabitants; to erect among a much-injured people the standard of liberty and justice, whence improvement in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, would flow of course; to raise the drooping spirits of the sad ryot and artisan to confidence and hope; to rescue millions of mankind from savage anarchy and oppression; and to restore them to the enjoyment of property, liberty, and life." These are the virtuous prospects of the author: Whether his plans are formed with wisdom, and adapted to the end, we must leave to those who are acquainted with the policy and the circumstances of the East. The plan which he recommends as the basis of a political establishment, is to restore the Emperor of Hindostan to his hereditary throne; this would be the means of extinguishing those intrigues and disorders which have arisen from the undecided point of this great sovereignty, and would finally put an end to the usurpations and the claims of the subordinate princes. This important object, to be accomplished by the power of the British Company, he declares to be consistent with the interests of this country, as well as with justice, honour, and humanity. The immediate reward which he proposes, is, that the Company should have a participation in the empire, and Great-Britain be invested with an independent sovereignty over certain provinces. Such a mutual alliance and junction of power would render the sovereignty of both the Emperor and the Crown of Great-Britain permanent in India, and would also be the means of restoring tranquillity to all the native Princes.

The author quotes the authority of Lord Clive in support of the justice of the scheme which he recommends; but in proving its practicability, he seems entirely to be ignorant of, or to forget the situation and the power of his native country. With respect to the contending Indian states, he fancies that an association might be formed with the Seiks, Jauts, the scattered Rohilla tribes, and probably

the court of Poonah, by which an ascendancy would be gained over the remaining states of India; and having retrenched the extended dominions of Hyder Ally, and made concessions to the co-operating powers, a congress, or diet, might be assembled for the purpose of effecting the establishment of two independent sovereignties in Hindostan; with so much quiet in the author's opinion might this important revolution in India be brought about. And as to the jealousy and envy of the commercial nations of Europe, we have only to seize on a number of islands and settlements belonging to the Dutch, the French, the Portuguese, the Danes, and the Emperor of Germany. We must reduce the islands of Mauritius, and Bourbon; simply seize a possession of right in Roderique and the Seychell islands, and no consideration whatever must induce us to restore to the French Pondicherry, Chandernagore, Mahe, or Carrical. The Portuguese, he says, will no doubt surrender to us Goa, and we must by all amicable means procure from them their pretensions to the Nicobar islands.—The Danish settlements of Tranquebar and Serampore would be an easy purchase; and he does not think it would be a difficult thing to defeat the schemes and operations of the Emperor towards establishing settlements on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel. By these simple and easy steps he means to make the British the only considerable European power in India; and undoubtedly when these means are compatible with our strength, we shall have no reason to dread our commercial rivals.

But these sanguine projects we humbly conceive the East India Company and the British legislature must, for reasons too obvious, relinquish: The author's propositions for quieting the internal disorders of India, and for establishing a system of government and regulation by which our mad schemes of conquest should be made to yield to the milder and more honourable pursuit of fair commerce and just revenue, will be read and weighed with the attention which they merit. He speaks with freedom, and boldly condemns those rapacious men whose intrigues have involved us in our present distresses, and who have dishonoured the English name, while they destroyed her influence, and endangered even her existence in India. It is not possible for us, in the short compass to which we are necessarily restrained, to take notice of all the topics on which

the author speaks, and the various matters which branch from the main plan; but his plan for the new arrangements necessary to a wife and political establishment in Hindostan, can best be understood in his own words.

1. The grand preliminary to give solidity and permanency to the new constitution, will consist in determining to whom the natives owe allegiance as sovereign lord of the country;—protection and care, being as justly the claim of the people, as submission is due from them to the sovereign.

2. The lands to be granted in fee simple, or in copyhold tenure, at fixed, easy, quit-rents;—a fine payable at entry, and every 11th or 19th year in perpetuity.—The lands (without varying the title, or incurring expences) to descend to heirs, in lineal or collateral succession.

3. The Hindoos to be the landholders, zemindars, farmers, ryots, and manufacturers; preferences being given first to the original proprietors, and their descendants; next to persons of high cast; then to persons of original family and influence; and lastly, to strangers; with a reservation of proper tracts of country, for the introduction and encouragement of other species of cultivation and colonization.—Moormen or Mahomedans to be preferred in the administration of public departments in the revenues and polity of government, being, however, rigidly restricted in the power of oppressing, or the commission of injustice.

4. That the natives shall freely enjoy their own laws, customs, casts, and religion inviolate, except in instances where innovations may tend to render liberty and property more safe from arbitrary invasion.

5. The proprietor, or zemindar, as in former times, to be accountable for the internal peace and police of his estate or zemindary; with power to hold courts of cutchery, to adjudge fines and forfeitures to the use of the sovereign, to recover debts, and to inflict corporal punishments, not extending to life or limb.—That appeals shall lie from the cutchery court to the supreme court in Calcutta, or to assizes; on which occasions, men of approved integrity, in independent circumstances, and possessing a clear knowledge of the Gentoo and Mahometan laws, shall associate, as expounders of law, with the British judges. And from the supreme court, the cause may be appealed to the court of chancery, &c. &c.—And that the judges of the supreme

court shall make their circuits, and hold assizes, in the capital of each province, twice in every year.

6. The quit-rents and rents to be paid in the express terms stipulated in the respective concessions, in current coin, or other signs of value by authority, or in manufactures or country produce, at stated prices and standard qualities; with special covenants to encourage and promote such commodities as are proper for manufactures and exportation; and for the general encouragement of manufactures in the most extensive sense.

7. That one general current coin shall be established, to circulate freely without any allowance for exchange or batta; and that endeavours be used to procure it currency in the dominions of neighbouring princes. That paper, under the denomination of bank notes, be issued, and receive effectual currency, as the means of encouraging agriculture, manufactures, and trade; and as a mode to enable proprietors, zemindars, revenue officers, manufacturers, and traders, to remit their rents and monies to the respective capitals, where they are made payable, without incurring either charges or risque: a consideration of the first magnitude, in relieving the ryots from oppression, and in exciting a general spirit of industry.

8. The Company to receive manufactured commodities and crude productions, proper for exportation, particularly opium, salt-petre, raw silk, silk and cotton cloths of all kinds (of qualities improved to what the natives had formerly been in the practice of making, and at the former prices) into stated provincial warehouses; and all the manufactures which are for sale by individuals, to be received into these warehouses, and immediately paid for, according to the regulation, in money and bank notes.

9. The artificial dykes or banks, to keep rivers within their channels (as a security against violent and unseasonable inundations) commonly called Pool-bundies, shall henceforward become, as a public duty, chargeable upon the several and respective districts that profit by them, and be kept in constant repair; subject to inspection, by proper officers, twice in every year; and a delinquency shall be punished by a heavy penalty on the principal, for the first and second offence, and a forfeiture of property in the lands, without affecting the rights of inheritance, for the third offence committed by the same principal. The forfeitures shall be at least tripple the value of the damages sustained.



ruined by ryots, and their losses shall be made good out of them.

10. The ryots, during the punctual discharge of rents, taxes, and stipulated obligations, incident to their respective farms, shall not be subject to removal, at the caprice or pleasure of the land-holder or zemindar.—Their posterity shall continue to enjoy an uninterrupted occupancy of lands, without any alteration in the terms and conditions.—An established tenure of sub-leases shall prevail throughout the whole country invariably, unless the nature or quality of the crude or manufactured commodities produced, or other material circumstances, approved by government, shall render an alteration necessary.—And in order to encourage and promote population and industry at home, when families increase, and require a greater extent of land to cultivate, or villages to settle in, every possible indulgence and preference shall be devised and granted, as well by government as by the land-holders, to inculcate a spirit of industry, and to insure prosperity. And farther, the ryots shall not be reduced to a state of uncertainty, as to the quantity and quality of the rents and services to be exacted by their landlords.

11. That the current prices of grains, which are the necessities of life, be unalterably fixed; unless a deviation from this rule for the purpose of immediate exportation, or upon any actual emergency, for a limited time, be allowed by supreme authority.—That if nevertheless, by any combination or association of land-holders and others, the rates of grain, or other necessities of life, be collusively enhanced, so the prejudice of manufacturers, labourers, and industrious poor, government shall in such case be warranted to exact additional rents in the same proportion, during the continuance of the monopoly and fraudulent forestalling.—This regulation will tend to encourage industry and manufactures; and yield an increase of revenue to government, by the increased estimation of the productions in future.

12. That large districts and zemindaries be parcelled into lesser divisions; due regard, for the sake of convenience and the peace of neighbours, being paid to natural boundaries and original sub-farms; in such moderate proportions, that many shall be under one tack, and few or none exceed two lacks in the estimation of quit-rent.—Many good reasons may be adduced to justify the policy and expediency of reducing the larger districts, and

dividing the lands (in fee or copyhold tenure) among as large a number of the original chiefs, and their posterity, as circumstances will permit. Fidelity, temperance, and emulation, bear a nearer affinity, and are more intimately associated with mediocrity, than with profuse wealth.—Wealth begets ambition, ambition languishes for power, and power in Asia, suggests ideas of treason.

13. That the average, or mean rent collected from possessions under actual cultivation and good titles, since 1773 to 1781, both included, be the gross sum to be established as the government claim for quit-rents, on the same lands, in perpetuity; and that the division thereof, by assessment on nature or subdivided districts, be apportioned with all the impartiality and equity which knowledge and experience can ascertain.

14. The numerous jaghires, talook, charity, and religious tenures, which occupy a vast extent of territory in the several provinces under the Company's dominion in Hindostan, having afforded subterfuges to gross misapplications, perversions, usurpations, and chicaneries, call for a strict scrutiny; and the titles, as well as the quantities of lands, should be ascertained, in order that government may be enabled to resume its constitutional rights, in all cases where usurpations and fraudulent abuses have been committed. Claims, under a future prescriptive tenure, in favour of possessors, where ambiguity or casual circumstances doth render them indistinct, should be admitted in a liberal manner, and without too severe a scrutiny.

15. The waste and uncultivated lands shall be resumed by government, as if never under cultivation, and granted to individuals, under the same tenures as cultivated lands, but without exacting any quit-rent for a certain term; upon a moderate quit-rent for a second term; and a perpetual quit-rent thereafter.—And great and flattering indulgences shall be held out, to encourage strangers to become cultivators of the soil, and manufacturers in the new villages.

16. That country produce for immediate consumption, and for the Company's warehouses, be exempted from river and inland duties. That military bazars, (markets) and all country bazars and gunges, be also exempt from duties; except where they are exacted to raise a necessary fund to maintain the internal police and government of any particular district or town.

17. That



arrived at his 20th year, he had many offers to induce him to engage largely in mercantile business with men of distinguished fortune and credit. He closed with one of moderate fortune indeed, but of an excellent reputation, and he proved the greatest villain. Disliking the illiberal practices of trade in the West-Indies, he quitted the profession of a merchant, and became a planter. This line of life he pursued with capacity, and with success; and acquired an independent estate in the islands of Grenada and Dominica. In Grenada, where he resided, he took a very active part in the politics of that community in which he believed himself, his posterity, or successors, to be much interested. During this period of unremitted activity, it is said, that he neglected frequent opportunities of amassing a fortune competent to any private ambition, declining advantages which were both just and honourable from principles of the highest generosity. He foresaw, at a very great distance, the fatal direction of the storm that was brewing in America. He disposed of the principal part of his West-India property, and thought himself an easy independent man, having a fortune of a very capital amount; and had every apparent reason to suppose he was in a con-

dition to spend, with prudence and propriety 3000 guineas a year. But even sooner than he dreaded, the discontents in America burst out into an inextinguishable flame, which withered up the sinews of credit. The purchasers of his estates were unable to perform their engagements; and solemn securities, of high estimation not many months before, became useless as waste paper. As his mind for several years had been fixed on America, whose different provinces he had visited, so the trouble in that continent now frustrated his favoured plan of ease and retirement. He resolved therefore to return to Europe, leaving all his West-India concerns in the possession of confidential friends, but in a state, we may well suppose, of great uncertainty. His life from that period we best read in the letters which compose these two volumes of travels, which, at the request of men of high virtue and abilities, as we are well assured, even independently of his own testimony, which is most respectable, he has given to the world.

Mr. Macintosh is a person of very genteel appearance, and polite address, and his heart is warm and susceptible of friendship.

*Ethics, Rational and Theological, with thirty Reflexions on the general Principles of Deism.*  
By John Grey, F. A. S. 8vo. London. Moore.

THE Author of this work is a friend to religion and virtue; and, on this account, he deserves commendation. His general design is to demonstrate the connection between ethics and theology. In the prosecution of this plan, he examines a great variety of topics. He treats of happiness, religion, friendship, truth, wisdom, virtue, and vice. He next exhibits his reflections on prudence, temperance, fortitude, justice, mercy, and gratitude. Advancing in his performance, he now speculates concerning ingratitude, sincerity, flattery, humility, pride, ambition, riches, learning, and philosophy. From these topics he passes to ethics, reason, custom, estimation, providence, time, and eternity. He then comprehends his work with observations on the general principles of Deism. In his execution of the task he has undertaken, it will be readily allowed, that he has attained the praise of perspicuity; and that there are many readers whom his performance will inform as well as amuse. His piety and respect for revelation are, instructive; and in an immoral

and giddy age, it is to be hoped, that his lucubrations may be attended with use.

As a specimen of his manner, we shall submit to our readers, a short extract from his Essay on Friendship.

"Amidst all the vicissitudes of life, Friendship is a healing balm, and harbinger of peace, and the messenger of joy. Society, one end of our existence, is promoted by this communicative blessing. Here hostilities cease, and the dove alone presides. Animosities vanish; unanimity reigns. What constitutes our social happiness, and our civil peace, but Friendship? What ties will subvert, where this principle is not our guide? What can more powerfully constrain and restrain, than the bonds of Friendship? All the powers of argument or reason will not avail without this principle, either to restrain from injuring or excite to benefit. Where this beatific virtue reigns over the mental shore, the lion may lay down with the lamb; contention is no longer heard, divisions healed, and union established. Though various are the ways in which this principle

principle, manifests itself, yet all center in regard to the object, and an exact uniformity in procedure. What renders it far above all description is, that it is a secret motive, produced by a secret cause, and actuated by secret regard, known only to the parties. Numerous are the passions of the human breast, and as variously drawn forth, as different in their nature.

"This is an inward conception of the mind, in which the will and affections are consulted, and which increases with our years. Friendship, when real, is an ingrafted principle, that takes deep root in the heart, and branches forth in the actions; and although by adverse providences, the boughs are often lopped off, yet the root still remains as a living principle, daily springing up into action. Thus although the scorching heat of persecution seems to exhault its virtues, yet the gentle dew of reflection restores, and invigorates the subject. Where the will is not brought into complete and full acquiescence in the cause, the work is drudgery, and is no more than slavish fear, whereby it is observable, that the ties of nature or consanguinity do not create this principle, as then it would be the necessary consequence of affinity. On the contrary, as it is produced by a cause which appears deserving of it, it is never placed without this seeming appearance, however the illuse may prove it groundless. Thus in proportion as the goodness of the cause either increases or lessens, so Friendship flourishes or declines. Having shewn the source and spring of action, I shall now proceed to consider its effects: The principle being noble, it is natural to suppose the effects are the same. It is first proper

to observe, that disinterested motives are a necessary evidence of real Friendship, which lead the participant not to communicate this blessing merely to the prosperous, but to the poor and distressed also.

"When fortune smiles, riches increase, and honour bestows its laurel, the world will ever profess Friendship. But where is the man, the Rara Avis, who while calamity frowns, affliction threatens, and poverty impends, will aid and assist, comfort and relieve? This is the test; this the criterion. A friend in need, is a friend indeed; and such only deserve the name. Friendship only implies a principle, but an act; not merely a profession, but performance. The friendship of the world in general, if it deserves the name, is merely professional; and consists in a number of promises or declarations which they never intend to execute, but mean only to delude. How greatly is such a conduct to be abhorred, and yet how common! Here let us take a cursory view of the different degrees of men, who deceive under this character. The flattering Courtier, learned in all the arts of sophistry, readily promises his solicitous dependants what he never means to execute. The social Man, whose sphere exceeds not mediocrity, strenuously professes friendship to him whose rank is superior, amidst the blaze of wealth and the distinctions of honour. But should the exalted party, by an adverse providence, be hurled from the pinnacle of power to the drag of subjection, furnished with every hope professions can afford, he has recourse to his former friend, who now receives him, but with—the poignancy of disdain."

*The Elements of the Latin Language; or an Introduction to the Latin Grammar, in a new, easy, and concise Method. 12mo. Reading. Robinson.*

**M**R. Valpy, the master of the grammar-school at Reading, is the author of this performance. His obvious intention is to abridge the Labour of the young student, and to facilitate his advances in the Latin language. We are happy to observe, that his book may answer his purpose in a very considerable degree; and as he appears to be anxious to succeed in the line of his profession, it would be a pleasure to us, that he should proceed with the larger work, which he promises to the public in his preface. A full and comprehensive critical Grammar of the Latin Tongue, executed with skill and ability, would be received with a fa-

tisfaction equal to its utility. It is a remarkable circumstance, that good elementary books are wanted upon almost every branch of knowledge. Men of genius cannot submit to the ink-some task of pointing out the steps that conducted them to eminence. This labour is, therefore, commonly left to the undistinguishing heads of those vain and illiterate men, who are employed as teachers and schoolmasters. But as there is no rule without an exception, there are some among these who have solid acquirements; and of them, it is to be said, that they deserve well of the world, when they communicate to it the result of their experience.

*Sentimental Beauties and Moral Delineations from the Writings of the celebrated Dr. Blair, and other much admired Authors, selected with a View to refine the Taste, rectify the Judgment, and mould the Heart to Virtue.* Wallis. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

IF in any instance the fashion for reducing the size of books, and extracting the essence and beauties can be valuable, it is where the epitome is composed of moral lessons for the instruction and amendment of youth. By lessening the price, the volume may come within the reach of the young of both sexes, to whom it is particularly adapted, and will be likely to find an introduction to schools in the place of those insignificant productions with which our seminaries are too much infected. The moral lessons of the eloquent and persuasive Blair ought to be recommended to every youth and virgin in the kingdom. To teach us the necessity and the benefits of gentleness, and how essential it is to the comfort and happiness of those with whom we may be destined to live, that in our youth we should check

the rigour of these unamiable propensities which we perceive in the heart. If the most practicable system of ethics, conveyed in the most elegant and simple dress, can find their way to the heart, and make a durable impression there, the sermons of Dr. Blair will succeed; but how far the publication of sermons in general avails to the formation of manners, and the conquest of evil, we cannot pretend to say; this however is certain, that the effect is more easy to be made, and more likely to be permanent on the mind of youth than of age: and therefore we sincerely prefer such publications as the present to all the other dictionnaires portatives, and reduced folios, with which the booksellers have of late so obligingly accommodated the world.

*A Treatise on the Venereal Disease.* By G. Renzy, Surgeon to the Athol Highlanders. 8vo.

THIS Gentleman informs us, that Highlanders labouring under a gonorrhœa are more liable to hernia humoralis than those patients who are blessed with the luxury of breeches. This important ob-

servation presented itself in the very first page we chanced to turn to. The rest of the work seems to have no claim either to praise or criticism.

*Cases in Medicine; interspersed with Structures occasioned by local Incidents.* By William Stevenson, M.D. 8vo.

THIS work breathes nothing but hostilities against the whole tribe of apothecaries. With eight chosen remedies, Dr. Stevenson undertakes to cure all curable diseases; and the apothecaries of Newark, as might be expected, are for driving him out of the town. In the course of the volume several letters are interspersed. One of them is from Mr. Philip Thicknesse to the author, who appears to stand high in the friendship of that gentleman, and like him to possess a great share of philanthropy and honest bluntness, not sufficiently blended, perhaps, with a knowledge of the world, and of course leading him occasionally into disputes and difficulties.

The cases described by the Doctor are calculated to do him credit. His aversion to the Peruvian bark, venesection, and other instruments of medical practice, will probably expose him to the criticism of the cool and dispassionate part of the fa-

culty; but there are sentiments in his book which ought to wipe away any opprobrium annexed to these, or any other errors, supposing them to be such, which his work may contain. "As to day-labourers (says he) and the poor in general (the family of God) they are all welcome to my advice, and to medicines, as they cannot afford to purchase them. Whoever gives health to those who want it, on generous disinterested terms, and with the fewest drugs, has a commission from heaven." Principles of benevolence like these cannot be too generally disseminated or too much applauded.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. Stevenson, author of the *Cases in Medicine*, &c. is, according to our information, which we believe may be depended upon, a native of Ireland. He was born in the town of Stewartstown, in

in the province of Ulster. By the male line, his descent is from a clergyman of the (house) of Scotland, who, upon being dispossessed of his parish in the persecuting and troublesome times of Charles, retired to the north of Ireland and settled there. By the female, from the noble family of Stewart-hall, in the county of Tyrone. The first of this family, a descendant of the blood-royal, was created Lord Ochiltree in Scotland, and afterwards Lord Castlestewart in Ireland. Both titles, for reasons to us unknown, were suffered to lie dormant for a century. The latter, however, has been re-assumed lately, after having been fully established before the House of Lords of Ireland, and recognized by the King; and it is reported that a re-assumption of the former title is also in contemplation. Our author is first cousin to the present Lord Castlestewart, now third in the list of Irish Barons. It may be mentioned here, that our author's grandfather was one of the first considerable persons who had the honour to introduce the linen business into the north of Ireland, which has since attained so flourishing a state. He headed a company of volunteers in the Scotch rebellion, under an uncle of the author's, Colonel Dalway Stewart, who commanded the battalion. He made a genteel fortune in his younger years, for the times he lived in, and which descended to an elder brother of our author's.

Our author, we are further told, was sent when a boy to the grammar schools at Edinburgh, where he remained, excepting some summer excursions to visit his Irish friends, till he took his degree in physic, under the late celebrated professors, doctors Monro, Rutherford, Whytt, and the present Dr. Cullen, still a living ornament to the college. He has been often heard to speak of Edinburgh, where he principally resided for fifteen years, in warm terms of attachment and affection. His father took a house in the neighbourhood of that agreeable city for the convenience of his children's education, in a place called the Cross-cauleways. Afterward he rented a fine old building on the river Esk, called Dalhousie Castle, about five miles from that city, where he resided many years, and had a large bleech-green with complete machinery. It belongs to the Earl of Dalhousie, and is now his country residence. There our author occasionally spent many of his summer months, which, it is added in our biographies, were amongst the most delightful of his life.—In this retirement

he composed two vols. of poems, which were published, but which, together with a warm imagination and strong expression, bear evident marks of youth and hurry. We hear he intends a second edition of these poems, pruned, altered and corrected.—*Nonnunquam prematur in annum.*

We likewise understand, Dr. Stevenson was among the first members of the Edinburgh medical society (since taken into royal patronage) and had one of its first diploma.

Having taken his degree (his Dissertation De Diabete) he remained a year afterward in his favourite city; where, in the line of amusement, he occasionally performed on the German flute in St. Cecilia's weekly concert. He usually played a second to Samuel Mitchellson, Esq; Clerk of the Signet, one of the best private performers of his day, and his particular friend. It has been insinuated, that music and love were the two powerful loadstones—and powerful all must confess them to be—which attracted our author so much at Edinburgh. About the end of that time he had an invitation to settle as physician in Coleraine, a northern town of his native country, where there had been a vacancy for some time. He accepted the invitation, and practised for nine years in that district, including the counties of Antrim, Derry, Donnegal, and Tyrone.

In Coleraine, if our intelligence be true, he entered warmly into a religious controversy, to save the integrity of a worthy character, a dissenting clergyman, which had been unjustly attacked by a clamorous and incendiary writer. He published two pamphlets on the occasion, which we have not seen, having been only sold in Ireland. They were not answered; but we understand the writer was broadly hinted at in several orthodox sermons from the pulpit, for the freedom of his remarks. He lost many friends by these publications, but he gained more. During the dispute, his adversaries introduced another physician into the place, in order to rival him, but not with success. Though in possession of the field, we find our author's ambition to have been to get into a more conspicuous circle of practice, than that of Coleraine. He quitted therefore the banks of the Bann, and arrived on the banks of the Thames; but not before he had recommended another physician to supply his place; a gentleman who still practices there.

Our chronicle further says, that, after having divided some months between Lon-

don and a village in Kent (Charlton) where a relation of his has an estate and country-house, our author, true to his wandering creed, next visited Bath. His purpose was, together with practice, honestly to ascertain and report the medicinal virtues of its celebrated springs. In that city he published his treatise on the gout, in which he attempts to bring down the alledged power and efficacy of the Bath waters many degrees below fact in the barometer of health; with what reason or truth we take not upon us positively to say. In that publication likewise, as in his cases of medicine, he has no mercy upon the apothecaries, whom, in their professional line, he considers as the greatest licensed foes to mankind and health. In the latter publication his allegations are supported by facts, which have not been publicly called in question, notwithstanding the book which contains them has reached a second edition.

Our author resided near a year in Bath; had many patients, but for the most part lost his receipts in the change. In fact carrying every thing before it as Bath, and not left in medicine than in drugs, as he has often been heard to say, he, the physician and apothecary, of the place forming a sort of mental tooth-ache almost impregnable, our author states, he was not long on determining, on a country situation, where he might try the prospect of being more useful, as well as of more certain practice. An opportunity soon offered to gratify his wish. He was told of a vacancy in Wells, where there had been no resident physician for four years. This city is about twenty miles from Bath. Thither on medical wing he took his flight, and we have it from good authority, with many respectable letters of recommendation. There he practised for two years, in the face of a court and a determined opposition. The apothecaries (as was usual in other places, after his mode of practice was known) eyed him with jealousy and discontent. We are told, however, that they kept within the bounds of decency, contrary to the conduct afterwards of others of the profession. Making little by the simplicity of his receipts, in comparison with the elaborate ones of former physicians, they could not but be disgustingly productive to them. Two years seem to have accomplished our author's views at Wells. At the expiration of these he returned to Bath, under the auspices and good wishes of many, and with

the intention of again undertaking business in that city. We are authorized to put an emphasis on the word intention, for our enquiries have it, that he had not been there much more than two months, when he was diverted from his purpose. He accidentally heard of a settlement, which he had the prospect of having to himself, in the town of Newark, Nottinghamshire. Indeed, it is our opinion, Dr. S. consistent with his avowed principles, can never consult with his brethren any where, except downrightly to differ from them; especially, if they patronize and favour the apothecaries. Consultations coming in almost a certain difference of opinion, considering the contrary between our author's and the popular mode of practice, would turn out truly distressing to those families wherein they might happen to be jointly employed. Dr. S. then, we think, will act consistently with himself, and consistently, by always choosing situations where his practice will have no competition or contest. How far it may be direct, or false, for friends or more likely to prefer one physician to, we cannot but say, the whole faculty, in another matter, and eventually will be regulated by the degrees of local confidence, or sure and approved opinion, people may think themselves led to honour him with. In this, as in all other important cases, every one will judge for himself, be determined by the light of his own understanding, his conscience and good sense.

Our author, in the course of his acquaintance, having procured many letters of warm introduction to the place he was going to visit Bath, and soon entered at his northern destination. How he was received, and what happened to him professionally in Newark, his Cases in Medicine, now reviewed, will amply inform the inquisitive reader. It may be added, that, even in his present situation, he seems not ultimately to have pitched his medical tent. Upon the whole then,

We profess, from the documents we meet with in his book, to think Dr. S. an honest, disinterested man, and intent upon being useful. Even the intention is meritorious, and we heartily wish him actual success. He is, however, paradoxical in some of his opinions, and a perfect unique in his profession. In one word, our author appears to us as a sort of cometic phenomenon in physic, and likely to scatter astonishment and alarm throughout every medical hemisphere he may travel to. His meteor tail of anti-professional terrors

is menacing and vast, we admit; but, like comets of another kind, we must be allowed to say, he is often lost in darkness. Perhaps, he only plunges into his apothecia, again to emerge brighter, in some future perihelium.

P. S. Dr. Stevenson, if we are not misinformed, was the writer of many essays in the London Evening Post, London Courant, &c. on the interesting affairs, first of America, and latterly of Ireland (his native country) under the

signature of INDIGNATUS. On the same important subjects, now likely to turn out highly in favour of both countries, he has published more than one political pamphlet.—His manner is liberal, bold, and daring to an extreme; and his style, though abundantly spirited and animated, often betrays an hasty and incorrect pen. We should imagine he has not as yet arrived at the cool and serene temperature of age: the afternoon of life softens its glow of noon.

*The Corn Dealers Affliction. Exchange Coffee-house. 2s. 6d.*

THIS is a republication of a set of most useful tables for assisting the Corn-dealer in the calculation of his gain. All its merit must depend upon its accuracy; and from a deliberate review, we can take up-

on us to recommend it as exceedingly correct and explicit. The tables are carried considerably higher than in the former edition, which, however, has been out of print for a number of years.

*On the Nature of Liberty; and its Influence on the Knowledge of the Public. 2s. 6d.*

THIS Pamphlet gives a plain and concise explanation of the nature of public liberty, and renders the terms more clear in the Alley clear to those who may

not have made this intricate science their study, however much as citizens they may be interested in the national funds.

*The Present Hour. 6d.*

THIS is a recapitulation of the incumbrances and burdens, which have attended the late important and thorough change in the system and numbers of the crown. It reasons from the appearance on this occasion against the utility of

corrupt influence; and wishes that the new ministers may erect a fabric of government on the influence of wisdom, virtue, and ability, which he concludes will be at once more permanent as well as infinitely more honourable.

*Lectures on Political Liberty; addressed to a Member of the English House of Commons, on being chosen into the Committee of an Affronting County. T. Evans, Strand. 2s.*

THIS Pamphlet states with ability the claims of politics to the rank of science, and discarding all the controverted opinions concerning its origin, calls it, like all other sciences, on its own merits. The author then makes a very important distinction between political and civil liberty. He afterwards traces the faint appearance of political liberty from the settlement of the Saxons to this time. He also brands the Whigs for artfully suppressing it at the Revolution; and the late administration for the iniquity and absurdity of their measures. He just takes notice of the change of ministry; and calls on

the present men in office, to check the encroachment of the crown and the pestiferous influence of parliament. This pamphlet bears the strong marks of genius, science, and philanthropy, and is written with elegance and purity of style. Lastly, is subjoined, a very plain and simple method of rendering the House of Commons, an equal representation of the people.

We shrewdly guess at the author of these well written Political Lectures, though he has taken some pains to conceal his name; and our readers may expect Anecdotes of this Advocate for Liberty as soon as we are in possession of a few more facts.



*A Sermon preached before the Honourable House of Commons, at St. Margaret's Church, on the 8th of February, 1782, being the Day appointed for a General Fast.*

**D**R. Dampier shews, that national calamities are the consequence of national wickedness. He observes, that "It is an awful reflection that this is now the sixth time that we have thus met together in the presence of God, to humble ourselves before him." And that, notwithstanding this, "our misfortunes have been multiplied upon us, and instead of relief, that every new year has

brought new calamities, and has risen upon us more gloomy than that which it succeeded."—"It is amusing to observe the amazing difference between the sermons preached before the House of Commons now, and those preached before the same assembly about a century ago in point of length.—Dr. Dampier's sermon might be delivered in the space of twelve minutes.

*A Sermon preached at the Church of St. John, Clerkenwell, on the 8th of February, 1782, being the Day appointed for a General Fast.*

**T**HE Reverend Mr. Whitaker preaches a doctrine in this sermon that cannot fail of being very grateful to the late ministry: "That whether prosperity or adversity attends nations or individuals;—whether counsellors are insatuated, armies disembellied, or cities rent by factions, all these things are but the judgments of God for the sins of the people." He therefore reminds his audience, "that

instead of with malicious pride censuring others, and ascribing the calamities under which we groan to their evil counsels, or bad conduct, it becomes every one of us to examine himself, and consider, whether he has not contributed his share towards filling up that measure of iniquities which hath thus kindled the wrath of Heaven against us."

## THEATRICAL REGISTER,

### May DRURY LANE.

- 1 The Clandelline Marriage, and the Gentle Shepherd.
- 2 Cymon, and the Divorce.
- 3 The Runaway, and Harl. Ravation.
- 4 Love in a Village, & Mifs in her Teens.
- 5 The Carnival of Venice, and Robinson Crusoe.
- 6 The Suspicious Husband, and the Flitch of Bacon.
- 7 The Conscious Lover, and the Gentle Shepherd.
- 8 The Lord of the Manor, & the Divorce.
- 9 The Old Bachelor, and Don John.
- 10 The Chapter of Accidents, and the Gentle Shepherd.
- 11 The Way of the World, & the Critick.
- 12 The Chances, and Robinson Crusoe.
- 13 Macbeth, and Robinson Crusoe.
- 14 The Maid of the Mill, and the Irish Widow.
- 15 The School for Scandal, and the Maid of the Oaks.
- 16 The Fair American, & the Apprentice.
- 17 The same, and Robinson Crusoe.
- 18 The same, and the Divorce.
- 19 The same, and the Liar.
- 20 The same, and the Critick.
- 21 The same, & Catherine & Petruchio.
- 22 The same, and the Critick.
- 23 No Play.
- 24 No Play.

### COVENT GARDEN.

- First Part of Henry IV. and the De-  
fester.
- The Walloons, and Barnaby Rattle.
- The Jealous Wife, and Barnaby Rattle.
- The Beggars Opera, and Tom Thumb.
- The Count of Narbonne, and the What d'ye call't.
- The Walloons, and Retaliation.
- Which is the Man, and Retaliation.
- The Walloons, and Retaliation.
- The Belles Stratagem, and Retaliation.
- The School for Wives, and the Touchstone.
- The Count of Narbonne, and Comus.
- The Man of the World, & the Touchstone.
- The Duenna, and the Touchstone.
- Which is the Man, and the Choice of Harlequin.
- The Chapter of Accidents, and All the World's a Stage.
- No Play.
- K. Henry V. and the Choice of Harlequin.
- The Mer. Wives of Windsor, & Touchst.
- The Suspicious Husband, and Comus.
- The Chapter of Accidents, & Retaliation.
- The Wife's Relief, and Comus.
- The Doub. Dealer, & Three W. after Mar.
- Macbeth, and the Choice of Harlequin.
- The Busy Body, and the Devil to pay.

## SUMMARY ACCOUNT of the PROCEEDINGS in the HOUSE OF COMMONS, continued from p. 304.

MARCH 13.

Motion for the Speaker to leave the Chair on the Bill for regulating the future Elections for the Borough of Cricklade, in Wiltshire.

MR. Adam spoke against the bill on the principle of confounding the innocent with the guilty, and stated as a precedent how unjust it would be to take away the Charter of London, on account of the delinquency of a few freemen.

Sir Edward Ashley in favour of the bill, as the only method of rectifying the impending evil of election. He cited the Shoreham bill, which went to a greater disqualification than the bill before the House, and pointed out many good effects in consequence of the latter's passing into a law.

The Hon. Mr. Perceval against the bill, as its nature, and including too general a censure on the Electors.

Sir George Yonge strongly in favour of the bill—he said, though it was highly necessary to banish corruption from all elections, as much as possible, yet to go to the entire annihilation of it, particularly in Elections, he knew was impracticable; therefore if the present bill only went to punish that slight species of corruption, that almost unavoidably must be mixed with the constitution, he should not be so strenuous in the support of it—but being a Member of the Committee, which reported then proceedings to the House on the Cricklade election, it would be a desertion of the duty he owed his country not to exert himself as much as possible to purge that Borough of the corruption with which it was over-run. The evidences that came out upon that occasion were of the grossest kind—votes were purchased like common commodities at market, and the word disreputable only applied to those who promoted such and such sums of money (the wages of bribery) and did not pay them.

These reports, he said, had gone abroad in the world—they were the subject of every conversation, and a general censure had passed upon that Borough without doors, as venal and corrupt; he therefore submitted it to the House how necessary it was for them to take up the matter with spirit and with justice; and, as far as in them lay, mark that open profligate corruption which was not only a scandal to Parliament, but to the very age we lived in. If you do not, says he, what will be the consequence? Why corruption will spread itself through all the Boroughs in the kingdom, and the public will be warranted to think a seat in Parliament may be purchased like any thing else. He further observed, that the bill was not of that oppressive nature held out by several gentlemen; that the Shoreham bill was much more disqualifying: for that the present bill only went to regulate Elections by such methods as may best

secure in future the safety and integrity of the Borough. He therefore hoped the House, if they either respected the rights and franchises of electors, or the independency and integrity of Parliament, would commit the bill, in order to its being passed into a law.

Col. North ( eldest son of Lord North) said, though he should be as forward as any gentleman in that House to punish bribery and corruption, as he looked upon freedom of election the best basis for securing the independency of Parliament; yet in the present instance he would be against the bill; for many electors had been already punished, and others may be totally innocent; that the former were of course already disqualified, and to make the latter in some respects the sharers of their guilt, would in his opinion be an act unbecoming the wisdom and justice of that House.

Lord Althorpe spoke in favour of the bill, and wondered how any one, after such proofs as the reports of the Committee exhibited, could be for rejecting it; the bill went to secure the honour and independency of Parliament, and the general freedom of election, and these were points to be considered above all other considerations whatever. He begged the House on this occasion would look back to the Shoreham bill, and see how far that went in the disqualification of electors, and what that disqualification produced, which was nothing less than a reformation in a borough which had been long before stigmatized a venal and corrupt—the same corruption required the same interference on Parliament, and he, for one, hoped they never would withhold their hand in plucking up and preventing the weeds of corruption.

Lord Brauchamp said, that pressing such a bill on the electors of Cricklade, so as to affect them generally as it did, would be an injury highly incompatible with the usual candour of the House. Numbers of the electors had already been fined by the Courts of Justice, and others were then under a prosecution at Salisbury Assizes. The first, therefore, being of course disqualified, made the bill unnecessary in respect to them; and as to the second they may be found innocent; any way it appeared to him as a very unbecoming thing to send down such a bill of disqualification against those who were at the very time under a legal prosecution.

In respect to the Shoreham bill, it was of a very different nature, the delinquency there being more general and more fully proved—whereas in the affair of Cricklade, out of 220 voters 33 had been already found perfectly innocent of every species of bribery or corruption whatever; he therefore should submit it to the House how far these 33 innocent persons, with those who may be proved innocent

upon their trials, should be involved in that general censure and restriction which the bill before the House exhibited.

Mr. G. Onslow spoke warmly in favour of the bill, and wondered how the noble Lord near him (Lord Beauchamp) could deliver such sentiments against it as he had thrown out to the House; they were sentiments, however, he hoped he would get rid of before he was called up to another House. In respect to the bill it had his hearty and full consent, as it went to cure an evil long and loudly complained of, viz. the improper influence at elections. That discriminating this or that body of the electors of Cricklade, might have a face as stated before the House; but there was a general system of corruption in that Borough, that nothing but such a bill could remove: that most if not all the electors had set their faces against the bill, because they were determined to make it a saleable borough. He begged the House would consider the practice that were every day used of buying votes to serve the purpose of election, and transferring those occasionally for valuable considerations; that this and other species of corruption were daily gaining ground, and would in time, if not stopped, destroy the pretensions of all abilities and family connections in the country; that for his part he was not sure of his own borough, if money was permitted to have this influence, and if electors who received bribes so openly and notoriously did not meet the full censure and reprobation of Parliament.

Mr. F. Montague closed the debate. He acquainted the House, that he had the honour of being principally concerned in the Committee chosen by that House to determine the merits of the Cricklade election, and in the course of that enquiry such facts came before the Committee as fully justified them in making the report they did, and in following up that report by bringing in, such a bill as was then before them.

Much had been said about the oppression of the bill, and its not making those necessary distinctions which justice required in such cases; but he begged leave to observe, it was rather a regulating than an oppressive bill; it did not lay on any particular punishment on sales of electors, but went to prevent the whole body in future from the exercise of that corruption they had been found and judged to have used; that in this respect the bill was salutary, and so far from being oppressive, that the Committee would not have done their duty as Members of Parliament, if they fell short of bringing before the House some such regulations.

Much, he observed, had been said about the Shoreham bill, and its consequences variously stated to the House; being likewise concerned in that bill, he believed he could speak more particularly to it, which he was the more inclined to do, as it perhaps may satisfy gentlemen's minds, who might doubt of the

effects which bills of this nature might produce.

He then acquainted the House, that he was the person who had the honour of carrying up that bill to the other House; and the opinion of one of the greatest judicial authorities in this country, whom he said, he believed, it would not be unparliamentary to name (Lord Camden) highly approved of the conduct of Parliament on that occasion, as he said, "by it Shoreham was at last taken out of Bengal." Indeed the consequences of the bill proved his Lordship's opinion to be well founded; for that borough, which had been for a long time before the occasional test of occasional Nabobs, now returned two English Country Gentlemen; and thus Mr. Shoreham at last brought back to its original County that of Sussex.

The same happy consequences, he hoped, would follow by the passing of the present bill, as by it Cricklade might be once more restored to Wilshire.

The question was then put that the Speaker leave the chair, on which the House divided,

Ayes	96
Noes	25

Majority for committing the bill 71

The Speaker on this quitted the Chair, and the House went into a Committee on the bill, Lord Middleton in the Chair, when it passed without any amendments. The House after this adjourned.

## MARCH 15.

Sir JOHN RUSSELL, That though he had been educated in Tory principle, and had frequently voted with Administration, yet he found, from the repeated misfortunes which had fallen upon this country, that a total change of men and measures was absolutely necessary; he declared that he owed no personal animosity to any of his Majesty's Ministers, on the contrary, he esteemed many of them in their private life, but the success of their public measures had convinced him, that they were by no means calculated for the offices they held; he should therefore make the following motion, viz.

"It appears to this House, that, on viewing the sums voted for the army, navy, and ordnance, since the year 1775, that upwards of one hundred millions of money have been expended in a ruinous and fruitless war. That we have, during that period, lost the thirteen colonies of America, better the new-acquired colony of West-Florida, the islands of Dominica, St. Vincent's, Grenada, Tobago, Montserrat, and several of our large commercial fleets. That we have been plunged into a war with three powerful European enemies, and have not the assistance of a single ally; therefore this House can place no farther confidence in his Majesty's Ministers who have had the conduct of our public measures."

Lord



Mr. Gilbert said, he did not believe all his Majesty's Ministers were bad, but some of them undoubtedly were; he thought if there was a coalition of parties, a good Administration might be formed, that would be a means of saving this country, if it was not too far gone. He informed the House of the places he held, and what their salaries were; he had a balance in his hand, he said, but that balance he put out to interest, and brought the interest to the public account, which he thought their due.

Mr. J. Townshend spoke against the indecency of the noble Lord, who had after such repeated blunders and mismanagements come down to that House with all the effrontery possible.

Lord North spoke with considerable emotion, and under great embarrassment. The imputations which had been so lavishly thrown upon him, he conceived to be unjust. It had been charged to him, and he must say a few words in answer to it. That he had deluded that House, and the people, with accounts of the pacific intentions of our neighbouring enemies, at the very time when those enemies were preparing their forces against us. To this he must answer, that he and the rest of his Majesty's Ministers had delivered to Parliament the assurances which they had received; and if they had been deceived, it was an error of judgment only, and not of the heart. They meant no wilful imposition upon Parliament. He had been taxed as the author of the American war, and as the conductor of it upon principles inimical to the interests and constitution of the country. He denied that he was the author of the American war. The seeds of that war were sown before he came in office; and his former Administrations much more than his, must that war be attributed. With respect to the principle and the continuance of the war, he would say now what he had always said, that it was a truly English principle, and that, as an Englishman, he had a right, and it was his duty to maintain it, for the purpose of securing himself revenue. As to the present motion, he liked it better than the motion to the same purpose which had been made the week before. On that occasion, the gentlemen on the other side of the House had acted, as they did on most occasions, they brought on a string of motions, three of which were palpable truisms, which the House could not deny, and when those were agreed to, without any regard to what was to follow, they drew from them a conclusion which the House after agreeing to the truisms could not deny. The present motion did no do this. He sincerely wished for a coalition of parties. He could not be a member of that alliance. But if gentlemen thought of the withdrawing of the present Ministry from their seats, without seeing any other Administration framed, was an advisable measure, they would agree to the present motion.

Mr. Fox said he could not help admiring the conduct of the worthy Baronet, Sir W. Dol-

passing panegyrics on the noble Lord, but unfortunately for him they all went directly contrary to what he intended; for, as the noble Lord's motive was not for war, nor, from his declaring against the Americans, he was not a fit man for peace; certainly the honourable Baronet ought to vote for the question, that he might place his noble friend in a situation where he could shine most; for the offices he had held, he was the most unfortunate man alive. He had declared that he wished for peace, that he did not want to stay in office, yet he had not sense enough, for near twenty years, to keep himself above one year out of office; nor had he, although a lover of peace, for eight years out of twelve, been able to keep from war. The noble Lord had declared, that the present motion was by far fairer than the former one—he believed him, as the noble Lord had not made use of that paltry subterfuge, which the Secretary at War did on Friday last by moving a previous question upon it; but the noble Lord had explained why that subterfuge was made use of, it was because the former motions contained three truisms, which even the noble Lord allowed: and declared, that after having voted for them three, the House must inevitably vote the fourth. Whether they would or not, he allowed the noble Lord was right, and certainly the House was bound to vote the fourth; but here the fourth proposition was altered from “want of foresight and ability,” to want of confidence: so clearly now no person could be against the motion, let him be professional or not; and however the noble Lord's friend might be against letting him quit his post, or how ever avowed he might be himself to it, he must, if not to-night, very shortly quit it; it is not by a voluntary resignation, he must by one less honourable, by being turned out; and this was not the work of a mere faction, for he had seen the most respectable country gentlemen, both Whig and Tory, united in one common cause for the public good. His honourable friend who moved the question, or his other honourable friend (Mr. Powy) were gentlemen that calumny could not reach; they were not men supposed either to want, or that would accept of places; they acted from quite different principles. With respect to himself, as there to come a change of Administration, he undoubtedly did expect to have some share in that Ministry; he undoubtedly had ambition enough to suppose he should have some employment; but at present there was no government; it was a kind of interregnum.

The Lord Advocate hoped the House would not be so eager in turning out the present Ministry, without knowing in what manner the government of this country was to be administered. A coalition of parties seemed to be the general desire of the House, and he was of the same opinion; but the present motion was not the way to accomplish it; for it went to the immediate discharge of all the present Ministry, and to put the government into the hands of the Opposition alone. He wished to ask gentlemen

they if they were prepared to throw the whole of the government of this country into the hands of the Opposition? If they were, they would vote for the present question. But if, on the contrary, they wished for an Administration made up of all the ability, all the weight, and all the interest of the empire, for such an Administration as they described by the term coalition, they would then resist the present question, as tending to retard, if not totally to prevent that desirable end.

Lord John Cavendish said, by agreeing to the present motion, the House by no means placed the Opposition in power. They did no more than take the executive government from the present hands, and leave it to his Majesty to frame a new administration. "This was not a new practice. He contended strongly for the question, as a measure which the House ought to adopt without further delay. They must do it sooner or later. It was impossible that the nation could go on in its present state. With distracted councils, and a Ministry without the confidence either of parliament or people, we could not go on.

Mr. William Pitt took up the Lord Advocate. The learned Lord had very confidently owned that the present Ministry had not the confidence of the people. The necessity of a coalition he had strongly enforced on the ground of the Ministry having lost the confidence of the people, and he gravely argued, that they ought to be dismissed in power, for the purpose of forming a new Administration: So that the Ministry, who were generally acknowledged to be unfit for the purpose of government, were yet to be entrusted with this most important trust of forming a new Administration, which was to conduct this nation from its present dreadful embarrassments. Such was the reasoning of this learned gentleman, who was willing to seize on any argument that would put just to the day, without seeming to mind or care about its consistency, or its reasonableness. He could not avoid feeling for his country in the mortifying distress of being governed by men who had neither sensibility nor shame.

Mr. Secretary Ellis said, the present motion was his motion to put, but he thought it was a bad motion to be accepted. The arguments of the learned Lord had not been answered, though they had been to be spoken to. He was sincerely of opinion, that the House ought not to send his Majesty's Ministers from their seats, until this much-desired coalition was formed.

The House now divided on the question,

Ayes	—	227
Noes	—	236

#### MARCH 20.

Lord North had no sooner taken his place, than there was a general cry from all parts of the House for Lord Surrey. At this moment, Lord North stood up, but the noise was so great, it was not possible for his Lordship to speak.

His Lordship called out in order, and said he was, although at the request of the noble Lord, who should so far forget order as to call, when he well knew that a motion, of which notice had been given to the House, was entitled to precedence.

Lord North answered, that he now arose to order, as well as the Honourable Gentleman who had preceded him. That as the intention of the motion, of which notice had been given, and which was so vehemently called for, was well known to every gentleman in the House to be a motion virtually for the removal of his Majesty's Ministers, he thought it could not be considered either disorderly or improper in him to arise, in the first instance, to move the question of adjournment, and for this purpose it was that he had arisen.—[Here there was another general cry of order.]

Sir Fletcher Norton thought the noble Lord's conduct highly disorderly, and expressed his surprise that any gentleman acquainted with the orders of that House should so far transgress them as to propose any motion whatever, when another motion was depending, of which the House had received previous notice.

Lord North answered, that he had been mistaken—he had not moved any question of adjournment that might have properly been construed improper, but he was not permitted to proceed, or the House would have known his intention, which was to inform them that he intended to move the question of adjournment.

His Lordship was proceeding, but his voice was drowned by a most vociferous cry of order—order—Lord Surrey—Lord Surrey—This cry at last subsided.

Mr. Fox requested to be heard to order, which he said in his opinion, would be best preserved, by moving "That the Earl of Surrey do now speak," or as the House had been for some time past most shamefully disorderly, the only effectual way of re-establishing order, would be by adopting a regular Parliamentary mode.

Mr. William Pitt seconded this motion.

Lord North said, that as there was a question now before the House, he was certainly strictly in order in rising to give his sentiments, in doing which he would produce some reasons to shew why the noble Earl should not make his motion. When he had intimated to the House his intention of moving the question of adjournment, it was his intention to have made that motion at the beginning of the debate, but not without giving good reasons to the House, to shew a proper and reasonable cause of adjournment for a few days. The point which the motion had in view was clear to every body to be the removal of Ministers. Was this necessary, when he came down to declare, that these men, against whom the motion was intended to operate, were no longer the Ministers of this country? It was very true, they were officially so, until such time as the officers who were to constitute the new Administration were

were arranged; and this could not be done on a sudden.—The appointments lay with his Majesty, and his Majesty must have time to consult with those who possessed his confidence, and with whom he always consulted, in order to appoint proper successors.

His Lordship acknowledged, that the most usual and orderly method of adjournment would be by message from the King to both Houses of Parliament; but as there were several bills of material consequence, which must necessarily pass the Lords before the 25th of the present month, it would have been highly inconvenient to the nation if the adjournment had been by message. He thought it proper, before he sat down, to trouble the House with a few words relating to himself—and first, he could not reflect on the honourable and generous support he had received during his Administration without feeling the most sensible and warm emotions of gratitude—that support having decreased, he thought it his duty to retire; and though he could safely say he had done his best to serve his country, he hoped that whatever minister might succeed those going out, would be more fortunate than he had been. As for his office, he might have far superior ability, more brilliant talents, more persuasive eloquence—but no man could have a more ardent zeal, greater industry, or zealous attention—and he had always acted to the best of his judgment in promoting the interests of the nation. As to responsibility, he held it a constitutional doctrine, that every Minister was responsible for his measures; so did he mean to shrink from any thing to which his country might think it proper to call him, though he should retire, and it should draw him from that situation of private quiet which he had long, very long, ardently coveted. But he did not think it could possibly be injurious to the noble Lord to postpone his motion till Monday. Should the noble Lord, therefore, refuse to defer his motion till that day, he must be under the disagreeable necessity of moving the question of adjournment, which would only be till tomorrow.

Lord John Cavendish thought, that as the noble Lord had acknowledged the propriety of the motion intended had taken effect, the noble Earl could not possibly have any material objection to the motion of adjournment being now made and agreed to.

Mr. Poulis was of the same opinion; but if it appeared on Monday next, (the 25th) that a single atom of the present Administration remained in office, whether visible, or invisible, it would then be necessary to bring the motion forward.

Mr. Fox said, though he did not feel any disposition to induce the noble Earl to withdraw his motion, which was of a similar nature with those which he and his friends had formerly brought before the House, he thought a parliamentary removal of the Ministry from their present situations, would be the best ground, the truest basis for a future Administration to

stand upon. Such a constitutional removal would be a certain proof to the nation, that the successors of the present Ministry were not brought in by cabal, by trick, or by the artifice of office—that the change was not by the exertions of party, by the operations of faction, but by the unbiassed vote of the House of Commons. It had been declared, that the purpose of adjournment was forming a new arrangement, and therefore thought it fair to allow him time—particularly, as the noble Earl might bring forward his motion on Monday—and with that view he thought the noble Lord's request might be acquiesced in.

Lord Surrey said, he would not press his opinion in opposition to the whole House, but would act agreeable to their wishes. The declaration of the noble Lord, he thought so far from being a reason to postpone his motion, an additional proof that it was necessary, for it would shew, that the Ministry did not go out, because they were tired of being in office, but because Parliament were tired of the abuse they had committed; however, that was his private opinion, and he wished by no means to press it.

Mr. Roper said, the pressing of the noble Earl's question seemed to him a highly improper, and indeed, he wondered that Gentlemen should wish to press it, as their end was unobtainable. The noble Lord, to be sure, was not obliged to retire by a majority having declared that they had no longer confidence in him; but he should always consider the voice of the House of Lords every Lord gentleman against a Minister, a House that could not be null understood. While the Ministry had the confidence of that House, he had always supported him, but immediately as he found that confidence was withdrawn, he directly advised him to withdraw himself, for the mere majority of one or two to a Minister, was in fact a minority. The new Ministry he understood, and firmly believed, were to be formed of such men as the public could confide in; if they were, and acted agreeable to the promise which they had given, they should have his support as far as a single vote would go.

Mr. Burke said, he felt a quiet and sober satisfaction in the prospect of a Ministry, and a new system that was to be introduced by the independence of that House. They had abolished corruption, they had put an end to that under influence which had existed so long, and so fatally; and therefore they were to consider the new Administration as founded on independence.

Lord Surrey finding the general sense of the House was to adjourn, deferred his motion, reserving to himself the right of making it on Monday, if there was no a total change; at the same time declaring, that he should, if there was any delusion, make a very serious motion of quite a different nature.

Sir Robert Smith informed the House, that he had meant to have the Honour of seconding the noble Earl's motion, had it been made.

Lord





the people imagined would considerably diminish the King's servants. If this were the secret opposition which they were to meet with in that House, he had too good an opinion of the candour of parliament to fear it.

The disposition of the King's Ministers towards Ireland, he believed, was sufficiently understood; and that disposition which they had expressed, when out of office, he sincerely believed they would now maintain, and would take the speediest and the most likely means of giving complete satisfaction to the people of Ireland. The motion came with singularity from the right honourable gentleman, who was one of those persons who had constantly talked in such high language of "the unity of the British Dominions," and who thought proper to resist every claim, that was made both by the people of Ireland and the people of America, to that just liberty, and those rights and privileges which they inherited under the constitution. If the Administration, of which he had been a member and a partizan, had been as ready to yield to the pretensions of Ireland, when their pretensions were conveyed in terms of most respectful regard, the House would not have been insulted on that day with a motion from one of these men, who had constantly and uniformly denied every request, and withheld every boon that was either sought or wished for by our sister kingdom. But the right honourable gentleman seemed yet to have the principles of his late friends, and to act entirely upon their plan; he seemed to wish to divide the two kingdoms; and, like them, after talking of the unity of the British Dominions, to dismember the British Empire. He had come post from Ireland for the purpose, as it should seem, of moving this repeal of the 6th of George I. in the House of Commons; and this he thought it his duty to do, though he did not conceive it to be his duty to give any account to government of the state and condition of Ireland. The nature of his journey was now perfectly manifest. He had come in this very great hurry—had contrived to come on the very first day of the Ministers taking their seats in the House—to propose a thing which demanded the most serious inquiry—the most deliberate investigation that the wisdom of this country, and of Ireland, could give it. If his late friends had had a twentieth part of his hurry—if they had had a twentieth part of his present disposition to yield to the resolutions of Ireland, we should not now be brought to the distress which we are at this time in. If the late Ministry had succeeded where they might conceivably have succeeded, if they had given an extension of commerce to what was the right of Ireland, as well as it was the interest of England, when that extension was recently called for, and they had taken that extension finally to settle the relative situation of the two countries, it might have been done without difficulties, and all our present embarrassments, with its consequences, would have been avoided. But they were looked beyond

the present instant—they were gentlemen now what was to come—they never did things either effectually or finally, and the right honourable gentleman seemed still to partake of the same quality—for he was only inclined to do one thing, without taking time to consider, or seeming to care whether what he did would be sufficient, whether it was all that they desired, and whether, when they had procured the repeal on one part of the act of the 6th of George I. they would not afterwards think that the other parts of that act should not also be repealed. He was sincerely of opinion that this was not the way of settling the jealousies, or of restoring tranquillity to Ireland. His Majesty's Ministers, he could assure the House, had not lost a moment in bringing forward the subject. Out of the short time that they had been in office, they had employed a considerable part on the affairs of Ireland. He wished to God that their predecessors had been as active, and that they had lost as little time as those who were now entrusted with the government of this country. If the right honourable gentleman had given the proper communications to government, perhaps the Ministers would have been prepared this day to have brought forward a proposition; as it was, he could say, that before many days elapsed, the subject would come before the House in a regular way. His Majesty's Ministers had, when out of office, declared their opinion with respect to the claims of Ireland. They had said, that those restrictions, with regard to commerce, under which the labourers were exceedingly impolitic as well as cruel; and that it would be for the benefit of England, as well as of Ireland, that there should be such an extension of trade, and such a settlement with regard to connections, as would quiet the jealousies of the one, without hurting the interests, or lowering the rank of the other. It was therefore to be presumed, at least, that they would act up to their former declarations; he sincerely believed that they would do so. He had always thought that the affairs of this country under the late Ministry had suffered most materially. But within the last fortnight, he found that our situation was much worse even than he dreaded. Bad as he always thought these Ministers were, he had never believed them to be so inattentive, so remiss, or so totally careless of every thing that regarded the interests of their country, as he had found them. He trusted that the present servants of the Crown would think it their duty to make up a state of the affairs of the country as they found them at this time, and lay it before parliament for their information. It had always been his political sentiments, that it was unjust and tyrannical to attempt to hold a country in subjection, and to govern against the will and opinion of the people. It had always been his sentiments with regard to America as well as to Ireland, that they could not, much less ought not, to be governed by laws which they rejected as unconstitutional. All just government must consist in the perfect

it is the best and purest system of government, whose harmony prevails, and without it, it is not government, but usurpation. He brings about a final settlement of the dispute between Great Britain and Ireland; to state and precisely to declare, not for a moment, but for ever, what is the relative situation of the two countries with respect to each other; to take in and conclude all the points of difference, and to establish such a system of connection, intimacy and relation between them, as would be immediately and permanently for the interest of both, would require much discussion, and a considerable deal of time, for both countries must come to the discussion of the great and important subject, that by mutual consent it might be settled for ages, and not, as had been the conduct of the late Ministers, to fear up he wound for a moment, without complicating the cure. When these Ministers agreed to the extension of the trade of Ireland, they should have ultimately settled the claims, and fixed the situation. They had to do this at the proper time, and they ought to have done it to their country. That measure, however, would be taken for accomplishing this desirable end, he might safely assure the House. He thought that deceit was always pernicious, and he wished to speak with much openness and information as the nature of his share would justify. He would therefore move for the order of the day, as the best means of postponing the motion of the right hon. gentleman. He wished for this to give time to the King's servants to determine with precision on the plan to be offered to both countries, and he had the utmost reason to hope and believe, that the matter would be finally settled without any of those consequences which the conduct of the right honourable gentleman in this business had been calculated to produce. He wished, he could do, that the right honourable gentleman would withdraw his motion, as the best means, and by which an honourable friend of his, Mr. Erskine, would be able to move for leave to bring in a bill which he had introduced some years ago, for disqualifying Excise and Custom House Officers from voting at elections. This was a part of the plan which had been formed when they were out of office for reforming the constitution of parliament, and which they seriously meant to undertake now with the same zeal and attention as before.

Lord Mahon thought it extremely indecent in Mr. Eden to bring in a motion, as he had refused giving his Majesty's Ministers the information respecting Ireland, that it was his duty to have done. He censured the right hon. gentleman in very severe terms, for attacking his Majesty's Ministers on the first moment of their coming into office, before, indeed, they could possibly have had time to do anything in the business. The declaration of the Right Hon. Secretary (Mr. Fox) had been such, as ought to appear fully sufficient.

Edw. Mag.

Lord Mahon said, he had moved with to the Committee, that he should the right honourable Secretary of the Treasury, which was subject to his declaration, yet he was fearful of an implication being cast on Ireland, that we had rejected the offer of repealing the act complained of in the motion.

General Conway owned himself surprised that any person who was a servant of the public (for as such he undoubtedly considered the Irish Secretary) should dare to withhold his information from his Majesty's Ministers, because they were not a set of men that were favourable to the wretched system that had occasioned the dispute of the present hour. Since the new Ministry had come into place, no time had been lost to think on the most speedy and effectual means of quieting the troubles that unfortunately raged in Ireland; no less than three or four cabinet councils had been held solely on that business, and the new appointed Lord Lieutenant would be empowered with such terms, as he trusted would establish a firm and happy union between the two countries, which were so inseparably connected together by every tie of interest. It was extremely indecent in the right hon. gentlemen who moved the business to bring the matter on in the manner he did, without ever hinting the least idea to any of his Majesty's Ministers of his intention, or knowing whether Ministers did not intend themselves to move something similar to it.

Mr. Eden said, he found it absolutely necessary to declare the whole of his transaction since he came to England. He arrived in town on Thursday last, (the 4th) with a letter of Lord Carlisle's resignation, and was surprised to find that a new Lord Lieutenant had been appointed in his stead, two days previous to his arrival, by which it would possibly happen that his Grace the Duke of Portland would be the messenger of his own appointment, that treatment he thought extremely indecent, and not using Lord Carlisle well, to recall him without any notice, or alleging any fault against him; making no more ceremony in the removal of him (although business of the kingdom might materially require his attendance) than they would in the removal of a Chancellor of the Duchy Court of Lancaster, or any other sinecure place. He likewise found on his arrival, that the Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding of Yorkshire was also taken from his Lordship; he pointed out that as an additional insult offered to his Lordship; and he had therefore determined to hold some discourse with men who had treated the Duke Earl in such an unprecedented manner.

Mr. Secretary Fox said, with the right hon. gentleman's leave, he would read his own letter, which he did, stating his reasons for not giving them any information of accounts of his thinking Lord Carlisle indecent.

D A

extremely cautious, he said, that the Right Hon. Gentleman should think Lord Carlisle ill advised, by a successor being appointed, when he had written home an unconditional letter of resignation. He had the honour he said, to be well acquainted with Lord Carlisle, and was certain that he was possessed of too much sense to think himself ill treated in his resignation being accepted. With respect to the Marquis of Carmarthen being restored to the Lord Lieutenancy of the East Riding of Yorkshire, it was a measure that he should have thought a man no ways fit for that trust to be reposed in him, if he had neglected one moment after he came into office to reinstate that Nobleman in a post of honour which had been shamefully taken from him, on account of his giving a free and honest vote in the House of Peers.

The Duke of Portland, who was to succeed Lord Carlisle, would, he trusted, have power to form a strong and permanent union, so essential to the interests of both kingdoms, and which would, in his opinion, be far better than a hasty, undigested motion, artfully introduced to seek a little popularity.

Mr. Burke spoke short. He was confident that it was the intention of His Majesty's Ministers to do every thing possible for the relief of Ireland, and that a general reformation was intended to be made; but time must be given them, all those weighty concerns could not be accomplished at once.

Mr. T. Pitt owned his amazement at a man who was a servant of the public, having the effrontery to withhold his knowledge from His Majesty's Ministers, especially in an affair of such moment as the present, and on no better ground than a little paltry personal resentment about a feather of Lord Carlisle's glory being taken from him.

Gen. Conway rose, just to say one short word about the deficiency of the Irish Secretary in persisting in his motion, notwithstanding the House seemed so thoroughly against it; he expressed himself in very warm terms, and declared that he had thoughts of moving a vote of censure on him for his conduct.

Mr. Herbert said, he left Ireland about a twelvemonth since. That he was perfectly convinced the people of that country wanted nothing more than their rights; and as he was convinced his Majesty's Ministers were sincere in their declarations, he thought Mr. Eden's motion quite unreasonable.

Mr. Secretary at War (Mr. T. Townshend) said, that in every business where Ireland was concerned, he had been an advocate for that country; and if the late wicked Ministry had listened to the prayers of the petitioners from that kingdom, the present alarming crisis had never happened. He had as high an opinion of the honour of Lord Carlisle as any man breathing. His Lordship, he was confident, would not approve of the conduct of his Secretary, in withholding his knowledge of the state of Ireland from the present Ministry, on account of any little, paltry personal grievance.

He reserves his own opinion, and will not trouble the House to divide.

Mr. Alderman Townshend spoke with indignation of the conduct of the Right Hon. Gentleman who came over to this country; withheld all information from Government; forgot, or neglected his duty as a servant of the public; and because he chose to fancy that the Earl of Carlisle had a feather plucked from his cap, he refused to serve his country in one of the most critical and alarming moments that we ever saw. He thought that this conduct was so truly improper and dangerous, that Parliament could not, with any regard to its own dignity, overlook so flagrant a neglect of duty in one of the public servants.

Mr. Mansfield said, that he did not think it was material whether the motion was postponed, by being withdrawn, or by the order of the day. In either case, it would go forth into the world, that the motion had been disapproved of by the House, and for that reason disposed of either in the one way or the other in the form of rejection. He was sorry to see the personalities that had been mixed with the question. He thought that the Right Honourable Gentleman, on the other hand, might make the motion with the best design in the world, namely, that of preparing a subject the day upon which, as he said, the motion was to come on in the House of Commons of Ireland, and he sincerely believed, on the other hand, that His Majesty's Ministers intended no affront whatever to the Earl of Carlisle, and that they had the best disposition to take speedy and effectual means for quieting the jealousies, and restoring harmony to that kingdom. He would recommend to all sides of the House to put an end to the debate.

Mr. Pitt said, he by no means could allow that it was perfectly indifferent which way the motion was got rid of, whether by being withdrawn, or the previous question being put. The motion undoubtedly ought to be withdrawn, as improper, unnecessary, and indecent.

Mr. Eden rose, and wished to know, if he gave up his motion, whether the Right Honourable Secretary would pledge himself that a repeal of the Act of the 5th of George the First should take place.

Mr. Sheil said, he could not sit still and see a question of this importance rejected or evaded. He could not dismiss his hopes that the Right Honourable Gentleman, who had moved it, might yet be induced to withdraw it; and he was convinced the greatest mischief would follow its being otherwise disposed of.

Mr. Eden at length withdrew his motion.

The following is a copy of Mr. Eden's Letter to the Earl of Shelburne, which was so much discussed in the preceding Debate.

*Downing-street, April 5, 1782.*

" My Lord,

" HAVING re-considered the conference with which your Lordship yesterday indulged

me, I think that I ought specifically to state my reasons for having often declined your intimations to me to enter into opinions and facts respecting the present circumstances of Ireland, and the measures best to be pursued there. When I arrived in London, I had come prepared and disposed, and instructed to serve, most cordially, in the critical measure of closing the Lord Lieutenant's government, so as to place it with all practicable advantage in the hands of whatever person his Majesty's Ministers might have destined to succeed to it.

"I pre-supposed, however, that either his Excellency would be recalled very soon, but not without the attentions which are due to him, his station, and his services; or that his Majesty's Ministers would assist and instruct him in first concluding the business of the Session, and the various public measures and arrangements of some difficulty and consequence, which are immediately connected with it, and which cannot be completed in less than four or five months.

"Finding, however, to my extreme surprise, that the manner of giving the Lieutenantcy of the East Riding to Lord Carmarthen, had been such as to amount to a marked and personal insult, when it is considered that the thing taken is merely honorary, and that the person from whom it is taken is an absent Viceroy; and hearing also from your Lordship, that the Duke of Portland is not unlikely to be made the immediate and actual messenger of his own appointment, I from that moment declined any communication respecting facts and measures; because this line adopted towards the present Lord Lieutenant, must, in my opinion, be fatal to the ease of his successors for a long period of time, and ruinous to all good government, and the consequent peace of Ireland.

"Your Lordship has informed me, that this is not meant as a personal exertion of power against Lord Carlisle, but that his Majesty's Ministers have adopted this mode of removing the Lord Lieutenant, as a wise measure of Government. I differ to totally in my judgment, that it would be idle in me to trouble them further respecting Ireland.

"I shall, as the duty of my situation requires, wait on such of his Majesty's Ministers as are disposed to see me, and, with that respect which is due to them, shall submit what I have here stated.

"My next anxiety is to act as I believe Lord Carlisle would wish me to act, for his honour and the public service, two objects which cannot at this moment be separated. I am ready this evening, or to-morrow morning, at any hour, to attend the commands of his Majesty's Ministers, either separately, or collectively. To-morrow, at two, I shall go into the country to make a visit of personal respect and private friendship; and on Monday, in the House of Commons, I shall state as fully as a weak voice will permit, what I conceive to be the present circumstances of Ireland: I shall do this without any mixture of complaint, and

with the most anxious regard to facilitate any arrangements for the public tranquillity. I shall only wish to see it implied by the words, from facts, in contradiction to English treatment, that the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, (I borrow his words from his last letter to your Lordship) "has had the good fortune to conduct the business of Ireland, at a most critical period, without difficulty to his Majesty's government, and with many increasing advantages to the interests of his kingdoms."

I have the honour to be, &c.

Wm EDEN.

APRIL 9.

Mr. Secretary Fox brought the following message from the King:

George R.

"His Majesty being concerned to find that discontent and jealousies are prevailing amongst his loyal subjects in Ireland, upon matters of great weight and importance, earnestly recommends to this House to take the same into their most serious consideration, in order to such a final adjustment as may give mutual satisfaction to both kingdoms.

G. R."

Ordered an address of thanks to the King for his message.

APRIL 12.

The House went into a committee on the bill to exclude contractors from sitting in parliament.

Lord Nugent thought the bill an encroachment on the rights of the people.

Mr. Alderman Harley said the bill would materially affect him. The contract he held was of such a nature, that it could not be put an end to within the time limited. He had agents in Canada, New York, and the West-Indies, who were continually drawing bills. He preferred his seat in parliament to his contract. His contract came unlooked for. The Throne had been addressed to reward his former services; he had been offered a pension, which he refused. He had to be sure been made a Privy Counsellor, and the place of supplying his Majesty's Generals, &c. abroad was given him; and he would resign the place, but he must have proper notice. By his contract with the Treasury he must have twelve months notice. He said the bill contained many inconveniences.

Mr. Secretary Fox thought Mr. Harley's reasons against the bill were the best reasons for it. He had acknowledged Government were about doing him a favour, and had offered him a pension, which he had refused. A pension would have made him ineligible to sit in parliament; but making him a Privy Counsellor was the honorary part of a favour, and the contract was the indispensable part of a pension. Having a contract then must be considered as a favour. He always thought there was something of discontent and a quarrel was two things incompatible with each other. The bill was agreed to.

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P. Q. 2

# P O E T R Y.

## KING STEPHEN'S WATCH.

N. B. The *Watch* is founded on fact. King Stephen presented a Watch to one of his courtiers ycleped *Sm—t*, and condescended to regulate it with his own royal hands. *Sm—t* being in a promiscuous company, inquiry was made after the hour of the day. Watches were drawn out, when the differences were marked, and consisted as usual, in the variation of some minutes, from one to ten or fifteen. The royal Watch alone was before the foremost an hour and half, and was consequently reprobated as heretical. *Sm—t* however insisted that his was right, and *must* be right, being regulated by infallible royalty, &c. &c.

## KING STEPHEN'S WATCH. A Tale.

**A** VAUNT! ye wife disloyal throng,  
Who think a Monarch may do wrong,  
If he prove in every rebel's sight,  
Ev'n all he touches must do right.

King Stephen was a worthy Peer,  
His breeches cost him half a crown,  
In which, a Watch the King did wear  
All in a sob of fustian brown.

"He veng!" cries Dean M—lls, in sage  
strife,

"A Watch, and worn in Stephen's days"

"This anecdote we do not tell,

"In *Baker*, *Hol nyssend*, or *Speci*.

"Watches, when first invented,—elk 'em,

"In brother *Tissler's* *Vade Mecum*;

"See here—Arit brought to England,—ev'n,

"So late as fifteen ninety seven.

"Now Stephen reigned," —————

"I care not when;

Doctor, you interrupt my pen.

"I'm rude to stop a flourish old story,

Thus at the outset of his story,

At other folks are tripping catch,

About King Stephen and his Watch,

You prudently shou'd twig I wean;

You—a grave, church-gym, nay a Dean!

With Watch in sob, as-writ I said,

King Stephen strutted o'er the mead,

And, met a Courtesier slim, yet sleek,

With fore-top high, and humming check,

Supple his loins, his ham-strings weak;

"Ho crouch'd, and stretch'd" his back before,

Like goat, approaching a barn door.

"Hold steady head," King Stephen cry'd,

"And walk a while at our left side.

"The Courtesier of our court; then,

"Will hold thee the most gallant for side;

"Nor is there any Squire ere know,  
"Who speaks so smooth, or bows so low;  
"Whether from nature, or from art,  
"Yet sure we were, thou top'st thy pa't.  
"Here take this Watch, we've set it so,  
"To tell thee when to come and go,  
"I'll fetch and carry as we please,"  
He bow'd, "Then took it on his knees."

Some six month after, (scene the same)  
With cup in hand our Courtier came,  
To meet King Stephen in his walk,  
When, a fit prelude to more talk,  
The King said, "Courtier, wh' 's o'clock?"  
The Courtier, in his true blue frock,  
Making a most obsequious slide,  
Produced his Watch with humble pride,  
And, in soft and silken tone,  
Cry'd "Sire, tis half an hour past one."

"Past one! odds body, said the King,  
"Look at the sun, tis no such thing.  
"He is not near his noon tide height,  
"Rushew me, tis not much past eight."

"My Liege," replied the dainty creature,  
"I rest upon my regulation;  
"This best of Watches, be it of things,  
"Giv'n by the very height of King's,  
"Is ever present to my View,  
"The sun may err,—I must be true.  
"O ne'er shall my disloyal eye,  
"Trust von vague time-piece of the skies;  
"That sun—I thank him for his light,  
"It shows me this most splendid sight,  
"This pledge of your resplendent favor.  
"But let not the vain thing endeavour,  
"To shine the ruler of my time;  
"No, gracious Sire, both eve and prime,  
"Your gift shall regulate my motion;  
"My meals, its reason, nay devotion.  
"And may you, Sire! (which heaven sac-  
send,)

"With one dread frown my being end,  
"If e'er my faith so far thou'd falter,  
"As dare the Watch you set, to alter.  
"Which like its donor, dry and night,  
"Still tick-tacks obstinately right,  
"Whose every wheel dildains to run,  
"Directed by yon factious sun;  
"And goes, my Sovereign, I assure ye,  
"As well *de facto* as *de jure*.

King Stephen smil'd, and gracious cry'd,  
"Troth thou hast taken the right side;  
"The sun's a whig;—as I'm a sinner,  
"Tis time to dine, and go to dinner."

THE MOANS OF THE FOREST;  
after the BATTLE of FLODDEN FIELD.

I Have heard of a liting, at the ewes' milking,  
ing.

A' the lalle liting before brook of day,  
But now th're's a moaning, in ilka green  
loning,

Since the flowers of the forest are weeded  
away,

At bughts in the morning, nae blythe lads are  
scorning,

Our lassies are lonely, and dowie, and wae;  
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sob-  
bing,

Ilka lass hits her leggin, and flie her away;

In hur't at the sheering, nae swankies are jec-  
ing,

Our braisters are wrinkled, and hard, and  
grey,

At a fute, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae  
fleeching,

Since the flowers of the forest are weeded  
away,

At e'en in the glooming, nae youngsters are  
roming,

But sit kye w'th the lasses at boggles to play;  
But ilka lass sit dinary, lamenting her deary,  
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded  
away.

Doel and wae fa' the order—'Ent our lads to  
the loider!

The English for once by a guile won the day,  
The flowers of the forest, that shone e'er the  
foremost,

The pride of our land now ligs cauld in the  
clay!

We l ha' ne mair liting, at the ewes milking,  
Our women and bairns now sit dowie and  
wae;

There's nought heard but moaning, in ilka  
green loning,

Since the flowers of the forest are weeded  
away.

A GLOSSARY.

Liting	singing cheerfully.
A l.	a l.
Ilka	each.
Loung	lance.
Bug ts	curcular folds, where the ewes are milked
Scorning	bantering.
Dowie	solitary.
Wae	woe.
Daffing	sp rt ng.
Gabbing	prating.
Leg'in	milk pail.
Swankies	swains.
Braisters	binders of the sheaves.
Lyard	heavy old song.

Fleeching flattery.  
Gloom'g twilight.  
Doel doleful, sorrow.  
Wae fa' woe befid, will befall.  
Aye always.  
Ligs lies, is buried.  
Boggles ghosts.

Translation of the French Sonnet in our *Maga-  
zine* for March.

WH O can a woman's heart declare  
His own an hour to be?  
Her promises are light as air,  
And circulate as free.

The hopes she gives are but a lure,  
Fresh conquests to invite,  
The vows she makes, no more endure,  
When absent from your sight.

Inconstant as the rolling sea,  
And govern'd by caprice;  
Her motto is Variety,  
And Novelty her bliss.

Idol of vanity and pride,  
Ador'd by curling youth,  
She sits with fulsome flattery ply'd,  
Nor hears the voice of truth.

The art of ornament's her trade,  
Her thoughts to dress confine;  
Her person at the toilette made,  
And novels form her mind.

On constant war with Silence bent,  
She chatter, right or wrong,  
At random gives her tongue vent,  
With never-ceasing tongue.

I quit the subject with this rule—  
Who follows a coquette  
Must be a madman or a fool,  
And so beware the net.

SEDLICK.

O D E

Addressed to GENERAL ARNOLD.

By Lady CRAVEN.

WELCOMF one Arnold to our shore,  
Thy deeds on Fame's strong pillars  
Shew loyalty and reason;  
O! had success thy projects crown'd,  
Proud Washington had but the ground,  
And Arnold punish'd treason.

Around you press the sacred band,  
Germaine will kiss your hand  
Galloway her plighted hand  
Sir Hugh will sing you to his heart,  
The tears of joy from Tell then start,  
And Canning had his part.

Since you the royal levees grace,  
Joy breaks through Denbigh's dismal face,  
Sir Guy looks brisk and capers;  
Grave Amherst teems with brilliant jests,  
The Refugees are Stormont's guests,  
His wine's a cure for vapours.

Mild Abingdon shouts out your praise,  
Burgoyne himself will tune his lays,  
To sing your skill in battle;  
Greater than Han's, who scal'd the Alps,  
Or Indian Chiefs who brought him scalps,  
Instead of Yankee Cattle.

For camp or cabinet you were made,  
A Jockey's half a coustier's trade,  
And you've instinctive art;  
Although your outside's not so dress'd,  
Bid Mashfield dive into your breast,  
And then report your heart.

What think you of this rapid war?  
Perhaps you'll say we've march'd too far,  
(And spar'd when we should kill)  
Was it by courting to and fro,  
That Sackville beat the daring foe,  
Or bravely standing still?

Heroic Sackville, calm and meek,  
Tho' Ferdinand smote his cheek,  
He never shook his spear.  
(That spear in Gallic blood fresh dyed)  
But like Themistocles, he cry'd;  
\* Frappez Mon Prince—but hear.

As yet we've met with trifling crosses  
And prov'd our force e'en by our losses,  
(Conquest or death's the word:)  
Britons strike home!—Be this your boast,  
After two gallant armies lost,  
Sir Henry—has a third.

Worn out with toils and great designs,  
Germaine to you the Seals resign;  
Your worth superior owns;  
Would sev'rand I wicher now retreat,  
We still might keep a glorious fleet,  
By bilking o'er Paul Jones.

O'er Twitcher's breast, and Germaine's too,  
Fix Edward's star and ribbon blue,  
To ravish all beholders;  
That when to Heaven they get a call,  
Their Stars (like Eli's) speak may tall,  
On Paul's and Arnold's shoulders.

Cæsar then ope your sacred gates,  
The generous valiant Germaine waits,  
Who held the atlantic passage:  
(Eli's shine a jewel in the crown)  
When Arnold knocks all traitors down,  
You shall have a potage  
Like good  
Hold on  
And now  
The good  
The good

Should Waltham's Wedderburne decline,  
To rank his name, Germaine, with thine,  
This truth (united) I'll tell you,  
Rise a Scotch Peer—right weel I ween,  
You'll soon be chofe—one of Sixteen,—  
Dare Gratton then expell you?

## AURA and ALEXIS.

(Continued from p. 228.)

As passing by one day by chance,  
Whic lovely Aura stray'd;  
He view'd her various charms afkance,  
And all her form survey'd.

He view'd her lips of rubies made,  
Her glossy, nut brown hair,  
Whose ringle cast a pleasing shade,  
And made her neck more fair.

The frigh ed maid in dread surprise  
With fault'ring footsteps flew,  
And turning back her sparkling eyes,  
From whence, she cry'd, are you?

The youth with extacy address'd  
The unexperienc'd maid;  
"Return, return, thou heav'n-born guest,  
"Nor be or ought afraid.

"Let no vain doubts thy thoughts molest,  
"I thou more than mortal fair;  
"Be lull'd thy mind to tranquil rest,  
"And banish every care.

"Behold thy suppliant lover faint,  
"Entreats thee not to fly;  
"Oh deign to hear his tender plaint,  
"Or bid him instant die.

"But nature never form'd that frame  
"On purpose to destroy;  
"Then let m from thy pity claim  
"A distant hope of joy."

In am'ous strains he told with sighs  
The flame his bosom felt,  
And pearly tears bedew'd his eyes  
The lovely maid to melt.

With elegance his language flow'd  
In pleasing accents drest'd,  
And while her face with blushes glow'd,  
Her willing hand he press'd.

Her half-averted cheek he kiss'd  
And vow'd his love sincere,  
Nor could her feeling heart resist  
The tribute of a tear.

Awhile her wav'ring mind's resolv'd,  
Awhile she doubts again;  
Now thinks how well Alexis lov'd,  
Then deems his loving vain.

[To be continued.]

MONTHLY

# MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Whitehall, April 30, 1782.

Extract of a Letter from Brigadier General Frazer, dated St. Christopher's, February 14, 1782.

I AM extremely sorry to inform you, that, with the opinion of the engineer, the commanding officer of the artillery, and the rest of the officers of the garrison, I was under the painful necessity to surrender the few remaining troops under my command at the post of Brimstone hill, by capitulation, on the 12th instant, to the French troops commanded by the Marquis De Bouille.

On the 9th of January 28 French Ships of the line, with several frigates and transports appeared off this Island, on the 11th they stood in for the road of Basseterre, and the evening landed 8000 troops, with a formidable train of artillery. Finding the enemy's force bore the appearance of being very superior to the few troops I had for the defence of this island, I judged it prudent to withdraw my out posts, and being joined by General Shirley, with a detachment of the militia of the island, from Basseterre, I took post on Brimstone hill on the 11th.

On the 11th and 12th the Enemy completely invested and blockaded the garrison, their right taking post in the town of Sandy Point, and their left at Godwin's Cut. They immediately advanced their piquets within 500 yards of Brimstone Hill, to cut off our communication with the country, and likewise detached corps to Basseterre and the town of Old Road, in short, (Brimstone Hill excepted) the enemy were in full possession of the island, and in such a position as to prevent us every means of succour, unless the British Squadron should be able to assist us.

In this situation I prepared to make the best defence possible. The ground we were on must be acknowledged to be very strong by nature, and against an immediate attack by assault, I am confident we should have proved invulnerable, but the fortifications were very old, and in a ruinous state, and by no means equal to stand the fire from such heavy batteries as opened during the siege.

In the night of the 16th of January, the enemy began to break ground at Summerfall estate, distant about 500 yards on the north west side, and at Rawlin's estate on the Old Road side, and in the morning of the 15th they opened a battery of six mortars from Rawlin's. From that day the fire from the enemy continued daily on us, new batteries frequently opening, and for the last three weeks they were constantly, day and night, bombarding and cannonading the garrison, and with such effect, that, early in the siege, every cover on the hill, the store containing all the rum, the

arsenal, and the soldiers' stores, and part of the provisions store, were consumed or sunk to pieces by the fire from the cannon. The latter part of the siege almost all the guns were either dismounted or disabled, and the works on the north west side was an entire and perfect breach. I must add, the want of entrenching tools was severely felt; there was not any provision of the kind made, which put it out of our power to make any repairs or retrenching within, which was so necessary against an assault, when such considerable machines were made in the works; and when it was so well known by the enemy that our decrease of troops in the garrison was very considerable, we had reason to look for every moment.

Under all these circumstances, after a siege of five weeks, thirty-four days since the enemy's batteries began to open, most of which time we received fire from 24 mortars and 23 pieces of heavy artillery against a spot of ground where the greatest diameter is not more than two hundred yards, the whole of the garrison, from the great decrease by killed, wounded, sick, and desertion, being obliged to be under arms every night, which harassed and fatigued them so much, that I thought it would have been wanting in humanity to have risked the lives of the final body of gallant soldiers that had behaved with such fidelity and courage during the siege, to have subjected them to an assault, which, from the superior number of the enemy (the duty men in the garrison not exceeding five hundred men) could not but have succeeded.

Notwithstanding the event has proved unfortunate, I should be wanting in doing justice to the troops under my command, if I concluded without saying, that both officers and soldiers deserve the highest commendation: Under a constant fire of shot and shells, night and day, (that I doubt has in any instance ever been exceeded) the officers showed a constant and universal cheerfulness, and by their example the soldiers bore the greatest fatigue with firmness that deserves my warmest acknowledgments.

Admiralty Office, April 30, 1782.

Extract of a Letter from Vice Admiral Milbank, to Mr. Stephens, dated Plymouth, April 28, 1782.

I have the satisfaction to acquaint you, for their Lordship's information, that his Majesty's ship Latona arrived here late last night, and Captain Conway brings the agreeable intelligence of his having in company with the Queen last Monday, four Sails, fallen in with the French ship l'Adonisaire, armed on three masts, which struck to the latter. She had eleven chests of Dutch silver on board, and the lower masts for four twenty-four pound balls.



her goods complete, under her own name, which was intended for the Hannibal.

Captain Casway further informs me, that on Thursday last, about ten leagues south of Sicily, he fell in with and took a French lugger, named Le Barnardine, mounting fourteen guns, and also retook a Scotch logger of ten guns, which she had captured.

Extract of Letter from Captain Collins, of the Elys, to M. Stephens, dated Passage of Waterford, April 20, 1782.

I beg you would be pleased to inform my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that being off Cape Cornwall, the 18th inst. on my passage to this place, in his Majesty's ship under my command, I took L'Aigle, a French ship privateer, belonging to St. Maloes, commanded by the Sicur Dugui du Laurent, of twenty guns, six and nine pounders, and 121 men, after a chase of eight hours. This ship had been out six days, and had not taken any thing.

Extract of a Letter from Vice-Admiral Drake to Mr. Stephens, dated in the Downs, April 25, 1782.

I have the pleasure to inform your Lordships, that a large cutter privateer, mounting eighteen six pounders, and twelve privateers, and 133 men, named the Active Rover, and commanded by one Clutter an Englishman, was sent in to the Downs yesterday evening. She was taken to the westward by the Commodore, Scourge, at Helena.

Extract of a Letter from Lieutenant Dyer to Mr. Stephens, dated on board the Dolphin and Ann Lencer, Hull Road, April 27, 1782.

Be pleased to acquaint their Lordships, that at 11 o'clock this morning boarded and took possession of the Endeavour Dutch privateer in Hill Road, she being driven to the Humble by distress of weather; she mounted two three pounders and six swivel guns and fourteen men, it being the 21st of this Month, and has not taken any vessel.

May 1, was held in the parish church of St. George, Middlesex, the anniversary of a charitable institution, which wants only to be more known, to be followed and encouraged in other parishes of this kingdom, namely, the late Mr. Raine's most laudable charity, by which two young women, educated and maintained in the school founded for that purpose by himself, in his own life-time, are apportioned with each year, one on the 1st of May, and the other on the 5th of November, as a reward of her industry and good behaviour, and an encouragement to her amongst the deserving poor. The sermon on this occasion was preached by the Rev. Dr. Hedges, Rector of Stepney, and the friends of this most generous institution were in great numbers, after divine service, to the Foundling school of industry, where they celebrated their laudable anniversary with that be-

coming festivity, which could not but tend to promote in other parishes within this kingdom, if more known, so unparalleled an encouragement of industry, and of every thing among the deserving objects of their charity which is "pure, lovely, and of good report."

2. This day one of the noblest spectacles in the world was exhibited in St. Paul's cathedral. Upward of 6000 charity children were arranged under the dome, whose appearance was peculiarly gratifying to a very crowded congregation. An excellent sermon on the occasion was preached by the bishop of Chester, after which the children sung an anthem.

3. This day sixteen bills received the royal assent, by virtue of a commission under the Great Seal for that purpose, amongst which are the following.

The bill for quartering the Hessian troops coming from Minerva—the militia pay bill—the Grenadier Guards bill—the bill for the enrolment of soldiers and will of Parliament bill relative to East India goods—the bill relative to ransoming ships—and the bill for the more speedy recovery of small debts, in the town of Rochester.

From the London Gazette.

Admiralty Office, May 4.

Extract of a letter from the honourable captain John Mordaunt, of his Majesty's ship the Queen, to Mr. Stephens, dated off the Start, April 28.

I beg to inform you that the Lord Raper, on Sunday morning the 21st inst. commenced his attack on the French ship, about ten o'clock, to assist the loud yatta d her prize, as it then blew very hard. So soon as the weather permitted, I took every expedient to assist the ship, and to assist her, and by one o'clock next morning we had taken her, a 300 privateer, and sent an officer and 40 men, in addition to the others, and 50 men put on board her capt. J. Raper, at which time we discovered a large ship to the southward, standing to the S. W. upon a wind. I could soon perceive she was not an Englishman of war, and the French officers assured me she was the Proteus, of 74 guns. I immediately ordered the Proteus, together with one of the cruizers that was in company, to make the best of their way to the first convenient port in England, and made sail towards the strange ship, which after a chase of fourteen hours we came up with in the night, and took, upon firing one broadside, (still supposing her to be the Proteus) and to only me 11 guns, and struck her on the side. On finding a vessel on board I found her to be the Actionnaire, of 64 guns, armed en flute, commanded by M. de Quieres, Knight of the Order of St. Louis, with 1000 men, and 500 soldiers on board, of which 9 were killed and 25 wounded, bound from Breteuil to the Isle of France. We find she has a great quantity of naval and ordnance stores on board, besides provisions, wine, and rum, together with eleven chests of money.

When

When the ship in question appeared to windward, and made the private signal, but being disabled in the night, it was not next morning before she joined us. I provided 1000 prisoners to man her, and then sent back the liberty to detain her twenty-four hours, to assist in shifting the prisoners, and to take on board 150 of them. Captain Conway then parted company.

6. Came on at Huntingdon the election of a member of parliament for that county, when the Earl of Lichow, who had vacated his seat by accepting the place of Comptroller of his Majesty's Household, was unanimously re-elected.

From the London Gazette.

Admiralty-office, May 7, 1782.

Extract of a letter from Lord Charles Fitzgerald, Captain of his Majesty's ship *La Pudente*, to Mr. Stephens, dated Kinsale, April 27, 1782.

I parted company from the Squadron under the command of Vice-Admiral Barrington, on the 20th of this month at night, in chase of the enemy's convoy, four of which I had the good fortune to capture; and being on my return to Spithead, in lat. 49. 17. I made sail after a cutter, which I came up with off Cape Clear, after 36 hours chase, the most of the time within gun-shot of her; she is called *Le Marquis de Castries*, French privateer, pierced for 22 guns, mounted 18 six pounders, with a complement of 105 men, and had been out two days from Morlaix.

Admiralty-office, May 7, 1782.  
Extract of a letter from Captain O'Hara, to Mr. Stephens, dated Waterford, April 28, 1782.

The *Viper* cutter and *Antigua* brig arrived here last night, and brought in a French lugger privateer, and a ship, bound from London to Cork, with merchants goods, which she had taken.

8. A watchman belonging to the custom-house, and another man, were carried before the Lord Mayor, the following Aldermen being present, viz. Townsend, Clark, Crichton, and Turner, charged with stealing six bags of tea at a gricer's, in Thames-street, the day before: the permit was produced, whereupon they were both committed to the Poultry Compter for the above offence, and also for assaulting one of the people of the Poultry Compter, and endeavouring to make their escape.

9. At a Court of Aldermen, summoned in consequence of a letter the Lord Mayor had received from the Earl of Shelburne, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, and at a Court of Lieutenancy held immediately afterwards upon the like occasion, the said letter was read, and also the following circular letter and heads of a plan therein inclosed.

(C O P Y.)

‘SIR,  
Whitehall, May 7, 1782.

His Majesty has commanded me to express his firm reliance upon the spirit and loyalty of his people, and his royal confidence, that,  
EUROP. MAG.

‘I am, SIR,  
Your most obedient,  
humble servant,  
SHELburne.’  
(Signed)  
‘For this purpose, I have his Majesty's command to signify to you his desire and recommendation, that you should take the same into immediate consideration; and, after having considered, report to me whatever observations may occur to you for the carrying into execution a plan, the purpose of which is to give security to your own persons and property, and to the general defence of the kingdom.’

‘I am, SIR,  
Your most obedient,  
humble servant,  
SHELburne.’  
(Signed)  
‘For this purpose, I have his Majesty's command to signify to you his desire and recommendation, that you should take the same into immediate consideration; and, after having considered, report to me whatever observations may occur to you for the carrying into execution a plan, the purpose of which is to give security to your own persons and property, and to the general defence of the kingdom.’

‘I am, SIR,

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

SHELburne.’

(Signed)

*Heads of a plan for raising corps in the several principal towns in Great-Britain.*

1st. The principal towns in Great-Britain to furnish one or more battalions each, or a certain number of companies each, in proportion to their size and number of inhabitants.

2d. The officers to be appointed from among the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, or the inhabitants of the said towns, either by commission from his Majesty or from the Lord Lieutenant of the county, upon the recommendation of the chief magistrate of the town in which the corps are raised.

3d. They are to be paid of some certain estate in land or money, in proportion to their rank.

4th. An Adjutant or Town Major in each town, to be appointed by his Majesty.

5th. A proper number of sergeants and corporals from the army, to be appointed for the corps in each town, in proportion to their number.

6th. The said sergeants and corporals, at

was in the Regiment, or Town Major, to be  
in the government pay.

The men to exercise frequently either in parties, or by companies, on Sundays, and on all holidays, and also after their work is over in the evenings.

Sub. Arms, accoutrements, and ammunition, to be furnished at the expense of government, if required.

gth. Proper magazines or store houses to be  
chosen or erected in each town for keeping the  
said arms, &c.

10th. The arms and accoutrements to be delivered out at times of exercise only and to be returned into the store as soon as the exercise is finished.

11th. The Adjutant or Town Major to be always present at exercise, and to see that the men afterwards march regularly and lodge their arms in the storehouse.

12th Pro or penalties to be inflicted on such as absent themselves, from exercise, as affords for disobedience of orders, insolence to their officers, and other disorderly behavior

13th. The above corp not to be obliged on any account, or by any authority whatever, to move from their respective towns, except in times of actual invasion or rebellion.

14th. His Majesty shall then have power to order the said corps to march to any part of Great Britain, as his Majesty may require.

15th. They are on full location. I either separately or in conjunction with Mr. Majesty's regular to see, and be under the command of such general offices as Mr. Majesty shall think proper to appoint.

16th. Both officers and men to receive full pay as his Majesty's other regiment, of foot from the day of their march, and as long as they shall continue in service out of their towns.

17th. They are to be subject to military discipline in the same manner as his Majesty's regular forces, during the said time of their being so called out and receiving pay.

18th. All officers who should be filled in  
service to be entitled to half-pay, in  
all non-commissioned officers and private  
disabled, to receive the benefit of Chelsea  
hospital.

19th. The widows of Officers killed in the service, to have a pension for life.

An order was issued for immediately putting up a camp at Lenham Heath, in Suffolk. The camps at Warley and Chelmsford are all ordered to be assembled with all possible expedition.

Orders were also given for all the troops on the camp that are to be firmed this summer to march to their different places appointed and to fix their tents by the 25th instant.

13. His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, attended by Lady Charlotte Finch, and others of the friends household, set off from the Queen's Hospital, Great Castle, to make use of the salubrious air for the recovery of his health.

Control their

Mail, Purcell and Gouvenor were on Monday discharged from their imprisonment in the Court of King's Bench. Their books and papers, which had been sent home from Kustatia by Sir George Rodney, were at the same time returned to them at the Mail of Sheldburne's office.

15. The Lectors of Westminster met pursuant to an advertisement: for that purpose, in the great Hall, Alderman's Hall in the Chair.

Lord Suir moved an Address of Thanks to his Majesty, for listening to the voice of his people in removing his late Ministers, and taking in their stead new Ministers who are of sound principles, that let the people know that the people. M. W. seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously.

Major C. Wright, after a long speech, moved, "That the community of the Republic be charged, in a small number of the people, to exert, subversive of the constitution, and the universal diligence required to obtain an effectual reform." &c.

The 13th of the Meeting were voted to Mr Seaton Cox, for his conduct before and for his communication. As to William Pitt, Esq, in his motion in the House of Commons in behalf of the petitioners of Scotland, a people taxed of the country as to Mr. Elliot, and other officers of the Bank, who, contrary to the private intentions of the said new Bank Pitt in the motion.

Legals were voted to the Duke of Richmond, 1840, two years ago to bring on such a matter.

From the London Gazette.

Adm 15 636, May 18, 1782.

[illegible]

For 1 d 1 c, at 5 1/2, April 14, 1782.

SIR,  
I have said, out of the divine Providence, that I adjust a misadventure to your country, and that I am commanded by the Court of Grace, who humbly call upon the Ville de Paris, and from her ship out of the street, behind the sunk in the street.

This important victory was obtained on the 12th inst after a battle which lasted with unrelenting fury from seven in the morning till half past six in the evening, when the action sun set and so he ceased.

With thee I've greatly suffered, but I  
with the 'neath sail, when I can assure thee  
Lords, that though the main, sails, riggers

the loss of men has been but small, considering the length of the battle, and the close action they so long sustained, and in which both fleets looked upon the honour of their King and country to be most essentially concerned.

The great supply of naval stores lately arrived in the West Indies, will, I flatter myself, soon repair all the damages his Majesty's fleet has sustained.

The gallant behaviour of the officers and men of the fleet I have the honour to command, has been such as must for ever endear them to all lovers of their King and country.

The noble behaviour of my second in command, Sir Samuel Hood, who in both actions most conspicuously exerted himself, demands my warmest encomiums; my third in command, Rear-Admiral Drake, who, with his division, led the battle on the 12th inst. deserves the highest praise, no less can be given to Commodore Ansell, for his gallant behaviour in leading the centre division.

My own Captain, Sir Charles Douglas, merited every thing I can possibly say. His unremitted diligence and activity greatly eased me in the unavoidable fatigue of the day.

In short, I want words to express how sensible I am of the meritorious conduct of all the Captains, Officers and men, who had a share in this glorious victory obtained by their gallant exertions.

The enemy's whole army, consisting of 5500 men, were on board their ships of war. The destruction among them must be prodigious, as, for the greatest part of the action, they were told; and their Lordships may judge what havoc must have been made, when the formidable fired nearly eighty broadsides.

Inclosed I have the honour to send for their inspection the British and French lines of battle, with an account of the killed and wounded, and damages sustained by his Majesty's fleet.

Lord Cranstoun, who acted as one of the Captains of the Formidable during both actions, and to whose gallant behaviour I am much indebted, will have the honour of delivering these dispatches: To him I must refer their Lordships for every minute particular they may wish to know, he being perfectly master of the whole transaction.

That the British flag may for ever flourish in every quarter of the globe, is the most ardent wish of him who has the honour of being, with great regard, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,  
B. RODNEY.

Philip Stephens, Esq.

#### A List of the French Ships taken.

La Ville de Paris, 110 guns, had on board in the engagement 1300 men.

	Cann.	Men.	Soldiers.
Le Glorieux	74	750	150
Le César	74	750	150
Le Hector	74	750	150
L'Ardent	64	650	100

One sunk, name unknown.

The Royal Oak is laid out for the Barbadoes, and the Marlborough for the Leeward.

#### VAN DIVISION.

Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart.

Ships.	Commanders.	Gunns.
Royal Oak	Captain Burnett	74
Alied	Bayne	74
Montague	Bowen	74
Yarmouth	Parry	74
Valiant	Go. Fall	74
Barfleur	Sir Sam. Hood, Bart.	90
	Captain Knight	74
Monarch	R. ynolds	74
Warrior	Sir James Wallace	74
Belliqueux	Sutherland	74
Centaur	Inglefield	74
Magnificent	Lizée	74
Prince William	Wilkinson	64

Frigates.—Champion to repeat signal, † Lizard, † La Nymphe, Zebra, Alcedo.

#### CENTRE DIVISION.

Sir George Bridges Rodney, Bart. &c. &c.  
Commander in Chief.

Bedford	Commodore Aspleek	74
	Captain Graves	74
Ajax	Charrington	74
Repulse	Dumarque	64
Canada	Hon. W. Cornwallis	74
St. Albans	Inglis	64
Namur	Fanshawe	90
Formidable	Sir G. E. Rodney, Bt.	90
	Sir Cha. Douglas, Bt.	90
	First Captain	90
	Captain Symonds	90
Duke	Gudner	90
Agamemnon	Caldwell	64
Resolution	Rt. Hon. Lord	74
	Robert Manners	74
Prothee	Buckner	64
Hercules	Savage	74
America	S. Thompson	64

Frigates.—Flora to repeat signals, † Convert, Endymion, Alarm, Andromache, † Fortune, Alert, † Sybil, † Pegasus, † Salamander.

#### REAR DIVISION.

Rear Admiral Drake, &c. &c.

Ruffel	Saunders	74
† Prudens	Barklay	64
Fame	Barbor	74
Anson	Blair	64
Torbay	Gidoin	74
Prince George	Williams	90
Princessa	Francis Sam. Drake, Esq.	74
	Capt. Kestel	74
Corquero	Bliss	64
Nonuch	Trenkott	64
Alcide	C. Thompson	74
Arrogant	Curtis	74
Marlborough	Penny	74

French frigates to repeat signals, & German, & Blair, Triton, & Santa Monica.

All accidental frigates to be opposite the central division.

N. B. Thote marked † not with the fleet during the action.

Killed, Captains Bayne, and Capt. Blair, Lieutenants Gwarkin, Wimbleson, Hick, Hobart, Callowhill, and Mounier.

Wounded, Captains Lord Robert Manners, Savage, Bell, Bagg; Lieutenants Breedon, Bughan, Brown, Elliott, Harris, Cramish, Trelovery, Danda, McDonald, and La'ar.

Seamen and marines. Killed 230, wounded 759.

N. B. Lord Cranstoun and Capt in French service, that the Centurion, one of the captured ships, soon after the war taken & sunk in 1800, lost her by accident, and blew up, and a considerable number of the people on board her unfortunately perished, and that Lord Robert Manners died in his private home in the Andromache.

A list of the French fleet in Port Royal Bay, April 2, 1782.

	Cuns.
La Ville de Paris	110
L'Auguste	80
Le Duc de Bourgogne	80
Le Jarguier	80
Le St. Esprit	80
La Couronne	80
Le Neptune	80
Le Triomphant	80
Le Zele	74
Le Glorieux	74
Le Croyen	74
Le Souverain	74
Le Magnanime	74
Le Cesar	74
Le Hector	74
Le Brave	74
Le Fluron	74
Le Fertile	74
Le Scipion	74
Le Burgogues	71
Le Desir	74
Le Dauphin Royal	74
Le Magnifique	74
Le Reflexe	64
Le Bien Aime	74
Le Septieme	74
Le Northumberland	74
Le Conquerant	74
Le Marie ille	74
Le Palmier	74
L'Acident	64
L'Eveille	64
Le Coton	64
Le Jafon	64
Le Per, a large frigate,	54
Le Minerva, ditto	74
Le Gesteire	54
L'Experiment	50
Total 36 full of the line, two 50 guns	

ships, 18 frigates, 7 armed brigs of the King's, 2 fire-ships, 1 cutter.

Admiralty-Office, May 18.

Captain Ball, late of his Majesty's ship the Superb, arrived early on the 16th instant, with dispatches from Vice Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, Knight of the Bath, and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's ships in the East Indies, to Mr. Stephens, of which the following is an extract.

Extract of a letter from Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Hughes to Mr. Stephens, dated on board the Superb in Timiamle Bay, the 14th of January, 1782.

I had the honour to address you for the Royal ships information, by letter of the 18th of October last, in which I intimated their Lordships, that Major General Sir Hector Munro, K. B. was sent to take the command of the Commissariat in the Island country, and to assist with his Majesty's squadron under my command, in the attack on Negapatam, that I was in hopes would be able to reduce it, although the situation was rendered by a ligament of Hynd Ally troops, and the fortification was unusually strong, and by new works. That it was to be considered by me, as a duty on the coast was to be advanced, and the first of the Monsoon at hand, but, that for a long time in the consequence to the Corrupts and national interests as Negapatam is, we, something must be risked. Accordingly the Commissariat troops arrived at Negapatam on the 1st of October, and Major General Sir Hector Munro immediately landed from the Superb, to take the command of them, the same day the whole corps of marines of the squadron, amounting to 483, officers included, landed and joined the Commissariat troops, and on the 22d of October a detachment from the squadron, consisting of 827, including officers, was also landed. In which order the command of the Corps Thomas Mackenzie, of his Majesty's ship Active, Captain Alexander McCoy, of the Hector, and Captain Henry Reynolds, of the Combustion ship, with orders to co-operate with Major General Sir Hector Munro, to attempt, in all respects for the attack of the place. In the mean time, the heavy cannon for the attack, consisting of four eighteen pounders and two twelve pounders in guns from the transports, with twelve or thirteen pounders from the ships of the squadron, to be taken and fired, and a half inch mortar, with their charges, a proportionable number of shot, shells, powder, and every essential store for the attack, were brought by the boats of the squadron, and carried on cammels, made for that purpose, with incredible fatigue to the men, and great spirit and activity, under the superintendence of Capt. Ball, of the Superb, who had great exertion in this department of service.

On the night of the 29th of October, the strong line which the enemy had thrown up, flanked



the attack, and it to be successful, being fully assured of the R. soldiers and bravery of our troops, that, if practicable, they would succeed.

This second offer of terms being rejected by the enemy, and Major Geale persisting in his opinion, that the lower part of the fort might be taken by assault, although not so clear respecting a cavalier very high, mounting six pieces of cannon, the assault was ordered, and the necessary dispositions were made for the attack, to begin at day light in the morning of the 11th; and accordingly the fortune party, composed of 550 seamen and marines, and their officers, with each flank covered by a company of pioneers, and 20 seamen carrying the scaling ladders, and armed with cutlasses, with a reserve of three companies of seamen, and three companies of marines, with two field pieces to support it, followed by the Company's troops, advanced at day light towards the fort, and the squire's party in front getting in at the embrasure unperceived by the enemy, was immediately followed by the whole of the storming party, who soon drove the enemy from their works, and possessed themselves of the fort; and all the ships and vessels in the harbour immediately surrendered.

In this assault I had the misfortune to lose Lieutenant George Long, my second Lieutenant, a most worthy and deserving officer, who was killed in advancing bravely to the assault at the head of his company, and also 20 non-commissioned and private seamen and marines; Lieutenant Wolcott, who commanded a company of seamen, Lieutenant Samuel Orr of the marines, and who commanded the grenadier company, and did duty as Brigade Major, and 40 non-commissioned and private seamen and marines were wounded. The enemy lost but few men, as they mostly threw down their arms, and their tortured lives were spared by that disposition to mercy which ever distinguishes Britons.

In the harbour we found two of the enemy's ships, one of the Company, the other private, both richly laden, and several small vessels of no consequence.

As the knowledge of these successes, by which the Dutch are driven entirely from the coast of Coromandel, and a fur begun is made towards getting possession of all their valuable settlements on the Island of Ceylon, may be attended with many good consequences to the public, I have ordered His Majesty's ship the *Nymph*, Captain John Sutton, Commander, late my First Lieutenant, to proceed to Bombay immediately; and I have directed to Captain Henry Ball, my Captain in the *Superb*, who has been of infinite use to the Service in superintending the landing the heavy guns, stores, provisions, and other articles, both at Negapatnam, and at this place, my letters for their Lordships, and the Earl of Hillsborough, with the request of the Council of Negapatnam, and of Fort Odanburgh, which I request their Lordships will permit him to lay at his Majesty's feet.

Extract of a letter from Vice Admiral Sir Edward Hughes, to the Earl of Hillsborough, dated Superb, in Trincamale Bay, January 17, 1785.

I am happy to observe to your Lordship, that the fall of Negapatnam fully answered my expectations, for, immediately after, Hyder Ali's troops evacuated all the forts and strong posts they held in the Tanjore country, and the Poligars, except the Princes, in the Maraw and Irinjavilly provinces, who, at the instigation of Hyder, had rebelled against the Nabob of the Carnate, and taken up arms against us, are returning to their obedience on the best terms they can make for themselves.

Admiralty Office, May 25.

Captain Cournev, of his Majesty's ship the *Andromache*, arrived this morning with dispatches from Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney, Bart. K. B. and Commander in Chief of His Majesty's Fleet at the Leeward Islands, and did wait a letter from Sir James Wallace, Captain of his Majesty's ship the *Warrior*, (whom he fell in with in his passage) to Mr. Stephen, of which the following are copies:

Formidable, at 2, April 20, 1782.

SIR,

Since my last dispatches of the 14th instant sent by Lord Clouston, in his Majesty's ship *Andromache*, I must desire you will be pleased to acquaint their Lordship, that the fleet under my command, in their way to reconnoitre the bays Billeterre, St. Christopher, and St. Eustace, and of service of the enemy's fleet had attempted to shelter themselves in those bays, were becalmed for three days under the Island of Guadalupe, at which time we were employed in repairing the shattered condition of the ship and my command.

The moment we had a breeze, I dispatched five to St. Christopher and St. Eustace. In the latter Road, instead of the victor's fleet ships that used to be anchored, there were only two small schooners. At St. Christopher, none but armed ships. Being, by this convinced, that the enemy's detached fleet were gone to Leeward, I dispatched Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, (whose dispatch having been in the rear on the day of battle, he did not mind much less damage than the van or center) to proceed, while all the sail they could make, to the windward of St. Domingo, in hopes that he might pick up some of the straggling disabled ships of the enemy, and am now following myself with the remainder of the fleet, to join him off Cape Tiburon.

It is with great satisfaction I acquaint their Lordships, that the enemy's battering cannon, traveled carriage, and train of artillery, are in the ships captured, which are not only a loss to the enemy, but may be of the greatest service in the Island of Jamaica.

Inclosed I send duplicates of my dispatches by the *Andromache*, and have the honour to be, &c.

G. B. RODNEY.

Philip Stephens, Esq.

Warrior.

He pleased to inform their Lordships, that on the 26th instant, at two P. M. the *Sarum* Hood made sail from the fleet, with ten sail of the line, a frigate, and fireships. On the 26th, at six A. M. five sail in the passage of Mona. At half past six A. M. the Admiral made a general signal for chase. At two P. M. some of our ships came up with two French line of battle ships and a frigate; after some action, both the line of battle ships and frigate struck. We continued our chase after another frigate, which escaped us in the night, by which means we separated.

I am, &c.

JAMES WALLACE,  
Philip Stephens, Esq.

## PROMOTIONS.

### CIVIL.

Lord Viscount Howe, of the kingdom of Ireland, to be a Viscount of Great Britain, by the title of Viscount Howe of Langar, in the County of Nottingham—The Rt. Hon. Admiral Augustus Keppel, Viscount Keppel of Ebbwden in the County of Suffolk—Lord Viscount Weymouth, to be Groom of his Majesty's Stole.—The Earl of Carlisle, to be Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household.—The Duke of Bolton to be Lord Lieutenant of the County of Southampton.—The Earl of Bathurst, to be his Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.—The Earl of Essex to be one of the Lords of his Majesty's Bed-chamber—Admiral Sir George Bridges Rodney, Bart. and Knight of the Bath, to be a Peer of Great-Britain by the title of Baron Rodney of Rodney Stoke, in the County of Somerset.—Rear Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart. to be a Peer of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the title of Baron Hood, of Castlethorpe—Rear Admiral Francis Samuel Drake, and Edmund A. Beck, Esq; captain in his Majesty's Navy, Barons of Great-Britain.

### MILITARY.

Hugh Pigot, Esq; Vice-Admiral of the Red, to be Admiral of the Blue—Vice-Admiral Campbell, to be Governor and Commander in Chief of Newfoundland—Lieutenant-General Burgoyne to be Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces in Ireland—Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Pigot, to be Governor of the City of Cork, and the Forts adjacent, in Ireland—Duke of Argyll to be Colonel of the Third Regiment of Foot Guards—Lord Adam Gordon, to be Colonel of the First Regiment of Foot—Earl of Eglington, to be Governor of Edinburgh Castle.

### DEATHS.

The Right Hon. William Talbot, Earl Tal-

bot, at Hackney, on the 26th inst. aged 74 years. He was Secretary to the Admiralty, and was created a Baron of the Kingdom of Great-Britain, in the 22d year of his age. He was also Judge Advocate of Scotland, and a Jacobite, woolen-draper to his Majesty, and a poet, one of his Majesty's Chaplains, Prebend of Durham, &c.—Elizabeth Keenot, wife of a Merchant of London, and Lord Mayor of London, of the Riots in 1780—Richard Lumley, 2d. Viscount, Earl of Scarborough, one of the Vice-Treasurers of Ireland—Dr. Solmes, F. R. S. who went round the world with the late Capt. Cook—Mrs. Nethercott, only sister to Admiral Rodney—Lieutenant General Monkton—Mrs. Weidenham, composer of Minstrel to the Court at St. James's, and one of his Majesty's band of musicians—William Wentworth, Esq; an Italian merchant.

## MARRIAGES.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Lincoln, to Lady Anna Maria Stanhope, sister to the Earl of Harrington.—The Rev. Mr. Nevers, to Miss Sharpe of Bath, with a fortune of 100,000l.—Thomas Barnard, Esq; to Miss Adair—Edward Bouverie, Esq; to Miss Murray, Daughter of the Earl of Dunmore.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Westmoreland, to Miss Child.

## BANKRUPTS.

Thomas Sessions, of South Moulton Street, Hanover-square, turner.  
William Bunell and Joseph Burrell, of Chapel Court, Bartholomew Lane, bricklayers.  
William Gice, of Enfield, mariner.  
John Barrow and Henry Barrow, of Prestwick, Lancashire, suttan manufacturers.  
William Cowdry, of Warminster, Wine Innholder.  
Thomas Cave, of Stallbridge, Dorsetshire, shopkeeper.  
William Brown of Bristol, merchant.  
John Moor, of Alderton, Suffolk, Brickmaker.  
Thomas Parker and Ebenezer Parker, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, merchants.  
John Goodall and John Birch, of Lawrence Lane, London, Warehousemen.  
Richard Groves Taylor, of Witney, Oxfordshire, blanket-Maker.  
Robert Wenman, of Hastings, Essex, Draper.  
Edward Houghton, of Lane-side, Manchester, in Yorkshire, Clothier.  
William Handover, of Leicestershire, Somersetshire, shopkeeper.  
George Brown, of Holborn, watchmaker.  
Joseph Willis, of David Street, Hanover-square, wax-chandler.

[The remainder of the Bankrupts, &c. to be postponed till our next issue.]





# European Magazine,

• • A N D

## L O N D O N R E V I E W ;

CONTAINING THE

LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ARTS,  
MANNERS, and AMUSEMENTS of the AGE.

By the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY of LONDON.

For J U N E, 1782.

Embellished with the following elegant Engravings:

1. A beautiful Portrait of ADMIRAL LORD HOOD, from an original Painting by WISSI, in the Possession of Sir JOHN DICK. 2. The LOST DAUGHTER recovered. And, 3. An engraved SONG, sung by Miss HARPER, in the SPANISH BARBER, published with the Permission of Dr. ARNOLD.

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L O N D O N :

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## ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

*At the request of a most valuable Correspondent, who has promised to furnish us with authentic materials for the "Anecdotes of the Living Artists,"—we defer the first number of that paper till next month.*

*The Epigrams from our Correspondent Mater, did not come in time for insertion in our last. With respect to the matter which he mentions in his letter, if he will be kind enough to send his Address to the publisher, he may be assured of our cheerful co-operation in his undertaking, and we sincerely wish him the success which he merits.*

*The pieces of J. H. W. are under consideration.*

*The indisposition of our Correspondent Clio, obliges us to defer the continuation of Henry and Eliza.*

*The Prologue and Epilogue from Doon, are not sufficiently interesting for publication.*

*We shall take the hint offered by L. S. of Edinburgh.*

*R. H. is not strictly candid in his charge. We have always inserted a piece of music, except when by particular request we substituted an extraordinary print in its room.*

*J. C's. Epitaph is in Joe Miller.*

*P. C——y mistakes the quality of his tears—they are not the tears of genius.*

*The promise of Mother Spaffett, that she will send us something in her next, to make amends for the past, is very generous and very pleasing.*

*R. H. U's. poem of Thyrlis will be inserted in our next.*

*Mr. P——e is mistaken in thinking that the idea of his poem is original. It is long-forgotten for publication.*

*We wait only for the authentication of the correspondence between the Duke of Richmond and Lord Rawdon, inserted in a Morning paper. If we find it to be real it shall appear in our next.*

*A full and particular account of the important Revolution in Ireland, accompanied with biographical Anecdotes, will be inserted in our next number.*

*We thank Philakethes for the corrections with which he has favoured us, and we shall make the proper inquiries concerning the matter to which he alludes.*

*The Critique on Mr. Badini's Flames of Newgate, and Mr. Pinkerton's Poems, with Anecdotes of their Authors, are deferred till our next for want of room.*





From a Painting by West in the Possession of S<sup>r</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Dick.

Published July 1, 1782, by J. Fielding, Printer to the Rev. L. Sewall, Cor<sup>r</sup> "U. S. & Debraut, Provad.!!)

# EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

## LONDON REVIEW;

FOR JUNE, 1792.

### AUTHENTIC DESCRIPTION OF ADMIRAL LORD HOOD.

(With a beautiful ENGRAVING of his HEAD, from an original PAINTING by West, in the Possession of Sir JOHN DICK.)

**H**IS Lordship is the eldest son of the Rev. Mr. Hood, rector of Thorncomb in Devonshire, and Butley in Somersetshire. His lordship's brothers and sisters are, Alexander, a captain in the royal navy, and treasurer of Greenwich Hospital, who has shewn himself to be a brave officer upon many occasions; but in consequence of the quarrel between Lord Keppel and Sir Hugh Palliser, is said to have declared he would never go to sea again. Arthur-William, who was brought up to the church, and succeeded his father in the above-mentioned livings, but is now dead. Elizabeth, married to Mr. Walker, an eminent apothecary in Exeter, who has been three times mayor of that city. Anne, who is unmarried.

His lordship married Miss Lindfaye of Portsmouth, daughter of Mr. Lindfaye, who has been three times mayor of that town; and has one son named Henry, about twenty-eight years of age, who married a niece of the late Earl Delaware's, and has issue two sons and one daughter.

His lordship, choosing a sea-life, served under the late Admiral Smith (who was president of the court-martial which tried Admiral Byng) and acquitted himself in

such a manner as gained him the affection and esteem of the admiral, and of all his brother officers. From his first appearance in the navy he became by degrees the favourite of all who knew him: His letters from the fleet, when a young man, were esteemed the best models of nautical writing. He received a wound in his hand by a ball, when cutting out a ship in the last war but one.

In the beginning of the last war, viz. July 1756, he was raised to the rank of captain in the navy; and in 1759 had the command of the *Vestal* of 32 guns, built at Liverpool, and was one of Admiral (afterwards Lord) Holmes's squadron, which sailed from Portsmouth on the 13th of February 1759. Being stationed as a look-out ship, about four or five miles ahead of the Admiral, he saw a French ship, about two hundred leagues south-west of the Lizard, to which he gave chase, and about noon came up to her. She proved to be the *Bellona* frigate of 32 guns, commanded by Count Beauchenoir, from Martinique, with dispatches for France, that Admiral; afterwards Sir John More, K. B. and General Monckton had landed at Martinique. At half an hour past two the engagement began, within

within half musquet-shot; and continued a close action till near six, when the *Bellona* struck; having only her foremast standing, without yard or topmast, which soon after went away, being much wounded. She had 220 men, forty-two of whom were killed in the action. As soon as the *Vesta* brought to, after the enemy struck, all her topmasts fell over the side, having no rigging to support them; and the lower masts would have gone likewise, had not the weather been remarkably fine. In this situation of the *Vesta* and her prize, Captain Hood thought it most prudent to return to England. When he came to London he was introduced to the old King by Lord Anson, and kissed his Majesty's hand. He afterwards had the Africa of 64 guns, and he continued in active service during the remainder of the war.

When the war was preparing against America, he was a naval commander on the *Baton* station. His letters from thence to the ministry, so early as the year 1768, are worthy of remembrance: they were printed by Mr. Almon, but are now out of use to be met with in the libraries of the curious.

In his letter of the 23d of Nov. 1768, dated in Boston harbour, he says, "The spirit of opposition to the acts of parliament of Great-Britain, is as high as ever; and general throughout the colonies."\*

In his letter of the 25th of Nov. 1768, from the same place, he says, "Disturbances are renewed at New-York, the General and Governor-Bowling have been

publicly burnt in effigy, in a most public manner."

In his letter of December 12, 1768, from the same place, he says, "The Council are now sitting without the Governor, and preparing addresses, &c. to England. His Excellency has told them how unconstitutional they act, but they still go on."

In 1778 he was appointed Commissioner-resident of Portsmouth-yard, in the room of Admiral Gambier; which he resigned in 1780, in favour of the present Commissioner, Henry Martin, Esq.

And in 1778, he was created a Baronet, by the title of Sir Samuel Hood, Bart. of Catherington, in the county of Southampton.

In 1780 he was made an Admiral.

His meritorious conduct in the West Indies, as an admiral, in the late engagement with the French fleet, for which his Majesty has been advised by his present ministers, to create him a peer of Ireland, may be seen in the monthly chronicle of this work.

Upon Sir George Brydges Rodney being created a peer of Great-Britain, for his gallantry in the same engagement, it occurred to many persons, that Lord Hood was a proper candidate to succeed Lord Rodney, as member of parliament for Westminister; but it being obvious, that a contest must happen if that opinion was persevered in, his son, the Hon. Henry Hood, withdrew his father's name to prevent those disorders and disturbances which inevitably happen upon contested elections for Westminister.

COPY of a LETTER from LADY COMPTON, † to WILLIAM LORD COMPTON, her Husband.

MY SWEET LIFE,  
NOW I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your estate. I supposed that it were best for me to think or consider with myself what allowance were meetest for me. For considering what care I have had of your estate,

and how respectfully I dealt with those, which both by the laws of God, of nature, and of civil polity, wit, religion, government and honesty, you, my dear, are bound to, I pray and beseech you to grant me 1600*l.* per ann. quarterly to be paid.

\* It appears from the papers laid before the House of Commons, that General Gage gave a different account. In that officer's letter, dated at Boston, on the 3d of November, 1768, are these words, "Every thing now in the appearance of peace and quiet in this place."

† Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir John Spencer, wife of Lord Mayor of London in 1594, and died in March 1600-10. worth 300,000*l.* or as some said 500,000*l.* and others 800,000*l.* which vast succession threw Lord Compton into a state of distraction. Vide Winwood's State Papers, vol. III. p. 136. "There seems to be sufficient reason to throw a man into a state of distraction, without attributing it to the great acquisition of riches."

Also I would (besides that allowance for my apparel) have 600*l.* added yearly (quarterly to be paid) for the performance of charitable works, and those things I would not neither will be accountable for.

Also I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you.

Also I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick or have some other let; also believe that it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a good estate.

Also when I ride a hunting or hawking, or travel from one house to another; I will have them attending, so for either of these said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse.

Also I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women lined with sweet cloth; one laced with gold, the other with scarlet and laced with watched lace and silver, with four good horses.

Also I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women.

Also at any time when I travel I will be allowed not only carriages and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all, orderly; not pesterling my things with my women's, nor theirs with chamber-maid's, nor theirs with wash maids.

Also for landrelles, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have go before with the greens, that the chambers may be ready, sweet and clean.

Also for that it is indecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or in country. And I must have two footmen. And my desire is that you defray all the charges for me.

And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel; six of them excellent good ones, eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones.

Also I would have to put in my purse 200*l.* and 200*l.* and so for you to pay my debts.

Also I would have 5,000*l.* to buy me jewels, and 3,000*l.* to buy me a pearl chain.

Now seeing I am reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel and their schooling; and also my servants (men and women) their wages.

Also I will have my houses furnished, and all my lodging chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit, as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like: so for my drawing chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chair cushions, and all things thereunto belonging.

Also my desire is, that you would pay all my debts, build Ashby-House, and purchase lands; and lend no money (as you love God) to the Lord Chamberlain, which would have all, perhaps your life from you. Remember his son, my Lord Walden, † what entertainment he gave me when you were at Tilt Yard. If you were dead, he said he would be a husband, a father, a brother, and he said he would marry me. I protest I grieve to see the poor man have so little wit and honesty, to use his friend so vilely. Also he fed me with untruths, saying the Charter-house: but that is the least, he wished me much harm, you know him. God keep you and me from such as he is.

So now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what that is that I would not have: I pray that when you be an Earl, ‡ to allow me 1000*l.* more than I now desired, and double attendance.

Your loving Wife,

ELIZA COMPTON.

# The M A N of the T O W N. No. IV.

THE late influenza had not had a more general impression on the lungs of the inhabitants of this metropolis, than

the more destructive influenza inflicted. The Vowels, has had on their purses, their peace of mind, and their manners. I am

\* Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk made Lord Treasurer in July, 1618.

† Theophilus, who succeeded his father as Earl of Suffolk in May, 1626.

‡ Created Earl of Northampton in August, 1618.



no gambler, nor gambler; not because I am inconsiderate and tame as to resist the temptation of gaining immense sums by the hazard of a little, but because my propensities lead me to other pursuits much more pleasant, in my mind, and certainly much less destructive. But the game of E O having become so fashionable, in the course of the present winter, I have more than once had opportunities of visiting these nocturnal scenes of rich confusion, and have been able to remark the springs of that intoxication, which seizes upon a young mind, and attaches him at length to the vice and misfortune of gaming.

With no disposition to mend my fortune, or to damage it by play, I have been led to one or other of those places, which have lately sprung up, warmly cherished under the paternal negligence of a sleeping police, and have over-run the city of Westminster, while its great neighbour of London has been so shamefully deprived, by the vigilance of unkind magistrates, of the opportunities of such splendid ruin.

The keepers of some of those places, men thoroughly versed in the frailties of the human heart, have had the address to connect a sort of midnight promenade with their avaricious traffic; and by introducing the gay and elegant women of the age, have secured the attendance and the profusion of the men. There is no moment in which a young man is so apt to be thoughtless and extravagant, as in the company of the ladies; and when it appears to him that the easy method by which he can recommend himself to their favour, is by ~~losing~~ <sup>winning</sup> his money, it will be allowed that he must have extraordinary prudence to withstand the temptation. The truth of this observation, the proprietors of Carlisle House, and of the Temple of Hymen, have fully ascertained; for these houses have been the resort of all that was gay and voluptuous for the winter, and enormous sums have been gained from the fascinated devotees to pleasure.

It is curious to observe the workings of an inexperienced heart, when it first ventures within the precincts of a gaming-house. He treads the ground, as if it were in the days of enchantment, when a single step away might engulf him for ever; or as if he were in the forbidden inclosures of a miserable rich man, who sets up steel-traps and spring-guns, and breaks the legs of his neighbours for the sake of a cabbage. The young man conceives that every eye is directed upon him, and that

the wits of all the groups are at work to undo him. But he is gradually reconciled to his situation, by observing that instead of suspicion, all is mirth and indifference. He feels that it is a matter of perfect unconcern, whether he plays, or does not play; whether he wins, or loses; and that he might leave the room with an empty purse, or with an additional thousand guineas, without any creature taking the smallest observation of him, whatever might be their feelings on the loss. This it is that constitutes the fascination of E O. Cash circulates so freely, and with such rapidity, the stake is so suddenly determined, and the gold makes so quick a revolution from E to O, and from O to E, that is from the banker to the player, and from the player to the banker, that there is not leisure to observe that the guinea in every single transition drops a little of its value, until at last it sinks, and rests entire in the bank.

There are many of my readers, I hope, who never did, and never will, see an E O table; my fair readers who have fineness of sentiment, and delicacy of manners, can never be seduced for a moment into such a scene; but even they may wish to know the nature of that fashionable machine, whose charms seem even to rival their own, by keeping their admirers from their feet.

An E O table is a circular frame, with a turn-about or wheel in the middle; round this there are forty holes, marked alternately E, and O. The table-keeper stands at the head of the table, and has a bank, from which he plays against the whole company. The manner of the play is this: The table-keeper turns round the wheel, and throws an ivory ball around the table, and while it revolves, the company place their stakes according to inclination, upon either one or other of the letters E, or O. If the ball lodges in the letter E, the table-keeper sweeps into the bank all the money which is laid upon that letter, and pays all which is laid upon O. It frequently happens, that an equal sum is laid upon each letter, in which case the money goes from hand to hand, and the table-keeper neither wins nor loses; this being likely to happen in all cases, a contrivance is used for the benefit of the bank, which is said to be  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. but which in fact is  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. in favour of the table, and is  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. against the player. It is, that out of the 40 holes, two shall be barred; and when the ball lodges in either of the two bar-holes, the

bar E, or the bar O, the table-keeper receives the money staked on either letter, and pays none to the other side. Supposing then that the bars shall come but twice in 40 times, which, according to the calculation, will likely be every five minutes, the advantage in favour of the table is 60 per cent. per hour, which is certainly sufficient to deter men who have any discretion, from making a practice of playing at this game.

But since the contention between the tables has arisen to such a height, some of them have condescended to play at half bars, by which is meant that they will pay one half the sum laid on the opposite letter, when a bar-hole comes. This certainly reduces the profits of the table; but still they are beyond all reasonable bounds; and it is curious to enquire how men should be seduced to venture their money against such odds. Curiosity may lead a man to an E O table, independent of any other motive; and seeing the profusion of the gold—the rapid circulation of the gold—and the extreme indifference with which the players dash into the game, and pay or receive the stake. Seeing a heap of guineas lying before one gentleman now, and in a few minutes taking their flight around the table, and just lighting before other gentlemen, as it were to take breath, before they renew their circuit, he is powerfully invited to become an actor in the scene, and he is not deterred by the apprehension of the inevitable drawback which there is upon every man that ventures, because the gradual gleanings of the bank are not easily perceived, until they are felt. But in general the commencement of gaming is necessity; as its prosecution is avarice. Having seen his neighbour or companion ascertain a large sum in a few minutes, a man remembers it in his distress, and flies to the table with a little cash, in hopes of supplying an occasional event. If he succeeds, he is but too apt to set down the gaming-table as a common resource; and if he fails, he has the consolation to reflect that it is altogether a game of chance, and he must consider his loss as more the effect of his poverty, which prevented him from continuing his play, than which he might have retrieved his luck.

How few men are there who sit down content with their winnings, or who are deterred by their loss. The only two instances which ever came to my knowledge of the kind are, the celebrated Tom King

of the first, and a gentleman of the second. Mr. King won 5000l. and was satisfied. The second lost 20,000l. and was fated. They each took an oath, never to touch a dice-box again. A young man having once fowed out the way, goes to the table as a matter of course; avarice creeps slowly into his mind—the gay manners, and the easy life of a gambler make their impression, and he loves to associate with men who are so pleasant and polite. At last it becomes habitual to him; the love of play rises into a passion, and he arrives at that state of intoxication, in which neither loss nor gain have an effect upon the mind.

How cautious then ought we to be, on our first approaches to a scene of so much delusion, and such fatal tendency! All who have been in this metropolis, have had opportunities of remarking the impression which the familiarity of this game has made upon the minds of men, and the disorders to which it has given rise. An advertisement actually appeared in the news-papers from a person who undertook for the trifling sum of five guineas, to disclose a plan by which gentlemen might win to a certainty at this game: it will scarcely be imagined that he found any one silly enough to apply for the discovery; the contrary however was the fact; and the important secret was, that a man with a purse sufficient to enable him to double his stake so often as he should lose, must in the end win a guinea; and this advice he seriously gave, without remembering that there is not a public table in town which will suffer the players to go beyond 100 guineas.

The bill now depending in Parliament for the abolition of these tables, is founded in that generous policy which distinguishes the conduct of our new Ministry; and they will be entitled to the thanks of every tradesman and parent, for removing a temptation which it is so difficult to resist. I am only apprehensive that that fashionable point of honour, which makes it infamous for a gentleman to inform, will be the means of defeating the salutary intentions of the legislature; and I own that I would not wish, for the sake of destroying this evil, to see the provisions of the act so strongly worded, as to lay us open in our families, to the intrusion of a gang of constables, whenever they may chuse to suspect that there is an E O table in the house.

A Sketch of the Memoirs of Mrs. MAHON, the BIRD OF PARADISE.

**H**AD virtuous maternal admonition and example, a liberal education and distinguished birth, been sufficient to check the volatile spirit and warm constitution of this lady, she would now be enjoying that honour, respect, and happiness which result from an elevated situation. But her body never vegetated in her bosom long before the soil could be supposed to have acquired sufficient heat. Her eyes spoke with languishing sensibility almost as soon as her tongue could articulate. The person of Mrs. Mahon is small, but so exactly proportioned and lit off with such regular features, piercing black eyes, and so charming a contrast of raven tresses sporting on the fairest skin, that she has every claim to be classed among the beautiful.

She had scarcely entered her teens when the redundancy of her spirits evinced the most lively animation in body and mind: her vivacity was by the rigid construed into levity, which alarmed the fears of an affectionate mother, tenderly apprehensive for the honour of her child.

Mrs. Mahon is daughter to a Mrs. Tilton, who died while she was very young. Her mother was relict of the late Earl of Kerry, and by father and mother she is related to many of the most noble families in the sister kingdoms.

It was at church that our heroine first saw the man who was the cause of all her misadventures. Mr. Mahon had been for some time seeking for a matrimonial connection, but his eyes were fixed upon our heroine, and thence the church she frequented for the display of his own personal accomplishments. Here they were mutually fascinated by a reciprocal seduction of the eyes, his first motives were mercenary, but love soon expelled avarice, and he determined at all events to carry her off if possible.

Mahon had nothing to depend on but play, in which, however, he was not adept. Having frequently displayed his person in parade before the lady's windows, he opened his passion through the medium of letters, which were delivered by a biased servant and answered in that style of ardent passion which flows from a sincere impassioned female heart.

An elopement took place. The lady having slipped from her mother's house, and thrown herself into the arms of her enraptured lover, waited at the end

of the street in a post-chaise and four. They drove for Dover.

An old lady in the neighbourhood saw the transient, and dramatically alarmed our heroine's father. Application was made to a justice, and a brace of those blood hounds called runners, who are equally deaf to the tender cries of love as they are callous to the pregnant sufferings of humanity, were dispatched after the fair runaway. They arrived at Dover just as she and her paramour were preparing to embark for Calais.

The lady was conducted by these brutal fellows to an inn, her disconsolate lover attending. Being much fatigued she begged an hour's rest, and then declining her solicitations by a present of a few guineas she was indulged. Mahon by the advice of his servant placed runners with wine, and the servant being a fellow of excellent address, discretion and experience in the various arts of intrigue, resolved upon retaining his new lady.

He left his master in the room, the lady being in the adjacent chamber, and returned with her. The wind was of the beech, and was high, but John knew that the lady was light, and that himself was strong, so he put a ladder to the window, entered the room, descended with his beautiful prize, got her on board a vessel and let sail for Calais.

When the runners thought the lady had gotten sufficient rest, they knocked softly at the chamber door—no answer—they knocked louder—no answer, they forced the door open, and to their utter astonishment found the bird had flown. The lover was not less astonished than the thieving fellows.

Both parties ran to the beach. They saw the vessel at anchor, but near enough to the shore, so John told the lady upon deck and to her John hurra in triumph. The distaffers applied for a vessel to pursue the fugitives, but John had previously engaged all the vessels in his master's name for that title.

The lady was thus escaped, the runners took the clerkman in custody, but he knew his cause could not be justified without it, and they were angry. They knew the clerkman, he wanted to see their warrant, they had none to show, so released him. He embarked with a fair wind and followed his mistress.

The

The next tide the thief-takers sailed for Calais, and delivering a letter which they brought from London to the Lieutenant-Governor, the lady was by his order forced from her lover and confined in a convent. Mahon applied to a lawyer, who advised him to petition the king. He gave the governor notice not to part with the lady till the king's will was known, and with his new friend the lawyer set off post for Versailles, where he petitioned the Grand Monarque.

His majesty having heard the petition read, smiled and said, "let the young people go together;" and an order for that purpose was immediately made out, accompanied by a peremptory command to the governor, to hang up the thief-takers if they remained twenty-four hours in Calais, and that the governor should publicly ask pardon of Mr. Mahon.

The thief-takers fled with the utmost precipitation, fearing they should suffer that punishment to which they had often brought others. The governor boiling with indignation and bursting with pride, at the humiliation he must submit to by the order of his sovereign, made his apology thus—"Sir, the king my master commands me to ask your pardon; but remark, had his majesty commanded me to lay my head upon a block to be struck off, I should have implicitly obeyed." In this manner did the lieutenant-governor palliate what necessity and a tyrannic mandate forced him to submit to, while the happy pair without paying the least regard to his sufferings found themselves at full liberty to pursue their desires, and neither of them having an inclination to postpone the consummation of their joys, they left Calais immediately, with a hearty huzza from all the domestics of the inn and a crowd of mendicants, among whom they threw some silver, and driving into a protestant district of Flanders, were married by a protestant clergyman.

The Loves and Graces attended as bridesmen and maids, and though it was morning when the nuptial knot was tied, yet being much fatigued both in body and mind, they retired to rest under the sanction of the church doctors, and did not rise for thirty-six hours.

The lady finding herself refreshed by the long sleep she had enjoyed, and her mind composed by pleasant dreams, wrote to her mother. She soon after arrived with her husband in England, when her

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fortune was settled on the lady, and her parent was so much reconciled to her, that would never see her in a law.

To the obstinate refusal of Lady Dowager K.—y, may in a great measure be imputed the subsequent misfortune of Mrs. Mahon. Had her husband received the countenance of his wife's relations, as he loved her, and was of a generous disposition, grateful, and the pride of connection would have attached him to her for life. To her he would have owed his reputation; but their contemptuous conduct stuck a thorn in his breast, his mind became uneasy, and when passion had cooled, he found upon reflection, that instead of mending his fortune or strengthening his interest, by his marriage he had encrased his expences, and continued in his original obscurity.

On Mrs. Mahon's return from the continent, with her husband, she was permitted to the presence of her mother, who received her without reproach; and within a year after her marriage, being delivered of a son, he became so great a favourite with the old lady, that she had him and his mother almost continually with her. The husband being proscribed from these parties, and having a house and family to maintain without possessing a regular permanent income, was obliged from necessity to raise supplies by the old resource of play. Being known in London to be a *knowing one*, he took his wife with him to Dublin, hoping that his connection with her and an elegant display of dress, would introduce him into the polite circles of Ireland.

On their arrival Mrs. Mahon visited the Earl of Cavan and several other relations, but Mr. Mahon being excluded from all invitations, he soon returned to London, disgusted and hurt to the heart, by their further mortifications, resulting from the family pride of his wife.

From this period may be dated the commencement of those errors, the repetition of which has rendered Mrs. Mahon so celebrated in the annals of *bon ton* and so remarkable in the history of frail beauty. Mahon, having seduced the sister of an intimate friend and fled with her to France, (*See Memoirs of Mrs. Roope in our last Magazine*) leaving his wife open to all the casualties of fortune; she now finding herself totally neglected by her spouse, for whom her passion had long since cooled, opened her ears to the flattery and professions of strangers. A *private intrigue* brought

brought in a supply of money, and her countable female acquaintance having fallen off by degrees, and she having become acquainted with some of the most celebrated disciples of the Cytherean Goddess, found herself surrounded with pleasures and plentifully supplied with money. In this situation she was so eminently admired, that her beauty and elegance procured her the name she is now so well known by, *The Bird of Paradise*.

Thus fallen in honour and virtue, her pride fell with her, but vanity remained. The first was sacrificed to the indulgence of the second: She passed from hand to hand, constant only to one man, till she saw another whom she preferred.

She at last met with Captain T——. His fortune, or rather his expensive mode of spending it, captivated her heart. They went to Paris together, and there spent in all the expensive elegancies, pleasures, and gaieties of that metropolis, while her paramour could obtain cash or

credit. These failing they returned to London, the gentleman was thrown into the King's-Bench prison, and the little Bird of Paradise soon growing tired of her cage, took wing from her mate and sought another *fool of fashion* to supply her pleasures, and extravagancies. She was not however ungenerous to her imprisoned lover, but supplied him with money during his confinement.

Tired at length with casual love, and satiated with the dissipation of the town, she determined to render herself in some degree independent. For this purpose she appeared on the stage; but her hopes were not crowned with permanent success. She pleased, but had not power to ensure a salary worth her acceptance. Thus was she again forced to live by her person and she is now by the liberality of an old gentleman, who pays occasional visits, enabled to support a house and equipage beyond any she has heretofore been mistress of.

#### THE MAN-MILLINER, No. IV.

##### DESCRIPTION of the KING'S BIRTH-DAY.

THERE was a novelty in the appearance of the last birth-day which gave it singular charms. Not a face was to be seen in the circle which had ever been seen there before. The new ministers brought together a new company; and as the present administration comprehends almost all the young and splendid part of our nobility, the drawing-room was infinitely more superb than it has been for years before. There was more beauty and lustre in the circle, and seemingly much more happiness in the royal bolom. The ball room was not very crowded. The ladies in general were dressed with uncommon richness. Her Majesty had a diamond circle on her head, and a most splendid bouquet of jewels. The King was quite plain. The Prince of Wales was elegantly dressed in a gala suit, emperor's eye and embroidered over the seams with silver. His waistcoat was tambooured by her Majesty, and was uncommonly rich and elegant. The ladies who danced were the Princess Royal, the Princess Augusta for the first time, Lady Augusta Campbell, the two Lady Waldevilles, the two Miss Thymes, Miss Agitt, &c. &c. At a quarter of eleven country dances began, and the Majesties went away during the

fourth dance; they stayed longer on account of the two Princesses who were in the dance, the one dancing with the Prince of Wales, the other with the Duke of Cumberland. The gentlemen who danced were the Duke of Dorset, Lord Rochford, Lord Lewisham, Lord Parker, Lord Maynard, Mr. Legge, Colonel St. Leger, Mr. Bridgeman, &c. The best dressed man was said to be Lord Lewisham. The Duke of Manchester performed the duties of his new office with the most polished address, and was allowed on all sides to be infinitely superior to his predecessor. There was a considerable novelty in the dress; and both ladies and gentlemen paid respect to the wishes of their Sovereign and had their suits tambooured. It would in all probability have become the prevailing taste of the summer, for just as the spirit of novelty had sprung up, and our buttons as well as the cut of our coats had undergone a very pretty change, her Majesty's sister made a most unseasonable exit, and we have been condemned to broil in black for the whole of the month. The change in the undress coat was to wear them double breasted, and to button with a flap on the top of the shoulder; but it is now banished into the

the country, and the coat has resumed its old cut. The scandal of this month gave rise to an anecdote respecting an amiable Duchess, who was by accident prevented from attending the birth-night ball. It was said that the Prince of Wales was enamoured of her, and that at the ball given by Sir John Dick, when he was going down the dance with Lady S——, he sat down upon seeing the Duchess come into the ball-room, and entered into conversation with her Grace; this story, charged with all the virulence of a woman's envy, was construed into a slander; and it was said, that the Duchess went into the country to avoid the licentious abuse. Nothing can be more false and scurrilous than this attack. Her Grace went to Bath for the recovery of her health, and by that and that only, was prevented from being present at the ball. There has been indeed, a plentiful stock of scandal in circulation, and I do not know that I can do better, than to present it just as it has been handed about.

The following melancholy anecdote has for some time past created abundance of mirth in the gay circles of the beau monde. The Perdita, who is as fickle as she is fair, lately eloped from her constant peer, and flew to the arms of the gay Lothario 'yclept the gallant T——. The noble paramour was inconsolable for several days, and after several fruitless enquiries of the amiable mamma, was provoked to kick the aged matron out of his dwelling. Nothing was then heard but the voice of woe throughout the mansion of the deserted paramour; till at length the brave Colonel, whose finances are not equal to his merits, or to the expectations of the fair inconstant, made a precipitate retreat, and left the Perdita to repent at leisure. Fired with resentment at the apostacy of her favourite Mars, she returned to the habitation of her noble friend, and after repeated assurances of future good behaviour, and expressing an unfeigned sorrow for past errors, she was received once more into favour, and the recollection of former mistakes buried in oblivion. The Colonel being questioned on this matter by a certain young gentleman, of high birth and spirits, very frankly replied, That, had he the good fortune to have fought in India instead of America, he could not have supported the extravagance of the lady for two years. It was time for me to retreat, continued the soldier, or I should certainly have been taken prisoner.

The following articles of intelligence from the bon ton, come properly within my view:

Lord Westmoreland and his new-married lady are arrived at his lordship's house in Sackville-street; and as her ladyship's fortune is not absolutely settled, and may be very moderate, it is but just to say that the lordship's plan is becomingly adapted, and is not marked with any expenses that are immoderate.

By the death of Mrs. Pulteney, her daughter becomes the richest heiress in our country,—her fortune, reckoning all things together, far exceeding twenty thousand pounds a year. The aforesaid rental of course includes the property of the family of Newport, which Lord Chesterfield says, Lord B. — from the Newports. And there is yet remaining a rent charge of 12 or 1500l. a year to revert to the Pulteney family, after the death of Mr. Newport of Chelsea.

Lady Duncannon was lately very near meeting with a sad accident; in walking down stairs her foot tripped, and she had much ado to save herself from a fall; her charming little boy was in her arms, and in the natural earnestness of a mother, pressing the child very close, a lock, or some other hard substance in the dress, bore against the breast of the child, and it was feared had distorted one of its ribs; but we are happy in finding that the child has had no symptom whatever of any injury.

Lord G. — always has been the fortunate gamester at the F. O. Table in the Temple of Thieves;—his lordship's winnings are stated at 15,000l.

Mr. Secretary Fox is to have his rural state this summer at his friend Mr. Fitzpatrick's charming place near Epsom. This used to be called Pit Place, but was re-baptized by the present owner, or some of his friends, "Villa Vicofa!"

A new house is talked of this summer to be built at Miss Southcott's fine place, Woburn Farm; the new site is to be near the Star Walk, and when finished this will be one of the most delightful villas on the bank of the Thames.

Miss Pelham has completed her repair at Esher; the entrance to her ground is one of the most beautiful spots in the world; if Miss Pelham had not a *brick-and-mortar phobia*, she would assuredly pull down the old gothic building, and raise a lodge, at least, near the Porter's Lodge, or on the spot heretofore selected by Mr. Pelham.

For the sake of good neighbourhood to Lord Rockingham, Scarborough is to

be the watering place of those of our theologians who can afford to play a deep game.

Lord Grimstone, in the course of this summer, completely finishes his new house at Gorhambury; his architect, Mr. Robert Taylor, has by this work done himself much credit.

A plan has been offered Mr. Child, either by Adam or Wyatt, for stuccoing the house at Otterley, with the new cement. To vanquish the present complexion of the house, which is of a most inveterate dirty red, would certainly be a most ornamental work to that fine place.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester gave a grand ball to a select party of the nobility and gentry, of both sexes at their Highness's House in Upper Brook-street. The two ladies Waldgrave, and Miss Keppels, were confessedly the first

beauties present, whose charms were set off to every possible advantage, by the simple, but elegant uniform worn by this lovely parti quarré; viz. a theodose dress, consisting of a blue luteising slip, trimmed with crape, and crape sleeves, a plain crape apron, and a fancy pastoral kind of hat, decorated with French flowers!

In the course of the present month there have been four masquerades and a half. One at the Opera House, two at Hanover-square rooms, and one and a half at Carlisle-house. The most trifling entertainments of the sort that ever were exhibited---The last was interrupted by the Magistrates, because they had not procured a licence; and they turned the masquers, after a warm scuffle, into the square, and committed the hams, fowls, and wine, close prisoners in Bow-street.

## A V I S I O N.

THE night of the day on which I was returned to serve the borough of \_\_\_\_\_ in parliament I was in bed before twelve.---I am now a legislator, said I to myself, and how shall I serve mankind. I will procure a negro infant boy, and give him the best education. He shall pass the several degrees of learning in an university; he shall enter an inn of court, and be called to the bar.---

I will then rise in my place in the senate, and present a petition from the Negro Slave in the West Indies, praying emancipation from their bonds.---

This petition will be objected to, I shall move that counsel be heard in their behalf; my motion shall be carried, and to the astonishment of the whole house, my Negro shall appear at the bar as the advocate for the rights of his brethren, the unhappy children of Africa.

When order is settled, and surprise is succeeded by attention, my Negro shall address the Commons of England as follows.---

Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

"The nature of the cause in which I am engaged, informs me, that I stand before and address the most respectable tribunal in Europe; for if there were upon this globe intelligences superior to this august assembly, those superior intelligences must have been the judges, between White Man and the Negro; but as we cannot possibly have any other judges in

this world but the Europeans who have subjugated us, it is no small consolation to me and my countrymen, to be convinced that we defend ourselves before the representatives of the freest people upon earth.

"We flatter ourselves with the hope, that the generous islanders, who have bound their kings by laws, in order to secure their rights as citizens, will not fail to chastise our petty tyrants, in order to assert the rights of humanity.

"Of all the people who inhabit this globe, the people of England confessedly possess the greatest share of virtuous sensibility; how then will you, the chosen representatives of such a people, be moved by a faithful representation of our miseries.

"In Africa, our native country, assigned us by Providence, the Europeans come to drag us from our possessions and dearest connections, as if we were the natural enemies of the human species. When they cannot succeed by violence they tempt us with the offer of useless trinkets, which our vanity and our ignorance have converted into wants. By these vile means they seduce a being to exchange his subjects, in which consist his real strength and wealth, for the base instruments of luxury, and indifference of morality, not only permit but encourage an unnatural son to barter his tender parents, in exchange for a knife, a looking glass, or an instrument of death.

"In Asia, they mutilate and maim with impunity; and for what? To render us proper for the infamous employment of their seraglio's!

"But it is from Europe that the tyrannical edicts, which attack our independence, are issued. It is from the presses of Europe, that the books which make a problem of our sensibility go forth; and from the ports of Europe it is, that we see vessels sail loaded with an authorized banditti, whose sole business is to make a commerce of our blood in the four quarters of the globe.

"America is the principal theatre of our disgrace and of our miseries. In one part of America we are condemned to work in the mines; there buried in eternal night, our nervous fluid attacked by the arsenical vapours, which constantly exale from our immense dungeons, we die before our time, merely to furnish an aliment to the insatiable avarice of a master whom we can no longer enrich.

"In another part of this great Continent they condemn us to the culture of sugar, indigo, and other commodities. We labour in the character of beasts of burden, under pretext that nature has not sufficiently supplied America with such animals. If unequal to fatigue, we experience the most barbarous treatment; and if we fulfil the orders of our tyrants, we have for our reward the horrid certainty of having our labours doubled.

"Formerly the slightest offence was punished with the gibbet; we served under pitiless gods, whom we could not offend without suffering death.

"Interest, not humanity, has enlightened the Europeans; by massacring the negroes they lessened cultivation, and diminished their profits, to preserve which they have substituted, in the room of death, those lasting torments which make death desirable.

"For the most trifling negligence they have us flogged with whips, tatted with wire—at every lath our flesh is torn; but not satisfied with this, when the executioner ceases to torment us, under pretence of curing our wounds, they apply to our mangled carcases corrosive piments, which renew and augment our torture.

"If we attempt to fly, by flight the horrors of our destiny, dogs, and men by far more cruel than dogs, are sent in pursuit of us; they cut off a nerve of a leg, and by mutilation chain us to that soil which must be forever the witness of our disgrace and of our sufferings!

"Their cruelty is so refined, that they

arrive at the power of bending our tongue, so as to stop the channel of respiration, and thereby withdraw ourselves from the inhuman slavery of man and of fortune; but the ferocious industry of our masters renders this extraordinary secret useless; they restrain us from suicide, not to save us from committing a crime, but procure to themselves the power of committing many crimes.

"It has been proved by the calculations of your historians, that in the small space of two centuries and a half, ten million of negroes have been transported from Africa to America! This great number of men have been equally lost to Europe and to the new world.

"Illustrious representatives of a free people!

"I have hitherto attacked only your sensibility as Englishmen—I will now attempt to produce truth to your reason. The world says, that Locke, Bolingbroke, and Shaftsbury, have made you a thinking nation. I fondly please myself with the hope, that the superiority of your understanding will not make you forget that all bounteous heaven has blessed Negroes with a portion of the same divine gift.

"If there exists any natural right man has no authority to prosecute or destroy ought upon this globe, unless it be mischievous beings, venomous insects, wild beasts, fanatics, conquerors, and assassins.

"But being, as we originally were, free from artificial wants, void of ambition, without industry—thus conditioned, and having only the arms of nature to defend us against the thunder of these European spoilers, what injury could we do mankind in the burning deserts of the torrid zone?

"Arises your right to enslave us from our being black or from your being white? Or was your right established by your having flowing hair upon your heads, and our heads having only curly wool?

"But if a more perfect organization, suffices to render your tyranny legal, why do you not oppress with your chains the Calmucks, these grey baboons of the human species, the dwarfs of Lapland, and the Ailluas, who are probably nothing but negroes degenerated?

"On the other hand, does not this principle lead to giving masters even to yourselves at some future period? If ever your law of nature reaches the giants of Magellan, what can you lay against their pretensions to universal monarchy? Does nature receive a stigma would by the tyranny



tyranny which negroes suffer from the Europeans, than she would suffer from the tyranny which the Patagonians would, if that case exercise over the Europeans?

"Grotius and Puffendorf derive your right over us, from our fathers having been sold to your fathers, this sophism may perhaps satisfy the petty princes of Italy, whom Machiavel has perverted, but will undoubtedly appear in its native weakness to a people whose government is established upon indubitable and immutable principles of freedom.

"What strange frenzy could ever have led the human mind to suppose, that a freeman had right to sell himself?—What must be the price of such a sacrifice? Could all the treasures of the master, though seated on the throne of Indostan, recompense the slave for the surrender of the most glorious privilege of the human race?

"Liberty can no more be sold than life.

"A citizen cannot make a bargain and sale of his proper liberty, how can he possess a power of selling the liberty of his posterity who are yet unborn? If there dwell upon this globe a genius of evil, who could balance the power of the God of virtue, do you conceive that he could succeed better in reducing wickedness into a system, than by making the liberty of mankind an article of traffic?—What, shall it be said, that because about three years ago, a parcel of pirates gave some pounds of tobacco, or some trifling toys, to a poor ignorant African, I shall be bound to drag on a wretched life of labour, sorrow and disgrace? Because my ancestors were absurd, must I and all my progeny be born slaves?

"There is in Europe a Jesuit named Charlevoix, who has written in a romance which he has imposed upon the world, with the title of the History of St. Domingo, that all the negroes of Guinea were born idiots; that the greater part of them could not count beyond the number three, and that the defect of our organization legitimated your right over our persons. This Charlevoix calumniates our understanding, to justify the attacks of the Europeans upon our bodies; he resembles Vasco Nunnez, who first made his dogs tear the king of Quarepa and all his train to pieces, and then justified himself at the tribunal of Charles the Vth. by charging them with the guilt of a crime against nature.

"Undoubtedly those of our colour, who, during their whole life, breath no

air but the torrid zone, find their organs fail them and their life evaporate at an early period; but the small portion of understanding that then remains with us is sufficient to our necessities, and I cannot see why the men of the North should punish the men of the South, because nature has deemed the latter merely to vegetate.

"Besides, the negroes, whom the pitiless Europeans condemn to slavery, are in temperate climates nearly as intelligent as their masters. When they receive education they arrive at perfection sooner than the whites do, and their head is of more value towards the restoration of a ruined plantation, than the heads or industry of all the creoles that ever existed.

"It is true that the negroes do not write philosophical books, as the citizens of your islands who are in easy circumstances do, but give them liberty, and give them for their professors a Locke or a Newton, and you will soon see more than one African at the head of your academies.

"I beg pardon, I am mistaken; the first book a negro would write, would be a manifesto in favour of liberty against his tyrants—but the importunate voice of truth would not be heard with impunity; they would burn his book in the very capital of Europe, in order to save themselves the trouble of answering it.

"I speak with all the fire of oppressed innocence—I do so because I esteem my auditors. Such a language does much less honor to the unfortunate wretch who uses it, than to the powerful man who has courage to hear it.

"Representatives of the people of England.

"The grand cause of the negroes whom you are about to judge, is much more important than that of kings which was pleaded above a century ago, before the regicide parliament of Great-bell. It is the second cause truly worthy of memory that has occurred in the history of mankind. The first is the cause of the new world against Europe, pleaded by that friend to humanity, and honour to his sacred function, Barthelemi de la Casas at the tribunal of Charles the Vth.

"If the negroes gain this cause, you will have the glory of having healed one of the greatest wounds that have yet been inflicted upon the human race; if we have the misfortune to fail, we shall yet thank you for having permitted us to inform you. This defence is a monument which you

you will not have the barbarity to destroy  
It will depose in future ages against your  
criminal prudence, and if you content  
yourselves with merely lightening the  
weight of our chains, I flatter myself they

will be totally broken by your policy.  
And here my angry advocate bowed  
flew to embrace him and awake for  
the whole was but a dream.

M.



# H I V E, A COLLECTION OF SCRAPS;

Exercet sub sole labor——  
——et in medium quæsitâ reponit. VIRG.

The remarkable Speech of Henry Cusse,  
Secretary to the unfortunate Earl of  
Essex, who was executed at Tyburn  
for his master's misconduct, on Mar. 13,  
1601.

I AM adjudged to death for plotting a  
plot never acted, and acting that was  
never plotted. Justice will have its  
course; accusers will be heard; greatness  
must have the victory; scholars and mar-  
tiallists (tho' learning and valour should  
be privileged) yet in England must die like  
dogs and be hanged. To dislike this is  
folly; to gainsay it but time lost; and to  
alter it impossible; but to endure it is  
manly; and to scorn it is magnanimity.  
The prince is displeased, the laws injuri-  
ous, the lawyers uncharitable, and death  
terrible; but I ask pardon of the prince,  
forgive the lawyers and the world as I  
desire to be forgiven, and welcome  
death.

not be unacceptable to our readers, as it  
will verify that "*fortes creantur fortibus  
et bonis.*"

If you knew who lay here,  
You'd surely h'a binn  
Shaping ideas rare,  
And sweare you'd seen  
Witt, loyal valour and  
True poësie  
Congeal'd with sorrow to  
A Niobe,  
And in that drooping statue  
To appeare  
His sad lamentor and  
His sepulcher.  
'Tis RODNEY, know! whose  
Name has here surviv'd  
William of Normandic,  
Noll the Regicide,  
Conquer'd those conquerours,  
Only to Death  
(As they have done before)  
Did yield his breath.

AS Sir George Rodney has so eminently  
distinguished himself by his late gallant  
behaviour, and by his signal victories ob-  
tained in the present war over our ene-  
mies, endeared himself also to his coun-  
try; the following inscription in a coun-  
try church to the memory of one of his  
illustrious ancestors, WILLIAM, the son  
of Sir JOHN RODNEY, of Rodney  
Stoke, in the county of Somerset, may

## A N E P I G R A M

On a young Lady's Marrying a Gentle-  
man whose name was *Paine*.

MOST people shun with care both  
pain and strife,  
But lovely Celia to be made a wife,  
Has most sincerely chosen *Paine* for life.

BON SHORT.  
WE

WE are credibly informed from the best authority, that a noted fox has been let loose in the House of Commons; and, few months ago by getting into the Mouth of Lords, has been the means of doing irreparable mischief to the most noble members of the late administration.

N. B. Fox-hunting henceforth, may be accounted a noble and necessary amusement, especially about Courts.

BOA SHORT.

BON MOT.—Mr. Hill, in his Sky-Rocket, says of a learned Lord, who is now figuring away as the advocate of the rights of man, that, if he was worth but twenty shillings in the world, he would give fifteen of it for his abilities, four and six-pence for his front, but he would not part with the other tetter for his principles.

Peccavi, erravi, recum, Fateor.  
Conhibeo malum.  
Et recessus servus tum;  
Nec reversus, sum sursum.  
Cum fortuna sit merum, in vita,  
Me vocant magistrum.  
Cum versata me adversum.  
Tunc omnibus servus sum.  
Si peccus, vale is, volo; si non vis  
Nec unus valeto.  
Cibituarum sho,  
Tibi gratias dignas do,

#### EPI T A P H

Spinned to the Bridal Curtain; on the celebration of Dr. CAWDRAY'S late Nuptial, with Miss DEATH, of Woburn.

HERE lies a wanton foricide,  
Struck out of breath;  
Who, to enjoy a heav'nly bride,  
He put himself to—DEATH!  
When the last trumpet from above  
Shall call up most tall'n men,  
'Tis hop'd,—th' inspiring voice of love  
Will make HIM—rise again!

B.

#### EPIGRAMME.

MONTREZ moi le diable, disent à son curé,

Un gâbler de latan, un pecheur obstiné;  
La chose ébaissée, répondit mon docteur;  
T'n lui dans maint écrit, dans plus d'un  
auteur

pour étre bon diable, il faut étre  
cristu;

Grand merci, saint Antoine, ma femme y a pourvu.

#### AUTRE.

En son patois, Lucas, juroit comme un  
dîmne  
Qu'il se tordroit le cou, s'il étoit attrapé;  
Car de prendre femme, bien, sachoit au  
galant,  
Et femme point pacelle, ajoutoit le man-  
nant  
Est cas a se pendre: le sot! lui ont  
Thibaut,  
Quand j'achète vache, je veux avoir le  
veau.

#### AUTRE.

Un mari se voyoit au moment d'expirer;  
C'étoit près de voir, Jeanne se marier:  
Aquoi, bon tant de pleurs, lui dit notre  
mourant?  
Helas! reprit-elle, j'ai vu du revenant.  
P. M.  
Fifty H<sup>o</sup>, 10th Mo<sup>o</sup>, 182.

#### SIR,

I called upon a friend of mine the other day, who communicated to me a letter he had received, in extract of which I beg leave to lay before the readers of your entertaining and instructive Magazine.

I recollect a piece of iron upon pot, which was changed into copper, and sent me from Wales, with the following description.

"There is a mountain in Anglesea, called Pils Mountain; it abounds with copper ore, and a water which turns old iron into the best copper. A number of ships are employed in bringing all sorts of old iron, which is changed in a very short time into the finest and the purest copper.

"Sir Nicholas Bayley, and a curate, with a family of eight children, are the proprietors. They pay 150<sup>l</sup> per week, besides 10<sup>l</sup> per quarter to the hands they employ, which is in number 1200, men, women, and children.

"It has not been brought to perfection above four years, and the proprietors have refused to sell a year for it, as long as it lasts."

Now, Sir, I shall be much obliged to any of your learned correspondents to favour us in your next with a more particular account, and an elucidation of this curious phenomenon in natural history.

Y<sup>rs</sup>

# The LOST DAUGHTER, RECOVERED.

A STORY founded on FACT.

Illustrated With a beautiful Engraving.

IN the neighbourhood of Berne, in Switzerland, Pierre Rigaud, after a life of enterprize and calamity, settled to struggle for the few remaining winters which he and his wife had to live in this world. Hard indeed, that at a time of life when most men are comfortably situated, and when all men should be so, he had to seek for the means of subsistence. Hard that the gallantry of the soldier, and the industry of the artisan should be so poorly rewarded; but such alas is the instability of human affairs, that Pierre Rigaud was now reduced to sharpen that sword which he was born to wield.

In his youth he was a soldier of fortune, and in the spirit of martial achievement he had signalized himself so greatly in the service of France, that in his nineteenth year he was honoured with the croix de St. Louis. It too frequently happens that courts, when they confer marks of honour, forget or neglect to make any other provision for the deserving man. A mark of honour is in general a strong incentive to the mind; and it was so in the case of Rigaud; but still a life of activity and labour did not bring him a provision for his old age.

In a miserable cottage in one of the miserable villages did he contentedly settle with his wife, and his employment was to grind scissars and swords, and furnish both the sempstress and the soldier with the implements of their profession. The only care of the industrious couple was that they had during their residence in Paris, four years before, where they went to solicit a provision as a reward for his service they had been deprived of their daughter, the beautiful and tender Jannette, and from that time to this had never heard of her.

Jannette procured the permission of her parents to go one evening to the entertainments on the Boulevards, in company with a lady that lived in the same house, whose husband was out of town. The father of Jannette was one of the persons employed about the house to which they went, and he promised to conduct them safe home; in the course of the performance, however, they were accosted by two sprightly young fellows, who observed them to be alone and without a protector

—their address was easy and insinuating—they consulted about the entertainment before them and ridiculed it with so happy an art, that they insensibly disposed the hearts of Jannette and her companion to sigh for the pleasure of partaking of amusement more refined. The gentlemen, in the spirit of gallantry, proposed to them several schemes for passing the remainder of the evening—they objected to them all until they mentioned, by accident, that there was to be a masquerade that night, to which they might all go with perfect ease, as they could procure habits in the next street. Nothing could be more tempting to the heart of a giddy inexperienced girl than such an offer; and Jannette's eye sparkled with the idea of going to a scene of which she had heard so much; but she dared not to give her consent. She was intrusted to the care of Madame de Tour, who was only indeed a few years older than herself; but being a Parisian lady she was supposed to be more acquainted with the arts and seductions of life. Madame de Tour however was just as giddy and as thoughtless as her companion; and they were actually debating on the proposal of going to the masquerade with two young fellows, who were perfect strangers to them, and whose design they must have reason to consider as licentious. Of the sentiments of Madame de Tour we can say nothing; she might, and she probably did form a pretty accurate judgment of the matter, and believed that which began in a frolic would conclude in gallantry. But the deluded Jannette having no vicious sentiments in her heart, had no suspicion, and she flattered in the anxiety of irresolution, deterred only by the fear of offending her lover whom she expected every minute, and of her parents, who would be impatient for her arrival.

During this time Jannette's lover came up, and seeing them in conversation with two young fellows, who from their appearance seemed to be considerably above their rank, he felt himself uneasy, and observed them at a distance. At last he joined them, but with a brow so clouded, and a look so averse, that he became a subject of merriment to those who were merry before. Jannette was provoked at his

presumption in daring to be sulky, and in the petulance or the vanity of the moment, she gave her hand to her new enamorado, and they all went off, leaving the poor ingenious lad to go home by himself.

They went to the masquerade, and spent the whole of the night in that crowded and delightful place, Jannette admiring and wondering at every thing which she saw. Towards six in the morning Jannette was very earnest to get home; and by this time the young fellows had found that it would not be so easy to procure their ladies to accompany them to a more retired place; all their rhetoric and solicitation was in vain, and they got into a carriage before they discovered that it was so light that they durst not be seen in their present dresses, going home at so unreasonable an hour; and from mere necessity they consented to drive thence or forth into the country to breakfast; and they would contrive some story to amuse the old people.

The gentleman who attached himself to Madame de Tour soon discovered that there required only opportunity and ardour to gain her consent, and that she was more perplexed and embarrassed by the preference of Jannette than by her own situation. She told him that Jannette was a modest, virtuous, inexperienced girl, and that as she was sensible that she would not comply to any thing that was shameful, she must be exceedingly cautious how she conducted herself, for Jannette on her return might betray her; she became more and more amorous, and at last declared to the swain, who hung upon her neck, that it was absolutely necessary to her character that Jannette should be ruined. Monsieur de Blaire, who had from the beginning attached himself to Jannette, was enamoured of her to distraction. He could not at first entertain much respect for a girl who trusted herself in the company of a stranger to such a place as a masquerade, and afterwards to a tavern; but there was a simple and native modesty in her deportment which insensibly affected him; and convinced him of her innocence; she rejected his rude attacks with so much dignity, and yet with so much sweetness—the chid him with so much gentleness of accent, and while she complained of his behaviour, yet betrayed the most insinuating pleasure in his company, that de Blaire was at once inflamed by the wildness of fire, and the most virtuous compunction. He endeavoured to soothe—to melt—to overcome the tender girl by his caresses and softness; but

would by no means insult her with the violence of a harsh attempt upon her virtue, though he had her perfectly in his power. His friend laughed at his scruples, and ridiculed his mode of address. The girls, says he, deserve no tenderness, for they must be artful—It is idle to talk about the modesty of a girl, who consents at the first word to stay with a fellow she never saw in her life for a whole night. He went up to Jannette, and with a tone and manner very different from that of de Blaire, told her, that it was now ridiculous and impertinent to talk about reputation, and modesty, and airs, and nonsense; she was now in her gallant's power—the carriage was discharged—there was not another to be procured—and they could not possibly return to town—that in short it was all affection and not virtue—and de Blaire was a cursed fool to suffer her to whine—and be so stubborn—The poor girl burst into tears, and de Blaire was so enraged that he thrust her rude-insulter out of the room. He and Madame de Tour went off, and left them together.

What a situation for an innocent girl of seventeen; all the regards of decorum—the influence of chastity—the apprehension of ruin were scarcely able to make head against the powers of an entraptured, eager lover, crowned with opportunity, and fired with passion. He pressed her in his arms—and made use of every argument which love or ingenuity could dictate to overcome her resolution; but he was checked by the dignity of innocence from rude liberties; and even in the warmest moments of desire, acknowledged the impression which her behaviour had made upon his heart, and nobly rose superior to his appetite. 'No, my dear and innocent girl,' says he, retiring a few paces to reconcile her to her situation—'You shall not be undone—I am conquered by your gentleness more than by your rebuke—and I will protect you with my life. The honesty of your heart is visible in every action, look, and movement; and Heaven forbid! that I should become the destroyer of virgin beauty.' Jannette burst into tears, and clasped his hand in both hers with a glow and fervor of gratitude, which more amply repaid de Blaire all the gratifications which the influence of sense could possibly have bestowed.

Madame de Tour, apprehensive that Jannette would be obstinate in her refusal and that without her compliance she must be liable to imputations destructive to her character

chests, returned in a short time to the room which the rest of the gentlemen had left; and after a great deal of affectionate lamentation for their embarrassment, and of reproaches on the gentlemen for bringing them into such an unprecedented difficulty, they sat down altogether to breakfast, and returned to Paris before dinner—the ladies went home without giving their gallants any other knowledge of their place of abode, or satisfaction than that Madame de Tour promised to write to her swain, to acquaint him with their reception after staying out all night. They made out a plausible excuse to the old people; and satisfied them that they had slept at a relation's of Madame de Tour. Two or three days afterwards, the lady wrote the following card:

"Madame de Tour presents compliments to Monsieur Pierville, and is happy to inform him that she and her young friend are happily recovered from the fatigues of their pleasant party; except indeed that Janette talks all day and dreams all night of her beloved Blaire—She begs Pierville to inform his friend of

the complaint he has made, and the reason for the pains of poor Janette, that she may be able to assist him. At any rate, as she is persuaded that another interview will not be disagreeable to any of the parties, she intreats him to make an appointment which they will strictly observe. She will send to his house for an answer."

This card served more to confound that which was before pretty mysterious. Pierville showed de Blaire the card, and asked him if he still conceived his Janette to be the innocent, tender girl he had ridiculously fancied, and if he was still so modestly disposed as to reject her challenge. An appointment was made—the ladies met them in a carriage, and they drove, without a syllable of denial on the part of either lady, to the house which had formerly been the scene of their pleasure and disappointment; but Janette insisted that the coach should be kept in waiting, that they might return in the evening to town.

(To be continued.)

## ON THE ART OF PLEASING.

WHOEVER has read the Rudiments of the Latin tongue, will recollect, that among the first lessons he learned, was a saying of Perander one of the seven sages, "Please all men." I take things as they are, and find it much better to flatter a certain class of men than to fight with them. I have made the art of pleasing my particular study. After long and deep meditation I have at last reduced this art to a system, and am of opinion that the following particulars exhaust the subject, and include all the methods of pleasing. These are irreligion, treason, scandal, and gallantries.

Among the methods of pleasing, irreligion properly takes the lead. As I intend to slip no opportunity of making a panegyric on the present age, I am led to remark the great difference in this article between the ancients and the moderns. The ancients had made little progress in true liberality of sentiment. The public belief was universally respected, and the ceremonies of religion were honoured and observed. Impiety was sufficient to ruin a man's fortune, and sometimes to endanger his life. Narrow-minded to the last degree, bigots and persecutors, the Greeks put Socrates to death on the suspicion of infidelity. Since the world was

enlightened by modern philosophy, we have happily got rid of such pious prejudices. What is called free-thinking is in fashion. Infidelity has the same effects in this age, that faith had in the last. Scepticism works mischief, and a man unbelieves himself into all the arts and sciences. An infidel is at once a choice spirit, a fine genius, and a profound philosopher. Hence that noble strife among modern philosophers, who shall believe least, as the greatest unbeliever is supposed to be the greatest genius. What else but this desire of gaining a name, or pleasing the world, could enlist so many champions against the church; inspire an atheist with the zeal of an apostle; heat a sceptic with the bigotry of an enthusiast; and continue the unholy war for half a century? What but this principle could induce Voltaire to read the bible, and meditate on the law of God, day and night? What else could make that sprightly genius forsake the classics in order to become mighty in the scriptures; quit Parnassus for Mount Zion; desert Apollo and the Muses, for Moses and the Prophets; and in place of giving illustrations of the new philosophy, write a commentary on the Old Testament? What other motive could prevail with the preacher of toleration

H. H. H. . . . . . tion

tion to persecute the Jews for the space of forty years? Or persuade the advocates of humanity to trample on the body of an innocent person, who was crucified seven or ten hundred years ago?

I begin to suspect, however, that these gentlemen have not been so successful as they imagine. The converts to unbelief are not all of them sincere; many persons are loud in blasphemy who are by no means infidels in their hearts; and the scepticism of great numbers is like the early cloud and the morning dew, which soon passeth away. Fever, and the loss of friends, and matrimony and bankruptcy, and thunder and the pox, are more than a match for D'Alembert and Diderot, and Helvetius and Voltaire. It is observed by a prophet of their own, that there is a flux and a reflux in religion; and a man of opinion, that the tide is now beginning to turn. Fine ladies, I am told, sometimes say their prayers; and fine gentlemen, though they don't keep all the commandments, believe stedfastly in the creed. I am informed by my bookseller that there was as great a demand for bibles this last season as in any one year since the Revolution; the churches are still frequented by the best company in town; and it is strongly suspected that men of genius are beginning to believe in God. It is, indeed, a shame and a scandal to philosophy, that as we have new systems of morals, and politics, and criticism, we have not also by this time a new system of religion. It is very mortifying to human pride, that twelve illiterate fishermen should still give the ear to the world; that the labours of the learned for half a century should be to no purpose; and that the apostles of infidelity should have spent their strength in vain, and be compelled to cry out "Who hath believed our report?" As my professed maxim is to take things as they are, and conform on all occasions to the taste of the times, I cheerfully go along with this humour of the age, although by that means the fund of fashionable writing is very much impaired, a great field of ridicule is lost to the world, and my pleasing the public "at one entrance quite shut out."

My second article in the art of pleasing is treason. There is one remarkable circumstance concerning the English constitution, which probably contributes very much to its safety, and that is, that no writer has yet been found who can exactly ascertain or define its nature. Every man can tell what it is not, but no body can tell what it is. It is neither a mo-

narchy, nor an aristocracy, nor a republic, but a strange composition of the three. Like the drama of Shakspeare, which is neither tragedy, nor comedy, nor farce, but a What do ye call it, or medley of them all. One effect of which is, that whatever happens is supposed to be necessary in such a form of government. A little treason has been found, from long experience, to be very salutary to the state, and a great preservative of the constitution. Accordingly, the authors of our country have shewn a laudable ambition to excel in this path of literature. They have gratified the ears of the public, though sometimes at the expence of their own, and in defence of liberty have written themselves into jail. This is a subject indeed that requires a very delicate hand. Few authors would chuse council for commentators, or a jury for an audience. The judge is by no means a gentle reader; the pillory is a dead weight upon genius, and the hangman is the most terrible critic that ever attacked an author.

The law of England indeed limits this subject by declaring that the "King can do no wrong." Happily however for the good of these realms, it gives no such exemption to his ministers. It is observed by foreigners, that as the English are a bold people, they delight in spectacles and diversions that are bold and bloody. The cock-pit is frequented by better company than the theatre. Bear-baiting and bull-baiting are in high repute, but above all minister-baiting seems to be their favourite entertainment. Without an attack upon the ministry, or a pamphlet against the premier, the national spirit would droop and the stocks fall. In the possible want of such productions, therefore, a minister who understood the national welfare, would hire authors to lampoon him. But the race of authors have shewn an abundant inclination to this way of writing, and have turned this taste of their countrymen to good account. The zeal of fiction hath given a temporary eminence to very insignificant productions. The current of the times hath carried down very heavy bodies even with rapidity, and a pigmy hath appeared tall when raised upon the shoulders of a mob. Seen through the mist of party, a hackney scribbler hath been reckoned a man of genius; the day of the day hath been dignified with the name of history; and a political pamphlet hath passed for an epic poem. My distance from the scene of action prevents me from availing myself of these advantages. I shall not therefore

I therefore intermingle never with Whigs or Tories; with Republicans or Monarchy-men; with Americans or Anti-Americans. I profess in this respect to be the disciple of Democritus, to join no party, but divert myself with them all. While the great boys or the small terrible for farthings or fight for a garland, interpose not in the quarrel, but sit quietly in a corner to enjoy the fray.

My abstinence from these favourite topics will be of little detriment to the public, as at this day politics is a scene perfectly well known. Men, women, and children understand the state of the nation. Every person that can drink coffee can conquer America, and settle the system of Europe. For this reason, I would rather chuse to instruct my countrymen in subjects that are little known or understood, such as their own personal concerns or private happiness, than waste my time and paper in idle declamation on public and national affairs; subjects which they have long studied, and know to the bottom.

It is with less regret also, that I forbear entering upon this field, as from the bold and persevering efforts of my predecessors, I am apt to believe that the subject is altogether exhausted, and this path to fame as well as the former quite shut up. From the experiments that have been made for these fifteen years past, I venture to affirm, that in the reign of George the Third it is altogether impossible for a man to write treason.

My third particular in the art of pleasing is scandal or detraction. I have been often surprized at the singularity of some men who have ventured to call in question the legitimacy of this kind of writing. Does not nature produce the nettle as well as the violet, and the ryger as well as the rose? Are not the thistle and the rose entwined in the royal coat of arms? What can be more agreeable to the palate than pungents of all kinds? Without mustard and pepper, and vinegar and salt, what taste would there be in the table? Or what pleasure in the bowl without the rum and the lemon? The love of scandal is as natural as the love of pungents, as the latter give a gust to our viands, the former gives a relish to life. Satire is indeed the great seasoner of conversation. It goes down in the forenoon like biters and brandy; it heightens the flavour of the finest claret; and when double-refined gives additional sweetness to green tea. No wonder therefore, that authors have endeavoured to excel each other in this.

and detraction. This secret necessary of the world is in a little book, and most of the little books lately published, may not improperly be called libels. In the days of Chivalry every Chieftain retained a band in his family in order to record and celebrate his achievements, this office is now in the hands of a person who executes it in a very different manner. Calumny is become a trade, and when they who practise it traduce names and reputations, they are only labouring in their vocation. A daily writer must have daily bread, and of consequence learn to call names without being in a passion, and to murder in cold blood. He looks upon the most distinguished personages of the kingdom as so many subjects of the pen, and casts an eye on king, lords, and commons, as a surgeon does on malefactors, only with a view to their disfigurement. Every new promotion furnishes a fresh subject of defamation; and if a name appears in the Gazette to day we are sure to find it in the scandalous chronicle to-morrow. A man is sure to pay the public for every office or honour he receives, as Mr. Wesley lays a tax on his talents for every degree of grace they attain. No character, or profession, or sex, is safe from the attack. A bishop cannot plead benefit of clergy. The high head-dress of the ladies is scarce a turret of defence: Nor is the king exempted from the fate of his subjects. This kind of writing hath been cultivated among us with a degree of success that is unknown among other nations. In epic poetry and eloquence we are far surpassed by the ancients; in correctness of taste and composition we are outdone by the French; but in Billingsgate we excel all the ancients and all the moderns. (In other countries perhaps the temple of fame is as illustrious, but in no country have they been at so much pains in adorning the temple of infamy.)

Cedite Romani Scriptores, Cedite Graeci.

As the art is now carried to perfection we cannot hope for some in any farther attempts. And as it is impossible for us to excel our predecessors, we have too much ambition to appear in the style of imitators.

The last article in my system of pleasing is gallimatias, or what in plain English we call nonsense. There is a striking analogy between the external taste and the internal, and between the food of the body, and the food of the mind. A full meal of roasted pork, especially if you eat the skin, goes with a bitter



These, hence, a ~~long~~ <sup>large</sup> ~~good~~ <sup>gross</sup> ~~entire~~ <sup>entire</sup> to  
 procreate an appetite, and in short, all kinds  
 of heavy and undig. ~~little~~ <sup>little</sup> food generate  
 acidity in the stomach, which occasions  
 craving, and demand for coals, chalk, ashes,  
 dirt, and trash of all kinds. In like man-  
 ner vast bodies of dulness and divinity,  
 tours and travels through Europe, per-  
 formed in a London street; histories of  
 kings and nations, by an author who never  
 looked at the world but through a college  
 window; epic poems by a London cit  
 that never saw a mountain, dictionaries  
 teaching the true pronunciation of the  
 English language, by a Scotch highlander,  
 serious, sentimental, sermonizing tales by  
 milliners and modish-makers; and all  
 such intellectual food that is hard, heavy,  
 and undigestible, occasions a similar crav-  
 ing and longing for all kinds of trash, and  
 stuff and nonsense. When the muscles  
 have been long on the stretch, they have  
 a wonderful tendency to relax; after a  
 long fit of gravity there are few things that  
 people like better to do than to laugh.  
 When a stupid debate in a public assembly  
 hath been prolonged, there is a call for  
 the ludicrous and the ribble, and when  
 a dozen of dull orators have held forth, it  
 is easy to be a wit. Nothing but this can  
 account for the reception which many pre-  
 tenders to wit and humour have met with  
 from the world. Coming at a critical  
 season, the ravings of a bedlamite pass for  
 the flowings of genius, and the dreams of  
 a drunken madman for vivacity and spirit.  
 In wit as in religion, what people cannot  
 comprehend they admire; and, as the an-  
 cient satirist cried out, "This must be  
 true, because it is impossible." Many  
 readers exclaim, "This must be fine, be-  
 cause it is unintelligible." Unhappily we  
 have no opportunity of rising to eminence  
 in this line, and are entirely cut off from  
 shining by darkness. For we live in the  
 eighteenth century, the boasted era of  
 human improvements, when perfection is  
 attained in all the arts and sciences, when  
 the palm of glory is borne away by every

candidate, and when every author sits on  
 the very pinnacle of the temple of fame.

Excluded from all these arts of pleasing,  
 by what means shall I obtain the public  
 favour? I remember a story of the Spec-  
 tator, of a lover who, in order to excite  
 the curiosity of a lady whom he had long  
 courted, told her, that he had the picture  
 of his mistress in the inside of his snuff-  
 box. She expressing a desire to see the  
 picture, he held up to her a little mirror  
 contained in the lid of the snuff box, and  
 let her see her own likeness. By this  
 stratagem he gained the affections of his  
 mistress. I intend to court the public,  
 and if they will patiently sit for their pic-  
 ture, I undertake to draw them at full  
 length, and make them as faithful, though  
 not as little as life. I shall in particu-  
 lar do justice to our countrymen, and  
 take pleasure in copying the finest  
 originals. I have engaged not to meddle  
 with church or state, but though I am not  
 to search the secrets of the cabinet, perhaps  
 I may sometimes penetrate the mysteries  
 of the toilet, and though I will by no  
 means presume to touch the mitre, I shall  
 use all due freedom with the petticoat.

Human nature is still a great way on  
 this side of perfection, the field of com-  
 mander is not all barren, nor is the  
 fund of adulation exhausted. However,  
 if respect we have de-  
 generated from virtue, we are fully  
 equal to them in point of ability. In  
 present generation a great many are  
 the great fish. The best and the  
 most famous of the  
 records as that of the  
 and coxcombs at the end of the eighteenth  
 century have a good title to immortality  
 as they who figure at the beginning.

It is true, however, too much  
 related if they should happen to meet with  
 their own likeness. I draw a picture,  
 not a portrait. I paint a species, not in-  
 dividuals, and call it the portrait of a  
 voter, but the member who presents the  
 country.

L.

## EDWARD AND EGWINA. A TALE.

Founded, in Part, upon a Circumstance stated in the early Part of the English History.

IN proportion as refinement proceeds,  
 gallantry increases. The reign of the  
 illustrious Alfred was not more favourable  
 to heroism and science than to love. His  
 son Edward possessed a large portion of  
 his father's virtues, and while he sat up-

on the throne cultivated those arts which  
 Alfred had encouraged. His heart was  
 susceptible of the tender passions, and of  
 the power of beauty. In one of his ex-  
 cursions he met with a lovely shepherdess,  
 named Egwina. The prince was capti-

valued with her charms. Honour possessed his actions, and subjected his desires to the exactions of virtue. He wished to exalt her without not to debase her innocence. In short he wished her for his Queen. But this seemed impossible. He returned dejected to his palace; he regretted that high rank, which stood as a bar to his happiness. He consulted his favourite friend and minister; he urged the beauty, the virtue, the genius of Egwin; but all in vain. The reply was, that policy required him to seek a union with some exalted character, allied to a powerful and wealthy prince; and that if he were to place a shepherdess on the throne his nobles would be disgusted, spit his court, and probably proceed by open violence to resent the supposed insult to their dignity. The prince admitted that what was said was too likely to be the fact, and reproved that pride which deemed an alliance with indigent and untitled virtue disgraceful, but he knew the prejudices of his nobility were unconquerable. He submitted repining and reluctantly to his fate. He frequently visited the shepherdess, and her conversation was his greatest delight. There was somewhat mysterious to him in her deportment and accomplishments. She possessed the strictest appearance of innocence without the least character. Though plainly attired, she stepped with superior grace, and in every action exhibited courtly propriety and ease. Though her observations were chiefly upon her flocks and rural business, yet she would occasionally surprise the prince with remarks upon astronomy, history, morals, and agriculture, which bespoke a mind informed above the common level. Thus engaging, it was not to be wondered at that every additional visit increased the admiration and astonishment of the enamoured Edward. His passion grew stronger every moment. His dignity was his torture. His friends and flatterers tried in vain to divert his thoughts or alleviate his distress. The greatest beauties of his palace courted his smiles without effect. Their charms served but to remind him of the superior ones of his beloved Egwin. Nothing induced him to retain existence but the trying task of parting perhaps for ever from his captivating shepherdess. He often thought to ask her for the story of her life, but dreaded that the narration would but confirm his misery. Upon one of his visits he missed her at the accustomed spot, but found a venerable old man attending on her sheep. The Prince enquired eagerly

for Egwin, and was informed that she was a neighbouring cottage. This spot he quitted her father's residence and a notice when leaving her flock in the fields, and from her description, the old man conceived the Prince to be the person, and accordingly invited him to such habitation. Edward for a while threw off his courtly ceremony, and accepted of the invitation. He went on with sorrowful steps, and yet would not have found his hind. The sight of the cottage dismayed him, but that of its fair tenant cheered his spirits. He found in the place neatness and rural elegance. He would gladly have parted with his dignity and power. He would have been happy to have changed his sceptre for a shepherd's crook, and his splendid palaces for this humble residence. He was courted to refresh himself, but though the table was spread with healthful rustic dainties, he could not partake of the feast. Egwin's charms and conversation were his regalement. He derived momentary comfort from the cause of his permanent misery. The old man apologized for the homeliness of his fare, imagining that to occasion the absence of his guest; and said, "that once he could have entertained him better, but now he had little more to offer than a hearty welcome." At these words the hopes of the Prince were raised, his attention was fixed to the story of their fortunes, which he begged the father to relate. The old man proceeded thus: "I formerly was Earl of Morcar. Our family was of Royal descent, and my possessions in lands, flocks, and herds, exceedingly extensive and valuable. I lived in becoming splendor, honoured by my illustrious and royal master Alfred, justly styled the Great. I was beloved by my neighbours, and happy in my family. My estate was situated on the borders of the Scottish lands, and frequently invaded by the Highland plunderers. For a long time my tenants and servants bravely repelled their attacks; but at length increasing in their numbers we were overpowered. They spoiled and ravaged all our lands, and drove away our flocks and herds, save a small portion with which I hither flew to find security. Here have I since lived, suppressed my title, and passed myself for a poor old shepherd; this my humble but affectionate daughter, the comfort and support of my declining years." The Prince struggled to conceal the sweet emotions which he felt at this narration, and asked the old man whether he had applied at court for succour in his distress? His question was answered

entertained thus. "No, my family consisting but of myself and young Egwina, and my desires confined to narrow bounds, by the wife dictates or philosophy, I thought it unjust to ask of my country that support which industry could procure, and thus deprive more useful subjects of their just reward." The Prince admired the generous spirit of the venerable sage, told him he had interest at court, that the King wished to see him, and insisted that he and his daughter should hasten thither; which journey after much hesitation they agreed to undertake. It is impossible to describe the transports of young Edward on this occasion. He flew back to his palace, eager to prepare for his expected and welcome visitors. The scene was now changed from the most deep despondency to the most complete joy and felicity. At the appointed time the old shepherd and his daughter arrived at court, and having recovered their surprise, the King introduced them in their rural habits. Time and disguise prevented the Nobility from recognising the Earl, and Edward had never been seen in public. As companions of the Prince the courtiers were obliged to receive them with civility, but their affected politeness could not conceal their absolute contempt. The court broke up, and the King again engaged in conversation with the Earl. He requested

to know whence his daughter derived so much knowledge? to which the Earl replied "From my own poor flock, as she was my sole companion, I thought it my interest, as well as duty, to teach her every science I knew. She had a comprehensive mind, and easily received instruction."—In a few days the King assembled his courtiers again. He had previously advised with his confidants on the propriety of a marriage with an Earl's daughter of Royal descent, and received a favourable answer. He then introduced the old man as Earl of Morcar, and the shepherdess as his daughter Egwina. Shame seized the ungenerous Nobility, but the kindness of the offended parties soon removed their embarrassment. Matters being duly prepared and settled between the King, the Earl, and his daughter, Edward now declared his intention of espousing Egwina; and the ceremony was immediately performed. In a few days the Coronation took place, and the Royal Shepherdess lived long, happy, and beloved, the Queen of England. At her death universal grief prevailed. But the people of those days live for posterity, not for themselves, and were comforted by the prospect of a future reign (which has proved a cruel one). "That in future times Charlotte should arise, that would reflect to the English throne the majestic virtues of Egwina."

# ON THE ORIGIN OF PHILOSOPHY.

THIR E is nothing more evident than that man was never designed by his Almighty Creator to be an indolent being, or to traverse the stage of life, wholly immersed in rudeness and barbarity. His resemblance to his Maker was too great, and his means of improvement too numerous, to suffer him to remain long in the cottage of ignorance, the ignoble roof of which we may affirm is superstition. Had this been his destiny, rationality could scarce have been deemed a blessing, but man was framed as he is for nobler purposes, and action, together with contemplation, were alternately, in a certain proportion, to be both his exercise and his pleasure. In either he could use the faculties of his mind, and which ever of these provinces he most keenly cultivated, would assuredly improve them.

On the last reflection it must also have occurred how soon the mind grows heavy and languid in its operations, when confined for any length of time to the examination of a single object. Even if our ideas are slow and uniform, time appears

tudious and long; whereas variety never fails to rouse and to exhilarate us. We feel a secret inexpressible satisfaction in perceiving the properties of objects, and derive a complacency from the investigation of truth. From these three sources, viz the variety prevalent in the material world—the strength of our natural desires for the same—and from experience, we may deduce that true though common observation, that the dispositions of men are as various as their faces, ~~whereas~~ resemble the leaves of any given tree, whereon there cannot be found two exactly alike. To enquire into the variety in temperament, texture, and mould, so to speak, among minds, which necessarily produces such a variety of conceptions, sentiments, and decisions, and consequently of inclinations, appetites, and passions, is foreign to our purpose at present, wherefore we shall content ourselves with saying nothing on this point, only what was requisite to introduce the following remarks upon its utility.

The advantages of this diversity of inclinations

elucidations among mankind scarce need elucidation. For did our views all terminate in one point, few in the nature of things could ever reach it, and perhaps none be allowed the enjoyment of it when acquired. Had human actions a positive and determinate reference to the same things, besides serving no good purpose, it would be attended with a train of consequences highly detrimental to, nay entirely subversive of, both public and private felicity. Wisely then is it ordered, that

from nature, from constitution, and numberless fortuitous causes, mankind are impelled to different pursuits. No small part of wisdom consists in rightly understanding these, and our happiness, if not our usefulness in society, depends upon our compliance with them. When the coward puts on the sword and cockade;—when the profligate or the blockhead mounts the pulpit;—when the heavy, phlegmatic, torpid genius, blunders at the bar,—when the gay fribble, or volatile Mercury wears the wig of Esculapius,—or the daring enterprising spirit plods among mechanics, or lounges behind a counter, allow them so fortunate as to escape ridicule, yet they do not merit the appellation of happy. Granting few were ever better qualified than Bolingbroke to shine in private life, still he is more celebrated for his politics than for his philosophy. Had Graham instead of a mechanic been a lawyer, it is more than probable we should scarce have heard of his name. A Churchill might have been amiable in life, but it was war which made the name of Marlborough immortal in the annals of fame. To speak of our own times, if Tarleton had continued his studies in the Temple, his name might never have stood in either history or song. Those only are happy, whose lives in life are adapted to the natural bent of their genius. Wishing favourable circumstances may attend each virtuous peasant, mechanic, merchant, soldier, or sailor, we shall dismiss those engaged in the more bustling and active employments, while we follow the contemplative in their peculiar walks.

No doubt in the early periods of society, when the connection between individuals was but feeble, the chief wish and care of men would be to provide for the sustenance of themselves and offspring; each day spent in devising the easiest and surest means to satiate their natural appetites; in providing covers from the inclemency of seasons, in fortifying themselves against the attacks of wild beasts, or preparing defences in case of invasion from some

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other roaming savage, who was perhaps in quest of those very necessaries, which they at the hazard of their lives had procured. In those ages no life was without injury, or secured property; by force and violence every thing was wrested. Hence the propriety of uniting in small bodies, under the direction of some one, delegated from the rest, plainly appeared; because hereby the necessaries of life became easier obtained, and some natural boundaries set to property.

By the aggregation of these separate parties, society upon a larger scale would come to be pretty regularly formed, and in process of time be really strong. More wild beasts would be taken than sufficed for their immediate wants; hence the idea of taming them obviously struck them; and this would naturally lead them to the cultivation of the ground. The produce of these tame cattle would introduce plenty among them. Abounding in leisure and opportunities, what could strike their attention more than the various phenomena of nature, which daily lay manifest before them? The change of seasons would be noticed with the influence of the sun on the general face of nature; and that of winds and rains upon particular parts, impressed their yet untutored minds. The growth of plants—shrubs—and trees—their foliage at one period—their nakedness at others, with their several colours, fruits, and uses, would not long escape their notice. Their way of living in those times, as well as their natural curiosity, rendered such work absolutely requisite. Thus society improving, and men becoming more and more humanized, from a knowledge of the most common, some of the most important and complicated appearances in nature, would engross their reasoning powers.

Whenever their acquaintance with natural objects arrived at any tolerable degree of perfection, morals of course would engage the attention of the ingenious student of Nature. From discerning things, proceed according to fixed and general laws in the material world, they would be allured to search for the sources of moral obligation, or the rules of action in the human soul. Nor is it improbable, that by accurately surveying the beauty, order, and harmony of the works of Nature, some genius more happily inquisitive than the rest, might trace the analogy between objects in the corporeal and in the incorporeal world; then go on to examine wherein good and evil consisted—to deduce regulations for the moral conduct, and to delineate

delicacy and distinguish between the jarring passions and desires of the soul. He would next prescribe the just and prudent management of the temper, and peculiarly the inherent beauty of rectitude, while the deformity of vice, with its tendency to public and private mischiefs stood highly coloured, and justly reprobated. The maxims of equity and justice were indisputably the primary basis of morals, among a people emerging from rudeness.

Now as the mind of man is a complicated object, made up of divers powers and affections; and as the search after truth is frequently a perplexed and difficult task, owing to improper methods of conducting it being adopted, those who seek for it often fall into error. Experience hath always shewn, that by false reasoning, truth with the principles of almost every science may be perverted, and contradictions supported. This gave rise to maxims, or in other words to certain clear and indisputable rules, tending to prevent or remedy these evils. The beauty and propriety of these originally consisted in their brevity and perspicuity. Such data yielded great assistance in the researches after science; and though at first they might be few and ill digested, in the multiplication they received improvement. These rules constituting the third branch of Philosophy, as commonly divided, are implied under the term logic.

Such are our conjectures about the Origin of Philosophy, which comprehends every species of knowledge acquired by the strength of reason. The origin of the particulars under each of the above three denominations, is another subject. Who first discovered magnetism or the electric fire? Who arranged the principles of morals—or added this or the other precept to the system? Or who first praised or blamed this or the other figure of syllogism, is unconnected with our present view of the matter; wherefore proceeding in the order their rise hath been delineated, we shall offer a few observations on each.

By means of letters have the opinions of Philosophers been transmitted to us; but who invented these is not so easily solved? Considerable advancement must have been made in knowledge, ere the fixed symbols of communication were agreed upon. Perhaps it is next to impossible, to ascertain the precise cradle of letters or learning; we are aware of these having been considered as synonymous terms; yet the latter may in one sense have existed long before the other, though

the first cannot be supported without the latter. The Ethiopians claim the honour, and to confirm their pretensions, say, that Atlas, Orion, Orpheus, Etnus, Hercules, Prometheus, and Cadmus, had the first rays of science from them. The Libyans affirm, they instructed Pythagoras, one at least of the reputed fathers of learning. The Phœnicians pretend to be the origin, who indeed must be acknowledged ancient teachers of mankind, and relative to arts and sciences bear a venerable date. Their records were truly precious, and in some of the most ambiguous matters of antiquity were much used by Josephus, who, in many respects, where adulation to the Romans, or the bigotry of Jewish education did not mislead him, is by no means a contemptible historian. The Thracians say,—Zamois the Great flourished among them at the same time that Atlas did in Mauritania; Vulcan in Egypt, and Ochus in Phœnicia. None can boast the least pretext for ascribing it to Moses, provided they consider how learning flourished at that time in Assyria and Egypt.

However difficult it may be to trace the invention of letters to their source, arising partly from the distance of time—the vicissitudes of human affairs, and partly from the unavoidably slow improvements in science; yet in every period there have been those whose turn of mind led them to inquire into, and sometimes happily to explain, the various appearances in Nature, of which we shall now speak.

The first principles of natural Philosophy, according to the oldest and most celebrated sages of Phœnicia and Greece, were a vacuum, atoms—and their gravity. The more ancient Atomists seem to have taught that there were living substances also. In fine, one pronounced this, the other that to be the principle of all things; each as pride, fancy, or interest directed, while the spirit of most of them seems to have been opposition to what their predecessors had advanced. During these divisions and jarring of systems arose the famous Socrates, who severely observed the vanity of the Sophists, and that imaginary knowledge was the greatest obstruction to real. He never attempted the founding any system of his own, however qualified for the important task.

We are obliged to his scholars Plato and Xenophon for what we know concerning him. In opposition to Democritus and others, Plato and his followers, in order to raise the thoughts of men above the objects of sense, maintained the existence

existence and pre-eminence of incorporeal beings. But more of this in a future essay. The scholars of Pythagoras, according to the tenets of their master, taught, that the earth revolved daily on its axis, and revolved annually round the sun; that every star was a world; and gave such accounts of the comets as are agreeable to modern discoveries. Aristotle introduced matter—form—and privation, as the principle of all things.

Passing over the Antients, let us hint at the progress Natural Philosophy made under the penetration of some modern Philosophers.

Copernicus, a Prussian, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, displeased with the Ptolemaick system, revived the Pythagorean. The famous Dane, Tycho Brahe, rejected the Copernican, and retained, what surprises us of such a genius, the absurdest part of the Ptolemaick. Towards the latter end of the sixteenth, or rather about the beginning of the next, flourished the renowned Galileo, who distinguished himself in defence of the Copernican system. He made wonderful discoveries in the firmament by means of that ingenious offspring of art, the telescope, which was invented in his time. He discovered the four satellites of Jupiter, the gravity of the atmosphere, and many other valuable things. To the admirable Kepler we owe the knowledge of the true figure of the orbits, and the proportion of the motion of the solar system. Huygens found out one satellite of Saturn, and the ring which encompasses his body. Cassini discovered four more satellites about the same planet. Respecting experimental Philosophy—Lord Verulam was certainly the genuine founder, since whose time it hath been more cultivated than in all preceding periods. The various properties of air, one of the chief objects experimental Philosophy is conversant about, animated the pursuits of the greatest Philosophers, such as Torricelli in Italy; Pascal in France; Otto Gueric in Germany; and Boyle in England; to which last named gentleman the singular improvements are owing. Next arose the ingenious Descartes, for whose system many things might be urged, but sag weightier with justice against it. As when the sun at blue-eyed morn sends forth his cheering rays, and obscures the otherwise beneficial light of the stars, so among natural Philosophers did a Newton rise, not only to add the finishing stroke to foregoing observations, but to reveal truths before unknown. Forbid we should so disparage genius, as

to suppose there have been no discoveries since his time; but the wealthy culture of letters, that fill together do not equal those made by that alone. Well might our eloquent poet say,

Nature, and nature's laws, lay hid in night;

God said—let Newton be, and there was light.

Nay it argues, even in the present day, no mean genius, to be able to accompany him travelling through the fields of æther, and in an unbounded imagination justly surveying the whole extent of creation.

This immortal man, besides his other innumerable and wonderful inventions, has discovered the fountain and spring of all the celestial motions, and the great law, which is universally diffused through the whole system of nature, which the Almighty and wise Creator has commanded all bodies to observe, viz. That every particle of matter attracts each other in a reciprocal duplicate proportion of its distance.

This law is, as it were, the cement of nature, and the principle of union by which all things remain in their proper state and order; it detains not only the planets, but the comets within their due bounds, and hinders them from making excursions into the immense regions of space; which they would do, if they were only actuated by motion once implanted in them, which naturally they would always preserve according to the first and principal law of motion.

We are also obliged to the said gentleman for the discovery of the law that regulates all the heavenly motions, sets bounds to the planets orbs, determines their greatest excursions from the sun, and their nearest approaches to him. To this sublime genius we owe, that now we know the cause, why such a constant and regular proportion is observed, by both primary and secondary planets, in their circulations round their central bodies, in comparing their distances with their periods, and why all the celestial motions are still continued in such a wonderful regularity, harmony, and order.

Do any ask the tendency of this branch of Philosophy? We answer, it removes the veil of superstition from the mind, which ignorance of natural causes had occasioned. A little progress in this science, enables mankind to demonstrate the absurdity of attributing the creation of the world to chance; and indicates, that every thing has its appointed place, and is governed by general laws, which not only

appear lost in infinite wisdom, but directed by equal goodness, and supported by omnipotence. It solves the most complicated phenomena of nature, and renders numbers of her mysteries easily conceived by audacious minds; it affords the greatest exercise for our reasoning powers, and while it fills the understanding, expands the heart. A discovery of the amazing structure, and use of every object in the universe by inspiring rapture, enhances satisfaction. Natural Philosophy assures us of the existence of the supreme Being; fills us with the deepest veneration for him; affords sublime ideas of his perfections, and leads to perfect acquiescence in his wise administration. Would you have a definition of this branch of science? It is a search into the works of nature, conversant about things corporal and incorporeal, a disquisition about causes and effects.

Moral Philosophy next claims our attention; but seeing this shall be the subject of future essays, a few words here will be offered. In silence then let us leave the opinions of the rigid Stoic—the virtuous Platonist—the quibbling Peripatetic—the fluctuating Sceptic—the selfish Cynic—or the merry Epicurean. Let us likewise pass over the systems of late Philosophers, since to name them might be accounted nothing save a parade of reading. What Hobbes hath written—or Cumberland hath answered—what Mandeville hath asserted—Locke investigated—or Addison beautifully enforced, with the sentiments of an Hutchinson—a Voltaire—a Hume—Rousseau—or a Beattie, we will not examine. What generous mind alive to sensibility and virtue, is not inflamed with the love of truth, on perusing the writings of the moralists of antiquity!—Let the pages of Epictetus and Antoninus attest this, and even those of Seneca, though it not a little lessens their force, that his own life in a great measure ran contrary to his doctrine. What judgment is not informed? What will is not swayed? What fancy is not pleased, by ruminating on the works of those moderns, who have approved themselves the friends of God and man? Here we reap the strongest motives to every act of benevolence, and are sweetly drawn to attempt the hardest lessons of rigid virtue. Founded on the ancients, and aided by revelation, how noble their productions? How useful to mankind what they have written?

Without entering into a particular disquisition of their separate tenets, let us remark the end this part of Philosophy hath

in view, which is, that of being happy in ourselves, and useful to others. How wonderful are the organs of speech! By how many expedients do we facilitate our designs! How glorious is man's reason! How inventive his mind! A man in every climate is the same, because he enjoys the same distinguishing powers; and equal means of improvement being supposed, it may be disputed, whether or not in the same degree of strength? After all, this identity consists only in the make of their body, and the essential qualities of their minds. Admitting the vast distance between mankind and the brute creation, when we reflect upon the superiority those cultivated by Philosophy enjoy, contrasted with their privileges, who are in a state of nature, we must confess the difference to be still greater; we must be either employed in the pursuits of right or of wrong. Moral Philosophy proposes the regulation of our affections, and the government of our actions. It tells us what things are worthiest, and the best mode of acquiring them. It is the hand-maid of the moral sense; the one discovers a merit in certain deeds, and demerit in others; while the first yields us directions for doing what this faculty will approve and commend. Study therefore in this part of science enlarges our ideas, corrects our mental mistakes, affords rational pleasure to the soul, and renders us useful members of society. To specify its advantages with regard to the individual, will hereafter fall under consideration. Ask the persevering inquirer in morals, how soothing! how serene! the satisfaction he enjoys in the practice of virtue and integrity, for experience alone can describe it? O! divine Philosophy, may our days be spent in learning thy glorious precepts; with thee may we live, and with thee assisted and depending for thy merit on still nobler sources may we die!

The faculty of reasoning upon many accounts stands in need of assistance of one kind or other. This logic is adapted to give. The schoolmen of darker ages, more given to controversy than truth, have, by their sophistry and idle parade of sagacity, rendered this part of Philosophy disagreeable to mankind; yet this doth not materially hurt the value of logic. Abroad many things appear to us under disguise and in false colours. At home we are deceived by our senses—our appetites—and our passions. An unbounded and irregular imagination leads us astray. By example, by education, and custom, we are often betrayed into folly. If our principles

principles are wrong, our conduct cannot be right. Besides, the perceptions of our own minds are so variegated and confused, that instead of arriving at certain conclusions we frequently confound them together.

The design of logic is to remedy these evils. Its very name is the art of reasoning; it gives rules, the practice of which guides us to the abodes of truth, facilitates the acquisition of knowledge, and helps us to discriminate the phantoms of credulity from matters of fact; and the tricks of ingenuity, from the dictates of an unbiassed judgment. Logic analyses the human mind, and displays its various operations. It arranges our ideas, and peculiarly aids us in communicating them to others by words or letters; and in every subsequent stage of mental improvement smoothes our labours, by supplying us with accurate definitions and apt divisions. Too great nicety in this branch of science might be as hurtful as a total neglect. Swift hath well said of it, that like fencing it ought to be learned, rather with a view of being able to defend one self, than of attacking others. Some have apprehended that it hurts fancy, and that those who the most superciliously observe its rules, seldom shine in the walks of literature; but from such an opinion we wholly differ, and are ready to prove by incontestable examples, in the lives of the greatest favourites of fancy, that they have also been the closest reasoners, and brightest adepts in the fields of ratiocination.

Since then Philosophy thus complexly viewed is productive of such advantages both to the community and the individual, how ought it to be adored? It clears the mind of dross, and empties it of a deal of

useless vanity, to superfluous connections with the world; it discovers the nature of the soul, directs us in the government of life, and the art of living virtuously, whereby the dignity of human nature is alone supported. Philosophy rightly understood and applied, inspires us with sublime ideas of the Deity, with deep veneration for him, with the purest yet most ardent desires after truth and goodness, while it raises the strongest detestation at vice, with every species of impropriety. Such sentiments enlarge our moral views; interest us for others, and leads to a pleasing participation in both the joys and sorrows of our fellow-creatures. Real wisdom renders life useful—death happy—and the prospect of immortality truly transporting. Happy are they who live in an age and place where arts and sciences flourish, in comparison of the pleasures, if they merited the name, of those in ruder periods of civil society, and under more embarrassing and confined circumstances. Philosophy refines the intellectual powers, and becomes the justest mirror of knowledge. This ennobles—this exalts.—Hail Philosophy, what charms are thine! May those possessed of talents and education, suited to the search, persevere in quest of this inestimable jewel, never entertaining high notions of their acquisitions; but steering clear of vanity, singularity, and all kinds of prejudice, may they rapidly advance towards moral perfection. By such conduct they shall feel that happiness which these buried in lower scenes have no idea of, and which joined to the aids and rewards of divine revelation, will assure future as well as present bliss.

FIDELIO.

The D A B B L E R. No. I.

—neque enim leve nomen—

VIRGO

\* \* \* \* \*

The fate of a new writer commonly depends on his first sentence. If humorous and pithy, it will render his first paragraph universally read; but if clumsy and frivolous, he is immediately, though not always deservedly, thrown aside. I have, therefore, expunged my originally introductory sentiments, (fine ones too!) and have ventured into the awful presence of the public, a maimed fragment, without a first paragraph—The old plan of chopping off the head to ex-

cite pity!—Dost say so reader?—The probability of my not having dressed it according to thy taste, deterred me from hazarding thy good opinion. If thou hast ever known the dreadful agitation of tender affection struggling hard to unbosom itself, in the scanty language of mortals, to an earthly goddess, thou wilt not deny, that the first line, nay, the first word, cost thee more cudgelling of the brain than all thy subsequent letters, though thou hadst scribbled more than a Chatterfield or a Sevine. And if, indulgent to thy wishes, the object of thy passion granted thee

dec



was a first interview, how racked for an addressing speech! But when an acquaintance has happily commenced, and modest familiarity banished restraint, ye chat regardless of the elegance of periods, and of the choice subjects for conversation. I will not point out the application—thou canst see it thyself.

The difficulty of fixing upon a name is universally felt. The master of a ship, or of a dog, the purchaser of a villa, the father of a child, are long and frequently puzzled:—But what are their perplexities to the embarrassments of the writer of a periodical paper?—They may adopt any of the thousand appellations already known amongst men; Monkey, or Cæsar, or Alexander, or Gilbert.—He is prohibited from assuming the name of a predecessor.—The mottoes and arms may be usurped, but the titles are not to be transferred. The reason may be that the rights are not good. Whether Dabbler be not unexceptionable, I cannot foresee; but I can declare, that the more familiar it is to the ears and eyes of my readers, it will be the more agreeable. Since perfection is not the attainment of humanity, all mankind are but Dabblers. Even Socrates and the Spectator themselves were not beyond the appellation. Though with reluctance I must acknowledge, that there are men of greater abilities than mine, yet let not my readers conceive that I don't think myself abundantly clever.—The present state of society obliges me to applaud the old woman, who prayed that the might never lose a good conceit of herself.—An excellent preservative from hanging or drowning!

My predecessors in the science of periodical Dabbling, by whatever name they have been called, seem to have adopted the plan of their founder, and indeed glory in their imitation. The respectable cloak of the Spectator has sheltered many from the besmearing squirts of roguish critics. The inventor, no doubt, brought his art to perfection, but he did not monopolize the trade, nor exhaust the materials of the manufacture. The works of an Adventurer or a Rambler, shall be purchased and read, even by the admirers of Addison. Histories have been successfully written, after the renowned Herodotus and Titus Livius.—Noble epic poems have come forth to rival the Grecian bards.—The dramatic necromancer of our isle, plucked the laurel from the brows of the ideal of the world. And after the Mirror itself, a Dabbler may not be entirely useless. Full many a flower in

this wilderness spreads its leaves unobserved: full many a baneful weed does still vegetate, and rudely disfigures its domain. Happy shall I be,—my labour will be fully compensated, could I bring one modest flower, or useful plant, into the present classification, or expunge it from its one deadly night-shade.

The reader, who has permitted me to remain thus long in his presence, will think himself entitled to know something of my history. I never could conjure up so much assurance, as not to blush when I told my name or spoke of myself. However, the tyrant custom having commanded authors to speak of themselves, I obey. I came into the world in the common way of the sons of men. No cat viewed at my birth,—the owl was not heard to shriek,—nor was the front of heaven full of fiery shapes or burning crests. My schoolmaster, a greater tyrant than Bulby of slogging memory, shewed me remarkably lenity; for when my fellows were lashed three times a day, I came through his hands, as he phrased it, only six times during my pupilary. Though monkishly austere himself, he pronounced me grave as a senator; while, on the contrary, the whole town revered me as the best laughter in his Majesty's dominions. It is my own fault, if I am not possessed of all the learning and knowledge of my day. Whether I am married or a bachelor, old or young, black or white in complexion—I am the reader's humble servant. I shall tell my fair readers, however, that I am not yet forty, and that I have experienced the pangs of melting love. I was born on Monday, which circumstance, according to the infallible augury of the Book of Knowledge, marked me for a great traveller. In the course of my excellent lucubrations, the discerning will see, whether I have ever visited St. Paul's and St. Peter's, or witnessed the coronation of a King and the possession of a Pope.

A Dabbler intermeddles with every subject—into every pie he thrusts his finger. He travels in the moral and literary world—the vices and follies of both are his lawful prey. In this undertaking, therefore, I expect to receive the assistance of every lady and gentleman of the city, since all are taught to dabble. In every house I am sure of one spy at least, who will inform me of the good order or the abuses of the family, of the economy and quarrels of his master and mistress, and of the temper and indiscretions of the young ladies and gentlemen. The Dabblers

ble in literature and the fine arts will send me many elegant and instructive essays, either on the sublime beauties of the epic and dramatic poem, or on the exhilarating strains of the guitar, and the sprightly raper of the hornpipe. For all sciences and arts have their patrons and

their principals, and their patrons demonstrate, that all professions, even the least reputable, are founded in nature, and not unworthy the attention of a philosopher.

Edinburgh, June 4.

N.

## Some Account of PHILTRES, or LOVE-POTIONS.

THE word philtre is formed from the Greek, signifying love. By the ancients, philtres were distinguished into two sorts, the true and the spurious; the spurious are spells or charms, supposed to have an effect beyond the ordinary laws of nature, by some magic virtue. The true philtres are those supposed to work their effect by some natural or magnetical power. There are many grave authors, who believe the reality of the latter; and alledge matter of fact, in confirmation of their sentiments: among the rest, Van Helmont, who says, that upon holding a certain herb in his hand for some time, and taking afterwards a little dog by the foot with the same hand, the dog followed him wherever he went, and quite deserted his former master. The phenomenon of love transplanted by the touch of an herb, is thus accounted for by him: the heat says he, communicated to the herb not coming alone, but animated by the natural spirits, determines the herb towards the man, and identifies it to him: having then received this ferment, it attracts the spirit of the other object magnetically, and gives it an amorous motion. Another ingredient in philtres among the ancients was the hippomanes. Naturalists are not

agreed about the nature of the hippomanes. It chiefly consists of two things; first, certain liquor that flows from the privy parts of a mare ready to take horse; secondly, an excrescence of flesh which the new foaled colts have upon their foreheads; its colour is black, and commonly of the bigness of a dry fig. It is said, that these two hippomanes have a peculiar virtue in philtres, and other compositions designed for fascinations; and that the last kind is of such a nature, that a mare has no sooner dropt her colt, but she eats this piece of flesh, without which she would not suckle it: it is added, that if she be prevented herein by any other's cutting it off before, she will not take to, nor bring up, the young; and the mere smell of it will make her mad.

Thus Virgil speaks of it in his *Georgicks*—

“ Hinc demum, hippomanes, vero quod  
nomine dicunt  
Pastores lentum distillant ab inguine virus,  
Hippomanes, quod sæpe male legere  
noveræ,  
Miscueruntque herbas, & non innoxium  
verbu.”

May 14, 1782.

GLANVIL.

## LE PREJUGE VAINCU.

“ J’ai rendu mes enfans heureux.”

Un pere peut dire avec verité ces paroles, n’est il pas le plus digne des peres et le plus estimable des hommes ?

QUE ne suis-je née dans une condition modeste, disoit Mademoiselle de Seignorie en soupirant sur les maux qu’une triste perspective offroit à son imagination. Que me sert-il d’être jeune, riche et belle, si l’espoir d’être heureuse ne m’est pas même permis ? Parvenue dès le berceau à ce point où l’on n’a plus rien à souhaiter que le bonheur, mon cœur tout entier se porte vers ce seul objet, et sentant qu’il lui échappé, retombe sur lui-même

avec plus d’amertume. Hélas ! étoit ce donc pour me rendre plus malheureuse que la nature et la fortune ont semblé se concert verfer sur moi leurs dons les plus précieux ? fier de sa naissance, mon père ne balancera pas entre mon bonheur et la dignité de son nom. Des yeux illustres sont pour lui autant de dieux, auxquels il croit qu’on doit tout sacrifier. En vain mon amant a gagné son estime par la supériorité de son mérite, et l’excellence de ses vertus.

vertus. En vain il a sauvé sa vie dans les combats en exposant la sienne ; sa famille n'est ni aussi ancienne ni aussi illustre que la mienne, et cette inégalité chimérique est un obstacle que nous ne surmonterons jamais. Non, jamais mon père n'acceptera pour gendre, un homme dont la naissance et les titres sont inférieurs aux vôtres, il me l'a trop souvent répété pour revenir de cette cruelle résolution. Mes pleurs et ma résistance voudroient en vain l'ébranler. Quoi ! mon père, se feroit-il donc un jeu d'empoisonner les vôtres que je tiens de lui ? Suis-je sa fille ou son esclave ? Faudra-t-il que je vienne d'un préjugé ridicule, je voye sacrifier mon bonheur à l'orgueil d'un vain nom ? C'est la nature, sans doute, qui place dans nos cœurs le respect et l'amour filial ; mais n'y gravait-elle pas aussi le sentiment de notre liberté et cette tendance invincible que tous hommes a vers son propre bonheur ? La nature est donc quelque fois en contradiction avec elle-même. C'est ainsi que s'exprimoit Mademoiselle de Seignorie, et ces réflexions affligeantes qu'elle venoit de faire, l'occupoient encore lorsque sa mère entra dans son cabinet. L'effort qu'elle se faisoit pour supprimer ou cacher ses sentimens, étoit si marqué, et la trace des pleurs qu'elle avoit versés étoit encore tellement empreinte sur sa physionomie, que la marquise en fut frappée.

O Julie, s'écria-t-elle avec ce ton touchant que donne une tendre inquiétude. Quelles peines secrètes vous consomment ? en est il quelqu'une que vous craigniez de verser dans mon sein ? N'ai je plus l'amitié et la confiance de ma fille ? Vous avez des chagrins que vous ne voulez pas me laisser partager ; pourquoi les aïs-je lus dans vos yeux mouillés de pleurs, avant d'en recevoir l'aveu de votre bouche. Oh Julie ! Prenez y garde, où cesse la confiance l'amitié bientôt se refroidit et se glace.

Ne me reprochez point, Madame, un défaut de confiance ; c'est parceque je vous aime, c'est parceque je suis sûre d'être aimée de vous que j'ai renfermé dans mon sein, la douleur qui me devore. J'ai craint de déchirer un cœur tendre et généreux en lui communiquant une infortune dont il feroit la sienne. De grâce ne me ne cherchez point à surprendre un secret, épargnez à mon cœur déjà trop accablé, le désespoir de vous avoir rendu malheureuse.

Mon, Julie, ma tendresse ne se satisfait point de ces raisons, ni des craintes. Ouvrez moi votre âme, je trouverai peut être un remède à votre infortune.

Ne vous flatter pas Madame de cette espérance dit Mademoiselle de Seignorie en soupirant ; mon malheur est sans ressource.

Je vous devine Julie, l'amoureux peut faire tenir un langage si étrange. Vous aimez, mais avez vous fait un choix dont vous et votre famille n'ayez point à ouïr ? Oui, je reponds pour vous à cette question, je connois ma Julie, elle est incapable d'une foiblesse qui pourroit la deshonor.

Madame je suis pénétrée de ces sentimens, mais je n'en suis pas indigne. Quand vous connoîtrez celui que mon cœur à choisi vous approuverez mon goût et vous me plaindrez.

Et votre amant, repond il à l'amour que vous lui portez ?

Je n'ai point de rivale, Madame, et je suis aimée. J'approuverai votre goût. Vous êtes aimée, et cependant je ne puis que vous plaindre, expliquez moi ce mystère. Quel est cet amant, parlez.

Le BARON DE MONTAIGNE.

Madame,

Tu as ranimé mon âme abattue. Julie, se suis charmée, enchantée du choix que tu as fait. Le Baron De Montaigne, l'homme de tout l'univers que votre père estime le plus ! Comment pouvez vous avoir la crainte ridicule de n'être jamais heureuse.

Ma crainte est trop bien fondée Madame, pour s'évanouir si facilement ; quelque noble, quelque digne que soit le Baron de l'amitié de mon père, il n'est point d'une famille très illustre ; vous connoissez les préjugés de mon père, il ne donnera jamais son aveu à une alliance qu'il regardera comme une tache imprimée à son sang.

L'orgueil du Marquis ma fille, ne tiendra pas contre les mouvemens de la tendresse paternelle ; vous trouverez un protecteur dans son affection, qui justifiera et autorisera votre attachement pour le Baron.

Toutes les autres passions céderont à sa fierté.

Quoique sa raison soit quelque fois assoupie, la nature veille toujours dans le cœur d'un père. Comptez sur sa sensibilité pour votre bonheur. Gardez vous bien de témoigner de la défiance, il seroit d'autant plus tenté de ne point la pardonner qu'elle offenserait son jugement et son humanité.

[To be continued.—*Alfo that a translation is requested.*]

THE

THE  
NON D O N REVIEW,  
AND  
L I T E R A R Y J O U R N A L

*Quid sit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.*

*The History of Greece, from the Accession of Alexander of Macedon, till its final Subjection to the Roman Power. By John Galt, D. D. Archdeacon of Glandelagh. 4to. 11. 1s. Murray. (Continued from page 355.)*

**D**R. GALT is none of those superficial historians who derive their knowledge of antiquity through the medium of translations, or from the dull compilations of the moderns. He has consulted the original authors, and is profoundly versed in Greek and Roman literature. Yet he has examined those ancient records, without adopting the prejudices which an admiration of the classics is apt to inspire.

Livy, perhaps, with a laudable partiality for his country, has described the triumph of Æmilius Paulus in all the pomp of eloquence; but impartial historians must view the conduct of the Romans towards the Greeks in a very different, and less favourable, light. From the era of the Roman conquest, the two provincial governments of Macedon and Achaia (including the ancient dominions of the Macedonian Princes) together with the several States of Greece, were consigned to humiliation and servitude.

"The Roman writers (says Dr. Galt) speak of Greece, and particularly of Athens, as still retaining, under all the disadvantages of this provincial establishment, that pre-eminence in literature, by which she was distinguished in her days of freedom and glory. Accordingly, for some ages after, we find the Roman youth resorting thither, in quest of that improvement, or, at least, of that reputation, which the arts and sciences of Greece were supposed capable of bestowing. But nevertheless, rather to the same

of ancient days, than to any merit she from this period possessed, is the estimation of Rome to be ascribed. The liberties and genius of Greece gradually declined, and at last expired together. For, though her philosophical schools for a while maintained a respectable name; though, at distant intervals, a few writers of distinguished merit made their appearance, especially in the antiquarian and historical lines, yet did the general turn of the Grecian people soon become frivolous, and, in resemblance of their fortunes, groveling and servile. Their walk of learning seldom produced any thing higher than the professional rhetoric or the captious disputant; and what abilities they possessed were meanly prostituted in humouring the follies, or in administering to the depravity of their Roman masters. By degrees, therefore, the very appellation of Greek, which once implied superior talents and the highest mental improvement, came to signify somewhat exceedingly abject; and under the Roman *Cæsars* was frequently used, by the satirists, as a term of the utmost reproach. Even those literary productions, which in this decline of Greece do her most honour, when compared with what went before, can only be considered as the feeble rays of the evening sun, when contrasted with his meridian splendor. What praise soever we may be willing to allow them, we search in vain for that originality; that just observance of nature; that richness of invention; that nervous sense; that

glow and dignity of sentiment; that power of expression, which characterize her earlier poets, historians, philosophers, and orators."

Our author has marked the decline of the Greeks with precision and concernment; and traces, with sagacity, the various causes which brought on the catastrophe of those admirable Republics. Among these he numbers the prevalence of the epicurean philosophy; and it is remarkable, that the fastidious Montesquieu has assigned the same dangerous tenets among the causes which hastened the fall of the Roman empire.

Dr. Galt is equally a friend to religion, and to the liberties of mankind; and, unlike to the historian of the Roman Empire (Gibbon) the zeal of our historian is uniformly directed to promote the best interests of human society. It deserves, however, to be remarked, that while our author differs from Mr. Gibbon in some material points of discussion, he acknowledges his obligations to that writer in a note, which we shall here beg leave to lay before the reader, as it sets the modesty and candour of our historian in a favourable light.

"With particular pleasure I take the opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to the elegant work, from which the above quotation is borrowed. I have had frequent recourse to it in this part of my history. If I have attempted to place some matters in a different light from that in which this ingenious writer seems to have considered them, I shall hope, from the liberality of sentiment which his writings assure me he possesses, that he will not disapprove of a freedom of inquiry, always servicable to the cause of truth."

In the conclusion of this work, Dr.

Galt gives an admirable summary of the state of the Greeks in the period of deepest debasement; and has described that phantom of an empire (as he very properly terms it) which subsisted from the Gothic invasion to the year 1458, when the very name of the Greeks was annihilated by the Ottoman arms. He admits, however, that the modern Greeks, amidst all the vicissitudes of fortune, and the cruelty of their destiny, retain some characteristics, which seem to connect them with their immortal progenitors. In this opinion Dr. Galt coincides with the account given us by modern travellers, with the sentiments of Mr. Harris, Lord Montboddo, and others; and with that theory concerning hereditary genius, which is maintained by Dr. Dunbar in the History of Mankind.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. Galt is a native of ———, in Ireland; he is now past the meridian of life; and though the present History of Greece must elevate him to a higher station in the ranks of literature than he before possessed, his name was not formerly unknown to the learned. The Doctor cultivated, from his early youth, the study of the classics; and he and the present Bishop of Derry (Lord Bristol) have been justly considered, for their erudition and liberal accomplishments, as the ornaments of the Church to which they belong.

As a clergyman our author is particularly respectable, and is exemplary to the inferior clergy in the conscientious discharge of his sacred functions. We hope, for the honour of his country, that he will soon be raised to higher dignity in the scale of ecclesiastical preferment.

*The Journey from Chester to London.* 4to. White. 1782.

MR. Pennant has added this volume to his other travels. An opinion had long prevailed, that the ground from Chester to London is dull and uninteresting. The traveller, accordingly, usually passed along it without curiosity. To clear it from this calumny, is the business of the author. He shews, that the road itself, and its vicinity, are replete either with ancient historic facts, or with matter worthy of present attention. Nor has he wanted the assistance of ingenious persons in putting together this performance. He acknowledges, that he received contributions from M. Cole, of Milton, near Cam-

bridge, from the Reverend Doctor Edwards, of Nuneaton, near Coventry, from Mr. Greene, surgeon in Litchfield, and from the Reverend Mr. Deacon Cox, of Flitton, Bedfordshire; and he invites the public to join with him in returning thanks to these gentlemen.

In conducting his work, he is minute, laborious, and exact. The smallest objects, as well as the greatest, attract his particular notice; and it seems to be the defect of his book, that he is equally attentive to both. He distinguishes too little between matters of moment, and affairs which are trifling. All things in his

and appear to have nearly the same magnitude. His diligence is that of the antiquary; and he does not rise at any time into the eloquence of the historian, or into the dignity of the philosopher.

Upon the whole, however, his performance may be pronounced to be entertaining and useful. He preserves many historical notices which were in danger of perishing; and his taste serves to give an embellishment to his collections, and to surround them with an importance to which in themselves they are seldom entitled. The plates he exhibits have the appearance of being taken from accurate delineations, and are engraved with elegance.

As a specimen of his book, we shall extract what he has said of Beeston Castle.

"This rock is crowned with the ruins of a strong fortress, which rose in the year 1220; founded by Randle Blondeville, earl of Chester, on his return out of the Holy Land; for which purpose, and for the building of Chartley Castle, he raised a tax upon all his estates. At that time it belonged to the lords of the manor of Beeston; from whom he obtained leave to erect his castle. It devolved afterwards to the crown; for, according to Erdewick\*, Sir Hugh Beeston purchased it from Queen Elizabeth, and restored it to his lordship.

"It had been a place of very great strength. The access, about midway of the slope, was defended by a great gateway, and a strong wall fortified with round towers, which ran from one edge of the precipice to the other, across the slope; but never surrounded the hill, as is most erroneously represented in the old print. Some of the walls, and about six or seven towers, still exist. A square tower, part of the gateway, is also standing. Within this circuiture is a large area, perhaps four or five acres in extent. Near the top is the castle, defended, on this side, by a mazing ditch, cut out of the live rock; on the other, by the abrupt precipice that hangs over the vale of Cheshire.

"The entrance is through a noble gateway, guarded on each side by a great rounder, whose walls are of a prodigious thickness. Within the yard is a rectangular building, the chapel of the place. The draw-well was of a most surprizing depth; being sunk through the higher part of the rock, to the level of Beeston brook, that runs beneath. In the area

it mentioned, was another well: both at this time are filled up; but King remembered the first to have been eighty, the other ninety-one, yards deep, although the last is said to have been half filled with stones and rubbish†.

We are quite unacquainted with the events that beset this strong hold, for several centuries after its foundation. Stow|| says, that Richard II. lodged here his great treasures during his expedition into Ireland, and garrisoned it with an hundred men of arms, chosen and able; who, on the approach of Henry duke of Lancaster, yielded it to the usurper. But other historians assert, his treasures were placed in the castle of Holt.

"The fortress certainly fell in ruins soon after this reign; for Leland, in his poem on the birth of Edward VI. speaks of it as such, when he makes Fame to alight on its summit, and foretel its restoration.

Explicuit dehinc Fama suas perniciter alas,  
Altaque fulminei petiit Jovis atria victrix,  
Circuensi liquidis ipsa iosa volumina cœli.  
Tum quoque despectit terram, sublimis,  
ocellos  
Sidereo figens Bifiduni in mœnia castri, &c.

Thence to Jove's palace she prepar'd to fly  
Without stretch'd pinions, thro' the yielding sky;

Wide o'er the circuit of the ample space,  
Survey'd the subject earth and human race;  
Sublime in air the cast her radiant eyes,  
Where far-fam'd Beeston's saigy turrets rise:  
High on a rock it stood, whence all around  
Each fruitful valley, and each rising ground,  
In beauteous prospect lay; these scenes

to view,  
Descending swift, the wondering goddesses  
slew.

Perch'd on the topmost pinnacle, she shook  
Her sounding plumes, and thus in rapture spoke:

"From Syrian climes the conquering Randolph came,

"Whose well-fought fields bear record  
of his name.

"To guard his country, and to check his foes,

"By Randolph's hands this glorious fabric rose:

"Tho' now in ruin'd heaps thy bulwarks lie,

"Revolving time shall raise those bulwarks high,

\* Polychromicon, ccxvi.

† Vale Royal, iii.

§ Anna.

“It saith to ancient prophecies be due; this country, he has so largely contrib-  
 “Then Edward shall thy pristine star ed; viz. natural history. Having finished  
 renew.” his studies at college, he travelled but

The castle was restored to its former strength, between the days of Leland and the sad contentions betwixt the king and parliament, in the times of Charles I. It was first possessed by the parliament; but on the 13th. of September 1643, was taken by the royalists, under the famous parizan Captain Sandford; who scaled the steep sides of the rock, and took it by surprise. Steel, the governor, was suspected of treachery, tried, and shot to death.

“The parliament made a vigorous attempt to recover a place of such importance, and besieged it for seventeen weeks; during which time it was gallantly defended by Captain Valet. At length, on the approach of prince Rupert, the enemy abandoned the attack, on the 18th of March 1644\*.”

“In the following year it was taken, after a most vigorous defence of eighteen weeks. The defendants were reduced to the necessity of eating cats, &c. when the brave Colonel Ballard, out of mere compassion to the poor remains of his garrison, consented to beat a parley, and obtained the most honorable conditions, far beyond what would be expected in such extremity; viz. to march out, the governors and officers with their horses and arms, and their own proper goods (which loaded two waggon); the common soldiers with colors flying, drums beating, matches alight, a proportion of cannon and bally and a convoy to guard them to Flint Castle. On Sunday, the 16th of March, he surrendered the castle to Sir William Brereton, and, according to articles, marched out with his men, now reduced to about sixty†. The fortress soon after underwent the fate of the other seats of loyalty.”

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Thomas Pennant, Esq. is of a very ancient and honourable family; the dignity and respect of which, he has studied to maintain by the greatest attention to the duties of hospitality and patriotism, which ought to be the distinguishing qualities of an English gentleman. Mr. Pennant studied at Oxford, and at a very early period of his life he applied himself to the prosecution of that extensive branch of knowledge, to the revival of which, in

this country, he has so largely contributed; viz. natural history. Having finished his studies at college, he travelled but with views more extensive, and with a design very different from the common class of those who make the tour of Europe, and who have justly been regarded a subject for dramatic ridicule. He spent several years of his life in his favourite study of natural history on the continent; nor were his travels in search of nature confined to Europe. He returned to his native country with a mind most liberally endowed, and settled at his seat of Dawning in Flintshire, where he soon after married, and had two children. He was soon deprived of his lady, and entered a second time into the marriage state with a sister of Sir Roger Mostyn. His works are sufficiently known and admired; they are as follow: British Zoology, 4 vols. 4to. History of Quadrupeds, 2 vols. 4to. Genera of Birds, 4to. Tour in Scotland, 3 vols. 4to. Tour in Wales, 2 vols. 4to. and the article which is now before us. Mr. Pennant has not applied the profits of his labours to his own use. We understand that the profits of some of his works were appropriated to the Welch charity school, an institution of the most valuable kind; and which a man of Mr. Pennant's benevolent disposition could not fail, as an ancient Briton, to patronize and promote. It is said of this gentleman, that having a very great desire to encourage the arts, and particularly that of engraving, he has always been in the habit of directing and managing the whole process of his works through the press. He employs his painter and engraver, his stationer and printer, and having by his own superintendence and liberality procured a splendid edition of his work, he calculates the whole of the expence, and gives the account, and the impression of the book to his publisher, desiring only that he will defray the expence, and he makes him a present of the copy. We have heard this anecdote, and mention it as a peculiarity of a singular nature, more than as a matter of praise; it is fortunate for Mr. Pennant, as well as his bookseller, that his large paternal estate enables him to act in this liberal manner. This will be mentioned to the credit of Mr. Pennant, without any disparagement of those authors, who, with equal generosity, have not the same power.

Genethliacon Eaduardi Pr. Walliz, L. 749.

M. S. account. Mr. Grose, article Beeston.

† Rushworth, vol. i. part 4. p. 136.

The

*The Works of the Right Reverend Thomas Newton, D. D. late Lord Bishop of Bristol and Dean of St. Paul's, London, with some Account of his Life and Anecdotes of several of his Friends, written by himself. 3 Vols. 4to. Rivington. 3l. 12s. in 3 Bds.*

WE have here a handsome edition of the works of the late Bishop Newton, printed under his own inspection, and nearly finished at the time of his death. Of the contents of these volumes part appears now for the first time, but the most laboured portion of them consists of a republication of the Dissertations on the Prophecies, which have been long before the public, and, from the great sale, may be presumed to have met with general approbation. In perusing these volumes, if the reader should not be able to discover any great depth of reasoning, strength of argument, brilliancy of style, or novelty of sentiment; he will at least find many signs of a humane, benevolent, well-meaning disposition; solicitous for the interests of mankind, attentive to the duties of his profession, and anxious for the prosperity of the state both in its civil and ecclesiastical constitution.

We can admire the good qualities which the Bishop possessed, without approving every one of his doctrines, or acceding to all his sentiments. Confined as he appears to have been to the company and conversation of a few, he certainly contracted many prejudices unworthy of a man of genius, and his writings afford few instances of vigour of thought or comprehension of understanding. He exhibits several marks of a weak mind, cramped to a system, and incapable of disengaging itself from the trammels of authority. His politics are confused, partial, and sometimes absurd, the same may in some measure be said of his religious sentiments. His Dissertation on Dreaming in particular, is truly ridiculous. Some of his short treatises are however not without merit, and had they been printed in a form accessible to the generality, would have been useful to the world.

There is an affectation of singularity in the spelling of these volumes, for which we cannot account. It seems to be the fashion at present, for every writer to alter the orthography of the English language according to his own whim and caprice. This practice we deem highly censurable, as it tends to render uncertain and precarious that which every one would rather wish to see fixed and ascertained.

With every drawback however, that can fairly be made, these volumes may be read with improvement by those who

seek for strict rigid sentiments in morality, and wish to propagate submissive obedient principles in politics.

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

Dr. Thomas Newton, was born at Litchfield the 28th of December 1703, O. S. His father was a dealer in brandy and cyder, and his mother the daughter of Mr. Rhodes, a clergyman. She died of a consumption about a year after the birth of her son, who inherited from her a feeble constitution.

He received the first part of his education at Litchfield, but on his father's second marriage with a sister of Dr. Trebeck; by the advice of that gentleman, and the encouragement of Bishop Sualridge, he was removed in 1717 to Westminster school, where the year following he became a King's scholar, and staid there six years, at the end of which time he made interest to be elected to Cambridge, and in a short time succeeded to a Fellowship in Trinity College.

Soon after this event he settled in London, and devoted himself to the church. He was ordained Deacon, December 21, 1729; and Priest in February following, by Dr. Gibson. At his setting out in the world he officiated as Curate at St. George's Church, Hanover-Square, and continued several years assistant preacher there to Dr. Trebeck, whose ill health disabled him from performing his duty. The first preferment he obtained, was that of Reader and Afternoon Preacher at Grosvenor Chapel in South Audley-street; and being appointed Tutor to Lord Carpenter's son, who was afterwards created Earl of Tyrconnel, he resided in that nobleman's family, cultivating the friendship of many respectable persons, but without receiving any addition to his preferment until the year 1738, when becoming acquainted with Bishop Pearce, he was offered without solicitation or recommendation, and accepted, the Morning Preacher'ship of the Chapel in Spring Garden. His acquaintance with Dr. Pearce laid the foundation of his fortune, by introducing him to the notice of Lord Bath, the widow of Mr. Rowe the poet, and lastly of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The part of Dr. Newton's memoirs which treats of this period, is by much the



the most important and interesting, as it contains a narrative of the famous change of the Ministry in 1741, which bears all the marks of authenticity, and was probably furnished by Lord Bath himself. In our next number we shall take particular notice of this part of his work. In 1744, by that nobleman's interest Dr. Newton was preferred to the Rectory of St. Mary le Bow. Upon this advancement he quitted the Chapel in Spring Garden. His fellowship also became vacant, and in 1745 he took the degree of Doctor in Divinity. In 1747 he was chosen Lecturer of St. George, Hanover-square, and in the same year married his first wife, Jane the eldest daughter of Dr. Trebeck.

Two years afterwards he published his edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and in about the same interval completed his *Commentaries* on the remainder of that author's works. In 1751 he preached a sermon on the death of Frederick Prince of Wales, which coming to the notice of his Royal Highness, she desired to read it, and being pleased with the manner in which the subject was handled, appointed him one of her Chaplains, and ever afterwards treated him with singular respect.

In 1754 he lost both his father and wife, events which affected him in so violent a manner as almost to render him incapable to perform any duty of his profession. He was at that time engaged in writing his *Dissertations on the Prophecies*, which, to relieve the distress of his mind he pursued with the most intense application. They were soon afterwards published, and met with great success. In 1756 he received notice of his being appointed a Prebendary of Westminster, but was disappointed by means of the Duke of Newcastle, who however named him one of the King's Chaplains, with a promise of the next vacancy at Westminster, which happened in the succeeding year.

About the same time he was appointed Sub-almoner to the King, by Archbishop Gilbert, who also gave him the Precentorship in the Cathedral Church of York. In 1760, he preached Bishop Warburton's

consecration sermon, and on the 5th of Sept. 1761, he married a second wife, and on the 18th of the same month, kissed his Majesty's hand on being preferred to the Bishoprick of Bristol, but was not consecrated until December following, and therefore officiated at the coronation only as Prebendary of Westminster.

In this situation he remained until the death of Archbishop Secker in 1768, which occasioned the promotion of Bishop Cornwallis to the See of Canterbury, and a vacancy in the Deanery of St. Paul's. This preferment was given to Bishop Newton, and with it he appears to have been perfectly satisfied and content. His constitution at this period began to give way, and though he lived several years afterwards, it was in a state which neither afforded himself or his friends any degree of satisfaction. His life, as he says, was frequently burdensome to him; he however continued to attend to the duties of his station, both as Bishop and Dean, as far as his health would permit, until near the end of his life, which was finished 13th February, 1782.

During the latter years of his life, he employed himself in superintending the edition of his works now under consideration, and in compiling his *life*, from whence the above account is extracted. The latter contains a number of entertaining anecdotes of his friends, some trifling, and some important, but all such as are calculated to afford amusement, if not instruction. The least part of it is what relates to himself. It is remarkable that he takes no notice of his brother, Adam Newton, in whose defence he is supposed to have written a pamphlet in answer to one penned by Lord Chancellor Bathurst, nor has he mentioned his differences with his parishioners about Tythes. He is however very ample in some other particulars of more importance, and however narrative the old man may be considered, we are by no means dissatisfied with these memoirs of himself and his friends.

*Paris in Miniature, taken from the French Picture at full length, intitled Tableau de Paris, interspersed with Remarks and Anecdotes, together with a Preface and a Postface. By the English Limner. Kearsley. 3s.*

**T**HE translator has made exceedingly free with his original, and has altered, corrected, diminished, and added at pleasure. In this, however, he has displayed both information and vivacity. He

appears to have observed the manners of our gay neighbours with accuracy, and if he did not feel, he has assumed the spleen of his author with very great address.—The intention is to give a bold satire on the

the most striking features of the French metropolis; and this is to be done in the *Tableau de Paris*, as well as in the translation, that the author thought it prudent to secure a retreat in a foreign kingdom, as soon as his book made its appearance in the world. The following extract will serve as a specimen of the author's manner as well as of the merit of the translation.

"Were not levity natural to a Parisian, good sense would make it necessary, for he is every way beset with spies. If two citizens are whispering to each other, a third comes in and endeavours to catch the word; the spies of the police are a kind of regiment, serving under the banner of curiosity, with this difference, that each of them wears a distinct uniform, and alters it as occasion requires: nothing so quick and wonderful as those sudden transformations.

"The very man who in the morning paraded the streets with a sword by his side, is seen towards night in his clerical accoutrement.—At another time, counsellor-like, he shews himself in a black coat and long curling hair; to assume an hour after the more imposing appearance of a Bobadil, with a toledo, formidably beating time to his consequential strut. View him the next day, a golden headed cane in his hand, personating a financier, and apparently attentive to calculate the produce of his interest in the new loan. In short, a spy in Paris takes up and lays down the most whimsical and imposing appearances, just as it suits his convenience, or the kind of people he has to do with. In one and the same day, knight of St. Louis and journeyman barber, abbot and shoe-black by turns; he leaves a ball-paré to visit the most infamous brothels. He is, in a word, all eyes, ears and legs, for he daily saunters about and visits three times a day the sixteen wards of Paris. At coffee-houses, retired to a solitary corner, you would take him for one of those heavy beings who eat till they fall asleep, and wake only to eat again: he'll share, or be in a profound nap; nay, more if occasion requires; yet he has seen, he has heard all that has been said or done. When this stratagem fails, and he has not been able to gather sufficient matter for an information, he turns speaker; is the first to talk bold, in order to inspire his hearers with confidence; then your very silence is for him a sufficient weapon against you. Whether you answer or be mute, he knows or at least interprets your thoughts on any particular

operation of government, and shews it to yourself; in an hour's time you are decreed.

"Such are the means by which the minister is led into the secrets of every family; nay, of each individual. This knowledge has more influence on the conduct of the ministers, than the best and most forcible arguments that reason or politics could urge.

"Thus far government is not to blame; and if they take the opinions of the subject, to pursue or new model the plans and operations of the cabinet, the spies may be looked upon as very useful, though, even in this supposition, the most contemptible set of beings. But if we consider, that from their information, often false, and mostly laid upon mere presumption, the liberty, nay, the very life of the citizen is at stake, we cannot but tremble at the very thought of being surrounded by so many blood-hounds, who often are the first to bark at their employers, the better to draw us into a snare and tear us afterwards piece-meal for a trifling hire.

"The consequence is then fatal to society: each looks upon his neighbour with a suspicious eye. The master dares not speak before his servant; the husband, cursed with a wanton wife, must dread, least, the better to enjoy her lewd course of life, she is meditating on his ruin; nay, the father has every thing to fear from a froward son or daughter: in short, one would think that the frantic author of an English book, entitled, *An Essay on the Depravity of Human Nature*, studied his subject in Paris, where, in fact, hospitality is often rewarded by the captivity of the unsuspecting host.

"Do not think, indignant reader, that I go too far in asserting, that a wife is amongst the inmates the most dangerous enemy to her husband. I just recollect to the purpose, the following anecdote, which happened a few years before the close of the late reign. Though the plot was 'laid in blood,' it ended in a very ludicrous manner, and for some time engrossed the whole talk, or rather whisper, of the Parisians, for none here is allowed to speak aloud.

"An eminent goldsmith was possessed of one of the prettiest women in the capital, or perhaps, in all France. As the tradesman's misfortune would have it, the lovely partner of his bed had all the vices and not a spark of the virtues of her sex. Amongst a countless number of paramours, a certain Abbé, nearly related to

of the ministers of state, held the first rank. As she was left reserved with this clerical Augustus, the husband had the impertinence to remonstrate, and at last was mad enough to chide and upbraid. This was too much for female frailty to bear, she complained to her lover of her spouse's ungentleman-like behaviour. The plot was laid to remove the nuisance, and punish the unfashionable wretch for his saucy, absurd notions. It was at a time when lettres de cachet were the bank notes with which the great men paid their debts, the son obtained them against his father, and vice versa, without further trouble than soliciting the favour of Comte St Florentin's mistress, who set her price according to the degree of injustice on which the complaint was grounded.

"Our Abbé, related to the great man himself, applied to him for one of those kinds of habeas corpus, by which a parent may be removed from his house and family to such place as the minister or the purchaser of the letter thinks fit. Provided with the proper weapons, he puts them into the hands of one of those exco-municators of ministerial commands, called Exempt. Contrary to the Abbé's expectations, and indeed to all probability, the person he employed to adjust matters between the husband and wife, was a disgrace to his corps. He could feel for a friend, and had honesty enough to inform the goldsmith under-hand, desiring him to be out of the way on such a particular day. About eleven o'clock the next night he watched the door, and seeing the Abbé enter, just gave him time enough to undress and go to bed; when knocking at the street door, he ordered it to be opened in the king's name. He told his errand to the servant, and bid him shew him up to his master's bedchamber. In vain did the former give him the most positive assurances of the master being from home, the Exempt was peremptory and would take no denial.

"He soon reached the apartment, where the Abbé was complimenting the wife, in the most affectionate manner, on her lovely deliverance, when the door suddenly opened, and a voice was heard, asking the lady where was her husband? Upon receiving the same answer as he had before from the servant, the Exempt told her, that it was very natural and praiseworthy in a wife to screen her husband on such an emergency; but, Madam, added he, the king's command must be obeyed, you have a man in your bed, and

surely you would not suffer any one but your husband to be with you: I have too good an opinion of you to think otherwise.—But come, Sir, get up and dress yourself, or else I must take you in statu quo."

"There was no possibility of resisting a command which the Exempt could have enforced by the assistance of three or four stout Alguazils, who waited in the antichamber. The Abbé got up, was hurried into a coach, gagged, and carried to the place of confinement which he had designed for the goldsmith. As this place was several hundred miles distant from Paris, it was some time before the affair transpired, the minister was then no more, his relation was set at large, but the family did not think it prudent to make any noise about an adventure which could reflect no credit on their kinsman or his profession.

"The encouragement given to spies and informers may be ranked amongst the causes of that levity, for which the French are so generally stigmatized. Their conversation is ever on trifling objects, and the whole of their political creed is contained in the *Gazette de France*, beyond which they dare not go, so that government may be said to prescribe, at least virtually, to the inhabitants of the good city of Paris what is to be the topic of their public and even private conversation. This is remarkable even in the most common occurrences, if the death of a citizen is by command to be kept a secret, a whisper goes round, "He is dead but not a word about it till further order." The people in short, seem to be lost to every notion of political and civil government, and if any thing could raise a smile on the pitying philosopher's countenance, it would be, to hear an half-starved ragged Parisian insist, with all the assumed absurdity of self importance, that Paris and Versailles can alone give laws to Europe, nay, and to all the world. The inveterate scab of prejudice cannot be eradicated from the blocks, hardened by the most ridiculous folly."

#### ANECDOTES OF THE AUTHOR.

Mr Joseph Parkyn Mac Mahon, the only surviving son of Sir Claudius Mac Mahon, for so he is styled in the register of Doctor's Commons, and Barbara Parkyns grand-daughter to the unfortunate Sir William Parkyns (who, in the year 1696, forfeited both his life and estate for having been a principal party concerned

earned in the plot against King William the Third, and next by her mother to the late Lord Mickleton, a peer of Ireland. Sir Claudius, it seems, was one of those deluded gentlemen who sacrificed every worldly advantage to their mistaken attachment to the family of Stuart: all that the father of our author got for having been long detained as a prisoner and exposed himself to an ignominious fate, which he escaped by the powerful interposition of some powerful friends, was the title of Baron Monaghan, conferred upon him by the Pretender; which, unsupported by any pecuniary emolument, could be but a very trifling compensation to a man who must for ever renounce his country, and the advantages he might have pretended to from the credit and influence of his lady's noble relation: but such was the destiny of our author to be doomed to misfortune before his birth.

This gentleman, in the year 1741, drew his first breath in the city of Armagh, which, if we credit the report of the ancient historians of Ireland, and the modern account of Abbé Georgehagan, was many centuries ago, with the town of Monaghan, and other territories, the patrimony of the Mac Mahons. Be that as it may, certain it is that (to use a phrase in character) he only went to Ireland to be born there, for he was not above five years of age, when he was carried over to France, where his father accepted of a commission in the French service, in which he rose gradually, and died in Rouen, the capital of Normandy, where he had been for many years commanding officer. His mother, we find, was appointed by the French court historiographer for the affairs of Ireland, with a yearly pension of 6000 livres.

Mr. Mac Mahon, after having received a complete university education in Paris, was sent to Rome, where he was to have entered upon the foundation in the college called Della Sapienza; but we suppose that his stay there was very short, as we see him afterwards serving in Germany during the last war. But let this fault be forgot—it was, in our opinion, sufficiently atoned for by the blood of Thomas Mac Mahon, his brother, who was killed in fighting the battles of this country last war in the Indies, where he served with great honour as engineer and aid-de-camp to the now Sir Eyre Coote. This Thomas Mac Mahon was a man of great parts, and in literature and military knowledge, and what must speak him a respectable

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some friends.

The character list of our author would furnish sufficient matter for a novel, which to the advantage of being very entertaining, would unite the merit of being matter of fact. But as we are confined in our room as well as plan, we do not mean to follow him in the various mazes and labyrinths through which fortune has led him for forty years. We shall only relate the adventure which closed his scene in France, and determined him to settle in England. By the death of his maternal grandmother he was entitled to a sufficient competency, the care of which was left to a guardian, whose son dissipated both his own princely fortune and the substance of our author. The latter, not apprized of this accident, and being in love with the daughter of an eminent physician in Normandy, who refused to give his consent, he married the lady privately, and carried her off, no ways doubting of finding a sufficient provision for her and himself. Indeed upon his arrival he received a large sum of money, which enabled him to keep up the dignity of a gentleman, for the first two years of his residence in this metropolis; but this was only a trick of the fickle goddess, who raised him thus in order to make his fall the heavier, for he soon received the melancholy tidings that his guardian, whom he had repeatedly requested to settle accounts finally, had at last effected it—in the drawing of a trigger, and had died insolvent. This was a blow as unexpected as it was severely felt. From a genteel way of living our author was forced to mix with the crowd, and walk the streets through which he used to ride. The great and good Lord Lytleton honoured Mr. Mac Mahon with his countenance, but not being able to provide for, referred him to a certain lord late in office, who offered him a settlement in the new world; this he rejected, looking upon it rather as a punishment than a favour. His patron dying soon afterwards, Mr. Mac Mahon found that all access to the other noblemen was shut against him. He now was reduced to the necessity of employing for his support, the knowledge acquired by his French education, and he began to practise as a master of languages, and for some years supported his family by teaching the Latin and French; an employment in which he highly distinguished himself, from the common herd of those pretenders who for the most

... from the continent, with some of one pocket and a grammar in the other, &c. &c. the parati.

We find afterwards Mr. Mac Mahon affixing the late Dr. Kenrick in his Review of Foreign Literature, which he continued for some time after the Doctor's demise, for the benefit of his two surviving sons.

As we shall perhaps have occasion to mention this gentleman's name at another opportunity, and to enter into our readers

with some curious incidents of his life, we close here this article, by observing, that besides the pamphlet now before us, Mr. Mac Mahon is preparing to give to the world a translation of Mbay. Nvere's works, in four volumes, in B. 8. The first is already published, with a preface by the translator, equally entertaining and instructive, containing a learned dissertation on the history of dancing from the earliest period to the present time.

*An Address to the King and Parliament of Great-Britain, on the important Subject of preserving the Lives of its Inhabitants, by Means which, with the Sanction and Assistance of the Legislature, would be rendered simple, clear, and efficacious to the People at large. — With an Appendix, in which is inserted a Letter from Dr. Lettsom, to the Author. By W. Hawes, M. D. one of the Instructors of the Humane Society, Physician to the Surrey Dispensary, and Reader of Lectures on Anatomy. To which are subjoined, Hints for improving the Art of restoring suspended animation; and also for restoring disphlegmatised Air in certain Diseases, and particularly in the present Epidemic termed Influenza. Proposed (in a Letter to Dr. Hawes) by A. Fothergill, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, and F. R. S. London. Doddsley. 2s.*

**D**R. Hawes, who had the honour of being the chief instrument in the establishment of the Humane Society for the recovery of persons apparently drowned, perseveres in his honourable endeavours to extend the influence of this charity. Private benevolence has rendered this institution one of the most valuable of which this country can boast, as they have snatched many fellow creatures from premature death and premature interment. But private voluntary aid, though it has done much, must necessarily be limited, and the Society having now determined the probability of resuscitation in instances of sudden death, our author recommends to the Throne and two Houses of Parliament, to promote the charity by a public grant, and extend it by that means to every part of the British dominions. The plan which he proposes, with an anxiety becoming the liberal purpose is, that general receiving houses should be established, and supported by the authority and sanction of the legislature. He conceives that such a house in every parish to be defrayed by a general, county, or parish rate, might be most essentially useful in furnishing the necessary aids for the recovery of latent animation; as the house ought to be furnished with all necessary instruments, medicines, and cordials; and that a young gentleman of the faculty, with moderate salary, should reside on the spot. The author urges the necessity of supplying such a station as this, as from the frequent and almost daily experience

which he has had of the disadvantages which the Society in their laudable pursuits have met with from the scarcity of suitable apparatus, the distance oftentimes of medical aid, and chiefly from the want of receiving-houses, as it but too frequently happens, where sudden death happens in the street by accident, that the consideration of inconvenience overcomes the dictates of humanity, and no friendly door is open to receive the body; or if there is, the attendants are ignorant of their duty.

Our author has properly introduced into this pamphlet two very valuable testimonies of the excellence of his plan, those of Dr. Lettsom and Dr. Fothergill, gentlemen not more distinguished for their skill and erudition, than for the fine benevolence of their hearts. Dr. Fothergill, in his letter to Dr. Hawes, furnishes some most valuable hints for improving the art of restoring suspended animation. He agrees entirely with the Doctor in thinking that the establishment of receiving-houses is indispensibly necessary. "We now know," says the ingenious Doctor, "that the vital power, or in other words, the irritability of the system, is an innate property of the living solids, and is not so volatile or fugitive a nature, as to quit them on the immediate suspension of the action of the heart and lungs. On the contrary, after it seems to have deserted the external parts, a remnant still to partially maintains its residence in the pulmonary vital organs \* a considerable time after motion and sensation have ceased, a state perhaps on-

\* See the learned Baron Haller's Sur les parties sensibles & irritables.

perhaps never totally forsakes them while they retain the smallest degree of heat. Hence the vital principle, like that of electricity, (to which it seems to bear strong affinity, often remains in a dormant state, without betraying any signs of its presence, till it happens to be roused by the proper modes of excitation." The Doctor then proceeds to recommend dephlogisticated air, the true pabulum vite, and which might be administered and thrown into the lungs so as to imitate natural respiration. To this he recommends the addition of the most powerful stimulant in nature, the electrical shock—and also to apply in certain cases artificial heat; and he suspects that the sole applications of dephlogisticated air, electricity, or heat, those three powerful agents in nature, would supersede various inferior means, and render the art of resuscitation at once more simple and more efficacious. The arguments of Dr. Fothergill, in support of these suggestions, come with the strongest recommendation to the medical student; and they ought to animate medical men in the study and application of this promising remedy.

"Numerous are the instances, says he, wherein dephlogisticated air promises to become not only a powerful corrector of impure air, but also an efficacious remedy against various diseases. Permit me only to mention a few.

First, as a Corrector.

"Experiments prove that it supports flame, and animal life four or five times longer than common air, and even meliorates the latter when contaminated, so as to render it again pure and respirable. Therefore, might not an apparatus be readily contrived for impregnating, at pleasure, the impure air of all crowded assemblies, as Courts of Judicature, Hospitals, and Prisons, with this salutary corrector, and thereby rendering them mansions of health, instead of being (as they too commonly are) receptacles of contagion?

Secondly, as a Remedy.

"Its antiseptic and exhilarating quality, joined to its extreme purity, promise the most beneficial effects, both as a prophylactic, and as a remedy in all diseases which proceed from noxious miasmata, animal aversion, or putridity, as the pestilence, malignant fever, putrid sore throat, malignant scurvy, &c.

Particularly also in those diseases of the lungs, which demand that the patient should constantly breathe a remarkably pure air, as asthma, catarrhs, and con-

sumptions. In all such cases, it is acknowledged to be of great importance, that people often remove to remote places solely on this account. But what country can boast so salutary an atmosphere, as what every person may thus procure artificially in his own chamber?

"The present epidemic catarrh, commonly termed INFLUENZA, probably arises from some noxious quality of the air received into the lungs in the act of respiration. Therefore, might not this wholesome fluid, if drawn into the wind pipe, the organ immediately affected, (by means of a suitable inhaling vessel) bid fair to become a powerful corrector of the morbid cause? Or, at all events, might not the frequent respiring of pure a medium, prove an useful auxiliary to the general method of cure, employed by the faculty?

"On breathing dephlogisticated air through a glass syphon (says the celebrated discoverer) the feeling of it to my lungs was not sensibly different from that of common air, but I fancied that my breast felt peculiarly light and easy for some time afterwards. Who can tell, but that in time, this air may become a fashionable luxury? Hitherto, only two mice and myself have had the privilege of breathing it." He justly infers, that "though it might be very useful as a medicine, it might not be so proper for us in the usual healthy state of the body: for as a candle burns out much faster in it, than in common air, so we might, as may be said, live out too fast, and the animal powers be too soon exhausted by constantly respiring this pure kind of air." Is it not strange that so interesting a discovery has not more awakened the curiosity of medical professors?"

We sincerely trust that this application of the worthy and humane Dr. Haves, will meet with a favourable reception, and that we shall see the authority of the legislature exerted in favour of an institution so necessary to the preservation of the human species.

In the mean time it may be seasonable to us to extract that part of our author's present publication, in which he points out the methods to be used in different cases of sudden death, and which ought to be generally known and practised.

"In apoplectic and fainting fits, and in those arising from any violent agitation of mind, and also when opium or spirituous liquors have been taken in too

great quantity, there is reason to believe that the appearance of death has been frequently mistaken for the reality.

"In the two latter instances it will be highly expedient, with a view of counteracting the soporific effects of opium and spirits, to convey into the stomach, by a proper tube, a solution of tartar emetic, and by various other means to excite vomiting.

"From the number of children carried off by convulsions, and the certainty, arising from undoubted facts, that some who have in appearance died from that cause, have been recovered, there is the greatest reason for concluding, that many, in consequence of this disease, have been prematurely numbered among the dead; and that the fond parent by neglecting the means of recalling life, has often been the guiltless executioner of her own offspring.

"To prevent the commission of such dreadful mistakes, no child, whose life has been apparently extinguished by convulsions, should be consigned to the grave, till all the means of recovery, above recommended in apoplexies, &c. have been tried; and, if possible, under the direction of some skilful practitioner of Medicine, who may vary them as circumstances shall require.

"When fevers arise in weak habits, or when the cure of them has been principally attempted by means of depletion, the consequent debility is often very great, and the patient sometimes sinks into a state which bears so close an affinity to that of death, that, I am afraid, it has too often deceived the bystanders, and induced them to send for the undertaker, when they should have had recourse to the succours of medicine.

"In such cases, Volatiles, Eau de luce, for example, should be applied to the nose, rubbed on the temples, and sprinkled often about the bed; hot fannels,

anodized with a strong solution of camphorated spirit, may likewise be applied over the breast, and renewed every quarter of an hour; and as soon as the patient is able to swallow, a tea-spoonful of the strongest cordial should be given every five minutes.

"The same methods may also be used with propriety in the small pox, when the pustules sink, and death apparently ensues; and likewise in any other acute diseases, when the vital functions are suspended from a similar cause."

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Dr. Hawes was born at Islington, and after receiving a liberal education, served an apprenticeship to the business of an apothecary, with the ingenious Mr. Coriain, near Vauxhall. He then settled in business in the Strand, and by an assiduous application, and the most humane attention to his patients, he acquired no small degree of reputation and esteem. His first publication was on the melancholy death of Dr. Goldsmith, by James's powder, in which he freely examined the use and abuse of powerful medicines in the beginning of fevers, and other acute diseases. He afterwards published an examination of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley's primitive physic—in which he laboured to prove that a great number of the prescriptions therein contained, were founded on ignorance of the medical art, and of the power and operation of medicines; and that it was calculated to do essential injury to the health of those who might place confidence in it.

But that which chiefly illustrates the character and mind of Dr. Hawes is, the indefatigable industry and labour which he has used in the establishment of the Humane Society. This institution has been, through the very laudable efforts of this gentleman and some others, brought to

\* A remarkable fact of this kind may be found in the *Empherial Medico Phys.*—*Germ. Ann. Oq.* the substance of which is as follows;—A girl at seven years of age, who had been for some weeks before troubled with a bad cough, was suddenly seized with a fit; a physician was immediately sent for, who, finding that the heart and lungs had ceased to perform their functions, that her lips and cheeks were pale, and her temples sunk, concluded that life was irrecoverably lost. For the satisfaction, however, of her afflicted parents, a Clyster was administered, and her wrists were held with spirituous water; but no sign of life appearing, the soles of the feet were Macgrewed to be rubbed with strong brine; and the friction was continued without intermission, three quarters of an hour; at the end of which time she began to breathe. Part of the friction was then performed; two or three deep inspirations followed, and a short time the child, who was supposed to be dead by the physician, as well as the bystanders, was, to the surprise of both, and the great joy of her parents, restored to life and health.

continued



its present existence against the force of unrelenting prejudice, and within the space of eight years filled up more than an hundred testimonies of its use from the grave. Against such evidence what proud man could contend? It now claims the respect of an enlightened people, and we hope to see it become the adopted child of the present Administration. These labours justly recommended Mr. Hawes to the honours, as well as the advantages of his profession; and we accordingly find that the Marischal College of Aberdeen, conferred on him, without solicitation, the degree of M. D. 4 and that about a twelve-month ago, when a vacancy happened of the place of physician to the Surrey Dispensary, the governors and directors of that excellent institution,

selected him to the vacant situation of major. He has delivered a series of lectures on anatomy, and on a new branch of medical education, for which he has received very high commendations from his profession; and as we mentioned in a note to an article inserted in our Magazine for the month of February, he has invited medical men to turn their thoughts to this important study, by offering a gold and silver medal for the two best dissertations on the following question: "Are there any positive signs of the extinction of human life independent of putrefaction? If so, what are they? Or if there are not, is putrefaction a certain criterion of death?" Dr. Latham, Dr. Fothergill, Dr. Jebb, and Dr. Whithead, are appointed to adjudge the medals.

*Observations on our Lord's Conduct as a Divine Instructor: and on the Excellence of his Moral Character. By William Newcome, D. D. Bishop of Waterford. John Robinson.*

THERE is not any thing in the universe that touches the soul in so lively a manner as moral excellence. The beauty and grandeur of external nature affect not the mind with those sympathetic emotions that spring up in our hearts when we review what is great and good in the conduct of our fellow men. There is nothing so venerable as justice, or so beautiful as tender humanity and melting compassion. If, according to the observation of an elegant and sublime writer of antiquity, virtue could be seen with bodily eyes, she would inspire every beholder with a wonderful complacency and love. Accordingly there is not any species of composition that yields such general delight as the lives of great and good men. But of all who have ever partaken of human nature, the son of Joseph and Mary, commands the most, our admiration and love. What Plato supposed is realized in the character of Jesus Christ. Divine virtue assumed in him a visible and human form: And mankind beheld and adored his glory. Christian and heathen writers, believers and deists unite in admiring a character superior to weakness and full of benignity, grace, and truth. Unacquainted with the enraptured raptures of praise which the sanctity and purity of Jesus drew from the sensibility of the sceptical Rousseau, who considered at the prejudices and blindness of those who dared to draw a comparison between the son of Saphroniscus and the son of Mary? The conduct of our Lord

as a divine instructor, and the excellence of his moral character have excited the peculiar attention of christians distinguished for elegance of taste, strength of understanding, and sublimity of genius. Many of these Dr. Newcome mentions with just praise in his preface, and although he traverses the same ample field with Le Clerc, the Abbe de St. Real, Sir Isaac Newton, and other illustrious names, it is not from an opinion that they have treated their subject in an unworthy manner, far less from a principle of rivalry, but from a just conviction that the piousness of the harvest, admits and requires many reapers.

Non in certandi cupidus quam propere  
Amorem,  
Quod te imitari Aveo.

Bishop Newcome's work is divided with equal propriety and perspicuity of method, into two parts, which again are sub-divided into chapters and sections. The first part contains observations on our Lord's conduct as a divine instructor and here he takes a view of the matter of our Lord's instructions; of the manner in which he delivered them; and of the proofs which he gave of his divine mission.

The second part of the work reviews the excellence of our Lord's moral character: on which subjects he delineates his various divine graces and virtues; gives an account of the testimony which has been borne to his character by enemies;



of the manner in which his character is drawn by the evangelists; and lastly, the manifold proofs in his conduct that he was not an impostor.

It fully appears from this publication, that Dr. Newcome is a man of piety, learning, and sensibility of mind. He has found matter of new observation on a subject treated by many and great writers. His method is remarkably clear and elegant. Of his style and manner our readers will be enabled to judge by the following specimen.

"Upon the whole, when our Lord is considered as a teacher he finds him delivering the justest and most sublime truths with respect to the divine nature, the duties of mankind, and a future state of existence; agreeable in every particular to reason, and to the wisest maxims of the wisest philosophers; without any mixture of that alloy which so often debased their most perfect productions; and excellently adapted to mankind in general, by suggesting circumstances and particular images on the most awful and interesting subjects.

"We find him filling, and, as it were, overpowering our minds with the grandest ideas of his own nature; representing himself as appointed by his Father to be our instructor, our redeemer, our judge, and our king; and shewing that he lived and died for the most benevolent and important purposes conceivable.

"He does not labour to support the greatest and most magnificent of all characters; but it is perfectly easy and natural to him. He makes no display of the high and heavenly truths which he utters; but speaks of them with a graceful and wonderful simplicity and majesty. Supernatural truths are as familiar to his mind, as the common affairs of life to other men.

"He takes human nature as it came from the hands of its Creator; and does not, like the Scribes, attempt to fashion it anew, except as far as man had corrupted it. He revives the moral law, carries it to perfection, and enforces it by peculiar and animating motives: but he enjoins nothing new besides praying in his name, and observing two simple and significant positive laws which serve to promote the practice of the moral law. All his precepts, when rightly explained, are reasonable in themselves and useful in their tendency; and their compass is very great, considering that he was an occasional teacher, and not a systematical one.

"If from the master of his instructions we pass on to the manner in which they were delivered, we find our Lord usually speaking as an authoritative teacher; though sometimes justly limiting his precepts, and sometimes assigning the reasons of them. He presupposes the law of reason, and addresses men by rational creatures. From the greatness of his mind, and the greatness of his subjects, he is often sublime; and the beauties interspersed throughout his discourses are equally natural and striking. He is remarkable for an easy and graceful manner of introducing the best lessons from incidental objects and occasions. The human heart is naked and open to him; and he addresses the thoughts of men, as others do the emotions of their countenance or their bodily actions. Difficult situations, and sudden questions of the most artful and ensnaring kind, serve only to display his superior wisdom, and to confound and astonish all his adversaries. Instead of shewing his boundless knowledge on every occasion, he checks and restrains it, and prefers utility to the glare of ostentation. He teaches directly and obliquely, plainly and covertly, as wisdom points out occasions. He knows the inmost character, every prejudice and every feeling, of his hearers; and accordingly uses parables to conceal or to enforce his lessons: and he powerfully impresses them by the significant language of actions. He gives proofs of his mission from above, by his knowledge of the heart, by a chain of prophecies, and by a variety of mighty works.

"He sets an example of the most perfect piety to God, and of the most extensive benevolence and the most tender compassion to men. He does not merely exhibit a life of strict justice, but of overflowing benignity. His temperance has not the dark shades of austerity; his meekness does not degenerate into apathy. His humility is signal, amidst a splendour of qualities more than human. His fortitude is eminent and exemplary, in enduring the most formidable external evils and the sharpest actual suffering; his patience is invincible; his resignation entire and absolute. Truth and sincerity shine throughout his whole conduct. Though of heavenly descent, he shews love and affection to his earthly parents; Mac approves, loves, and attaches himself to amiable qualities in the human race. Par- respects authority, religious and civil; and he evidences his regard for his country by promoting its most essential good state

painful ministry dedicated to his service, by deploring his calamities, and by laying down his life for his benefit. Every one of his eminent virtues is regulated by consummate prudence; and he both wins the love of his friends, and extorts the approbation and wonder of his enemies.

"Never was a character at the same time so commanding and natural, so resplendent and pleasing, so amiable and venerable. There is peculiar contrast in it between an awful greatness, dignity and majesty, and the most conciliating loveliness, tenderness and softness. He now converses with prophets, lawgivers, and angels; and the next instant he meekly endures the dulness of his disciples, and the blasphemies and rage of the multitude. He now calls himself greater than Solomon, one who can command legions of Angels, the giver of life to whomsoever he pleaseth, the Son of God who shall sit on his glorious throne to judge the world. At other times we find him embracing young children, not lifting up his voice in the streets, not breaking the bruised reed nor quenching the smoking flax; calling his disciples, not servants, but friends and brethren, and comforting them with an

unobtrusive and paternal authority. His people are instant, and he is not instant with the rulers of the world. He has overcome death, and thereby laid open the inmost recesses of the heart, rebuked every prejudice and removed every obstacle of a moral and religious kind. His word extended a sovereignty over all nature, penetrated the hidden events of history, gave promises of redemption from a happy immortality, and the keys of life and death, claimed an union with the Father; and yet was pliant, mild, gentle, humble, affable, social, benevolent, friendly, affectionate. Such a character is rarer than the morning star. Each separate virtue is made stronger by opposition and contrast; and the union of so many virtues forms a brightness which fully represents the glory of the God "who inhabiteth light inaccessible."

"Such a character must have been a real one. There is something so extraordinary, so perfect, and so godlike in it, that it could not have been thus supported throughout by the utmost stretch of human art, much less by men confessedly unlearned and obscure."

*Nouveaux Principes de Physique, ornés de planches, dédiés au Prince Royal de Prusse, par M. Carra. Tomes I. and II. in 8vo. à Paris chez Esprit libraire au Palais Royal & à Orléans chez M. Guédon de Beuhère, hôtel du Consul General de France.*

WHEN this work was first announced, previous to its publication, the curiosity of the public was raised to a very great degree, as the author taught the learned to expect a clear, demonstrable discovery, and exact definition of an Universal Fluid; by which he should be able to explain in the most plain and simple manner, not only the hidden laws of Motion, which philosophy had hitherto been unable to account for, but also the true cause of impulse, attraction, gravity, electricity and magnetism. Our judgment on the performance is, that M. Carra has not disappointed the expectations of the learned; but that he has most completely attained the great object he had in view. His opinions seem to be the result of a very bold and deep investigation of the various systems of physics now extant: he avoids all systems with ideas absolutely new, which, founded in wisdom, cannot throw the greatest light on subjects hitherto buried in darkness. If the author may be blamed for any thing, it be for having been rather too free; for having attempted to convey

too many ideas in too small a number of words, and for having been too scrupulously precise in expounding his new principles. His style is nevertheless pure and correct; and his ideas are ranged in the most perfect order, and expressed with the greatest clearness.

The Universal Fluid, which M. Carra calls Elementary Fluid, occupies the capacity of universal space in Plus; whereas the Elementary Solid occupies the same space in Minus; the one with a greater, the other with a less superficies. The compressibility of this Fluid is the cause of gravitation, attraction and magnetism, as its elasticity is the cause of impulse, percussion and repercussion, or action and reaction. All the celestial bodies correspond with one another by the radii of their respective motions. These radii are the direct lines, or curves of vibration impressed upon the Universal Fluid by the weight or gravity, and resistance of the Solids. From these different relations or correspondences, result the motion of the celestial bodies round themselves, their pressure and repulsion, and their circular motion round

these central bodies under whose influence they are immediately placed. The reader may think very clear and distinct idea of M. Carra's manner of considering the universal mechanism of the World, by a single perusal of his Theory of the Stars, in his ad vœu, and the very minute explanation of the cut that is prefixed to it.

M. Carra, not satisfied with presenting the system of the universe in its general relations, has, with great sagacity, developed its particular relations. His Theory of the Sun will probably fix for ever the opinion of the learned with regard to the real state of that great body, and its different motions. His Theory of the formation of the celestial bodies, and their projection in space, establishes certain principles that may be called incontrovertible: That of the worlds gives the most rational and best digested ideas of the difference of organization in the beings of the different celestial bodies; and, finally, his Theory of Comets seems to demonstrate the real end in nature of these blazing, or tail-stars, and the manner in which they contribute to preserve the equilibrium of the universe.

The imagination of the author laboured, no doubt, very hard, to fathom the depth of all these prodigies of nature; but it must at the same time be admitted, that this imagination was always tightly bridged by a scrupulously severe judgment; and that it was not till after he had made every relative observation, and compared one system with another, that he ventured to pronounce dogmatically in favour of his own hypothesis.

In order to give our readers an idea of the manner in which the author treats of the science and study of nature, we recommend to their perusal the following extracts from his preface, beginning at page xxiv.

"Physical truths do not always result from the opinions or most exact calculations of mathematicians; it may be said even that every proposition demonstrable by geometry or algebra is an abstract truth, depending solely on the hypothesis, on which it is founded: the geometrical demonstration may be perfectly just, and the physical hypothesis be at the same time entirely false; I agree therefore with Mariette and Buffon that an adept in Physics ought not to suffer himself to be imposed on by the confidence which geometers have in their calculations; for it is impossible for the latter to determine the quotient, till the

former has discovered the quotiende. It is impossible to take the exact dimensions of a building, before the plan is clearly and completely laid down. Thus in the pursuit of the fundamental truths of the universal system of nature, every science has its own particular ground marked out; physics leads to the discovery of causes, and geometry to the demonstration of effects. The former can gain its end without the assistance of the latter; but the latter cannot without the aid of the former, make a conclusive application of its calculations: it is afterwards the province of natural philosophy to combine the whole, and consider it in its different relations, and points of view; to see if all the particular consequences flow naturally from the general principle laid down; if all the propositions form a decisive and conclusive corollary; and if all the effects may proceed from the given cause. The sum total of physics and mathematics must result from such a scrutiny.

"From mathematical truths connected with physical, proceed moral truths; these last are developed to the understanding of man with the greater clearness, in proportion as he is better acquainted with the relation and connection of the two first kinds of truths with each other: and from the general knowledge of all these truths combined results what is called General Philosophy: these three distinct species of truths form the great basis of the system of human reason.

"The study of natural sciences must therefore be of the last importance to mankind: the advantages which this study procures to society, do not consist solely in the knowledge of the laws of the physical, but also of the moral world. Our ideas cannot be reduced to any degree of order, only inasmuch as they are conformable to the order established in nature. This consequence, so just in every point of view, commands us, as it were, to meditate incessantly on the great physical causes and effects, under pain of being for ever ignorant of the true principles of morality, and being for ever deprived of the purest part of reason."

The two volumes which we here announce, give reason to hope that Mac three others which are to complete Carra's work, will not be less interesting to the public; this much we will venture to say with confidence of a year of the work as has already appeared that it merits the serious attention of

perusal of all the learned of Europe; the enlightened readers will judge of it for themselves: we therefore refer them to it, that they may read, or rather study with ease, a work of which it is impossible that a simple extract can give an adequate idea.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Mr. Carra is a native of Switzerland, about 40 years of age, and well known upon the continent as the author of the geographical and philosophical parts of that celebrated and voluminous work the *Encyclopédie*. At an early period he travelled through the greatest part of Europe, and in this country he published some of his works; one in particular intitled his *Tour through Italy in verse*; which, with the powerful recommenda-

tions of Messrs. D'Alembert and Diderot, he was engaged by the Russian Ambassador at this court, to be the Emperor's professor of the mathematics at Moscow. Here he resided for some years, but not liking his situation, he left Russia, and was soon afterwards appointed preceptor to the son of the Primate of Poland, whose history and misfortunes are too well known to be repeated here. From Constantinople he returned to Paris with Prince Guimené, in quality of his *Secrétaire du Commandement*. Mr. Carra's passion for the sciences and the higher walks of literature has been uniformly such, that his friends know little more of his private life than that he possesses in an eminent degree the social virtues of what the French call an *Honnête Homme*, and of his being married to a handsome and accomplished Parisian lady.

*A Letter addressed to Dr. Stevenson of Newark, occasioned by a Postscript published in the Second Edition of his Medical Cases, with Remarks on Four Letters written by Philip Thicknesse, Esq. By Edward Harrison, Member of the Royal Medical Society at Edinburgh. 8vo. 1s. Brown.*

*A Reply to a Letter addressed to Dr. Stevenson of Newark. By Edward Harrison, M. R. M. S. E. By William Stevenson, M. D. 8vo. 1s. Fielding.*

DR. Stevenson, of whom we gave an account in our list, is here dragged into a controversy through the officious impertinence of a friend and the important malice of a concealed foe. The reader can be no stranger to Dr. Stevenson's enmity to the Apothecaries, which has been so publicly avowed as to excite the resentment of these gentlemen, some of whom have been weak enough to declare that they would give a hundred guineas to have him drugged, according to the phrase used on this occasion. In an accidental conversation between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Thicknesse, this proposal is offered to the latter, who after reading Dr. Stevenson's book, thought himself bound to communicate the plan which had been proposed to him. Mr.

Harrison then disavows the idea, and demands the book from Mr. Thicknesse, who from an inflexibility of temper which has kept him in hot water with some person or other all his life, hesitates to comply with the requisition, and soon after the whole correspondence is laid before the public by Mr. Harrison in his *Letter to Dr. Stevenson*.

We do not think this controversy will excite much attention, and therefore shall engage upon it no further. It is but justice however to Dr. Stevenson to observe, that instead of the dressing he was to receive, he has turned the tables upon his antagonist, and been on this occasion the dresser. His reply is written with spirit.

*Relatation, a Farce. By Leonard Mac Nally, Esq. 1s.*

THE account of the fable of this piece having interested in our theatrical proceedings for the present number, which will render it unnecessary for us to enter into any detail here of the story, or description of the characters. The whole taken as a farce has considerable dramatic merit, and gives us a promise, that the

author if he prosecutes this species of writing, will largely contribute to the entertainment of the public. His style is easy and natural; and there is a vein of pleasantry in his thoughts and expression which are admirably calculated for the lighter productions of the stage. In the piece before us he has made an excellent

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cellent

cellent use of his legal knowledge in Practice, which is one of the most laughable characters on the stage. The jokes arise from the situations, rapidly but consistently, and do not, as is too frequently the case, break the order or the progress of the plot.

#### ANECDOTES of the AUTHOR.

Leonard Mac Nally was born in Dublin; his father and grand-father were merchants, and he is descended on the side of father and mother from antient Irish families. Mr. Mac Nally is related to many of the principal Roman Catholic families in Ireland, to the family of Nethsdale in Scotland, and Howard in England. His predecessors suffered much by forfeitures under English acts of parliament, in consequence of the various revolutions of property in his country. His grand-father made a very considerable personal property, which he laid out in building in Dublin, but having taken lease liable to discovery of this property, in consequence of a bill under the Popish laws he was stripped of. His father died when he was an infant, at which time the bill of discovery was filed, and very little attention was paid to his education. He owes more to nature than to art, and may strictly be said to be a self-educated man, having never been at a public school or seminary, and having received but very trifling assistance from private tuition. He entered a student of the Middle Temple in 1774, was called to the Irish bar in 1776, where he argued several questions with reputation, particularly the question "Whether a bailiff had a right to break the door of a lodger after a legal entry at the outward door." He

argued against the right being in the bailiff, and obtained a judgment for his client contrary to that given here in the case of General Gansel. Mr. Mac Nally finding that the expence of living in the character of a barrister in Ireland exceeded his finances, returned to London, where he is now qualifying for the English bar, and we understand is preparing a work in his own profession, which he intends publishing in the ensuing term. Early in life he had the misfortune to receive a hurt in his right knee, which broke the bone and lamed him for life, and when about eighteen was shot through the left hand, and suffered the amputation of the thumb. Retaliation is not his first attempt at the drama; he produced a temporary opera in Ireland called the Ruling Passion, which had very considerable success. He is the author of several pamphlets, which have been praised by the public without being acknowledged by the author. Sentimental Excursions to Windsor, have established his success in a stile of writing in which so many have failed; and a law argument which he published in a Letter to Mr. Dunning on the Case of the King against Bate, for a Libel on the Duke of Richmond, procured him the character in the Inns of Court of being an ingenious and subtle reasoner. He published some time ago a pamphlet, intitled The Claims of Ireland vindicated by the Principles of Locke, &c. in which he entered into a free discussion of the points in dispute between the two kingdoms, and maintained with strength and soundness of argument their pretensions to the independent monarchy, which the bill now before parliament acknowledges and grants.

#### *A Narrative of Circumstances attending Mr. Beresford's Marriage with Miss Hamilton.*

THIS matter has lately excited so much the attention of the people of England and France, and is fraught indeed with circumstances so whimsical and extraordinary, that it cannot be unacceptable to our readers to take from this pamphlet a short narrative of the case.

In the summer of the year 1780, The Rev. Mr. Beresford, a clergyman of the church of England, in possession of ample pferment, became acquainted with and intimate in the family of a Mrs. Hamilton, who resided near town. The family consisted of Mrs. Hamilton, her

daughter, a young lady of sixteen, a son well known in the fashionable world, and likely to be more so, and a Miss Dawson. In the pleadings of Mr. Beresford, which were composed by the celebrated Elie de Beaumont, she is stated as a young lady of beauty and accomplishments, but without fortune, who lived under the protection of Mrs. Hamilton, who is represented as willing to make a match between her and Mr. Beresford. But as events seldom correspond to deep-laid schemes, instead of yielding to the beauty and accomplishments of Miss Dawson, the prudent person found means

to recommend himself so effectually to the good graces of Miss Hamilton, that she consented to go off with him to the happy land of matrimonial freedom, from whence they returned as completely married, as the law could make them.

The young lady was, it seems, entrusted to his property immediately on her marriage, by the will of a relation, to prevent the receipt of which, Mrs. Hamilton, who, like most women of the world, was exceedingly irritated with her child for presuming to be happy on a general civility, presented a petition to the Chancellor, in which she descended into many severe reflections on the conduct and character of her son-in-law, and concluded with begging a day for their personal appearance in court, when his Lordship might further order as he thought fit. The Chancellor called for the usual affidavits to bring the marriage in question, and put off the issue to a future day. Mrs. Hamilton's affidavits on that day not being relevant, he gave her a day more to put in others, which,

she couldn't do, he dismissed her petition with costs, in sight of all the servants with which Mrs. Hamilton attended Mr. Beresford. He eventually, during the course of this business, solicited a recommendation, and at last, by the means of a friend, procured an interview between the mother and daughter, which was followed by several others, in the course of which Mrs. Hamilton learned the secret ascendant, as to make her and her husband in much the same line as he himself did, and at last furthered to France. Mr. Beresford applied for a Habeas Corpus against Mrs. Hamilton, to bring up the body of his wife. To this she made an evasive return, which, as she knew would not be admitted, she thought the most prudent step she could take would be to go herself to Paris.

She accordingly set off the 2d of May 1780, the first day of Easter Term. Mr. L. in the interim from his wife's absence to that time, had instituted suit in the Spiritual Court against her for restitution of his conjugal rights, and procured proper affidavits to give the validity of his marriages (for he married Mrs. B. in England after his return from Scotland) and of his behaviour to her during their cohabitation. Having done all this, he followed his wife and mother-in-law to the Continent, and by accident found them at Lille. He presented a petition to the

magistrates of that city, in which he prayed that commissioners might be named to be present at an interview between him and his wife. Two men of character were accordingly appointed; in which interview she admitted the celebration of the marriage, assigned his bad temper and want of fortune as the causes of her quitting him, and desiring to love him. The husband, who was kept in another room, was then called in, and after some explanations, she allowed that she once loved him, that she still loved him, but yet she would not live with him, except compelled to it by law. She signed herself Sidney Hamilton, wife of Benjamin Beresford. Next morning however her mother prevailed on her to retract this latter part of the signature, under pretext, that her ignorance of French had been taken advantage of. When things were brought to this extremity, a suit was commenced, and as the preliminaries, two servants, one to be named by Mr. B., were ordered to attend her lying in, and other steps taken. Mrs. Hamilton made her daughter appeal from the Magistrates of Lille to the Parliament of Doway. But her appeal was rejected, stronger terms imposed on her, and the child was ordered to be delivered to the father when born, which was accordingly done, to a person appointed by him, on the 29th of August.

The pamphlet here gives an account of certain insinuations meddled against the child even before it was born, and of proposals made to Mr. Beresford, of which, for the honour of him in nature, we suppress the relation. Mr. Beresford presented a petition to the Parliament of Doway, praying that his wife might be restored to him. The Parliament ordered the parties to attend three several times, but which Mrs. Hamilton failed to do, and before the last hearing she procured a Lettre de Cachet, by which she removed Mrs. Beresford on the 18th day of her delivery to Paris. The Author speaks of the agents of Mrs. Hamilton with great severity, and charges them with the use of most unjustifiable intrigues in the accomplishment of their purposes, he says, that the cabal became formidable by the acquisition of some ladies of quality of damaged reputation, who were the dupes of Mrs. Hamilton's assumed nobility, for she had pretended to a near alliance and intimacy with the noble Scottish Duke of her husband's name, and she dressed her servants in his Grace's livery, the better to favour

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her pretended consanguinity. During the absence of Mr. Beresford in England, the Author states that Mrs. Hamilton induced him for having eloped with her daughter in England, and the Procureur General of the Chatelet was so gained over, as to admit her as inquisitrix, plaintiff, denunciatrix, and witness; and he granted a decret de prise de corps against him. On his return to Paris he was seized, and conveyed as a criminal to the prison of the Chatelet, where he remained for a month. The Author concludes in the following manner:

"The suit depending before the Parliament of Douay had been removed, by letters patent, to Paris, to be judged at the same time with Mr. Beresford's appeal from the Chatelet, and the question of his false imprisonment."

"At length, when the merits of both parties had been maturely considered, and M. d'Aguesseau, the Avocat General, had, in a masterly charge, discussed all the circumstances, explained the great principle of the law of nations, and exposed to public indignation the agents of intrigue which had supported Mrs. Hamilton, the Parliament repined the late violation of this sacred law, in condemning Mrs. Hamilton in 50,000 livres damages, in favour of her granddaughter, with all costs of suit, and Mrs. Beresford to be escorted, under guard, with her husband to England."

"The justice of Mr. Beresford's cause, the injuries he had suffered, and his unshaken assiduity to regain a wife, whom, even yet, he had not learnt to consider with indifference, had influenced the public in his favour; and the Arret was universally applauded."

"Mrs. Hamilton, unawed by conscience, and unsubdued by shame, again had recourse to intrigue. Encouraged by her success in obtaining Mr. Beresford's imprisonment, and assisted by her formidable cabal, she now boldly at-

tempted to impose on Royalty itself. The ladies of rank, whom her supposed alliance with the Duke of Hamilton had interested in her behalf, had not been idle at Versailles; a court where female influence has long given the law. They had gained M. Amelot and the Garde des Sceaux, agents proper to forward Mrs. Hamilton's business, the one being as deficient in understanding as the other in integrity, and equally anxious to strengthen their declining interest at Versailles, by favouring any scheme proposed to them by the ladies of the court. The reader has seen that M. de Vergennes had been gained before."

"The operations of this party were carried on with the utmost secrecy. New falsehoods were invented, which Mr. Beresford not suspecting, could neither oppose or contradict."

"The King's extreme aversion to business, and his reliance on his courtiers, will in some measure account for an act of despotism, which will for ever disgrace the annals of his country. He was induced by this powerful party to annul the decree of his Parliament, and to take under his protection two fugitives, exiled by the laws of their own country, and solemnly condemned by the laws of France."

"The city of Paris considered the annulling of the Arret with silent horror. The Parliament, indeed, exhibited the most undaunted resolution in defence of their just rights. The several Chambers immediately assembled, and they unanimously resolved to remonstrate to the King on the injustice of his annulling their decree, praying him to suffer their penalty against Mrs. Hamilton, in favour of her persecuted grandchild, to take place. The Whirlwind vacation suspended, for a while, their proceedings, but after the recess, the remonstrance will be carried to Versailles."

"Mr. Beresford apprehending the danger to which his child was exposed,

\* Arrêt de la cour de Parlement, qui déclare nules, injurieuses, vexatoires, attentatoires au droit des gens, le decret de prise de corps contre le sieur Beresford Anglois, et son emprisonnement; condamne la dame Hamilton en 50,000 livres de dommages et intérêts applicables à l'enfant de la dame Beresford sa fille; renvoie en Angleterre les sieur et dame Beresford pour procéder sur la demande en revendication de mari, et sur la demande de la femme en nullité de mariage, à l'effet de quoi le Roi se retirera pardevant le Roi pour obtenir toutes lettres nécessaires; condamne la dame Hamilton en tous les dépens; ordonne que le présent Arrêt sera imprimé et affiché.

Du 25 Mars 1782.

Louis, par la grace de Dieu, Roi de France et de Navarre: Au premier huissier de notre cour de Parlement, &c. &c.

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since the King had deprived it of the Parliament's protection, conveyed her out of the French dominions, and safely conducted her to his own country.

"The different Parliaments of France, together with the public in general, are now anxiously waiting the result of this spirited opposition to the unconstitutional exercise of royal power; and which must determine how far the people may confide in their laws. But whatever may be the result, a solemn hearing of eleven days, during a period of seven weeks, before the highest court of judicature in the kingdom, must be considered by Englishmen as the most complete idea of national justice, not to be overthrown by an act of despotism, more becoming the Di-

van of Constantinople than the cabinet of Versailles."

It is not our intention to examine the merits of this production, the tendency of which however is, that Mrs. Hamilton must be a woman devoid of every feeling of nature as well as principle of morality. But we ought at the same time to take notice, that there is an advertisement prefixed to the Narrative, declaring, that every circumstance advanced in it is supported by legal evidence, taken both in England and in France; and that the original affidavits, proces-verbaux, &c. are in the hands of Mr. Beresford's solicitor in London. We have had, on the other hand, the following letter handed to us from Paris, which we give without any alteration.

A Paris. Il vient se juger à Paris un procès célèbre entre des Anglais, qui a fixé l'attention de toute la France, et peut être de l'Europe entière, et qui mérité, par cette raison, d'être consigné dans votre ouvrage.

Madame et Mademoiselle Hamilton étoient nées en France depuis quelques mois lorsque le S. Beresford est venu les retrouver, et a réclamé dans les tribunaux Mademoiselle Hamilton comme sa femme. Il lui a fait en conséquence donner des caides, et a demandé qu'elle lui fut remise, ou au moins qu'elle fut reconduite en sûreté dans un port de l'Angleterre.

Mademoiselle Hamilton a soutenu qu'elle n'étoit point sa femme; qu'il avoit abusé de sa qualité de prêtre et de prélicateur, et d'une femme de chambre qu'il avoit placée auprès d'elle pour la séduire et l'enlever à 19 ans, ce qui est un délit punissable suivant les statuts 4 et 5 de Philippe et de Marie, et pour l'épouser sans le consentement de ses parents, ce qui est un mariage réprouvé par le statut 26 de George II.

Mademoiselle et Madame Hamilton sont intervenus, et ont opposé à la demande du Dr. Beresford une plainte en rapt de séduction.

L'affaire avoit déjà commencé à être plaidée lorsqu'un célèbre avocat, nommé M. Gerbier, qui devoit parler pour Madame Hamilton est tombé malade. Aucun avocat ne pouvoit le remplacer sur le champ, et Madame Hamilton alloit être jugée sans être entendue, si M. de Limon, ancien intendant des finances de Monsieur, frère du Roi, qui connoissoit déjà cette affaire et les loix Anglaises qui y sont relatives, sans être attaché au

Paris. A celebrated cause has been recently tried in this capital, which has excited the attention not only of all France, but probably the greatest part of Europe, in which a Clergyman of the church of England was plaintiff, and an English Lady and her daughter were defendants: for this reason, we deem it an article worthy of being recorded in the European Magazine.

Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter having lately retired to France, were followed thither by a Mr. Beresford, who, by virtue of an order from our courts, claimed the young Lady as his wife. In consequence of this measure, he demanded the delivery of Miss H. or that she should be reconducted back to some port in England.

The young Lady contended that she was not his wife; that he had, derogatory to the character of a Clergyman, placed a female servant about her person to seduce her, and carry her off at the age of fifteen, which was a crime punishable agreeably to the statutes of the 4 and 5 of Philip and Mary; and that her marrying him under these circumstances, without the consent of her parents, was a marriage not valid by the 26 statute of George II.—Mrs. and Miss Hamilton opposed likewise to this demand an action commenced against Mr. Beresford, for the seduction.

The cause was before the court, when the noted counsellor, M. Gerbier, who had been retained for the defendants, fell suddenly ill; by this accident they were in danger of being condemned unheard, when M. De Limon, formerly intendant of finances to Monsieur, the King's brother, who having learnt the

affair,



banneau, et touché à la situation intéressante de Madame Hamilton qui lui avoit été recommandée, n'avoit eu la générosité de la défendre. Sa démarche a fait honneur à la sensibilité, et son éloquent plaidoyer qui a été imprimé en a fait beaucoup à ses talens : L'un et l'autre ont été universellement applaudis.

La chambre criminelle a en effet condamné Madame Hamilton à 90,000 de dommages et intérêts, et ordonné que Mademoiselle Hamilton seroit reconduite par des gardes dans un port d'Angleterre. Mais le roi s'étant fait rendre compte de cette affaire au conseil des dépêches, le 27 avril dernier, a cassé cet arrêt par un arrêt de son propre mouvement ; a renvoyé les parties à se pourvoir sur le fond de leurs contestations par devant leurs juges naturels ; a déchargé Madame et Mademoiselle Hamilton des condamnations prononcées contre elles ; a levé les gardes qui leur avoient été données ; les a mis sous sa sauvegarde, et a fait défendre au S. Beresford d'attenter en France, à leur tranquillité. Cet arrêt qui a rempli le vœu public est un monument de la justice et de l'humanité du Roi, et un nouveau garant de la protection que les étrangers continueraient toujours d'éprouver dans ses états.

affair, and being versed in the English laws relative to the matter in question, generously stood forward to plead the cause of an injured young Lady.

His popular and spirited conduct has given the world a proof of his sensibility ; and the eloquent defence he made in behalf of his clients, has been universally applauded.

The "Chambre Criminelle" however, condemned Mrs. Hamilton to pay fifty thousand livres arrears, and ordained that Miss H. should be reconducted back to England. But this sentence being made known to the King in council, the 27th of April, his Majesty most graciously gave his nullity to the arrêt in favour of Mr. Beresford, and referred the parties to try the merits of their cause before the judges of their own country ; the King not only discharged the mother and the Lady from the contingences of the judgment obtained against them, but prohibited the plaintiff from molesting them in any manner during their residence in France. This arrêt has given the public another instance which displays the justice and humanity of the King, and is an additional assurance of the protection his Majesty accords to every description of strangers who reside within any part of his dominions.

Question de Droit public. Plaidoyer pour Mess. Gouven Hamilton, des Comtes de Chambrasil ; & Madame Jeanne Rouvan, son épouse—entre le Sieur Benjamin Beresford, Chapelain Anglican, au presence de M. le Procureur General & de Miss Sidney Hamilton, leur fille.

This is the speech of M. de Limon, the counsel for Mrs. Hamilton in the several actions tried before the Parliament of Paris.—It consists chiefly of an elegant and masterly appeal to the passions ; but the arguments are not very forcible, nor the precepts of English law very sound.—He endeavours, through the whole of his harangue, to subject an English transaction to French ideas, and the whole presents a curious specimen of the eloquence and ingenuity of the French bar.—In his narrative of what he calls the rape, he states that Mr. Beresford found means to introduce the wife of his valet into the house of Mrs. Hamilton as her maid ; and employed her as the agent and engine of his design on her daughter. He

accuses him of having recourse to the most indirect means of seduction, and that in fact he was to be considered as her ravisher and not as her husband.—The matter is not decided, as we understand that the Parliament of Paris have determined to remonstrate against the annulling of the decree.

We conclude this very extraordinary subject by observing, that it appears from affidavits lately made in England, that Mr. Beresford, so far from placing his servant as a waiting maid for the purpose of corresponding with Miss Hamilton, never had any knowledge of, or communication with, till a considerable time after his introduction into Mrs. Hamilton's family.

**M**R. Mickle is the son of the Rev. Alexander Mickle, a Scotch Clergyman, who, in the early part of his life, was several years a Dissenting Minister in London; and was some time an assistant of the esteemed Dr. Watts. It is said in the Scots Magazine, which mentions his death, to have assisted in the translation and notes of Bayle's Dictionary. On being presented to the Church of Langholm, a village on the borders, he married, and our author is one of his youngest sons. Mr. Mickle's passion for poetry early displayed itself; but he has been often heard to say, that when a boy, he was by no means fond of his book, till, when about thirteen years of age, Spenser's Fairy Queen fell in his way, when he immediately became passionately fond of that author, and began attempting his manner. He now read and studied with the greatest avidity, and wrote two tragedies, and half an epic poem, before he was eighteen; but these were long ago committed to the flames. Some of his miscellaneous works of that period, however, remain, and are in Pearch's collection; but we put some with the correction of his later years. Towards the end of the life, about the time when he came of age, he endeavoured to get a commission in the Marine service, but was disappointed; and about the same time he sent some of his poetical MSS. to the first Lord Lisle, begging his Lordship's opinion if he should cultivate his inclination and talent for poetry. His Lordship's answer was every way flattering, and many personal interviews took place in consequence of his Lordship's approbation of those manuscripts; few of which, however, have yet been published. About the year 1765, or 1766, our author went to Oxford; and, we have been informed, that during his studies he was several years employed as Corrector of the Clarendon press: a situation which he chose for the literary opportunities which it furnished.

At this time it was that the Clarendon press was introduced to the world Mr. Mickle's first publication, intitled, *Pollio*. This is an elegiac, on the death of a brother, said to be written in a wood where they had spent many of the happy hours of gentle amusement together. This little poem was shewn in MS. to, and received some corrections from the hand of, Lord Lisle. The gentleman from whom

we are favoured with these anecdotes, has seen some of his Lordship's correspondence with our author. In one letter he calls *Pollio* equal to any thing of the kind in our language; but, in another letter, his Lordship condemns the elegy on Mary Queen of Scots, which had been submitted to his perusal, and refuses to criticize it; not on account of the want of poetical merit, if our correspondent remembers right, but because such tribute was not due to the memory of so bad a woman; referring our author to Thuanus, for the proofs of her guilt. This anecdote explains the note at the end of this beautiful elegy, where our author says, that the innocence of Mary has been lately strongly vindicated; that Buchanan, upon whose testimony Thuanus wrote, has been detected of forgery, and the grossest falsehood; and that, therefore, to drop a tear on the sufferings of this much-injured Princess is not unworthy an author, who would appear in the cause of virtue and honour.

In spring 1767 our author published *The Concubine*, a poem, in the manner of Spenser, which has gone through several editions, and is now more properly intitled *Syr Martyn*. It contains many strokes of that dry humour, or ridicule, which is called the manner of Cervantes; and it is somewhat remarkable, that there is a striking resemblance between our author's lady, in this poem, and that of Dr. Smollet's, in *Humphrey Clinker*, which was published two years afterwards.

Having read Castella's French translation at seventeen, our author has told his friends that he then conceived the first idea of translating the *Lusiad* into English; but he was obliged to postpone it for some years; but it continued to be the chief object in his view, and he accomplished it in a manner that has procured him a place in the highest rank of living poets. While the English language remains, Mr. Mickle's *Lusiad* will be considered as one of its greatest and best productions.

It is said that Dr. Johnson had a translation of the *Lusiad* in view near thirty years ago; but that other avocations prevented his undertaking a work of such labour and length. Dr. Goldsmith also had an eye to it, but was prevented by the same reason. At the conclusion of the introduction, Mr. Mickle thus mentions both these gentlemen: "To the names of

of many gentlemen, for whom he has received assistance, or encouragement, he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnson to the number of those; whose kindness for the man, and good wishes for the translation, call for his sincerest gratitude. Nor must a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldsmith be neglected: he saw a part of this version, but he cannot now receive the thanks of the translator."

Voltaire, in his critique upon epic poetry, has highly commended and severely condemned the *Lusiad*. In this article, which he has often altered in his subsequent editions, he has made the grossest historical blunders, and given the most rash and uncandid criticism, misrepresenting without shame, and condemning the *Lusiad* for faults which do not exist in it. These Mr. Mickle has pointed out and refused, and has added a severe critique on the *Henriade*; and the first edition of the *Lusiad*, containing his strictures, was presented to Voltaire by a gentleman on his travels. About half a year after, M. de La Harpe, author of the *Siege de Calais*, and a friend of Voltaire, published a prose translation of the *Lusiad* in French, which is a most wretched performance indeed, mangled and misapprehended evidently to accommodate the *Lusiad* to Voltaire's critique. The grossest misrepresentations of Voltaire he has the effrontery to defend, and has involved the *Enéid* in the same sentence which he passes on the *Lusiad*; as Mr. Mickle, in his second edition, has pointed out in his account of M. La Harpe's version.

To the English *Lusiad* is prefixed some dissertations, political and historical. Abbé Reynal's opinion that the French state is better than the polished, and that the discovery of the Eastern and Western Worlds has been a misfortune to mankind, is ably combated. Abbé Reynal has offered a medal to be given in the year 1783 for the best dissertation on these subjects. Perhaps the dissertation that ought to win the prize is already printed, and in the hands of the purchasers of the *Lusiad*. Another of the prefatory dissertations is an accurate history of the rise and fall of the Portuguese empire in Asia, in which our author paints the happy effects of good government, and the ruinous consequences of peculation and tyranny in the strongest colours.

We are assured from undoubted authority, that the history of Portuguese Asia has been translated into Portuguese by one

of the ablest pens of that country, and is now in the press at Lisbon. And what is a singular honour, Mr. Mickle has introduced the poet of Portugal to the acquaintance of his own countrymen. Portugal is not a literary nation, and Camoens was known and read by only a few. But when it was heard in Lisbon that the works of a Portuguese poet were received with applause in London, every one was desirous to read them; and the *Lusiadas*, which were sold for a six-and-ninety pence, immediately rose to a six-and-thirty, and were soon not to be had. Two new editions have since appeared, the preface to which mentions Mr. Mickle's translation with high encomium; and when our correspondent, about half a year ago, left Lisbon, it was in a situation among the librarians to give an elegant quarto edition of their poet, adorned with sculptures in the superb manner with which the French nation honours its classics, and to which was to be added the history of introduction and notes of Mr. Mickle, translated into the Portuguese; and several of the first of the nobility at the head of the proposal.

In 1770 and 1780 our author was Secretary to Commodore Johnstone on the Lisbon Station, and has been in long communications. When he was at Lisbon, the Portuguese literature paid him every attention and honour. He was present at the superb opening of the Royal Academy of Lisbon, of which he was enrolled a member, and fellow of foreign correspondence. Just before he went to sea in the summer of 1779, he handed about among his friends proposals for printing 12000 poetical works by subscription, in one volume quarto; larger parts of which were to consist of originals. The literary world cannot but hope that he will now have leisure to complete his design. Since his return to England, he has published the elegant little poem which we reviewed in January. By what has been said above, it will appear he is middle aged; and as the generality of readers are desirous to know an author's person, he is rather below the middle size, but athletic, and bearing the promise of many years of literary labour.

If Mr. Mickle is possessed of any literary correspondence of the first Lord Leveilton, it is pity they are withheld so long from the public. Would he favour us with any of them, we should much esteem the obligation.

(Continued from page 134.)

APRIL 15.

MR. Secretary Fox brought the following message from the King:

"GEORGE R.

"His Majesty taking into consideration the supplies which have been given with so much liberality, and supported with such uncommon firmness and fortitude by his people in the present extensive war, recommends to his faithful Commons, the consideration of an effectual plan of economy through all the branches of the public expenditure; towards which important object, his Majesty has taken into his actual consideration, a reform and regulation in his Civil Establishment, which he will shortly cause to be laid before this House, desiring their assistance towards carrying the same more fully into execution. His Majesty has no reserves with his people, on whose affections he rests with a sure reliance, as the best support of the true honour and dignity of his crown and government; and as they have hitherto been his best resource upon every emergency, so he regards them as the most solid and stable security for an honourable provision for his person and family."

G. R.

Mr. BULLOCK congratulated the House upon the paternal feelings and benevolence of the King, and moved, That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, to express to his Majesty, that his truly paternal regard for the welfare of his people meets a just return in the gratitude produced in the breasts of his faithful Commons, by his Majesty's most gracious Message to this House.

To assure his Majesty, that his favourable acceptance of the zeal and fidelity of his subjects, manifested through the whole course of this arduous war, will animate them to the utmost exertions for the glory and happiness of a Prince who sets a just value on the services, and is surrounded with an affectionate sympathy in the sufferings of his people.

That his faithful Commons, deeply affected with his Majesty's noble and generous procedure, and encouraged by a recommendation at once glorious to his Majesty, and perfectly consonant to our desires and duties, will, as soon as his Majesty shall be pleased to communicate more particularly the reformatory and regulations he is pleased to adopt, apply ourselves with all speed and diligence, to give a full effect to his Majesty's most gracious intentions.

That his faithful Commons consider the unreserved confidence, which his Majesty reposes in this House, as a full compensation for their earnest and dutiful endeavours to deserve that invaluable testimony of his Royal favour, a confidence by which his Majesty will reign in the hearts of his people, and in

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which he never can be deceived with regard to his crown, his person, and his family. A King of Great Britain cannot have so perfect or so honourable a security for every thing which can make a King truly great and truly happy, as in the gentle and natural support of an uninfluenced and independent House of Commons.

Mr. POWYS seconded the motion, and added many exortations on the King.

The Address was agreed to nem. con.

The House resolved itself into a Committee on East India affairs.

The Lord Advocate said, he had a number of resolutions to propose, arising out of the reports on the Maratta war: the first fixated the causes of complaint; thirty-seven were founded upon facts, as they stood in the reports, and another was an assurance to the Indian Princes, that Parliament would prevent any abuses for the future. But as he had more resolutions to propose on a future day, he moved that the Chairman report a progress, and ask leave to sit again.

Mr. HUSSEY asked, if he intended to follow up the resolutions with any measure?

The Lord Advocate replied, he hoped the King's servants would see the resolutions carried into execution.

APRIL 16.

Second reading of the Bill restraining Revenue Officers from voting at Elections for Members of Parliament.

Mr. CREWE, who brought in the bill, said, that the Revenue Officers wished to be relieved from the exercise of this franchise. The Revenue Officers, in all those Boroughs in which Government have any influence, were in a state of entire subjection. He mentioned several instances of this tyranny, of men who had dared to vote for persons to whom they had had particular friendships, or obligations, and who had been ruined for such temerity. A Mr. STANLEY, who had been turned out of his post, because he had voted according to his conscience. He had been a zealous and worthy officer; and respected by his superiors. After he was turned out, he desired to know in what he had offended; he was informed, that in his office his conduct had been meritorious, his fidelity and diligence were laudable, but he had voted against the Treasury. He generally mentioned other facts. He had seen several persons with tears in their eyes, begging their friends to excuse their voting.

Lord NUGENT thought the bill oppressive and tyrannical. The House ought to consider that the persons affected acquired their suffrage by inheritance, servitude, or property. It was a violation of the right of Englishmen. Men who prefer a little insignificant salary to such a

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franchise, are not Englishmen. They are lowered in quality, and not fit to be entrusted with the collection of the Revenue.

Mr. Townsend said, he had always been an enemy to the control of Ministers over the minds of Revenue Officers in matters of election.

Mr. F. Montagu (a Lord of Treasury) said, he was a friend to the bill, from a thorough conviction that it was a wise and salutary measure.

Sir P. J. Clarke read a letter written about six weeks ago to a Mr. Lee, of Newport, signed North; telling who he was to vote for, and what steps he was to take at an ensuing election. Mr. Lee was a Lieutenant in an Independent Company, and made an Alderman by his uncle, to take care of his interest in the Borough; but as the noble Lord's mandate was against his uncle's interest, he disobeyed it: and the consequence was, the Captain of the Company having resigned, the Ensign was made Captain over Mr. Lee's head.

Sir Edward Ashley said, he knew several instances of Revenue Officers being obliged to vote by order of the Treasury, contrary to their inclinations.

Sir Francis Basset thought that a Revenue Officer had the same right to vote at an election as any other man. Officers in the army ought to be restrained from voting, for they were as much under influence as any other persons. He said he abhorred the bill.

Mr. Sawbridge and Mr. T. Pitt spoke for the bill. The House divided; for the bill, 78, against it, 12.

#### APRIL 17.

The Lord Advocate said, he had now finished the resolutions on India affairs, and would, after reading them, lay them on the table.

The House went into a Committee on the Contractors Bill.

Lord Nugent moved to put it off for five months.

Mr. Hussey said the clause which admitted Members of Parliament to have a share of any public loan, was, in his opinion, equal to the influence of a contract; and therefore he wished to see it struck out.

Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, &c. Such exclusion ought to be made by a separate bill; and it being understood that something of this kind would be brought on, no farther opposition was made to the bill, and Lord Nugent's motion was negatived.

#### APRIL 19.

The House in Committee on the Bill restraining Officers of the Revenue from voting at Elections for Members of Parliament.

Lord Nugent, to ridicule the bill, moved, that all the Revenue Officers who had supported the present Ministers when in opposition, should not be included in the bill; but it was not seconded.

Mr. H. Houghton thought that officers having large salaries should be omitted in the bill, as not being liable to the same influence as poor men.

Mr. Baker thought there ought to be no distinctions.

Sir Francis Basset said, the House ought to consider what a vast body of men they were going to disfranchise.

The House divided; for the bill 82, against it 14. The following were the fourteen:

Mr. Eyte,	Mr. Norton,
Mr. Strutt,	Sir John Henniker,
Mr. Daubeny,	Mr. H. Houghton,
Mr. Fonneieu,	Mr. Rogers,
Lord Sheffield,	Mr. G. Onslow,
Mr. Rosewarke,	Mr. A. Paulet,
Sir Fr. Basset,	Mr. Cleveland.

#### APRIL 22.

The House in Committee on India Affairs.

The Lord Advocate said, the affairs of the Carnatic demanded the first attention. The four first resolutions which he moved reflected the finances of Fort St. George. The fifth respected the balances due from the Zemindars of the Northern Circars, which had increased of late.

Sir Thomas Rumbold objected to the words of late, which implied the time of his government. These balances were considerable before he went to India.

General Smith stated the balances of different periods, and shewed that the balances had increased of late very largely.

The 6th. and 7th. resolutions respected the receiving presents from the Zemindars. It was a practice in India, whenever any of the natives came to speak with a person of superior rank, to open the way with a present. These presents were often of great value. The servants of the French East India Company brought these presents to the account of their employers, but ours did not. The Lord Advocate said, the practice was disgraceful to the national character, and injurious to the interests of the Company.

The 8th. resolution respected the Jaghire lands, let to the Nabob of Arcot.

Sir Thomas Rumbold asserted the propriety of his conduct in continuing the Nabob in possession of the Jaghire lands.

The Lord Advocate, General Smith, and Mr. Burke, asserted the contrary. These lands commanded Madras; and, under proper management, would yield a large revenue to that place.

The 9th. resolution respected the debts of the Nabob, which Sir Thomas Rumbold said were very considerable before he came to the government; and that he had taken every possible step to reduce them. Mr. Burke said, that the system pursued by the Presidency of Fort St. George, with regard to the Nabob, had brought the affairs of the Carnatic into distress and confusion.

The 10th. and 11th. resolutions respected the

the Tanjore Country, which the Lord Admiral described as the garden of the world. This fine country, he said, was fertile. The Nabob of Arcot made pretensions to it, and had been supported by the Company against the reigning Prince, or Rajah, who ought to be taken under the protection of Parliament.

Sir Thomas Rumbold said, that his conduct in that business had been in obedience to the orders he received from the Directors and the Supreme Council of Bengal.

Mr. Burke said, it would be made apparent to the House, that, in order to make Members of the House party for the Nabob in this business, a design had been formed to bring the representative body of the whole nation within reach of such a policy.

Sir Thomas Rumbold desired the other resolutions might be postponed, until he had got some paper from the India House, which was contained in it.

The preceding eleven resolutions were all agreed to.

The following is a copy of the resolutions which were proposed.

1. That it appears, that before and at the time of the introduction of Hyder Ally into the Carnatic, in the month of July 1782, a proper state of military preparations was not taken, and that the Government of Fort St. George, as well in respect to the disposition of their troops, as in regard to that time, 1782-83 men, as to the collection of the revenues and garnisons.

2. That the President and majority of the Select Committee of Fort St. George are greatly responsible to the Community, and to the Nation, for the measures which were taken, in not having paid a proper attention to this point, and particularly to the warning and advice of Mr. Smith on the 10th of November 1779, of Messrs. Smith and Johnston on the 19th of June, and of Mr. Smith on the 19th July 1780.

3. That it appears, that after their knowledge of the invasion and progress of Hyder Ally, the President and majority of the Select Committee were still remiss and indolent in a proper and necessary preparation to oppose him, and that by their introduction of Mr. Davison into the Committee, they took upon themselves, in a more direct manner, the responsibility of the measure.

4. That it appears, that the Nabob of Arcot declared himself utterly incapable of contributing any accession to the force of the Presidency, in men, money, or influence, in the execution of their common interests, and that he afterwards issued this in violation of the rights of his debts and the laws of the Company.

5. That it appears, that the Raja of Tanjore was not found in a more public condition than in a private one, extra ordinary supplies, and that he contributed no stability on his part to the suffering which his country and the inhabitants

had endured, and that he was not a friend of the Nabob.

6. That it appears, that the President and Select Committee of Fort St. George received very early and repeated intelligence, concerning the government of Sir Thomas Rumbold and Sir Whitehill, of Hyder Ally's intention to invade the Carnatic; and that, in their consultations on that subject, the necessity of making preparations for defence were frequently repeated upon; but it does not appear that these resolutions were carried into execution.

7. That it appears, that the President and Select Committee of Fort St. George took considerable detachments of the force on their establishment, at the requisition of the Superior Council, and conformable to the advice of Sir Eyre Coote, to the Malabar coast, notwithstanding the apprehensions which they at the same time intimated of the hostile designs of Hyder Ally and the Nizam.

8. That it appears, that representations were at several times made by the Presidency of Madras, of the want of resources, of the uncertainty of their dependance on the Nabob of Arcot, under the present system, for the defence of the Carnatic, and of the necessity of a peace with the Marattas, to prevent the attacks of Hyder Ally, or to enable them to repel them; but it does not appear that, in consequence of these representations, any considerable supply of treasure was granted to the Presidency of Madras, as a fund for the exigencies of war.

9. That there is an indispensable necessity of establishing some new and effectual regulations, in regard to the revenues and debts, and to the military establishment, in the service of pay of the Nabob of Arcot, for the more certain protection of his own possessions, and those of the Company in the Carnatic; because it is evident, that the success of Hyder Ally must be attributed, as well to the great defects in those particulars, as to the omission of timely precautions, and to the subsequent dilatoriness and inaction of the President and majority of the Select Committee of Fort St. George.

10. That a similar method of regulation ought to be adopted, in regard to the revenues and debts, and to the military establishment, kept up at the expense of the King of Tanjore.

11. That the indeterminate rights and pretensions of the Nabob of Arcot and the Raja of Tanjore, with respect to each other, should be ascertained and settled upon a treaty, of justice and perpetuity, according to the arrangement entered into, during the reign of Lord Viscount, that an insuperable barrier may for the future be fixed between the hopes and fears of those two Powers, under the protection of the Company, as the firm and impartial guarantee of their prescribed dominions and dependencies.

12. That some wise and impregnable steps should be taken, to ascertain the just value of

the jaghires and other lands belonging to the Company, and to fix upon such a certain and permanent method of establishing the nature and amount of the rents, and the rights and titles of the Tributaries and Renter, especially by the abolition of all arbitrary Nazirs or Free Gifts, as may conduce not only to the profits and influence of the East India Company in those parts, but to the present relief and future security of their dependents, particularly the natives of every degree.

24. That in ascertaining the debts of the Nabob of Arcot, and of the Raja of Tanjore, with a view to their liquidation and discharge, all just distinctions ought to be made between the claims of the different creditors; and that in all these proceedings and regulations, the chief object of attention should be directed to the discovery and punishment of speculation by any of the Company's servants, and, above all, to the more entire prevention of it in future.

#### APRIL 23.

Mr. Townshend, Secretary at War, moved to bring in a bill to quarter two regiments of Hanoverians, which had surrendered at Minden, not to serve against Spain or her allies; and which were on their passage to England. He said it was intended to quarter them on the east-side of the kingdom, in case of an invasion from the Dutch, who were not the allies of Spain at the time of the surrender. Leave was given.

The Revenue Officers bill was reported. The same persons spoke against it as before, but without any new arguments. However, they divided the House; when there appeared 95 for the bill, and 12 against it.

#### APRIL 24.

The House in Committee on India Affairs.

General Smith moved, without any preface, of which he only said there was no necessity; that it appears to this Committee, that it is the duty of the Chairman and Directors of the East India Company, to transmit, with all convenient speed, to India, all Acts of Parliament relative to the Company's affairs, and to take such steps as may be most conducive towards effecting the purposes of the legislature for the relief of the natives.

The motion passed without any debate; upon which

General Smith rose and said, that the next resolution was of a very serious nature; it was no less than a charge against the Chairman of the Company of frustrating the intentions of Parliament: viz.

That it appears to this Committee, that Lawrence Sullivan, Esquire, Chairman of the East India Company, did cause to be made an entry in the minutes of the Court of Directors, containing an untrue account of a conference held with certain Members of the House on the twenty-seventh day of June last; by means whereof the provision, which ac-

cording to an engagement entered into by him on his own part, and on behalf of the Court of Directors, for the relief of certain natives confined in the common goal of Calcutta, appears to have been unnecessarily and dangerously delayed.

This motion was supported by General Smith, Mr. Powis, Mr. Burke, Sir Gilbert Elliot and others, who proved to the Committee that the entry on the Journals of the India House was wrong in every respect.

Mr. Despatcher, Mr. Barron, Alderman Townshend, Mr. Boughton Rous, and Mr. Pulteney, defended Mr. Sullivan, on the idea that it might have been an error of the Secretary; and that it could not have been done intentionally on the part of Mr. Sullivan; they likewise excused Mr. Sullivan as an old man, and one whose memory might have deceived him.

Sir Adam Ferguson proposed to amend the motion, by leaving out Mr. Sullivan's name, and letting the motion run, "That an untrue entry had been made."

Mr. Secretary Fox put an end to the dispute, by stating that Mr. Sullivan had, when called on, acknowledged the entry to be by his desire; and on being asked whether the entry was as he ordered it, he replied in the affirmative.

The Committee divided whether the amendment should stand part of the question, when there appeared,

Ayes	—	22
Noes	—	53

So the original motion was agreed to.

General Smith then made the following motion, without any preface:

That it appears to this Committee, That the said Lawrence Sullivan, Esquire, did not do what he might and ought have done towards the early and effectual transmission of an act of Parliament of the last session, intitled, "An act to explain and amend so much of an act, made in the sixteenth year of the reign of his present Majesty, intitled, "An act for establishing certain regulations for the better management of the affairs of the East India Company, as well in India as in Europe, as relates to the administration of justice in Bengal; and for the relief of certain persons imprisoned at Calcutta, in Bengal, under a judgment of the Supreme Court of Judicature; and also for indemnifying the Governor General and Council of Bengal, and all officers who have acted under their orders or authority, in the undue resistance made to the process of the Supreme Court, to India; by which delay the good purposes of the said act, in regulating the judicature in Bengal, and in providing relief to individual natives, as well as the people at large, may be frustrated.

Which was carried with a division.

The General then moved,

That it appears to this Committee, That the giving and enforcing oaths of fealty, without authority of law, and without any excep-

Which likewise passed without a division.

That it appears to this Committee, That

Upon which a small debate ensued, wherein Mr. Pakeney, Sir Adam Ferguson, Mr. Dempster, &c. spoke against the motion, defending Mr. Sullivan's conduct, on the idea, that the oath imposed did not prevent Mr. Wilks from giving his evidence.

Mr. Burke and General Smith warmly supported the motion, declaring, that Mr. Wilkes appeared before the Committee in a very embarrassed state, and his answers, instead of being to the purpose, were generally, "I cannot speak to that, as it is inconsistent with my oath," by which means the Committee were deprived of the knowledge they wished to acquire, and the oath of secrecy was intended to prevent M. Sullivan's transactions being known.

The General then moved,

The resolution being passed,

That if any Appeals to this Committee, That all appeals of office, of the aforesaid defendants, to any Judge of the Supreme Court, ought to be held null and void, and that the Directors of the East India Company should order the same to be in fact annulled and vacated accordingly.

What it appears to this Committee, That Warren Hastings, Esquire, Governor General of Bengal, and Sir Elijah Impey, Knight, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Fort William, in Bengal, appear to have been concerned, the one in giving, the other in receiving, an office not agreeable to the true intent and meaning of the Act of the Thirtieth Year of his present Majesty, intituled, "An Act for establishing certain regulations for the better management of the affairs of

This motion was opposed by Mr. Mansfield, Mr. Dempster, &c. on the ground that Sir Kijah's acceptance of the place was not incompatible with the place of Judge, held from the Crown; and they insisted, there was no evidence before the Committee that he had used the power he was invested with shamefully; but, on the contrary, the acceptance of the place was of service to the natives.

This resolution was likewise carried.

That Sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature, ought to be recalled, to answer for his conduct in the transaction aforesaid.

That it appears to this Committee, That the powers given to the Governor General and Council of Bengal, by the East India act of the thirteenth year of his Majesty's reign, ought to be more distinctly ascertained.

APRIL 25.

Mr. Viner said, that he had been, by some means or other, continually, in the progress of this bill, prevented from being present. Had he been there in an earlier stage, he should have certainly opposed it; the number of persons who were deprived of their franchise, without any allegation or direct charge made against them, was a sufficient ground for his opposition. He understood that there were upwards of fifty thousand men disfranchised without any reason, and this partially; for it went to the poor, while the rich were suffered to do what they pleased with impunity.

Sir Thomas Clavering said, that he had always opposed the present bill; he hoped, however, that they meant to prevent every kind of influence from taking place, not only out but inside these walls; but until that were to take place, he must oppose the bill.



The Earl of Surrey rose, he said, to make an objection to the bill, which was, that at present it went to prevent, for the succeeding twelve months, any person from voting who might resign; this he thought a very hard case, as men, if they gave up their places, ought to be permitted to exercise their franchise immediately. He had, therefore, prepared a clause which would provide for that purpose.

The speaker said, that it was not the proper time to propose this clause. The bill must first be read before the clause could be proposed.

Lair Nugent objected to the bill on the principle of it.

The bill was then read and agreed to.

Mr. Cleave then moved to add a clause to the bill, for the purpose of not including persons on the bill who had a life interest in their places.

As soon as the question was put on the clause agreed to.

Earl Nugent rose, and said that this clause, which was now agreed to, gave double weight to this objection, and he said that this law was made with a very partial view, and that the rich only were to be regarded, while the poor were neglected.

The Earl of Surrey then brought up his clause, which was to give leave to all men who should resign their places to vote immediately.

As soon as this clause was read to, he sprang up the question, "That this bill do pass."

Earl Nugent said, he was glad to see the bill brought to this stage, they began by giving a supply to the constitution, and as a result of this being made the increased the number of electors began with, 40,000 they increased to 60,000, whom they deprived of their right of voting, and he could not tell how many in the conclusion of their bill they had now gone to. He said, that they put him in mind of a Dutch land lord's bill, which the guest had no sooner found fault with, but it was increased to the prejudice of the guest.

Sir Watkin Lewis said, that the argument of the noble Lord was a sufficient one to vindicate the bill; for the larger the number of the Exclusionists who were interested in the business, the greater the necessity. Sixty thousand bore a great proportion indeed to the number of persons who vote in this kingdom, and who are supposed to be only about 300,000. He said, therefore, to refuse from so many who were dependent, and to put it into the hands of the independent was the true province of parliament.

Mr. T. Pitt and Mr. Marry spoke a few words in favour of the bill; as did Mr. Rosewood against it.

The bill was then ordered up to the Lords.

The Lord Advocate then said, that he should, for great to his personal safety before the House his several motions relative to India, that the whole may be collected and printed in a body against Monday next.

He then proposed a string of forty resolutions, which were chiefly personal.

Mr. Rumbold then rose and said, that his honourable relation would have been present, if he had not apprehended, that the motions which were now proposed would have been brought in yesterday. He said, he should be particularly solicitous and unhappy, if he had not been personally acquainted with the business, and anxious of the honour of his honourable relation, but trusting in that, he declared himself no admirer, and glad to hear.

The Lord Advocate said Mr. Rumbold some compliments on his conduct in this House.

Mr. George Howard then put the question that he report pro et contra, which was ordered accordingly.

#### APRIL 26.

The order of the day being read, the House resolved itself into a General Committee, to receive the army estimates from

The Secretary of War, who said, that he was aware, that what he had to lay before the Committee, must excite their surprise. But he begged the Committee would consider, that the expenditure which he had to lay before them, was not increased since he had taken his Majesty's command, so that he could not be supposed to rise any price which the Committee might find it difficult to ask, by what means the necessary expenditure was occasioned. The expenditure from Jan'y 1781, to Feb'y '82, was 3,361,000. He wished to be understood to be independent, for he considered the Hon. General Mordaunt (Mr. Charles Jenkinson) would be easy to give every information that the Committee might think proper to ask respecting this expenditure.

Mr. Charles Jenkinson said, that however enormous the expenditure might appear to the Committee, yet he begged they would revert to the necessities which the year of 1781 required. Among many instances, he mentioned one article or twenty for the planting of sugar, being required for fuel at Gibraltar.

Colonel Burre said, that the enormous expenditures were greatly incurred from 1781. That the number of Commissaries sent to America, were great for the service expenses to the colonies.

General Burre said, that he particularly regretted the great increase in the number of Commissaries sent to America, in respect to the great increase in the number of Commissaries sent to America.

Sir Philip Jennings Clark rose, in respect to the great increase in the number of Commissaries sent to America, in respect to the great increase in the number of Commissaries sent to America.

Lord North spoke in vindication of the expenditure. That the expenditures of the last year were occasioned in a great many unnecessary and accidental. But that several of them relative to America, the House might be assured (General Burgoyne) in the knowledge that he was not those of contract, but of commission.

Mr. Robinson said a few words to the above purport.

The House was upon the point of adjourning, when Mr. Sawbridge called their attention to a matter which he thought very much related to the present subject of jobs. It was that Mr. Robinson had lately received a pension of one thousand a year. Now, as he had always understood that every pension was given as a compensation for services, he wished the House would enquire for what service this pension had been granted. Mr. Robinson had purchased himself a most magnificent villa, very near to where they were sitting. It was sumptuously furnished. Such an appearance of splendour and pulchre in a quondam Secretary of the Treasury, he thought was a matter of very serious parliamentary disquisition.

Lord North said, that he considered himself to have counterbalanced the grant of this pension, in consequence of the very difficult and assiduous services of his Secretary. If he had done wrong, he stood amenable either to stand or fall by the action.

Mr. Robinson said, that in respect to the purchase of the villa, it was known to several gentlemen of that House, that it was not purchased by any perquisites or emoluments of office. For that he was owing at that time twelve thousand pounds, which had been lent him as a part of the purchase. For his paternal estate of twenty-five thousand pounds, he had made over to his daughter on her marriage. So that as he had derived no advantages sufficient from his office to reimburse him what he had thus given to his daughter, was the reason of his being obliged to borrow the above-mentioned sum of his friends.

Mr. Secretary Fox said, that he was happy to have an opportunity of setting a particular relative to this pension in that true light, which might prevent an obloquy falling on the present administration. That the pension was granted by the late First Lord of the Treasury—and, as the noble Lord has candidly acknowledged, counterbalanced by him. It was done in that interval, when the people had to expect, from their own words, that no such power existed. It was done after they had declared to have resigned the office. He wished to represent this matter, for he considered that it would otherwise appear, that the present administration had not come into office through the choice and necessities of the people—but through a formal change of men, and not through an absolute necessity for a change of measures. For if such rewards were given to those who had been thus compelled to resign their places, it was a tacit approbation of their measures, which had brought the nation to that brink of ruin—that, not to compliment the abilities of the present administration, he would say, their exertions could not possibly retrieve.

Lord North said a few words, wherein he declared, that the pensions which had been granted him and Mr. Robinson were the spontaneous

gift of his royal master. That he did not enjoy it as a personal solicitation.

Mr. Secretary Fox said a few words, to the impropriety of the noble Lord declaring, that he had not received his place but from the spontaneous gift of his majesty; when every pension is surely given by a representation of merit deserving such a reward.

APRIL 25.

The order of the day being read, the House went into a further committee of supplies, when the Secretary at War arose, and having laid before them an estimate of expenditures for the ensuing year in America,

Mr. Hussey said, that there was some expences involved in the exigencies of that department, which he thought deserved minute attention. There was one which he thought was of a very exorbitant extravagant nature. It was in respect to the plantation currency; that every dollar, which was paid there on the part of government, was subject to an allowance to the contractor for supplying them, of four-pence. This would, upon being calculated, be found nearly eight per cent. There was also another exorbitant expence existed at this time, which he thought, since the resolution of the House for putting an end to the American war, was no longer necessary, whatever it might have been during the war. This expenditure was five pounds per day paid to the Master General of the forces in America. These, he said, were charges to government which he declared extravagant in the first instance, and he hoped would now be found not necessary in the latter. Indeed the allowance of eight per cent. for the supplying of the army with plantation currency, could never have been given but to a member of parliament. No administration would surely give eight per cent. for that which might probably be obtained for four, unless there was some particular requital understood.

Colonel Barre arose, and said, that he thought the honourable gentleman (Mr. Hussey) had improperly brought these matters forward, as they seemingly related to the acts of the present administration, when they were too well known to be those of the former administration. In respect to the allowance of eight per cent. being granted for the purpose of supplying the army with plantation currency, it was thought necessary by the former administration. But if the present administration could get it done for less, they would then be amenable if they continued to pay the greater allowance. He then observed, that until a peace was absolutely ratified with America, the Master General of the Forces there must be retained; and, in consequence, the allowance of six pounds per day must continue to be paid.

Sir Grey Cooper said a few words in defence of the late administration, allowing the eight per cent. for supplying the army in America.

with currency, when the estimates were granted, and the House resumed itself.

A motion was then made for the Speaker to leave the chair; which being carried, the House resolved itself into a general committee for a further consideration of

## INDIA AFFAIRS,

Sir George Howard, Chairman.

The Lord Advocate then arose, and informed the committee, that as the resolutions which he had to move, would tend to establish a mode of personal accusation, in which would appear both crimes and misdemeanors against Mr. Whittle and Sir Thomas Rumbold, he should afterwards move for a bill of pains and penalties against the objects to whom these resolutions immediately referred. He then adverted to the honourable baronet (Sir Thomas Rumbold) having moved for particular papers, in a stage of the business which he thought was improper. He mentioned some instances of a similar nature, where defence was never admitted in a statement of a cession. But among these instances, he mentioned one, indeed, which, in some measure, seemed an exception to this rule; that of Sacheverell, who was permitted to make a defence at the time of accusation in the House of Lords, but in fact it was only received by them in the nature of a speech.

Sir Thomas Rumbold arose and said, that he thought there could be no accusation of crime and misdemeanor to the state attributed to him. He was merely the servant of the company; and, therefore, whatever might be imputed to his government, could be only considered as an injury to that body. So that as he was liable to an action of damages being brought against him for his misconduct by the company, he thought there could be no justice in subjecting him to the imputation, if not to the punishment of a criminal to the state. But, however, he had still to move the committee, for leave to have those papers which he had before mentioned laid before them.

Mr. Burke said, that in respect to the honourable baronet (Sir Thomas Rumbold) considering himself not guilty of crimes and misdemeanors to the state, because he was merely the servant of the company, he must inform him that every crime and misdemeanor committed in any capacity, or to any person or persons, was a crime and misdemeanor to the state.

The Speaker desired the honourable gentleman would confine himself to the question respecting the papers, for that was now immediately their consideration. It was not whether the crime was or was not to the state, that would appear in the proper stage of the business.

Mr. Burke, however, considered he was strictly in order. For the subject he was then discussing was connected, with what the honourable baronet had moved respecting the papers. He said, that no crime could be distinguishable in law from the state. The

state was the compact of social interest; so that every thing which was a crime to the individual, must be a crime to the state, of which this alleged and the criminal are members. Indeed as the honourable baronet had observed, he was liable to the imputation—if not to the punishment of crimes and misdemeanors to the company considered individually—but that there were also crimes and misdemeanors to the state considered socially.

Mr. Secretary Fox said, that in respect to the papers, were he counsel for the honourable baronet, he would advise him to withdraw the motion. For he considered it a very improper, as well as imprudent measure, to enter upon a defence in the stage of inquisitorial proceeding. It could answer no purpose, but that of possessing his enemy with information which might be presented in the last stage of judicial procedure, to his detriment. He, therefore, wished the honourable baronet, for his own sake and convenience, would withdraw his motion. It would answer no purpose, but arming his enemy with weapons to foil that which, in its proper time, might prove his defence and exculpation. An inquisitorial charge could not be defended by its object, but to his detriment. In being premature, it must necessarily be liable to abuse. For when an adversary is possessed of every means that is to oppose his accusation, there is the greatest probability and possibility of his establishing the crime which he has to charge on the culprit. So that if the honourable baronet would consider his own interest, he was sure he would defer his defence until the judicial enquiry might demand it to save him from the criminality, if innocent.

Sir Thomas Rumbold then said, that he could not be considered as guilty, for whatever had been done was in implicit obedience to the requisition of the company. They had, by letters, enforced the necessity of collecting those revenues which had been so much the object of the learned Lord's resolution. He had only enforced by coercive means, what could not have been received by more lenient measures. He had the company's letters to produce to shew that it was their desire to have the customary levies received, and, in consequence, he was obliged to adopt the only means, by which they were to be obtained.

Mr. Rigby said, that he must beg leave to interrupt the honourable baronet in a defence which was premature—and, therefore, prejudicial to his interest. He was of the right honourable gentleman's opinion (Mr. Secretary Fox), that to enter into a defence in this stage of the business must necessarily subvert the advantage which every defence was supposed to contain, the vindication of innocence. In this stage of inquisitorial procedure, it could only tend to establish the criminality which his enemies had brought against him. As had been observed—there was no innocence but one in the case of Sacheverell that it was allowed. And, indeed,



He bullies—Frank unnoticed, puts a blunder-buss into the father's hands—He presents it, and the son falls down, discovers himself, and roars for mercy.

While the father and the son are in this situation, Trueman enters, and is followed by Amelia, to whom Lucy has given the diamonds and letter from Amsterdam, which discovers the property to be Amelia's. The old man, overwhelmed with shame, goes off, determined to fly to Holland—Præcipe, the son, comforts himself with his spouse—Amelia gives her consent to marry Trueman, and the piece concludes with a compliment to commerce.

The performance was excellent, particularly that of Quick, which had a richness of humour that we do not remember to have seen excelled.

## PROLOGUE,

To the New Farce of RETALIATION.

TRITE seems our Author's talk, when all creation—

Obeys the maxims of Retaliation.—

Lord Dangle would intrigue to cut a figure,  
For treach'ry makes your folks of rank look bigger—

My Lady's stung, and so twist vice and whim,

Intrigue—and thus retaliates on him.

Jane was a Draper's wife, and Jane within her,  
Felt strong temptation to become a sinner;  
Not from caprice nor whim—but mark, the event is,

She lik'd and scarce knew why—the elder's  
"pretence—

The husband hears, and cursing at the slur,  
Resolves to do the same as well as her—  
So lifts his maid to fill his spouse's station—  
A blessed instance of Retaliation.

Nor yet to private life confine this notion,  
It spreads expansive as the boundless ocean:  
Retaliate, speaks the hostile cannon's roar—  
Retaliate, echo's from the British shore—

The Genius of the Isle is now awake—  
Speaks like brave Russell, frowns like noble  
Blake;

Calls forth such spirits as of old were known,  
When England's King was crown'd on Gallia's  
throne—

When Holland pray'd to succour her, distressed,  
And Spanish pride had struck her lofty crest.  
"Vict'ry," she says "April smile, fell discord  
cease,

"And war produced the olive branch of peace.

"Britain secure from all intestine harms,

"Is confident against the world in arms—

"Now, British minds, with British hearts unite;

"Mature the council, and direct the fight;

"Again shall Britain mighty deeds perform,

"Ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm.

"Serenely brave, smile while the thunder's  
hurl'd,

"And undivided face the threatening world."

To strains so bold our author dares not rise—  
He views that ardour glowing in your eyes.  
Here needs no "muse of fire" to rouse the  
nation,

You're all united for Retaliation.

This, as a first essay, our bard submits—  
To deal in brokers, bankrupts, lawyers, cits—  
His sales are class'd with his best skill and care—  
His ardent wish is—that you like his ware—  
And since to please you, fills his ev'ry feature,  
Then pray retaliate with your best Good-nature.

On the 18th of May, a new Comic Opera,  
intituled THE FAIR AMERICAN, written by  
Mr. Pilon, was performed at Drury-Lane  
Theatre.

## CHARACTERS.

Colonel Montford,	Mr. Palmer.
Admiral Dreadnought,	Mr. Bannister.
Mr. Bale,	Mr. Parsons.
Mr. Summers,	Mr. Dubellamy.
Carbine,	Mr. Dodd.
Angelica,	Miss Phillips.
Charlotte,	Miss Wheeler.
Miss Kitty Dreadnought.	Mrs. Hopkins.
Mrs. Wilmot,	Miss Sherry.
Rachel,	Mrs. Wrighton.

Charlotte, the daughter of Mr. Bale, a merchant retired on a large fortune, opens the drama, attended by Rachel, who laments the perverse taste of the old gentleman which confines them in the country amidst the falling leaves of autumn. Miss Charlotte, from the same source, has more interesting grievances; her heart is attached to Mr. Summers, but her father has entered into engagements with Lord Montford to marry her to his son, a colonel on service in America, whom she had never seen; Rachel, in the usual style, urges her to elope, with the assistance of Angelica, the fair American, who had left Carolina on a visit to her uncle Mr. Bale. Angelica interests herself with much zeal in the embarrassments of her cousin; she also communicates the state of her own heart, which had been surprised in a very critical manner. On her journey to Charles Town, she had been taken prisoner by a party of the American army, and rescued by a body of royalists; in the heat of the engagement she had fainted, and on her recovery found an officer whom she describes as a Mars, clothed by the Graces, kneeling at her feet. The necessities of military obedience compelled him to leave her instantly, but not till he had made himself master of her heart. This officer, who is the Colonel Montford engaged to Charlotte, arrives, and meeting with Summers, his old school-fellow, they communicate the state of their engagements, but fortunately for the embarrassments of the plot not the names of their mistresses. Montford relates the same incident which Angelica had already done, and appears to have been equally struck with the fair American; but as he supposes that he shall never see her more, he determines to yield obedience to the engagement his father had formed.

formed. His military servant, Carbine, has been previously dispatched to announce his arrival, and to reconnoitre; Angelica has in the mean time learnt this interesting secret, that Montford was her deliverer, and by a mistake arising from the exchange of a cloak, Carbine is introduced to her instead of Charlotte, and undergoes an examination, wherein she suffers severely, as Carbine knows nothing of the situation of his master's heart, and makes such reports as wound the interests of her passion.

Mr. Bale, the father, who retains all the attachment to method which attends a successful trader, and who wears the fashionable dress of the time of Marlborough, is of too inflexible a character, to leave the cousin any hope that he will give up Montford, or accept of Summers for a son-in-law, and he had agreed to dispose of his niece to Admiral Dreadnought. Charlotte therefore agrees to elope with Summers, but afterwards refuses to proceed with him to Scotland, Rachel alarms the old gentleman so much with the apprehension of his daughter's having thrown herself into the fish-pond, that he is relieved by the information of her flight. Colonel Montford mean time visits his mistress, and like Carbine is introduced to Angelica instead of Charlotte; the discovery of his charming incognita in the prison, as he thinks, of his intended bride, engages him in the most rapturous professions, which Angelica cannot bear to interrupt, and she permits him to address her as the daughter of Mr. Bale. In consequence of which, a humorous scene of cross-purposes succeeds between the colonel and his intended father-in-law, to whom he talks of having formerly met with his daughter in America, and other circumstances apparently so very incongruous, that the old gentleman thinks his brain disordered.

In the second act, Admiral Dreadnought, his sister an antiquated miss, and Mrs. Wilmot, the widow of a friend of the brave admiral's, who had fallen in battle, are introduced. The character of the admiral is given in display, and is very successfully varied from Smollet's Commodore Truncheon, whom he resembles in his mode of living, and in keeping old wounded seamen as his domestic servants, because, as he says, his boatwain, though disabled in the service of his country, shall still be able to whet his whistle. These servants appear very ludicrously equipped.

The perplexities which form the third act, arise from the friendly endeavours of Montford to serve Summers and his mistress, which are frustrated by his not knowing who the really is, in consequence of which he carries her home in the dark to her father's; Summers is also carried home in a chaise; this brings the parties together, and produces a catastrophe for which matters were already so much in train, that it could not have been retarded, but for the mistakes wherein all the characters are involved. In this catastrophe the admiral assists,

as he very generously withdraws his pretensions to the Fair American, and joins with success, in persuading the old gentleman to give up his rigorous attachment to method, and to consent to the union of his daughter with Summers, and of his niece with Montford; and the whole is happily concluded with a proposal, that the first toast at the wedding dinner shall be, "to the union of England with America."

In this piece, which is Mr. Pilon's first performance; and the humbler line of farce, he has evidently raised his style and manner, with great attention to the superior requisites of Comedy. The Fair American abounds with descriptive and epigrammatic strokes of writing, which produced a most striking theatrical effect, and perhaps no piece was ever received with such frequent and universal bursts of applause. Of this effect, much which arose from the character of the admiral, may be attributed to the happy news of the day, and to the presence of Lady Rodney, who, as the representative of her husband, divided the attention and applause of the house on every naval compliment; but this was by no means the case with Angelica's description of her first meeting with her lover, which was very warmly received, and with nearly the whole of the character of the old man, who is very happily drawn, and has the merit of great originality of execution, in a line of character, wherein we should have thought it hardly possible to produce a new variation. Amidst a variety of successful and very characteristic strokes, he declares, that he is not able, like Old England, to fight the whole world without an ally. The perplexities of intrigue and equivocal situation have been the author's objects, in drawing his lovers, rather than the display of character. These situations are in general successful, but the art with which they are produced is frequently too obvious. The admiral and his family are not sufficiently grouped in the general business, and from their distinct introduction, it would be difficult to effect it, unless the piece had been extended to five acts. The situation and character of the widow is well calculated to produce interest and effect, but it is not pursued. Smollet, who is considered as a great authority in drawing the character of seamen, has rather misled our dramatic writers; his naval officers, like the brave Admiral Benbow, appear to have all risen from before the mast. Though the piece is entitled a *Comic Opera*, Mr. Pilon has not confined himself to what are deemed regular operatic forms, at the opening and conclusion of the several acts and scenes, but songs are occasionally inserted at pleasure, as they are in some other late pieces, to which the title of Musical Comedy has been applied. The writer, in this form, is directed of whose fetters to which taste and genius have seldom submitted; and Mr. Pilon has availed himself of it in a manner which has very greatly and justly increased his dramatic reputation.

The performance, on the whole, was able, and attentive. Mr. Palmer gave a degree of spirit to Montford, which Opera Colonels seldom have. Mr. Bannister gave every possible advantage to the admiral. Mrs. Phillips's Fair American produced a most engaging effect, by the union of so lovely a person and so sweet a voice. Miss Sherry, in the little she had to do, excited a general wish for more. This was also the case with the servants. Mrs. Wrighten played, as usual, with the most agreeable spirit and arch humour, which appeared to lift the narrow bounds assigned her. The music is rather in an agreeable style, than calculated to produce a striking effect; too much of it lives in the recollection of the audience, particularly an air of Dorcas's, in Thomas and Sally.

## THEATRICAL REGISTER,

### DRURY-LANE.

- May 29. George Barnwell, and the Englishman in Paris.  
 30. The Provok'd Husband, and All the World's a Stage.  
 31. The Stratagem, and the Irish Widow.  
 June 1. As You Like It, and the Irish Widow.

### COVENT-GARDEN.

- May 29. The Stratagem, and Barnaby Rattle.

June 3. HAY-MARKET THEATRE opened with a Preludio, and

- The Beggar's Opera, and Jason and Medea.  
 4. The Nabob, and the Agreeable Surprise.  
 5. The Beggar's Opera, and Jason and Medea.  
 6. The Suicide, (in which Mrs. Bulkely made her first Appearance) and the Agreeable Surprise.  
 7. The Beggar's Opera, and Jason and Medea.  
 8. The Suicide, and the Agreeable Surprise.  
 10. The Chapter of Accidents, and the Son in Law.  
 11. Polly, (a Miss Hook made her first Appearance) and Nature will Prevail.  
 12. The same, and the Humours of an Election.  
 13. The Spanish Barber, and the Son-in-Law.  
 14. The Beggar's Opera, and Jason and Medea.  
 15. The English Merchant, (Mrs. Roope's first Appearance) and the Agreeable Surprise.  
 17. The Beggar's Opera, and Jason and Medea.  
 18. The Suicide, and the Genius of Nonsense.  
 19. The Chapter of Accidents, and the Genius of Nonsense.  
 20. Separate Maintenance, and the Son-in-Law.  
 21. Polly, and Jason and Medea.  
 22. Separate Maintenance, and the Agreeable Surprise.  
 24. The Spanish Fryer, and the Genius of Nonsense.  
 25. The Beggar's Opera, and Jason and Medea.  
 26. The Spanish Barber, and the Son-in-Law.  
 27. The Suicide, and the Genius of Nonsense.  
 28. The Separate Maintenance, and the Agreeable Surprise.

# P O E T R Y.

ODE for his MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,  
June 4, 1782.

Written by WILLIAM WHITTHREAD, Esq;  
POET-LAUREAT;

Set to Music by Mr. STANLEY, Master of  
the King's Band of Musicians;

Performed before their MAJESTIES and the  
Royal Family.

**S**TILL does reluctant Peace refuse,  
Tho' courted by each generous mind,  
To shed her panacean dews,  
And heal the madacts of mankind!

Must this auspicious day again  
Be clouded with one anxious care,  
And powers malignant render vain  
The Monarch's fondest wish, the people's ge-  
neral prayer!

O no! in yonder pregnant sky,  
Whence all our hopes and blessings spring,  
New bursting scenes of glory lie,  
And future joys are on the wing:  
The ling'ring morn, that coyly sheds  
On broken clouds and mountain heads  
At first a glimmering ray,  
Now brighter, and now brighter glows,  
Wide, and more wide the lustre flows,  
Till all is perfect day,  
And earth, rejoicing in ethereal light,  
Forgets the dreary damps and live-long shades  
of night.

Satiate of war, whose mad excess  
No bound, no kind restriction knows,  
But marks its progress with distress,  
The willing world shall seek repose.

And Belgia, waking from her dreams  
Of Gallic frauds, illusive schemes,  
Shall add new strength to concord's  
chain,

And know her ancient friends again:  
While those, whom nearer ties unite,  
Whom all the charities combine,  
Shall backward turn their trembling sight,  
And deprecate the wrath divine;  
'Midst bleeding heaps of brothers slain,  
'Midst desolation's horrid reign,  
And all its complicated woes,  
With wild affright in every face,  
Shall strain more close the strict embrace,  
And wonder they could e'er be foes.

O pleasing hope! O blest presage  
Of joys, to last from age to age!  
For what Heaven's self commands must Hea-  
ven approve,  
Returning amity, and mutual love!

And hark! on yonder western main,  
Imperious France is taught to know  
That Britain re-assumes her reign,  
Her thunders only slept to strike the deeper  
blow.

Ye nations, hear! the Gaffic star,  
Shorn of its beams, th' horizon leaves;  
That fatal firebrand of the war  
No longer dazzles and deceives.  
Record it in the fairest light  
Of faithful History's future page;  
"They only triumph'd whilst they thun'd'  
"the fight;  
"We, when we forc'd them to engage."

ODE performed on the 4th of June at the  
Castle of DUBLIN.

## RECITATIVE.

**A**WAKE the soul to harmony,  
And strike the Hibernian lyre,  
Your Monarch's worth with every note inspire,  
With sweeter music, and sublimer fire;  
'Till won to virtue by persuasive lays,  
We learn to practise what we love to praise.

## A I R.

While thus the Throne these gifts impart,  
Each moral beauty of the heart,  
By studious ways refin'd;  
Its wealth, the smiles of sweet content,  
Is power, the amplest, best extent;  
An empire o'er the mind.

## CHORUS.

Grateful subjects gladly own,  
Brightest virtues grace the Throne.

## A I R.

Justice with sweet mercy twin'd,  
Manly sense with honour join'd,  
All adorn the Monarch's mind.

## RECITATIVE.

Let Echo bear these pleasing sounds away,  
And joyful subjects listen to the lay.

## A I R.

Oh may his hours glide,  
Domestic bliss still round him flow;  
His lovely comfort by his side,  
See each look with transport glow:  
While smiling on their beautiful race,  
The parents hearts with joy expand,  
To view, in every opening grace,  
A promis'd blessing to the land.

Da Capo.  
A A A



# A I R.

On his lov'd Isle, behold your Monarch pour,  
Distinguish'd favours o'er this loyal land;  
His choicest Peers, with delegated power,  
Who foremost in the list of virtue stand:  
See native worth resplendent shine,  
In PORTLAND's long illustrious line.

# CHORUS.

Happy Isles, thus blest by fate,  
In a MONARCH good, at grate.

# V E R S E S

By R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.

Mr. Sheridan meeting Miss Linley, now Mrs. Sheridan, at the entrance of a Grotto in the vicinity of Bath, took the liberty of offering her some advice, with which apprehending that she was displeased, he left the following lines in the Grotto the next day:

## I.

UNCOUTH is this moss-cover'd grotto of  
stone,  
And damp is the shade of this dew-dripping  
tree;  
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,  
And, willow, thy damps are refreshing to me.

## II.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclined,  
As late I in secret her confidence sought;  
And this is the tree kept her safe from the  
wind,  
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I  
taught.

## III.

Then tell me thou grotto of moss-covered stone,  
And tell me thou willow with leaves dripping  
dew;  
Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone?  
And did she confess her resentment to you?

## IV.

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving  
it, tries  
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel;  
To hint how she frown'd when I dared to  
advise,  
And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with  
real.

## V.

True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow;  
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could  
I see;  
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her  
brow;  
She sigh'd, but, perhaps, 'twas in pity to  
me.

## VI.

Then wave thy leaves brisk, thou willow of  
woe;  
I tell thee no rage in her looks could I see:  
I cannot, I will not, believe it was so;  
She was not, she could not, be angry with  
me.

## VII.

For well did she know that my heart meant no  
wrong;  
It sunk at the thought but of giving her pain:  
But trusted its task to a fault'ring tongue,  
Which err'd from the feelings it could not  
explain.

## VIII.

Ye, oh! if indeed I've offended the maid;  
It Delia my humble monition refuse:  
Sweet willow, the next time she visits thy  
shade,  
Fan gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

## IX.

And thou stony grot, in thy arch mayst pre-  
serve  
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;  
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll  
serve  
As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

## X.

Or lest they unheeded should fall at her feet,  
Let them fall on her bosom of snow; and I  
swear  
The next time I visit thy moss-covered seat,  
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

## XI.

So mayst thou, green willow, for ages thus tofs  
Thy branches so lank o'er the slow-winding  
stream;  
And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,  
While yet there's a poet to make thee his  
theme.

## XII.

Nay more—may my Delia still give you her  
charms  
Each evening, and sometimes the whole  
evening long;  
Then grotto be proud to support her, white  
arms,  
Then willow wave all thy green tops to her  
smile.

# DORIS AND DELIA.

## AN ECLOGUE.

LOVE is the passion of a heavenly mind,  
The soft perfection of a soul refined;  
All feel its influence, and own it's power,  
Indulge the pleasing pain, and hail the hour.  
Oh! may the Muse inspire each tender strain,  
And teach my verse to sooth a lover's pain;  
Respond—

Responding words to swelling notes aspire,  
And soft melodious strains attune my voice;  
Begin my Mute, resound the warbling string,  
Of Doris and of Delia's love I sing.  
My Mute delights to sing the lover's praise,  
And love in sympathy approves my lay;  
Let but slow measure tune my plaintive song,  
For plaintive strains alone (to love) belong.  
Flowers in soft romantic scene delight,  
And rural haunts, their wandering steps invite;  
I sweet tranquillity and conscious ease,  
Which every mental charm unites to please;  
Where blooming flowers diffuse their fragrance round,  
And sheen in clusters whiten all the ground;  
While melting nature heightens love's alarm,  
Adding new blushes to each native charm:  
While gentle streams soft murmuring as they flow,  
Repeating echoes to the lover's woe,  
Give a winding walk, and flowery plains and groves,  
Citadels and mountains, and retired alcoves,  
Along the glide and o'er the distant hills,  
Near cool grots, in bowers by purling rills,  
And seats of innocence and young desire,  
Be nature made to tar the lover's fire;  
Thus Doris with his lovely Delia staved,  
Addressed the swain addressed the lovely maid:

D O R I S.

Ah! lovely Delia, hear a lover's sigh,  
In soft responses tune the kind reply:  
O! and thine ear attentive to my tale,  
Pry my tale, and let my vows prevail;  
Grant me thy love, and with that lucid eye,  
Look back each look, and give me light to sigh.  
Ah! gentle Delia, deign, O deign to hear  
The humble suppliant—save him from despair.  
The lowing herds now seek the cool grove,  
And nature's melting charms incline to love,  
But instinct taught the seek the distant glade,  
And browse in meads beneath the verdant shade.  
I seek, my Delia, to join thy bower  
Rites, and pass away the sultry hour;  
And while I gently strike the warbling lyre,  
My love for Doris Delia's bosom fire.

D E L I A.

Doris, with pleasure Delia will attend;  
'Tis Delia's boast that Doris is her friend.

D O R I S.

When talk of friendship, Delia, call it love,  
And let the sister friend my faith approve;  
Listen, my Delia, to my tender strain,  
Approve my passion, and assuage my pain;  
And joyful let me sound my Delia's praise,  
The Gods and Delia shall approve my lay.

D E L I A.

Pray me not Doris to disclose my mind,  
Nor think it Delia's wish to prove unkind;

Let gentler friendship every hour improve,  
Nor farther urge the subject of thy love.

D O R I S.

Echo repeats my plaintive strains around,  
My plaintive strains the distant hills resound  
Shall nature echo to my tender tale,  
And, Delia, shall not Doris love prevail?  
While echo still repeats the tender strain,  
Would lovely Delia have me not complain?  
Ah! cruel Delia, grant my fond desire,  
Or see thy Doris at thy feet expire.

D E L I A.

O! Doris ease thy mind from anxious care;  
Live, love and hope, and banish sad despair.

D O R I S.

When Doris led his Delia to the grove,  
And told her all his tender tale of love,  
Could Doris gaze and not with passion burn?  
Could Delia hear and not his flame return?  
Ah! hear me, Delia, or thy Doris dies;  
For where is happiness if Delia flies?

D E L I A.

If Delia bids thee live, will Doris die?  
And why suspect thy Delia means to fly?  
Can Delia live, and Doris love approve,  
And shall not Doris hope for Delia's love?

D O R I S.

Then wherefore, Delia, this unkind delay?  
Why waste the days and precious hours away?  
In gloomy solitude why pass our prime,  
A prey to sorrow, and the worm of time?  
Delia resolve, and ease my saddening care,  
Or see thy Doris dying with despair.

D E L I A.

Delia, thy Delia loves, let that suffice;  
Be patient, silent, cautious, fond and wise.

D O R I S.

Vainly thou bidst me to be fond and wise,  
For love like mine admits of no disguise;  
Patience and silence, caution, prudence, cold!  
Love is not made of such insipid mould.  
No, Delia, no—a love that glows like mine,  
Will in my actions and my converse shine;  
Warm from my heart the tender passion glows,  
And undisguised in every accent flows;  
Full of anxiety, and doubt, and care,  
Too well my heart means what my eyes declare.

Grant my request, and ease my anxious mind,  
Nor longer let my Delia prove unkind;  
Oh! let me clasp thee fondly to my breast,  
And touch the tumults of my soul to rest.

D E L I A.

What is there Doris that I would not grant?  
 And what does Delia want, and Doris want?  
 What are the pleasures of this world to me;  
 If Doris loves me, let her love be true;  
 Cease then, my Doris, cease thy plaintive  
 strain.

Nor longer thus of Delia's love complain;  
 Thy Delia knows thy worth, and owns thy  
 power,  
 And yields—

He led her to the blissful bower.

The Gods of Influence all their odours shed,  
 And grew'd their flowers around the nuptial  
 bed.

**THE MIRRORS, the COMET, and the SUN.**

By the Hon. Charles James Fox.

**C**OME all ye fair of high degree  
 From Routs, Almacks, and Coterie;  
 Come Marlborough brooding o'er your bags,  
 Carliste ready to pride and rage;  
 And frigid ~~to~~ hither come,  
 Sworn sisters of the dull humdrum;  
 Melburne and Episcopalian Dames  
 (For John scarce knows which ~~to~~ shall claim  
 her)

And Jersey, and the Lord knows who,  
 Cranborne, and Bonville, and Greve;  
 Come, and your shore by I sway deplore,  
 The reign of Nonchalance is o'er!  
 Ye Maitres, who, with mail career,  
 Have lov'd through fashion's ~~to~~ sphere;  
 And thou, young, fair, amiable Devon,  
 Wilt as the Comet in mid-heaven,  
 Hide your diminished heads! nor stay  
 'T' usurp the shining realm of day:  
 For see th' unfully d morning light  
 With beams more constant, and more bright,  
 Her splendid course begins to run,  
 And all creation hail the Sun!

\* Dutchess of Rutland, then Marchioness  
 of Granby.

**SONGS, CATCHES, GLEES, &c.**  
 sung this Season at VAUXHALL.

**PROLOGUE, CANTATA.**

Sung by Mr. CUBITT.

Written by Miles Peter Andrews, Esq;  
 The Music by Mr. Bartholomon.

**RECITATIVE.**

**W**ITH trembling voice, with fear, the  
 timid lay,  
 Beneath these shades I make my first essay:  
 An humble suppliant, favor to implore,  
 Grant your former for this is no more.

On this and that he had been very long,  
 Chear'd by your following tales, he cou'd it  
 long.

While life remained, your Version charm'd  
 your ear,  
 And his last grateful notes were echo'd here!

**A I R.**

While fraught with fancy, mirth, and whim,  
 His genius did our cares beguile,  
 Shall we not drop a tear for him,  
 Who oft for us hath rais'd a smile?

So jovial he join'd in the catch,  
 So lively appear'd, and so mellow;  
 With, "Stop thief—I've lost my watch.—"  
 Or, "Sir, you're a comical fellow."

But well you rewarded his song,  
 And highly you honor'd his cause;  
 Attending each night in a throng,  
 And giving unbounded applause.

**RECITATIVE.**

Then let me hope indulgence still to share;  
 If loss my merit, greater be my care;  
 Tho' hard the task, that task you'll kindly fit  
 And, for desert, accept unwearied zeal.

**A I R.**

'Tis yours to take a friendly part,  
 And call new talents forth:  
 Good-nature sways the British heart,  
 And candour stamps its worth.

No force that goodness can depose,  
 Tho' dist the world in arms;  
 Not millions of surrounding foes  
 Can wound its native charms.

Britannia's children, brave and fair,  
 Mistaken zeal forgive;  
 The errors of the head will spare,  
 And bid the culprit live.

So conquest yet shall crown your toil,  
 The meed which Virtue brings;  
 For where soft Pity dews the soil,  
 Undaunted valour springs.

**INFLUENZA. A GLEE.**

Set by Mr. Bartholomon.

**I**NFLUENZA! haste away!  
 Cease thy baneful empire here!  
 Boast no longer of thy power!  
 Cease dominion o'er the year!  
 Radiant Sun, exert thy pow'r,  
 On the wings of Zephyr come,  
 Dart thy beams and rule the hour!  
 Health and Beauty then shall bloom!

MONTHLY

# MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, May 23, 1782.  
Extract of a letter from Lieutenant Don, commanding his Majesty's ship the *Nemesis*, to Mr. Stephens, dated Dublin Bay, May 20, 1782.

On the 17th, at half past five, P. M. about six leagues to the westward of Holyhead, I saw a lugger in chase of one of the pickets. I immediately made sail, and at half past eight, P. M. I captured her; she proved to be Richard, of Dorkirk, mounting 12 six pounders, and 51 men, Lake Cowell commanded, who is an Irishman, but says he is an American. They had six persons on board.

Extract of a letter from Plymouth, May 23.  
On Sunday the 6th inst, 74, the *Hyacinth*, to join Admiral Boscawen, and a French cutter for St. Malois. Intelligence having been given to the Custom-house, that a French cutter was to be brought on board, and that she was to be brought on board, contrary to the act of parliament, an excise cutter was dispatched after her, and on the 7th she was brought on board. The cutter being in sight, brought her to; the captain of the cutter ordered her, and cut off the heads of the men and two sheep, which were brought on board, and put up to the chamber. It is hoped the order will be observed, and brought to the Custom-house, and not made information of it to the Custom-house.

From the LONDON GAZETTE.

St. James's, May 29.

Ceremonial of the Knighthood and Investiture of Sir John Jarvis, Knight of the most honourable order of the Bath, captain of his Majesty's ship the *Foundry*.

The knight and the officers of the order attended in the privy chamber in their mantles, &c. and proceeded from thence, after the levee, into the sovereign's presence, making the usual reverence, in the following order:

Gentleman usher of the order, in his mantle, chain, and badge, bearing the feather rod.

Register and secretary of the order, in his mantle, chain, and badge.

Deputy to bath king of arms, in the mantle, chain, and badge of bath, bearing the ribbon and badge of the order on a crimson velvet cushion.

Knights-Companions.

Sir George Howard.

Sir Charles Thompson, Bart.

Sir Ralph Payne.

Lord Amhurst.

The, by the sovereign's command, Capt. Jarvis was introduced into the presence by Sir George Howard, and Sir Charles Thompson, the two junior knights present, preceded by the gentleman usher of the order, with reverences as before.

The sword of state was delivered to the sovereign by Sir Ralph Payne, the second knight in seniority, and Captain Jarvis, knight.

Edward Mac.

was knighted therewith. Then Lord Amhurst, the senior knight, presented the ribbon and badge to the sovereign, and his majesty put them over the new knight's right shoulder, who, being thus invested, and having kissed his majesty's hand, the procession returned to the privy chamber in the above order, Sir John Jarvis, the new knight, preceding.

The ceremony was performed in his majesty's closet, several great officers of the court being present.

Whitehall, June 1.

Extract of a letter from Major General Meadows, dated Bombay, Jan. 7, 1782, received at the office of the Earl of St. Albans, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, May 30.

As Governor Holby acquaints me that he shall have an opportunity of dispatching a letter by land to-morrow, I have just time to inform your lordship of our arrival at this place on the 4th, with the *Monmouth*, *Hero*, and *His Majesty's* of war, and about 300 of the 48th regiment, both the troops and seamen in the highest health and spirits, and eager as their officers to be employed. The Manila armed transport is come in since, and the rest, as we left them about four weeks ago in Morebat Bay, from whence I had the honour to send your lordship dispatches by Major Rooke, who was to return by *Alexandra*, we expect and hope in every day.

Extract. Fleets from William Holby, Esq; dated Bombay, the 27th and 30th of January, and received at Balloara, March 16, 1782.

Since my last to you a few days past, I have to acquaint you, that all the armed ships, store-ships, and transports, except one or two of the latter, arrived, and will sail the 30th, for the Command of coast. The *Latham*, *Osley*, *Loke*, and *Asia* Indiamen, and one transport, got to Mocha, where they arrived the 4th or 5th of December; they were part of the convoy with Captain Am, and parted company with him on the coast of Arabia.

The 26th instant I wrote you by a dingy bound to Mulcut, informing you that the troops which I sent to reinforce Tellicherry arrived safe, and landed the 30th ult. and Major Abingdon, with those and a part of their former garrison, marched out from the Brass Pagoda the 8th instant, at four A. M. across the Batty Ground. To the eastward, and passed two of the enemy's advanced posts or pickets, and got round to the eastward of Great Putney-Hill, between that and Ponnalla Mella; the advanced party, under Captain Whippley, immediately attacked, stormed, and took the former, without the loss of a man on our side. The main body immediately passed for the camp of the enemy, and came upon them just at break of day, when the fell on, and immediately put to the route; when they followed them to the southward as far as Ourachet, a small fort about one mile to the northward of Millic river; this post they re-

P p p

family

sently carried, and turned its guns upon the enemy, who were making the best of their way towards the river. Saddos Cawn, who made this post his head quarters, quitted and got to a fortified house, and enclosed within walls, cut out of a hill, where he, with several of his people, made an obstinate defence; but at last the roof of the house was set on fire, which obliged them to quit it, when many were killed endeavouring to make their escape. Saddos Cawn had secreted himself in part of the enclosure, which was bomb proof, cut into the hill, where he and his family were found; himself had been wounded by a musquet ball in the ankle, and was not able to move. They were all immediately seized, and sent in prisoners to Tellicherry, with about 1500 prisoners which had been made during the morning. There was about 400 of the enemy killed and drowned. On our side there was not above 50 killed and wounded, and only one of our officers hurt, which was Lieutenant Woodington. We took six brass and pieces, about sixty iron cannon, and four mortars, thirteen elephants, and a large quantity of shot, powder, stores, &c. in their redoubts and batteries.

The same evening, about seven o'clock, Lieutenant Hodges was sent with a strong detachment against Fort George, which the enemy getting intelligence of, they evacuated the fort, and he took quiet possession of it. About two o'clock in the morning a body was sent over, and took possession of Minie; and another party, under Captain Whippley, went over and took possession of Durmapattam, which island they found deserted by the enemy. In short, there is not a man of Hyder's left between Cotta Point five leagues to the southward, and to the northward as far as Cannanore. This was a very complete business.

All the vessels that were expected to arrive hereby Captain Alton have arrived; the Nancy Tender was the last, and she arrived yesterday morning. All the rest, except the Porpoise store-ship, Elizabeth, Eagle, Snow, and Nancy transports, have all failed to join the Squadron. The Latham, Otterley, and Locko Indiamen, with the Content transport, are said to have arrived at Mocha the 4th ult.

Extract of a letter from Dublin, May 29.

"Yesterday his grace the Duke of Portland, attended by Lord Chatham, went in state to the House of Peers, to announce the concurrence of the king of Ireland and the British parliament, in the restoration and confirmation of our national rights, so strenuously supported by the combined power of Irish valour and eloquence. The carriage in which they went was met with in Dame-street, by the manufacturers of the liberty, who, anxious to express their strongest tribute of joy at a sight which opens the fairest prospect of reaping the fruits of a free commerce, and a free constitution, attempted to unharness the horses, and convey his grace of Portland, and Lord Chatham, to the parliament-house, with

the same acclamations of triumph with which the Roman people conducted their deliverers to the gates of the capitol.

"Last night arrived the duchess of Portland. Her grace was escorted into town by a number of the nobility, and guarded by a troop of horse. As soon as the arrival of the duchess was announced, the bells were rung, with every other demonstration of joy, to receive the consort of our viceroy, who appears to be people of Ireland as an harbinger of peace, and a restorer of our commerce and freedom."

June 7. An American gentleman is arrived in London, after a quick voyage from Rhode Island to Hamburg, who did not leave Philadelphia till some days after the news had reached that place of General Conway's motions, the resolves of parliament relative to discontinuing the American war, and of the total change of the late ministry. The news got first to America, by a cutter purposely dispatched from Holland, and it diffused a general joy through all ranks of people. The cry for peace was universal, though the idea of a separate one was out of the question. The people once more began to talk friendly of Old England, extolled the new ministers, and their parliamentary conduct, and universally wished for a truce or cessation of arms.

The dispatches which have been received at the Earl of Shelburne's office from Gen. Elliot, brought by the Cerberus frigate from Gibraltar, contain the agreeable assurance that the garrison is in good health, but speak very feelingly of the hard duty which the troops experience from the smallness of their number, and the immense fortifications they are compelled to attend. With respect to such provision, the governor says they are well supplied by the Barbary States, but they are purchased at so dear a rate, that the private men are very barely furnished with them.

#### From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Whitehall, June 3, 1782.

Extract of a letter from Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, Knight of the Bath, dated Fort St. George, January 25, 1782, received at the office of the Earl of Shelburne, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, June 4.

After the action with Hyder Ally, on the 11 of July, my next object was to march to the northward, in order to effect a junction with the Bengal detachment, and in the way to relieve Vandiwall, which was invested by a detachment under Tipoo Saib, who had begun to raise batteries, and to make other necessary preparations for a siege. My movements had the desired effect, as Tipoo Saib, upon hearing of my approach, drew off, and took the route by Gingee, by which road Hyder was also supposed to have moved towards Arcot.

On the 26th of July I arrived with the army at the Mount, marching again on the 31st, and on the 6th of August happily effected the junction

junction with the Bengal detachment, and returned to the Mount on the 5th, where the whole encamped.

On the 10th the whole army marched from the Mount.

On the 20th I laid siege to Triggassure, and on the 23d in the morning it surrendered on terms of capitulation. The acquisition was of consequence, and happening at the time it did, was a most fortunate one, as the advance of Hyder's army, coming to the relief of the beleagued, had, in that very moment, appeared in sight, and there only remained in camp one day's rice.

By means of the paddy which we found in the fort, I was enabled to serve out a few days subsistence to the troops; and hearing that Hyder was in full force, at the distance of about sixteen miles, I refused to march towards him; but before I could attempt it, I found it necessary to draw some rice from Pandamalee; which having done, I marched on the 26th, in order to engage the enemy, as the only hope that appeared to me left, from whence we might stand a chance of surmounting our difficulties.

Hyder, on my advancing, thought proper to retreat a few miles to the ground on which he had defeated the detachment under Colonel Baillie, where he took up a very strong position, and, influenced from a superstitious notion of its being a lucky spot, had determined, as I was informed by my intelligence, to try his fortune in a second battle. I accordingly marched, on the 27th in the morning, towards him; and, as reported, about eight o'clock we discovered his army in order of battle, and in full force to receive us, and in possession of many strong and advantageous posts, rendered it more formidable by the nature of the country, lying between, which was intersected by very deep water-courses. In short, nothing could be more formidable than the situation of the enemy, and nothing more arduous than our approach. To prevent a front to them, I was obliged to form the line under a very heavy cannonade from several batteries, as well as from the enemy's line, which galled us exceedingly, and was a very trying situation for the troops, who bore it with a firmness and undaunted bravery which did them the highest honour, and showed a steady valor, not to be surpassed by the first veterans of any nation in Europe. The conflict lasted from nine in the morning till near sun-set, when we had drove them from all their strong posts, and obliged them to retreat with precipitation, leaving us in full possession of the field of battle. Our loss on this occasion was heavier than on the 1st of July, and that of the enemy less, owing to their having sheltered themselves under cover of banks of tanks, and other grounds which they possessed favorable for that purpose. General Stuart had the misfortune to lose his leg by a cannon shot, whilst bravely conducting the second line to the support of a post which I had occupied at the commencement

of the engagement, and on which the enemy had kept up a very severe fire. The same shot also carried away the leg of Colonel Brown; and, having caused his death, deprived the Company of a very old and faithful servant, and the army of an able and experienced officer. Captain Hisslop, one of my Aid-de-Camps, a very active and spirited officer, was killed by a cannon shot.

On the 28th of September, near Sholingur, I discovered Hyder's encampment, and, from the disposition which I could perceive he had made of his troops, I was satisfied that he meant to give battle. It was about noon when I gave the orders for striking our encampment, and for the army to march: My orders were obeyed with a degree of expedition and alacrity beyond all expectation; for although the enemy were posted at least five miles off, from whence they did not advance nearer, the armies were engaged before four o'clock, and by evening Hyder was completely routed.

Our loss on this occasion was very trifling, whilst the enemy's was very considerable, both in cavalry and infantry. We had but one tubaltn officer killed, none wounded, and about 100 rank and file killed, wounded, and missing.

After relieving Vellore on the 4th of November, which in four or five days more must either have been evacuated or given up to the enemy, I proceeded to Chittur, to which I had siege on the 8th, and it capitulated on the 10th.

Vellore being once more in distress for provisions, it was necessary that the army should again march to its relief.

Having made our arrangements, the army marched on the 2d instant towards Vellore. The enemy had assembled in force on the western banks of the ~~Mani~~ River, but on our approaching near, which was on the evening of the 9th, they decamped, and retreated with precipitation towards Lallapet, and left us to take up their ground in quiet, distant about 12 miles from our place of destination. On the following morning, at ten o'clock, when the army was crossing a deep morass, our rear and left flank were attacked by a distant cannonade from the enemy, whose different manoeuvres were evidently with a view to impede our progress to Vellore, and to attack our baggage and convey. Having been completely foiled in all their attempts to that end, they thought proper to retire about three o'clock in the afternoon, after having kept up a heavy fire for about four hours. Our loss on this occasion was, killed, 1 Lieutenant, 19 native non-commissioned rank and file, and four horses—Wounded, 2 Lieutenants, 2 European rank and file, 1 Souhedan, and 35 non-commissioned Native rank and file—Missing, 1 European rank and file, 4 Natives, and 1 horse.

After the enemy had retired, I prosecuted my march, and encamped for the night with-

in about four miles of Vellore. We arrived there the following morning, being the 11th, the very day to which I had been pre-advised by the commanding officer of the garrison the provisions would last. A halting-day had become absolutely necessary for the refreshment of the troops, and draught and carriage cattle, having come upwards of 70 miles in five days, so that I did not commence my march back until the 13th, on which day Hyder appeared in full force, and chose again to make an attack by a distant cannonade, when our army was crossing the same marshy ground where he attacked us on the 10th in going. About four o'clock in the afternoon, the whole had got clear over the swamp, and, having posted the baggage with a proper guard, I formed the line, and advanced upon the enemy with all the expedition the nature of the ground would admit of; upon which the enemy gave way, and retreated with precipitation. We pursued them till dark, and not without execution, as we kept up an advancing fire upon them. It being impossible to do more, we returned to our ground of encampment, where we arrived about midnight. Our loss on this occasion was very trifling, only 1 officer wounded, and about 60 rank and file killed, wounded, and missing.

Colonel Crawford, of his Majesty's 73d regiment, having had my leave to return to Europe, will have the honour of delivering your Lordship this Letter.

I should do injustice to the high sense I entertain of Colonel Crawford's merit as an Officer, did I omit on this occasion mentioning how much he has acquitted himself to my satisfaction, and with honour and credit to himself, in the whole course of a most trying Campaign. He was next in command to me at the battle of Sindilingur, on which occasion, his conduct was deserving of the highest applause.

I have had occasion to make favourable mention of Lieutenant Colonel Owen, for distinguished conduct in resisting, with a small detachment, the united efforts of the whole of Hyder's Army. Permit me the liberty of once more recurring to him as an Officer of great military abilities; he has acquitted himself to my highest satisfaction, and has rendered essential service to the public in the course of the campaign.

Dispatches received from General Sir Guy Carleton, Commander in Chief at New York. They state, that the Vermonters having been provoked by the determined perseverance which the Congress had discovered in refusing their requisition for being considered as a distinct and independent state, had at last actually declared in favour of Great-Britain, and had already adjusted all the circumstances of their future connexion; Ethan Allan being the Negotiator on their part, and General Haldimand on the part of this country. The condition on behalf of Great-Britain is, the full as-

mission of dependence upon the mother country; and they on their part stipulate, that they shall not be called out on military purposes beyond the limits of their own district; that they shall appoint their own officers and their own governor, and possess the entire right of establishing their own interior regulations, with the consent only of the King of Great-Britain, as the executive branch of the Legislature. The Quispaiche that brought these accounts were sent from New-York to Halifax, with orders to be forwarded to England by the first conveyance.

## From the SUPPLEMENT to the LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiralty-Office, June 19, 1782.

CAPTAIN Damer, of his Majesty's sloop the Ceres, arrived at this office on Sunday morning, with dispatches from Lord Rodney to Mr. Stephens; of which the following are extracts:

Formidable, off Cape Tiberoon, St. Domingo. April 26, 1782.

SINCE my last dispatch of the 20th of April, by the Luizides, I am happy to congratulate their Lordships on the capture of two more line of battle ships, and two frigates, taken by the squadron I had detached under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood; and inclosed have the honour to send a list of the ships taken, and a return of the killed and wounded on board his Majesty's ships that attacked them.

I am now with the fleet off Cape Tiberoon, and propose leaving Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood with twenty-five sail of the line, or as many ships as are in a condition to keep the sea, to watch the motions of the enemy at Cape François; and shall go myself with the crippled ships to Port Royal, in order to hasten their refitting, and to take care that no delay be made.

List of French ships of war captured on the 19th of April, 1782, by a squadron of his Majesty's ships under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, Bart.

Caton, 64 guns, 650 men, exclusive of troops, Jason, 64 guns, 609 men, exclusive of troops. L'Amable, 32 guns, (twelve pounders) 290 men.

Ceres 18 guns, 160 men.

SAM. HOOD.

Return of the killed and wounded on board his Majesty's ships Valiant and Magnificent, on the 19th of April, 1782.

	Killed.	Wounded.
Valiant	2	6.
Magnificent	4	8.

SAM. HOOD.

Formidable, Port Royal harbour, Jamaica, May 3, 1782.

SINCE my letter of the 26th of April, acquainting their Lordships of my being off Cape Tiberoon, and that I should leave a strong

strong fleet under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, to watch the motions of the combined fleets at Cape Francois; you will please to acquaint them, that I arrived in this bay with such ships as were in the most distressed condition on the 20th of last month; since which every dispatch possible, both day and night, has been used towards refitting them.

I have the pleasure to acquaint their Lordships, that the *Ville de Paris*, of 104 guns, the *Clory*, of 74, the *Hector*, of 74, the *Carter*, of 64, the *Jafon*, of 64, the *Ardent* of 64, the *Ambale*, of 32, and the *Ceres*, (which I shall send with this express) are all late arrivals in this harbour.

It is with concern I acquaint their Lordships that the *Cesar*, of 74 guns, and looked upon as one of the best ships belonging to the French fleet, was burnt in the night of action, and upwards of 400 men, with a Lieutenant and 50 English seamen, perished with her, notwithstanding every assistance possible was given. This fatal accident was owing to the extreme bad discipline of the French seamen, all of whom, upon their ship's sinking, were guilty of every enormity and disobedience to their officers.

By what I can learn from the prisoners, it was reported to be the *Diadem* that sunk in the action.

19. Judgment was given in the Court of King's Bench, in the important cause, relative to the market at Warwick. The franchise of the market place belonged by an ancient prescription to Sir John Mosely, and the several stalls have been accustomed to be erected of him. A person who had no right or interest in the market, lately erected some stalls and sheds, on his own freehold adjoining to the market, without any real molestation to any of those before erected. Sir John Mosely brought an action as for a nuisance, in order to try his exclusive right to erect stalls for the vending of goods, wares, and merchandize in that market. The Court held, that the franchise of market, and of fair, according to the common law, ought not to be infringed by any persons erecting stalls for merchandise, even upon their own freehold, without the consent of the legal proprietors of the market or fair.

#### From the LONDON GAZETTE.

Admiral's Office, June 25, 1782.  
Copy of a letter from Lieutenant Cadman, commanding the *Defiance*, an armed ship in his Majesty's service, to Mr. Stephen; dated at Exmouth, the 21st of June, 1782.

"SIR,

"I beg you will inform their Lordships, that yesterday, at five P.M. *Portland* bearing E. by S. six leagues, I observed an armed brig standing out of West Bay; I immediately cleared for action, and stood towards her; on coming within hail, she hoisted Dutch colours, and began to engage us. The conflict

lasted about two hours, when she struck to the *Defiance*, and proved to be the *Zesur*, commanded by *Pierre le Ture*, belonging to *Plushog*, of 16 long six-pounders, and 1 eighteen pounder, 113 men; had been out only four days, three weeks off the rocks, and had one ransomer on board for one hundred guineas. I am happy to inform you, in this action I only lost one man, and one wounded, though much shattered in our sails and rigging: The boat stove, jib boom and cap damaged, and sever 1 shot through our sides. The loss on the enemy's part was 21 killed and 17 wounded; among the latter were the two Captains, and the greatest part dangerous. I beg leave to recommend to their Lordships the good command, spirit, and zeal of Mr. Williams, Master, the officers and ship's company, which at that time consisted only of 68 men (the remainder of our complement being sick on shore) and the guns of the *Defiance* only four pounders.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEO. CADMAN."

#### A M E R I C A.

#### From the NEW YORK GAZETTE.

March 27. By advices just received from Virginia we learn, that the French troops have left the garrisons of York and Hampton, and marched from South Carolina; in consequence of which the militia from the interior parts of that province were called down to garrison those places: That Congress have demanded 12,000 men from Virginia, which the Assembly have agreed to furnish by draught; this has so struck the inhabitants, that those who have no families are endeavouring to get to sea, some as passengers, others as common sailors, &c. Account of the expedition against the Rebel Post on Tom's River, New-Jersey, under the orders of the Honourable Board of Directors of Associated Loyalists.

"On Wednesday, the 20th instant, *Sieur* Blanchard, of the armed *Whale-Boats*, and about 80 men belonging to them, with *Capt* Thomas, and *Lieutenant* Roberts, both of the late *Buck's County Volunteers*, and between 30 and 40 other *Refuge Loyalists*, the whole under the command of *Lieut* Blanchard, proceeded to *Sandy-Hook*, under convoy of *Capt* Stewart Ross, in the armed brig *Arrowant*, where they were detained by unfavourable winds until the 23d; about twelve o'clock on that night the party landed near the mouth of Tom's River, and marched to the *Block-house* at the town of Dover, and reached it just at day-light. On the way they were challenged and fired on, and when they came to the works they found the Rebels, consisting of 25 or 26 twelve-months men and militia, apprised of their coming, and prepared for defence.

"The post into which they had thrown themselves was about six or seven feet high, made of large logs, with *Mopholes* between, and a number of brass swivels on the top, which was entirely open, nor was there any way



way of escaping, but by climbing over. They had, besides muskets, muskets with bayonets, and long pikes for their defence. Lieutenant Blanchard summoned them to surrender, which they not only refused, but hit the party defence; on which he immediately ordered the place to be stormed, which was accordingly done, and though defended with obstinacy it was soon carried. The Rebels had nine men killed in the assault, and 12 made prisoners, two of whom are wounded, the rest made their escape in the confusion. Among the killed was a Major of militia, two Captains, and one Lieutenant. The Captain of the twelvemonth's men, stationed there, is amongst the prisoners, who are all brought safe to town. On our side two were killed, Lieutenant Idell of the armed Boatmen, and Lieut. Bassie of the Loyalists, both very brave officers, who distinguished themselves on the attack, and whose loss is much lamented. Lieutenant Roberts and five others are wounded, but it is thought none of them are in a dangerous way.

"The town, as it is called, consisting of about a dozen houses, in which none but a piratical set of banditti resided, together with a grist and saw mill, were, with the Block-house, burned to the ground, and an iron cannon spiked and thrown into the river. A fine large barge, called Hyler's barge, and another boat, in which the Rebels used to make their excursions on the coast, were brought off. Some other attempts were intended to have been made, but the appearance of bad weather, and the situation of the wounded, being without either surgeon or medicines, induced the party to return to New-York, where they arrived on the 25th."

Charles-Town, April 30. We have just learned that a schooner has arrived from North Carolina with dispatches, the purport of which are, that the armed vessels under the command of Capt. McLean, which sailed from hence about three weeks ago, arrived at Beaufort, and that the land-forces on board, under the command of Capt. Isaac Stewart, very gallantly effected a landing on the 4th instant, and after some opposition took possession of the fort and the town, with all the vessels in the harbour, and a considerable value in merchandise and produce of the country; they have also taken the principal inhabitants of the town prisoners. Further particulars are hourly expected.

Charles-Town, April 13. We are informed by a person of credit from the country, of a most cruel murder committed on the 3d of this month in the neighbourhood of Camden: A party of rebels, consisting of the following persons—Willis Whitaker, John McKinnie, Charles Lewis, Wm. Whitaker, jun. Samuel Dinkins, John Dinkins, Arthur Brown Ross, Roger Gibson, John King, and Narbeth Carter, went to the house of Francis Tidwell, who had formerly been a Captain in the Royal Militia, but who had remained in the country when the troops moved down. In

hopes of eluding the search he expected would be made after him, by lying out in the swamps. He was unluckily at home when the party above-mentioned came suddenly to his house. John Dinkins immediately fired at him, and the bullet went through his shoulder. He was then carried to a place some miles distant, and was there hanged, without undergoing the least appearance of a trial. Circumstances attended the execution, which rendered even the deed more execrable than the merely putting an innocent man to death. As his murderers never took the trouble of pinioning his arms, in his struggles, while dying, he attempted several times to take hold of the limbs of the tree on which he was hanged; and it afforded them high amusement to beat down his hands with their whips and sticks. His body remained hanging for three days. Narbeth Carter was the person who performed the part of executioner, and so much to the satisfaction of his friends, that they say they will find him in full employment while there are any Tories in the State.

We are informed by Capt. Thoburn, of the ship Lord George G. main, arrived here from Jamaica, that upwards of 40 slaves have been lately consumed by fire in the Town of Kingston, the loss occasioned by which is estimated at 20,000l.

Charles-Town, April 20. This day arrived here a dispatch boat from Beaufort, in North Carolina, which she left the 16th of this month. By her we learn, that Cap. McLean has taken, since our former accounts of his success, a sloop from St. Kitt's, with a valuable loading of rum and sugar.

## PROMOTIONS.

### CIVIL.

Earl Cholmondeley, to be Envoy extraordinary to the court of Berlin.—The Duke of Devonshire to be Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Derby.

### MILITARY.

The Earl of Pembroke, Governor of Portsmouth, in the room of Gen. Monkton, dec.—Col. White, Lieutenant-Governor and Commandant in the island of Jersey.—Major Gen. Morillon, to be Colonel of the 17th regiment of foot.—The Earl of Lincoln, Colonel of the 75th regiment of foot.—Lord Easingham, Colonel of the 9th regiment of foot.—Lord Say and Sele, Colonel of the 4th regiment of foot.

## MARRIAGES.

Munbee Goldburn, of Portland-place, Esq, to the Hon. Miss Chetwynd.—Lord Hinckley, to Miss Pocock, daughter of Sir George Pocock.—Sir Thomas Featherstone, Bart. to Miss Whitney.

## DEATHS.

## D E A T H S.

Major James McKennie, of the 73d regiment, in the East-Indies—Hon. Mrs. Shirley, mother to Earl Ferrers—Sir John Oulton, Bart. in the East-Indies, who acted as Major Commandant of the Marine Corps in the attack of Negapatam—Dick Smith, many years master of the tap-house at Vauxhall, one of the greatest humourists of the age, who has had his coffin by him ever since Christmas last, made on a new construction, not having a nail in it, and composed of various sorts of wood, with wooden hinges, lock, and key—The Right Hon. Robert Manners, in a very advanced age, brother to the late Duke of Rutland, and great uncle to the present Duke, a General in the army, Colonel of the 3d Regiment of Dragoon Guards, Lieutenant-Governor of Hull, and a member in the present Parliament for Kingston upon Hull, in Yorkshire—Lady Drake, at Ham ton, only surviving daughter of the late Peere William, and mother to Lady North—Mr. Wood, one of the messengers belonging to the House of Commons—Joseph Pettie, Esq; of Pottersham—Samuel Cox, Esq; of Dorking—Rev. Dr. Cotton, at Crakermarsh, Staffordshire—James Matthias, Esq; of Throgmorton-street—Thomas Dixon, Esq; F. R. S.—Sir William Lawrence, aged 98—Lieut. Col. Gordon, of the 50th regiment—Mr. James Bowles, of Fingate-street—Louis Lignier, Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's forces, and Colonel of the 9th regiment of foot—In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, Lloyd Dulreay, Esq; a Gentleman of a most respectable character, and large property in the province of Maryland. His death is said to be occasioned by a wound which he received on Tuesday evening last, in a duel with the Rev. Mr. Allen, in Hyde Park. The second of the former was—Delancey, Esq; and of the latter Robert Morris, Esq. He was attended by Dr. Milman, and Mess. Pitt and Adair—Kearne O'Hara, Esq; author of the celebrated burlesque of Midas, the Golden Pippin, the Milers, and the songs in Tom Thumb, in Ireland.

## B A N K R U P T S.

William Stanforth, of Bromley, Middlesex, miller.  
John Honeychurch, of Falmouth, hatter.  
Hedest Pyechin, of Bucklebury, merchant.  
Griffith Williams, of Mold, Flintshire, dealer.  
John Wright, of Over Whitaker, Warwickshire, miller.  
William Cook, of Hardington, Northamptonshire, dealer.  
Benjamin Williams, of Walsall, Staffordshire, grocer.  
James Sealy, of London-street, merchant.  
Mary Ware and John Ware, of Crayford, Kent, callico printers.  
Matthew Hodgson, of Love-lane, Alder-manbury, coal-merchant.

Thomas Day, of Bristol, publisher.  
Roger Waplington, of Osingborough, Lincolnshire, merchant.  
Moses Zuntz, of Venchurch-street, merchant.  
Peter Meber, of Tobacco-roll-court, Gracechurch-street, day-factor.  
John Isaac, of Crooked-lane, money-lender.  
Thomas Willett, of Smurbridge, Worcester-shire, miller.  
John Beakes, of Oxford-street, timber-merchant.  
John Howard, of Letchworth, in Hertfordshire, miller.  
Samuel Yeats, of Alderley, in Gloucestershire, clothier.  
John Bewley Harris, of Clement's-lane, merchant.  
George Thompson, of Duke-street, Westminster, merchant.  
Richard Fitchett, of Bromley, in Kent, butcher.  
Joseph Robertson, of Nichols-lane, insurance-broker.  
Simon Shearman, of Whitecross-street, victualler.  
William Ponting, of Chesapeake, London, pastry-cook and confectioner.  
Thomas Hutchins, of Upper Thame-street, vintner.  
John Parkin, of Worthington, in Cumberland, dealer.  
Joseph Stapole, of Essex-court, in the Middle Temple, money-lender.  
James Pountz, of Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, clothier.  
Joshua Pease and William Pease, of Hurst Courtney, Yorkshire, farmers.  
Hodgkinson Hopper, of Salford, Lancashire, butcher.  
John Wemyss, of Jeffries-square, St. Mary Axe, insurer.  
John Simcox, of St. John-street, Clerkenwell, tallow-chandler.  
Charles Vincent, of Exeter, leather-dresser.  
Thomas Knight, of Bristol, tobacco-merchant.  
Thomas Appleton, of Wigan, Lancashire, thread manufacturer.  
Jonathan Kendal, of Upton Burnes, Derbyshire, dealer.  
William Mountain, of Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire, carrier.  
John Holland, of Birmingham, dealer.  
Matthew Powell, sen. of Solihull, Warwickshire, dealer.  
Samuel Woodis, of Penzance, Cornwall, linen-draper.  
Joseph Chamberlain, of Godalming, Surrey, shop-keeper.  
James Saunders, of Eling, Southampton, maltster.  
William Bloxham, of Gloucester, merchant.  
George Rice, of Well, in Lincolnshire, maltster.  
Joshua Gibbon, of New Sarum, Wiltshire, innkeeper.



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